RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY

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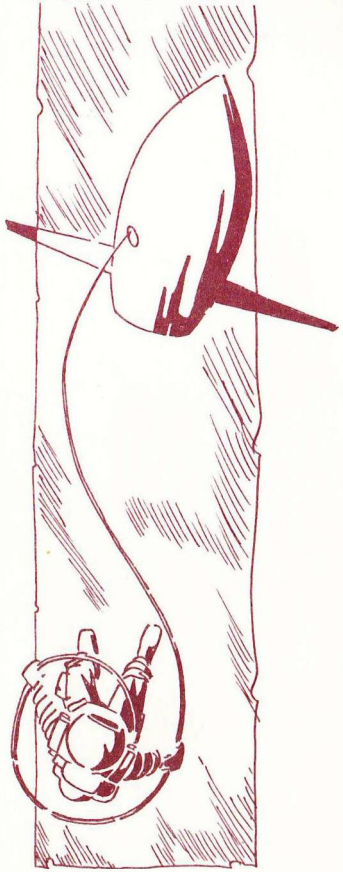

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RQ MISCELLANY

SASKATOON IN '99

For their courtesy in answering questions relative to our first article I must thank Staff Sergeant Harrison, RCMP; Allan Turner and Ed Morgan, Saskatchewan Archives; Jean Goldie and Josie Gleisinger, Archival Associates. But they are in no way responsible for the article's contents, since they were not told how their information was to be used and, indeed, knew nothing about the Explorer project until this very day. We leave to future scholars questions about coincidence in the duplication, a half century later, by the U.S. "Explorer." To those who seek current information it's necessary to report that Derek Carter now inhabits an Ontario kosher convent and that your editor is sharing a cave with the Sasquatch (Abominable Snowman) of Saskatchewan.

CONVENTION CAPERS

Those unable to attend the world science-fiction convention at Heidelberg, August 21-24, should note the following:

June 18-20, Multicon '70 (Oklahoma City), Guests of Honour: Jim Harmon, R.A. Lafferty, Buster Crabbe. (Send $3.50 to David Smith, 133 Mercer, Ponca City, Oklahoma 74601.)

August 14-16, Agacon '70 (Atlanta), GoH: Sam Moskowitz. ($2.50, Glen Brock, Box 10885, Atlanta, Georgia 30310)

August 21-23, Fanfair II (Toronto), GoH: Roger Zelazny and Ann McCaffrey. (Pete Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto-13)

September 4-7, Triple Fan Fair (Detroit), GoH: Jim Steranko. ($3.00, Bob Brosch, 14845 Anne St, Allen Park, Michigan 48101)

October 16-18, Secondary Universe (Long Island). (Virginia Carew, English Department, Queensborough Community College, Bayside, Long Island, New York 11364)

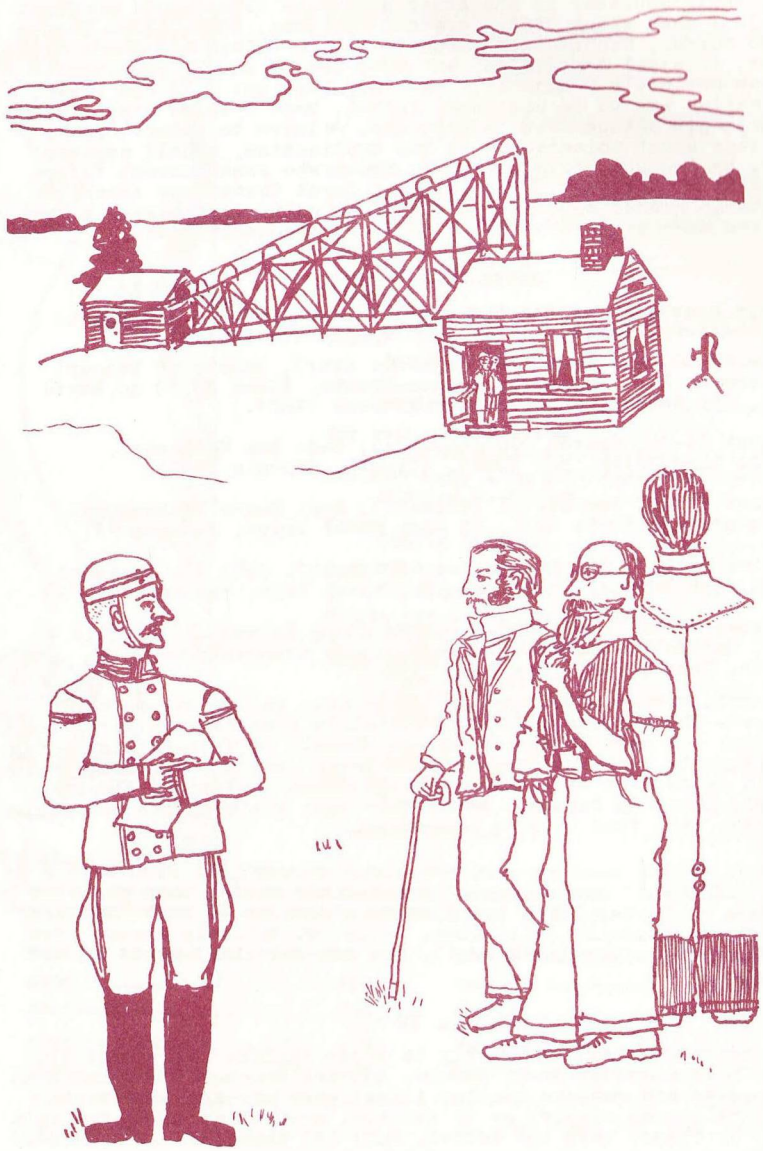
A person with finite time and money must choose via specific interest. The serious s.f. fan will allot Secondary Universe top priority; his next choice is either Toronto or Atlanta, depending on whether he inhabits the Upper or Lower regions. Western, Comics, and Old Radio fans will attend the Oklahoma conference (guest speaker: RQ's Jim Harmon), while Burroughs Bibliophiles and Comics fans also will find Detroit mandatory.

To uninitiated readers--who associate conventions with Legion or "Forty and Eight" spectacles of naked girls racing through hotel corridors or horses being led down fire-escapes--I must emphasize that extra-curricular activities, while not entirely absent (see Phil Farmer's letter in RQ IV,1), are not essential parts of the programmes.

AUSTRALIA IN '75

"Conventions" lead indirectly to those Pacific activities discussed this issue by Harry Warner. But the shoot-off drawing that accompanies his remarks neither illustrates nor symbolizes the Sydney-Melbourne rivalry as to eventual convention site; and it's purely by chance that the artist, Rudy der Hagopian, is from Sweden, whose bid for '76 (as our columnist reports) may dampen Antipodal vibrations five years hence.

(continued on page 235)



THE SASKATOON EXPLORER PROJECT

by

Derek Carter

The nineteenth century was an era of considerable technical and mechanical progress. Man's earliest ambitions were to come closer to fruition than ever as he strove to prove that he could now do all that he dreamed. In some respects these aspirations were reflected by Verne and Wells whose novelised theories were to become tangible realities. And yet it is curious that the most spectacular nineteenth century embodiment of man's ambitions passed virtually unrecorded.

Rockets had been used for military weapons as early as 1252, when fired at Mongol invaders of Pien-king, and as late as 1814, as part of the English bombardment of Fort McHenry -- an event commemorated by "the rockets' red glare" in the U.S. national anthem. But such applications ceased in the later part of the century, owing to increased accuracy and fire-power of cannon, and thenceforth rockets were used chiefly for rescue work at sea -- signal-flares and line-carrying rockets -- and as display pieces for Guy Fawkes' Day.

That there was anything remotely connected with flight in any form but that of the feathered community might not have been suspected in Canadian official circles but for two drunken Indians and an irate farmer. In mid-October, 1898, Constable Clisby of the North West Mounted Police listed to an incoherent story from Running Fox, a Cree, and Big Bear, an Assiniboine, who had imbibed deeply and were creating a nuisance. What disturbed Clisby was their ravings about a "big voice in the sky" -- since the phrase (although not the event itself) reminded him of the Almighty Voice shooting affair on which the NWMP had closed their files the year before.*

---

*Editor's note: "Almighty Voice" was a Cree who had been accused of stealing an Indian Department steer. After escaping jail in 1895, he shot a NWMP sergeant trying to re-arrest him and was himself killed in 1897. His impact on local consciousness can be gauged by Superintendent Sanders' report, two years later, on a trouble-maker at the Thunder Child's reserve: "This Indian...was desirous if he could not raise a general row to at least emulate the deeds of the late 'Almighty Voice' " (Sessional Papers, XXXIV (1900), p.70).

The next morning Thomas Copland, a locally prominent farmer, lodged a complaint -- a complaint that confirmed the Indians' tale of noises and objects flying over the prairies. A large metallic object had fallen on Copland's farm -- and both he and the Indians knew where it originated. Constable Clisby was led by Copland to a small encampment several miles north of Saskatoon, and his report to "C" division headquarters, Battleford, described both site and personnel:

> The party is headed by Dr. Albert Joseph Finch, who is aided by four other persons -- Mr. David Eli Jones, Mr. Andrew McRae, Mr. Frederick Aiken and Mr. Herbert Oscar Wilson. Their encampment occupies approximately 1½ acres and has upon it two cabins, one used as living quarters and the other as a workroom and "laboratory." There is, furthermore, a third structure. This is a tall wooden scaffold, some thirty feet in height. Erected within its confines is a tall metal object which, at its widest, measures no more than two feet across.

The constable then reported on the papers and permits of each individual, concluding with a factual record of his conversation with Dr. Finch. "I enquired as to the purpose of the buildings, etc., whereupon Dr. Finch informed me that it was for scientific research and experimentation, the ultimate purpose of which was to launch the metal object into space."

But two months later, on December 20th, when the temperature dropped to thirty below zero, Dr. Finch and his assistants came to Saskatoon for the Winter, and the doctor wrote in his journal:

> We hv stopp'd wrk at the site becse of the dm cold and hv got all papers into Sask. At least we will hv company this Xmas.

Superintendant Sanders, who had instructed the constable to keep Dr. Finch under surveillance, was informed of this transfer but apparently did not take too much notice. In fact Finch and Clisby became firm friends. The group took part in the small community's social life, attending the Methodist Church on occasion, to the gratification of its minister, the Rev. John Linton.

During late February or early March the party resumed activities at the site. The precise date is unknown because it was necessary to call in local carpenter, R.W. Caswell, to effect repairs upon the buildings. By the end of March Dr. Finch was nearly satisfied. His not quite original idea was to ignite two combustion chambers, one after the other -- a crude anticipation of today's multi-stage rocket, except that the burned-out stage was carried along instead of being dropped.

This aspect of the experiment, according to Finch's diary, had been tested five years earlier, in 1893, at Brighton, England -- but the flight had been uncontrolled and nearly catastrophic. When still in England, Finch was joined by Andrew McRae, former RN gunnery officer, who whilst vacationing in Sussex, had observed a Finch rocket in erratic flight. After a brief correspondence with Finch on problems of fuel and tra[illegible]ry McRae quit his job in London to join him in active participation.

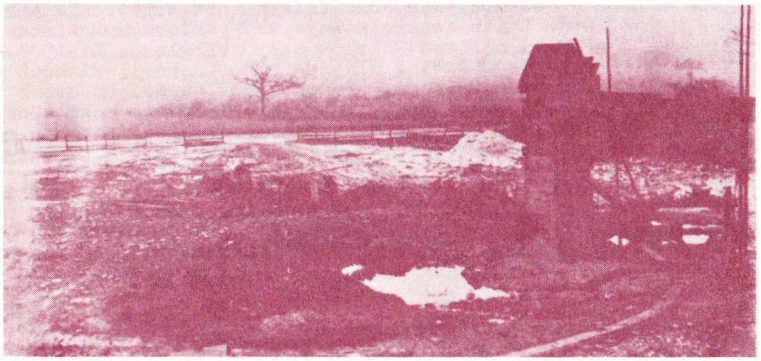
McRae started out by modifying an idea of William Hale (just as Finch himself had appropriated Colonel Boxer's tandem rocket of 1853). Hale simply had replaced the rear stabilising rod of earlier models by curved vanes, which were spun around by exhaust gases. Concerning McRae's version of the spin-stabilised rocket the doctor was to write:

> *Today Andrew frd a rocket with his 'fins' attach'd and achvd what I never hv -- steady vertical flight.*

Feeling he was finally achieving positive results, Finch procurred his other assistants -- Jones, Aiken, and Wilson -- in 1895-6. Although these three came mostly out of curiosity, they stayed out of enthusiasm.

But McRae's work on stabilisation had not yet been perfected -- and when the next rocket landed on Brighton Beach, scattering assembled bathers, Finch realised that his work needed less densely populated regions. Thus it was that he eventually settled for a spot on the Canadian prairies.

The Observation Tower at Saskatoon
Oct 11th '99



Wm. Lusk. Regina.

The group left England in September 1897 but did not arrive in Saskatchewan until May 1898. Once established, they achieved immediate results. Unhindered by thoughts of a surrounding multitude, Finch conducted three preliminary firings, whilst additional experiments with his delayed timer continued until December. Before breaking camp Finch had observed:

> We shd reach some conclusion next yr if all continues this way. We can now lift 75 pnds with no difficulty -- and David /Jones/ and Frdk /Aiken/ are confident we can lift more.

McRae made several improvements on his stabilising vanes and on May 12th Frederick Aiken commenced minor experiments to increase the altitude potential of the first ignition. Meantime, the other members of the team were assembling what was to be the final rocket. Finch named it "Explorer"--the first time he ever named any of his experiments. Constable Clisby stopped by to make a routine check and noted an extra building, a tower built by R.W. Caswell, from which Dr. Finch hoped to observe the Explorer's initial trajectory. From the surrounding countryside came both new settlers and Indians to visit the site; of special interest to the latter was the miniature Pewabiskmuskenew or "iron road" for carrying fuel from its underground storage out to the launcher.

Dr. Finch's party worked right through July, the hottest month of the year, until the 23rd, when the Explorer stood ready within its scaffold. After an hour of checks and counter-checks McRae triggered the launching at 11:30 A.M., July 24th. The rocket climbed to about 300 feet, wobbled slightly, and then straightened out. Jones was heading across country to the estimated landing point when he heard a big explosion -- estimated by Finch to have occurred at around 30,000 feet -- and saw a huge ball of smoke overhead.

Exactly what happened no one knows--although Dr. Finch guessed that the delayed timing mechanism had fired early, making the contents of both combusion chambers ignite simultaneously. But owing to the primitive experimental conditions several explanations are possible.

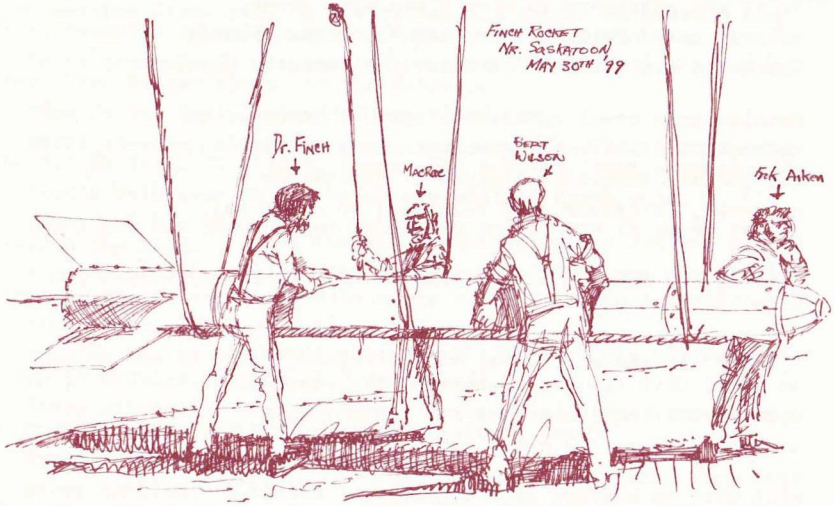
After this launching Dr. Finch returned to England. He had intended to come back to Saskatchewan, but this was not to be. His party, except for McRae, went their separate ways,and various debts incurred by himself and his family obliged Finch to stay in England. In 1906 Andrew McRae was drowned in a boating mishap in the Channel. Without him Finch did not continue the Explorer project, but turned to other problems. He died in 1913, with very little recognition, public or professional. Yet despite all this, Dr. Finch's achievements in rocket propulsion were not to be duplicated for nearly half a century.

The wreckage of Dr. Finch's experiment
Oct. 11th '99

Wm. Lusk Regina

Editor's Note:

Thanks are owed to Margaret Stone, President, Wascana Student Housing Co-operative, for lending us the sketch, appended below, from the Co-op's recently started historical collection. Concerning the unknown itinerant artist, Derek Carter writes, "He must have either known or become fairly friendly with the group because he names Wilson as Bert, not Herbert."



However, the drawing on page 160 is a purely imaginative reconstruction, since the artist, Evelyn Holland, didn't have access to the Wascana collection.

THE NIGHT CREW

Now we find ourselves
past the limits of the ice sheets.
We find it is difficult to sleep.
We wake for the third turn,
taking the presumed route of migrations:

the fire being passed from hand to hand
as it was passed to me when I was very young,
when my neck couldn't have been 12 inches around.
Who knows the gods he has inherited, name by name?

Outside this steel circle the only evidence of us
comes when the fires are brightest, at night;
red pockets throbbing against a low ceiling
of smoke. Whatever else there is, we can't say.
In the end you can only measure against us:
spider webs the tensile strength of steel,
steel jaws of wolves.

Above us the sky reddens, the whistle blows,
we walk, with shrill, teeming cranes overhead.
Somewhere in the course of the third turn
we have come to the Metal Age confusion
that will disappear with day:
hand to hand, we are the night crew
that can use whatever it is we form with fire
to build, destroy, or purify.
We are past the limits of the ice sheets,
down the last route of migrations.

-- Phyllis Janik

METHOD by George Thompson

Barry woke. He had a feeling Hyman hadn't changed the punch-cards much. His motivations seemed about the same as they'd been before the Prompter had put him to sleep.

Then, mentally, he rapped himself for taking the machine seriously.

Phil, the stage manager, asked him, "Okay?"

"Unstrap these idiot straps," Barry told him. "I have to get back to work."

Phil muttered, "You're still a little under." But he was shutting the machine down, pulling the restraints free. "Rehearsals are over, remember Barry?" he said. "Opening performance in an hour."

Barry grunted. He was about to explain, he had lines to work over--then he saw Hyman at the doorway.

"How do you feel, actor?" Hyman asked him.

Barry stood up, shook one foot, then another. "And turn myself about," he said. "I'm okay, Hyman. You worried 'bout something?"

"Let's walk over to the theatre a while," Hyman said.

Barry got his jacket from the couch and zipped it up as they crossed the lawn.

Hyman remarked, "These last-minute changes are kind of a grind, I know." He let some cigarette smoke slide from his nostrils.

"Ah," Barry waved it aside.

"You're one of those youngsters who has little use for the Prompter machine, I take it," Hyman said.

Barry shrugged. "Listen, Hyman. I just don't trust any machine to give me the motivations I need on stage. See?"

Hyman nodded, smiling a little.

Barry mumbled, "I should be upstairs now, working on your line changes. 'Stead of sleeping with Method, Inc."

"The changes in dialog," Hyman sighed, "entail changes in motivation, to use your terms. Method Inc.'s machine wrote this play. Don't forget that."

"That what you got to tell me?"

"Not exactly," Hyman said. "Just to remind you: We've cut the murder scene completely. Stay with the script."

Barry shouted, "Stay with the script? You think you got an ad libber instead of an actor? Huh?"

"Take it easy, Barrymore! It's just that.."--Hyman took off his horn-rimmed glasses and polished the lenses--"There wasn't time to change all the punch-cards. You've still got some stray motivations inside."

"What d'ya mean...stray?"

Hyman shrugged. "Well, tied to the defunct murder-scene, frankly."

Barry studied the shorter man. "Why don't you just let me worry about the inside changes, you worry about writing lines?"

"A playwright today doesn't just write lines, actor."

"Yeah, yeah. He's a Motivational Technician. I've heard it before." They'd had a refresher course in the new tech-theatrics, before the season opened. Hyman, playwright-in-residence, had demonstrated a Prompter machine and shown how it was used to write a play, as well as to pipe the right motivations for each part into the actor's psyche. Barry hadn't paid much attention, but he was startled and outraged to find that he was to act in one of Hyman's "techni-dramas" and had to submit to the temporary brain-washing of the Prompter. Now Hyman had decided to make changes, so Barry'd undergone a second Prompter "sleep." "The machine don't bother me," he said.

"Good," Hyman smiled. He put a gloved forefinger to his temple. "If any rag-tag values start bumping inside, just think your way through the scene. In spite of the light dialog, it's basically a thinky play."

"Sure." Barry had some argument. But basically he wanted Hyman to go away.

Hyman nodded and turned off. Barry trudged on toward the big dome of the theatre. Think through a scene, hell. What did Hyman know, with his wild-ass machine? You felt your way.

Barry shoved the screen door. He edged around a stack of flats in the wide hall and took the steps to his dressing-room. Another actor, Steve Section, was there ahead of him. "Seen Variety?" Steve queried.

"No."

Steve flipped the newspaper over to Barry's table. "Skurrow's made it again."

Barry looked. Gene Skurrow, a friend of his from Brooklyn, had his name about as big as you ever get it in Variety. Another N.Y. smash. Barry tossed the paper under his dressing table.

He took off his shirt and laid a fleshy-looking towel on his lap. With his forefinger he rhythmically tapped the grease-paint in little blotches around his face.

Steve asked him, "What's this Skurrow got, anyhow? You grew up with him, didn't you?"

"Yeh."

"So what's he got? He can't act. I've seen him."

Barry worked on his cheeks, keeping the rouge high. "An image."

"Aw, come on!" Steve retorted. "I'm serious. How come he's big on Broadway and you and I are still doing summer-stock in Wisconsin?"

Barry capped the rouge. He examined his face, tilting his head one way then the next. "He's just another Jewish boy from Brooklyn, Steve," he said.

"Tell that to the matinee crowds. They think he's Adonis."

"Maybe he acts like it."

"Off-stage, too? For the columnists? Who can play a role twenty-four hours a day?"

Barry thought about that. "I think," he said slowly, "Gene Skurrow does. You and me--just when we're on stage. Skurrow's in the business all the time."

The other actor went back to his eyebrows. "Must have a Method, Inc. machine in his apartment," he scoffed.

The play was miserable.

In the only late-hour tavern in town, Barry came across Hyman, sitting in a booth. "Hello, Barrymore," the writer remarked, steadily.

"Hi 'ya."

"Sit down, sit down. We all need a bath this evening; I'm buying."

Barry shrugged. He was sick of summer-stock in Wisconsin, park shelters in Ohio, tents in Mich-igan, and with a bad play on top of it, he might as well take a drink from the play's creator.

Hyman ordered him a Bensing on the inter-phone. It slid from the wall and Barry let the drink sit for a while on the table.

"Seen the reviews?" said Hyman.

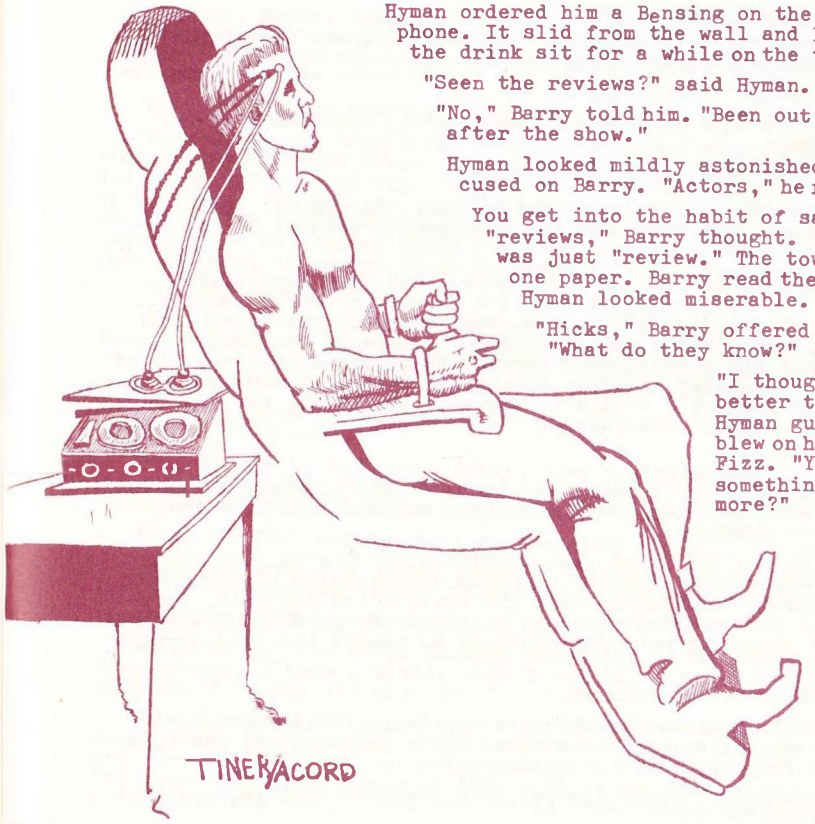
"No," Barry told him. "Been out walkin' after the show."

Hyman looked mildly astonished. He fo-cused on Barry. "Actors," he reported.

You get into the habit of saying "reviews," Barry thought. Here, it was just "review." The town had only one paper. Barry read the write-up. Hyman looked miserable.

"Hicks," Barry offered him. "What do they know?"

"I thought it was better than that," Hyman gurgled. He blew on his Epigee Fizz. "You know somethin', Barry-more?"



"What?"

"It's all LeRoin's fault. He made me cut out the murder."

"You didn't seem too bugged at the time," Barry observed.

Hyman shrugged. He leaned forward. "Listen youngster, I know what hand's feeding me." He sat back again. "Yessir," he affirmed.

"So you changed the murder scene."

"Tha's right. All 'cause fat old LeRoins didn't like it."

Barry took a slow sip of his drink. Seedy writers, meddling producers, directors without spine. The tense pitch that had been inside him since the curtain-call whined a bit higher for a moment. Then it settled in a lower key. Barry found he was interested in what Hyman was saying.

"Wasn't right to have a nice boy like Jud turn out to be a murderer, LeRoins told me. And our dear, dear director just stood there and let him tell me. Audience wouldn't like it, LeRoins said. Also, the motivations were lacking."

"Motivations?" Barry asked him.

"Yeh. Fat producer LeRoins thinks Jud as I wrote him wouldn't commit murder. Not in the cards, he says."

"That's crazy!" Barry blurted.

"Just what I says to LeRoins," said Hyman, stabbing a finger across at him.

Barry had another drink, on Hyman.

Later, Hyman said, "It was a thinky play, Barrymore. This way, it's unresolved." He blinked at Barry. "LeRoins don't understand."

Hyman was good for two or three more. And then Barry felt about ready for the sack. He strolled slowly, a trifle loppily, back to the playhouse. He thought some about the character of Jud. But since he was a method actor, it was more like Jud thinking about the character of Barry. He didn't like Barry too much. Nice Jewish kid from Brooklyn. But ineffectual. Ordinary. Nobody you'd notice in a crowd. Certainly not the image that'd get you on Broadway.

Next morning, Barry's plan was clear. It was probably illegal. He knew it was unethical. But the ethics in this case were the burden of the producer.

Actors' Equity had ruled that a producer had to give each actor who'd been through the Prompter one free deprocessing session after his play closed. This was to clear his brain of the old role, leaving it clean for new character-data in another show. But what happened if an actor chose not to be deprocessed? He pumped the stage manager about it.

"Everybody gets deprocessed."

"Sure, Phil. But the Prompter's a new thing. Just outta curiosity. Suppose the machine broke down and a guy's got to get back to the city for a big part or something?"

Phil whistled. "I dunno, Barry. It's probably against copyright laws, you know."

"Yeah?" That was a new angle.

"Hyman could sue you plenty if you walked out of here with one of his pet characters inside your nut."

Barry laughed, passing the potato chips to Phil. "Screwy."

Phil squinted at him. "You seen a methodical playwright's file?"

"Naw."

"That thick." Phil showed with a finger and thumb. "On each character alone, that thick."

"That right?"

"Yeah. They write a book, Barry, I swear. Even before they start punching any cards. Where he was born, who his parents were, how he was educated, who he's slept with. All that stuff, punched into the character cards, never gets into the play."

"What for?"

"Background. Makes the characters more real."

"You think Hyman--"

"Listen, Barry. Hyman may be tryin' too much like some French avant-gardists back in the 1960's, but he's one of the best methodical writers in the business. He's probably got a telephone-book of background on the character of Jud alone."

This time, Barry whistled. "But how can a guy copyright a person?"

"He made it up, didn't he? Used to be, guys copyrighted their dialog, the finished play. But now--when you punch your character cards, use Method Inc. to feed the data to a company of apprentice actors, you let them act out whatever comes to them and tape-record it for a first draft. Anybody with a Method, Inc. installation and a half-dozen sharp teenagers can make a play. Provided he's got good character cards to start with."

"I see," Barry said.

Phil put his feet up on the porch railing of the Big Antlers Hotel. He sighted through his highball glass to the theatre, across the lawn. " 'Sides," Phil murmured. "The way this play's been hacked up, it wouldn't be healthy for anybody to walk away without a deprocess."

Barry snapped a potato chip between his front teeth. "What does that mean?" he asked.

Phil turned to the young actor, eyes a little hazy. "Don't you feel it, kid, when you're out there on stage? Isn't it like something should happen at the end, and it doesn't?"

"Phil--I just act the part that's given to me."

Phil muttered, "If I was Hyman, I wouldn't stand for it. He could've had a winner here, if LeRoins had just kept his flabby hands off."

"Maybe so," Barry said.

"I know so," the stage manager retorted. "I been around theatre long enough. I know a winner when I see it. It's just too bad, about that murder scene and all that."

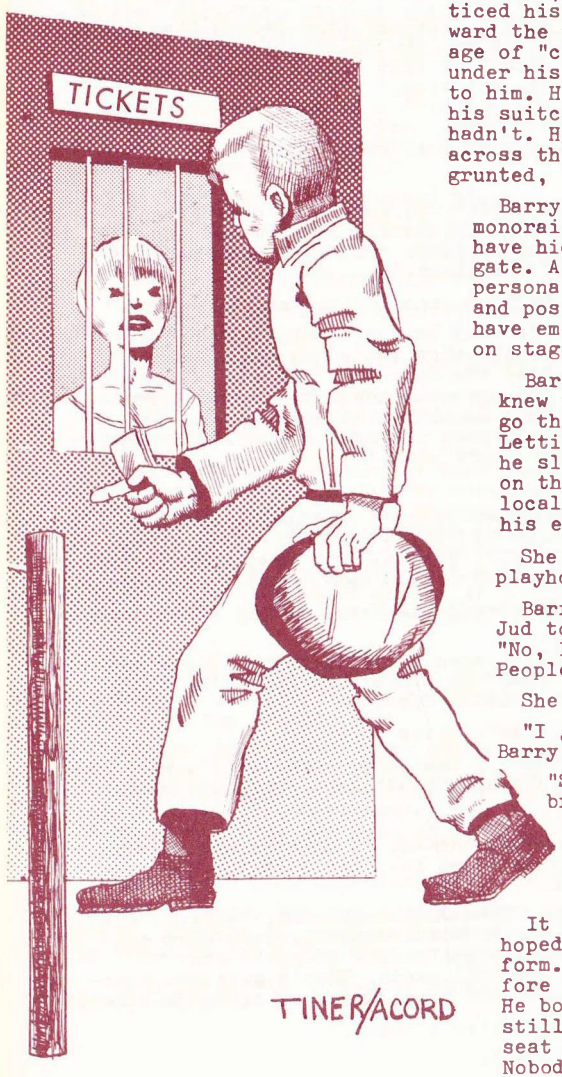
They drank silently a moment. Then Phil continued, happier, "Don't worry, kid. The machines hardly ever break down. If ours does and you have to dash back, we can shoot you on the monorail over to Traverse City with a tape of the 'Jud' cards. They'd give you a deprocess at the Tent." Phil took a long final drink and nodded to himself.

"Thanks, Phil," Barry said. "You're a peach."

"That's all....right," Phil said.

It was easy.

Afternoon of the final performance, Barry asked for his payment in cash, as Equity rules allowed. "Taking care of some local bills," he said. The office girl didn't object, though it was a goodly amount. Normally, he would have gotten his pay the next day, after deprocessing.



Twenty-three hundred in clean bills in his pocket, he already felt more like Jud, less like Barry. He practiced his saunter as he walked toward the village. He carried a package of "clothes for the cleaners" under his arm, in case anyone spoke to him. He didn't dare walk out with his suitcase, and he was glad he hadn't. Hyman passed him on the way across the lawn. The playwright grunted, tiredly. They parted.

Barry would have taken the first monorail back to New York. He would have hidden out for a while in Eastgate. A year later, with his new personality of Jud, an assumed name and possibly a face-lift, he would have emerged and started knocking on stage doors.

Barry would get caught. Jud knew that, so things would not go that way, Barry realized. Letting Jud's character free, he slapped a handful of bills on the ticket counter. "Chicago local," he drawled. He snapped his eyes at the girl.

She smiled."You're one of those playhouse fellahs, aren't you?"

Barry's knees softened, but Jud tossed his head brightly. "No, I'm the star's brother. People say we look alike."

She giggled.

"I just saw him in the play," Barry added.

"So did I," she smiled. Your brother's cute."

"Thanks," Barry said quickly. He scooped up the ticket and his change. He headed outside. to the rail.

It was mid-afternoon. As he'd hoped, no one else was on the platform. He had a two-minute wait before the southbound jet pulled up. He boarded, brown-paper package still under one arm, sighed in his seat as the train got her speed. Nobody but the ticket girl had seen him.

At Chicago Westport Barry bought a cheap suitcase. He changed into the clothes he'd been carrying, packing up the jeans and sport shirt he'd worn on the walk to town. In suit and tie now, he bought passage to Seattle, since the next monorail out to major spaceports was headed that way. Luckily, it was an express. It shot over the prairie at four miles a minute, and as it began to brake for Denver, Barry looked over the pamphlet on connections.

Denver had three lifts that day to rocket stations. But the next seven launchings were to points inside Jupiter. Jud's personality, Barry could sense, was favouring a frontier planet as a spot to hide out. Seattle had the best connections for Saturn and out, so he stayed on the liner.

Barry gave an assumed name at Seattle Port, had no trouble booking for an early sailing. He rode the shuttle rocket to the platform, and retaining his pseudonym on the week's voyage. But at Saturn's orbiting Port Rowyurboat, where he waited on a junket for a Neptune mining town he'd picked out of the time-table, he registered as "Jud Memoring."

That made him feel good. At last, he thought, he possessed that role he'd stolen from a summer playhouse in Wisconsin. Possession, he seemed to recall, was nine points of the law. If they ever caught him, at least he'd go down in history as the first man to steal a part from a play. But he wouldn't get caught. Not here on Saturn. Not Jud Memoring. Not the Shiek, the Shiek of...

What the hell's this, Barry thought. Corny tune kept going around in his head. Shiek of --

Araby?

Could be. He wandered to the racks of timetables, at one end of the cocktail lounge where he'd been passing time. At random, he selected one, "SATURN RING-CENTRAL LINES." A junk outfit--mail runs and silver among Saturn's moons. There was a launching at 2100, local time. Jud looked at the bar clock. An hour. And the run made a stop at Port Araby.

Letting Jud's data push him again, Barry cancelled the Neptune ticket and booked himself on Ring Central. He went to sleep in his seat before launching. It was a long, slow haul, and they woke him at Titan's Port Araby.

Jud knew his way around town. He got into two fights and slept with three girls. He walked out of countless restaurants without paying, and one bar. He rolled a drunk and beat up a queer. He bought seven ounces of Marijuanna at bargain prices, took it up to his hotel, rolled it into sticks, and started down again to the street of the domed city.

Somehow, Barry got hold of things.

He sat down in a big, stuffed chair in the hotel lobby. He was shaking. He pretended to read a magazine. Port Araby, he was convinced, was home. Jud belonged here. Yet there was nothing about Titan or Araby in the play. "They write a book on each character," Phil had told him. "That thick."

Barry knew he had to get out of there. The copyright office, armed with Hyman's description, could spot Jud's volatile personality in a sandstorm. Jud's familiarity with Araby was baffling, but he couldn't keep Jud in the hotel long enough to try to dope it out. Trying not to appear hurried, Barry got his bag from his room and checked out. After boarding a ground bus at the port's transport interchange, he sat back in his seat and studied his ticket. The main thing was getting out of the city, and he hadn't noticed where the bus was headed.

He smoked a weed. The bus was almost empty.

Barry had never smoked weed, even back in Brooklyn. He liked it, he discovered. He found himself grinning cockily out the window. He was really free now. He consulted his ticket. "Tentwater" was his destination, the end of the line.

When he woke up, the bus was under an unsteady vacuum, jerking through a high altitude stretch of the transit tube. Through scratched but still transparent walls Barry saw nothing but the methane fog-storms rising off Titan's snaking ridges. Overhead, Saturn filled the sky with steamy light, behind a hurricane overcast. Occasionally a rabble of solid matter scoured the tube and rained away.

The bus shuddered over the apex and began a rocking descent. "Tube's gettin' out of repair," Jud breathed. Barry rubbed his eyes, trying to clear his head.

On the other side of a minor cinder-cone was "March's Camp," a five-minute stop. The bus emptied. After a twisting ride of five hours across the crater-pocked Minor Plain, the vehicle approached Tentwater, Barry its only passenger. He could see ahead, on the last long curve of the tube, a four-dome complex. Energy arrays deployed themselves in six directions, and a cluster of communications towers stood to one side in bad neglect.

The bus rushed a gradual slope into the complex, hesitated at the lock, then inched into the station. The doors, with a suck more than brief, opened. Even Barry knew that meant the damn thing had been leaking all along. He stumbled up the passenger way to a counter marked, in quaint florescents, "LO-GINGS."

Jud Memoring paced the windows of the guest house. The phony horizon still balanced a row of dim, copper clouds. When the resort was flourishing, he'd been told in the bar, you should have seen the sunsets and storms the laservision produced. But with nobody to keep it tuned, it often got "hung up or cycled," the British agent had explained. "Better a row or two of clouds than three days of the same lightning flash, don't you know?" Whatever it was that gave the illusion of sky was painfully blue. Something's got to give, Jud muttered.

He walked back to the fortress. Housing an ecology lab now in what had been a tourist lodge that flopped, the fortress looked like a set from a movie. As he passed through the Moorish gate, Barry thought, "Dangerous to stay here much longer." Mail was frequent, every other day on the tube from Araby. [illegible] was bound to get back to the city.

He stomped across the courtyard, up the steps to the balcony lounge. Stilts would be off work in half an hour. Stilts was a good kid. The native women were scary, but Stilts...

She just might be made, Barry had said once. Jud leaned back in his chair and crossed his feet on the railing. Made? Hell, yes, man. Tonight's the night. No power in woman can resist the charm of the Shiek.

Barry shuddered.

Stilts showed up at five-thirty. Jud eyed her a moment. "Nice afternoon," he said. "Having a drink?"

They had two coolers in the officers' bar, dinner downstairs. When Jud made his overtures in the twilight, back on the porch, she grew apprehensive. But at the guest house, Barry read to her. Something from Lawrence. And she was made.

"Got to hand it to you," Jud said the next morning. "You really saved the day. I mean, night."

Barry shuddered again. Jud was puzzled when Barry did that. But he didn't say anything. Silently, he shaved, washed his face.

"I mean," Jud went on. "She wasn't going through with it." He grinned, drying his hands. "I'm always losing out with the best chicks, 'cause I don't know when to cool it. Everybody thinks I get anything I want, 'cause I talk big. But -- well, you know."

He walked to the bedroom. For some reason, he was slow getting dressed.

"But you saved the day," he persisted. "That D.H. Lawrence thing really did it. Wow!" he laughed. "All the time, I thought you were pretty square."

Jud couldn't figure out why Barry was shaking so much. He sat down.

Settling back in the chair, he swung his feet on the bed. "She was really something, huh?" he said.

Barry was gripping the padded arms and was trying to swallow.

"Hey -- what's the matter with you?" Jud said.

"Nothing," Barry murmurred softly. "I'm okay."

He sat quietly. "For a minute, you had me worried." Silence in the room. Then Jud again: "Something's eatin' you. I thought I had all the troubles. You better tell me what's shakin'."

Barry fished the mouth with his tongue. He found a place, finally, that wasn't dry. "Jud..." he began. "I'm sorry. A little beat, I guess." Then he laughed, but with effort. "She sure was a swinger."

Jud brightened. "That's what I like to hear!" He stood up.

Jud had full sway. After the LV was "unhung" he took Stilts for walks in the late afternoons, swam with her in the Ring-glow in the nude. Waiting for Stilts to come off lab duty, Jud talked late hours with the ecologists, the officers, the technicians assigned to the station. Jud was affable, engaging, refreshingly naive. But as the days went by and Barry's shock wore off, Barry noticed that Jud was picking up new experiences and absorbing them at a lightning rate.

Barry kept their conversations discreetly mental. In their room, he talked guardedly. Jud couldn't understand why. He called Barry the "mum one." When with Stilts, Jud taught Barry twenty-nine of his known forty-seven positions (Hyman had a bent for pornography, Barry guessed); and Barry silently instructed Jud in making it cool, being tender, letting your eyes talk.

Jud was always grateful in the morning. "You've taught me more than I've learned in my life," he would say. But the driving agony that sent him pacing the windows of the guest house, walking the walls of the Moorish castle, always returned.

Then it all changed, because Barry intervened during a conversation in the bar. One of the officers had said something to Jud about "that writer fellow a while back." Barry blurted, "Here?"

"Quite," the officer said. "Playwright fellow. Hyman something. Hyman -- ?"

Barry, keeping Jud quiet, took a fast draw on his drink.

"Major, what the deuce was that playwright fellow's last name?"

Barry set the drink down slowly. He uncurled his hand. Of course. He should have seen --

"Well, it hardly matters. Clammy kind of chap. Always brooding about the castle, taking notes. Fascinated by the resemblance to some place in North Africa ages ago, he said."

"Impish person, too," Barry whispered.

"That's the one. Say, do you know him?...I say, aren't you well...? Major, I think the young man's about to fall out..."

Barry awoke outside, striding about in the yellow glow of a fading "thunderhead." They'd passed the line of safety now. Jud could wake up, walk them in his tense fury out of the room, outdoors, before Barry could shake himself awake. Jud was whirling thoughts like a cyclone -- or a sandstorm. They stumbled.

"Jud?"

"Where are they?"

"They?" Barry asked him gently. "Who's coming, Jud?"

"My men. The band. And horses."

"Horses?"

"My horses. My men." Jud cried into an invisible hurricane. "Men of the Shiek! I've waited too long!" He broke. Barry could gain, slowly, a kneeling position in the dust.

"Come on, Jud," he said. "I'll tell you where the horses are. Just come back to our room." He stood up, unsteadily. "Hyman--" he murmured as he staggered toward the Moorish castle. "Hyman, who called me Barrymore -- you corny son of a bitch."

You mean--" Jud groped. "I'm not real."

"In a way," said Barry. He couldn't explain any more.

"Other people--" Jud ventured. "They're not....like us?"

"No," Barry said. He smoothed back the blankets and picked up a pillow from where it must have fallen in their departure.

"I don't care," Jud insisted. "I'm me. I know I exist. So do you."

"You weren't born, like people are. You were key-punched."

"And the horses? The band of men?"

"Data. You're something out of an antique movie."

There was a long silence. "Barry," Jud finally whispered. "What're we going to do?"

"I've been thinking."

"You can't just -- get rid of me, you know."

Barry sat up quickly. "Look! I wasn't thinking anything like that." He felt Jud's silence. "You were the one that got us off Earth safely. I'd have flubbed it."

"I sort of remember," Jud said.

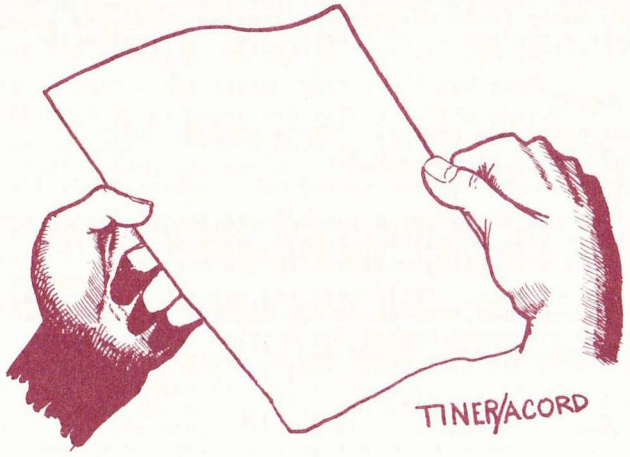
They sat a moment, then fell back on the bed again.

Jud mumbled, "We're staying away from those de-pressing machines; that's all I got to say."

"Deprocessing. Let's try to sleep. We'll both think better come morning."

"I'm all right. You're the one who pulled the faint in the bar, remember?"

"Okay," Barry retorted. "Stay awake if you want. But no more hikes, huh?"



In the morning, to his total surprise, there was a letter for him, off the bus. It was addressed, "Jud Memoring." Barry panicked for just a moment. It appeared that Jud was real, Barry the imposter. For didn't letters prove --

But any letter for him would be addressed that way. "Jud Memoring" was the only name he's used since he'd left Earth.

Letter for you, he told Jud.

Don't be funny. And don't move your lips when you think at me. You want somebody to see us mumbling to ourself?

Testy this morning, Barry observed. But he has a right to be. The letter said:

New York, New York

Halloo, Barrymore --

Am I the world's greatest detective, or am I not? It was elementary. There are only a few possible places where the personality of Jud would hie you. Knowing what a weak-willed bastard you are, I concluded that Jud's powerful attraction for his native heath (which I located after a laborous search, both embarrassing and tedious, of my uninspired notes) would win out over any burrowing instinct of yours to crawl back into this rodent-infested city you call home, with your ill-gained prize snatched off my poor talent while my head was turned.

I must say, however, Barrymore, that I admire your imagination, if not your taste. I can't say that "Jud" could possibly do much good to your career in the long run, though the idea of a handy off-stage "image" is certainly clever. (I've had some nice talks with your colleague Steve Section and our beloved Phillip here.) In fact, my boy, I have so much affection for you that all--as they say--is forgiven. "Bitter Season" opens under new and maturer backing just slightly off Broadway. I insist you play the male lead. Jud, of course. Remember him?

Gene Skurrow turned the part down, the hussy. I feel it only fair to say that if he had taken the role, you'd be in the Pen by this time. But let by-gones be by-gones. You're, unfortunately for my unhappy vengeance, a somewhat talented boy. Dull, but talented.

Let me know when you will arrive New York. I am authorized to offer you 1,100 a week. Your agent can get you more.

Regards to all,

--Hyman

"I'll show you horses, Jud. We'll even go riding. You'll see, it'll be almost like home."

"Whatever you say, Barry," Jud murmured. "You're the cat with the smarts."

Jud behaved nobly on the ride to Port Araby, on the taxi drive to the hotel, and throughout dinner. But at the bar it didn't take him long to talk Barry into an expedition to the infamous "Swedish Quarter."

It was a serious mistake. Barry, higher than he knew, talked a somewhat drunken brother of the "Order of the Divine Ecstasy" into taking him along to a ritual worship. This turned out to include certain sacrificial practices that must have been outlawed even in Araby. Barry was spotted as an infidel. The High Court--three butch fairies in loin-cloths -- wanted to "truss him up and yank a couple, three fingernails." Jud, to Barry's amazement, convinced them he was a delegate from the Earthside committee preparing legislation to make sacrifices legal, and to subsidize religious bodies who did not benefit as charitable institutions under the tax laws.

The High Court weren't sure they wanted sacrifices made legal. Undermine public morality, they said. But they could use the cash under a new tax structure. They let him go.

"How'd you know about things like charitable institutions?" Barry muttered as they snaked through the early morning crowd on the streets.

"Just found out I know everything you know," Jud retorted. "Just got to pick around for it sometimes."

"Um," Barry said.

Once back in the hotel, Barry decided they'd stay put until time for launching. He entered the ship first thing after checking through the port.

Jud was silent most of the way to the Outer New York station. A quick rocket hop down to the old Jersey Airfield, a tube ride in to Manhattan, and Hyman on the pay phone: "Glad ya' got in today, Barrymore. Just in time for a conference with LeRoins."

"You didn't say he was investing," Barry replied.

"He's not," said Hyman. "Something about clearing rights from last time."

"Rights?" Barry swallowed.

Hyman laughed. "It won't concern your little--appropriation, lad. But it'll make things easier if you're around, since you'll be the star. Come on up. My place. Don't bother your agent yet. We'll all talk contracts in the morning."

"Okay," Barry said. And to Jud, laughing. "Hear that? You're going to be a star."

Barry wanted to get things straight with Hyman as soon as possible. Then his mind would be clearer, and he could think about what to do with Jud. He grew a little dizzy as he rode up in the elevator. Jud was brooding. Barry found their way, through the high and complex passages of Hyman's apartment building in New Harlem.

Hyman answered the door. "Come in, Barrymore," he said. Barry did. And froze. The set -- no, it was a room. The last scene of "The Bitter Season." Same colour walls, every piece of prop in place.

Barry started to laugh, how Hyman even used his own apartment for a play's set. But then . . . The set had been designed in Wisconsin, and not by Hyman.

Words, what was Hyman saying? Some of the lines. But weren't they cut out -- ?

A man seated in a chair. A fat man.

Buzzing. The high-pitched whining down the skull. Jud's hands jerked, like a puppet's, when he heard the lines.

Young man, don't do something you'll regret.

This the fatso you told me about, Barry? The one who changed the play?

Ring for the butler, there. Call the police.

The one who bottled me, Barry? So I couldn't get free?

I say, Professor. I believe the boy's gone mad.

Who made it so I was never finished when the play was through? So I had to get out, and walk in Araby? Barry?

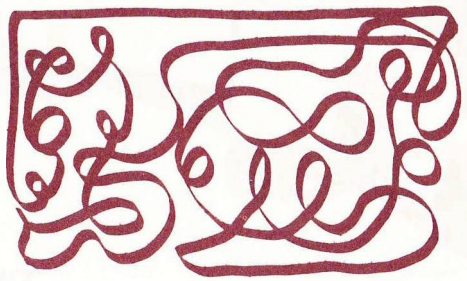
And down. It happened, like in the murder scene.

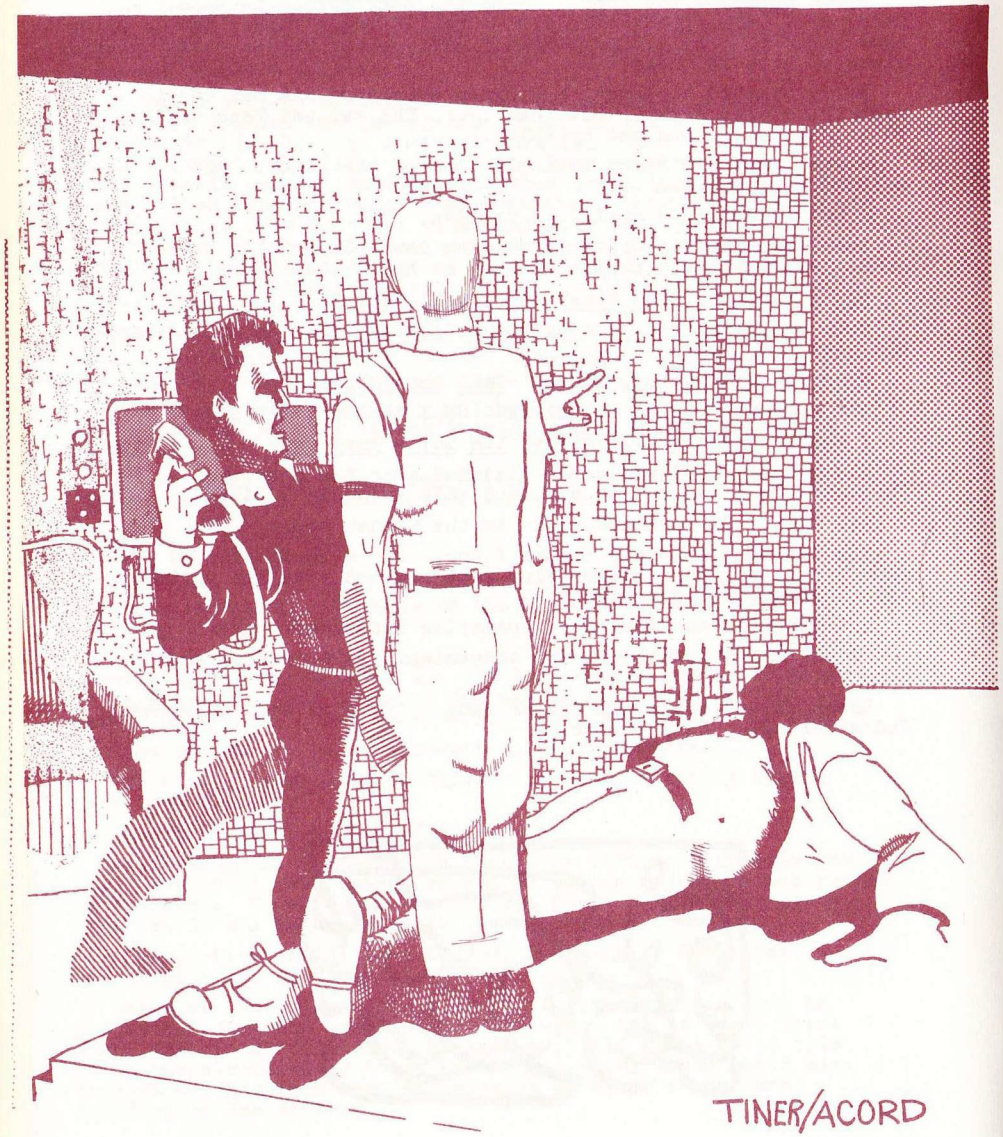
The fat man, LeRoins, on the floor. Jud's hands slipped from his neck, and LeRoins' blue face spotted with the spittle that dropped from Barry's lips.

And Hyman in the distance, operating the phone.

"Jud," Barry breathed. "Do something. He's calling the cops on us. Jud!"

Hyman waited while his number rang. "It's no use, Barrymore. Jud's through. Play's over."





TOADS

I could be the King
Of toads. I herd
Them like a caballero
When I cut the grass.
I hear them thundering
Through the long caves
In the lawn. Nights
They leap at the screen
Door, as if this light
We own were some beacon
For toads lost in the dark.
Maybe they have heard
My wife say how nice
It is living where
Toads are free with the rent.
I think she is the Queen
Of toads feeling her way
Through love's green life.

-- David J. Smith

THE STORY OF GOLD

The story of gold begins
on a green stem the size of a tree
children (and some delicate animals)
climb. Later there are leaves,
3 or 4, like big tree limbs.
Soon children and others, but mostly children,
come from everywhere to this one place
as though there were nothing else around.

There at the top
of the stem is a large flower
resembling a heart.
At the very top on one side of the heart
is a little basket, woven beautifully
like the web of a gray spider;
and there is something in it.
If you were to draw a picture
of just what was in it
you might have lines coming from the basket,
to represent something that is valuable inside.

There are no lines. There are children,
climbing up the stem and over
the leaves the size of big tree limbs
and right up into the flower, which is the heart
and there is something there in a spider basket
that is reached only through a heart
or flower and by children and others
but mostly children.

-- Phyllis Janis

CRY WITH A LOUD VOICE

after Li Ho

The south wind has worked these hills
to flat land. To the west
water rides out from the coast.
Who has sent a scorching voice
to parch the music of the sea?

Somewhere in the garden of our fathers
there is a young girl who keeps a tree
that will bloom only once every 1000 years.
When it flowers for the 100th time
our famous old men will have died
how many deaths?

This season the mane of the horse is blue-black.
On its back are spots like round coins,
coins thrown to the wind galloping across the field.
Across the field 2 or 3 willows
pride themselves on their coats
and hide in coy cloaks of mist.

A lute player pours his song.
I reach for the gold-handled cup.
Before my blood and spirit fused, God! who was I?

Where are men with a place in the house for wisdom?
Wisdom, I will weave your face on silk
when I find you, when the dancers tire,
when the drinking is out of mind. In all this land
where are you sleeping? Show me;
when I have wine I will pour it on that ground.

The water clock drips fast, time chokes the jade frog.
Grandmother's hair has grown thin,
she will not hazard the comb.
Look at her eyebrows, colours of autumn, gray.
See, the season arches and turns, remembering
and its memory is green. Look at us:
remember the shouting, the turning when we were twenty?

-- Phyllis Janik

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS and THE FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

by

Richard D. Mullen, the Elder

Late Professor of Moral Science

University of Terre Haute

The stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs contain many lessons of great value for the attentive reader, but none more valuable than the warning that an unprotected girl is always in danger of being raped by an Arab, Negro, great ape, Green Martian, or monster of some other kind, or by a wicked white man, or sometimes even by a good white man. Unwilling to rest content with a mere warning, Burroughs also provides many useful pointers on how an endangered young lady may defend her honour -- or, if her own resources fail, on the kinds of rescue that may be expected from an ever-watchful Providence.

I A TABLE OF INCIDENTS

The following table has been prepared as a service to serious students of literature and morality, and it is earnestly hoped that no reader will use it as an index to incidents that might appeal to his prurient interests. It covers all works written by the Master in the period 1911-1915, except H.R.H., the Rider, which I have been unable to consult. Other Burroughsians may perhaps be induced to assist in extending this survey over the entire corpus. In this day of declining moral standards, nothing could be of greater importance.

So that the reader may appreciate the full horror of the heroine's peril, the villain is designated by name only when his race is the same as hers, with exceptions allowed for the two Emperors of Abyssinia, whose high rank may be thought to offer some compensation.

The asterisks in the second column indicate the imminence of the heroine's peril:

*Hero unable or barely able to restrain himself.

**Villain with heroine in his power, or attempting capture of heroine, or to whom heroine is being delivered.

***Villain within minutes of accomplishing his vile purpose.

	HEROINE	IMPERILED BY	SAVED BY
1	Jane	A great ape***	Tarzan (T1: 19)
2	"	Tarzan*	The power of her purity (T1: 20)
3	"	A usurer**	Tarzan (T1: 28)
4	"	Rokoff***	Sven, a subsidiary hero (T3: 9)
5	"	Rokoff***	Her braining him with his own pistol (T3: 13)
6	"	Rokoff**	Her holding a gun on him (T3: 15)
7	"	Rokoff**	Tarzan (T3: 17)
8	"	Schneider***	Tarzan (T3: 21)
9	"	A black sultan**	A great ape (T5: 17)
10	"	The great ape***	A lion (T5: 19)
11	"	An Arab***	Werper (T5: 25)
12	"	Werper**	Her belief in his honour (T5: 21)
13	"	Menelek II**	Lions (T5: 19)
14	Olga	Tarzan*	Her husband's arrival (T2: 5)
15	Meriem	A great ape***	Korak, son of Tarzan (T4: 10-11)
16	"	Korak*	His being attacked by a great ape (T4: 11)
17	"	Malbihn***	His partner in crime (T4: 13)
18	"	Malbihn***	Tarzan (T4: 14)
19	"	Malbihn***	Her braining him with his own pistol (T4: 20, 22)
20	"	Baynes**	Her belief in his honour (T4: 22)
21	"	A Negro***	Baynes and Korak (T4: 25)
22	Dejah	A Green Martian***	John Carter (M1: 17)
23	"	Sab Than**	John Carter (M1: 25)
24	"	A White Martian and a Black**	Failure of the White, who had first turn, ever to get around to it (M3: 1-13)
25	"	A Yellow Martian**	John Carter (M3: 14)
26	"	The WM-BM team**	John Carter (M3: 16)
27	"	Yellow Martians**	John Carter (M3: 17)
28	Thuvia	White Martians**	Their not getting around to it in the 15 years they had her, and by John Carter (M2: 4)
29	"	Green Martians***	Carthoris, our hero (M4: 5)
30	"	A White Martian***	Her stabbing him (M4: 7-8)
31	"	A second White**	A Martian lion (M4: 9-10)
32	"	Astok**	His losing his nerve (M4: 12-13)

	HEROINE	IMPERILED BY	SAVED BY
33	Dian	Jubal the Ugly**	David, our hero (P1: 14)
34	"	Hooja the Sly**	David (P2: 10-11)
35	"	Unnamed man**	David (P2: 12)
36	Nadara	Hairy Men**	Waldo, our hero (X1: 2-3)
37	"	A Cave Man***	Waldo (X1: 8)
38	"	Second Cave Man***	Waldo (X1: 10-11)
39	"	A Hairy Man***	An earthquake (X2: 5)
40	"	The Hairy Man**	White men happening along (X2: 7)
41	"	Stark***	Her screaming and his thereupon knocking her out (X2: 7)
42	"	Stark**	Her jungle skills (X2: 8)
43	"	River Men**	Waldo (X2: 8-11)
44	"	A Negro***	Waldo (X2: 12)
45	Victoria	An Arab***	Nu, our hero (X3: 11-12)
46	Nat-ul	Hud***	Her stabbing him (X4: 2-3)
47	"	A Boat-Builder**	A pterodactyl (X4: 6)
48	"	Great Apes**	Their fighting each other for first turn (X4: 6)
49	"	The Boat-Builder***	Nu (X4: 7-8)
50	"	The Boat-Builder**	Her braining him with a paddle (X4: 12)
51	"	The Boat-Builder**	Her jungle skills (X4: 13)
52	"	Lake-Dwellers**	Nu (X4: 14)
53	Emma	Maenck***	Barney, our hero (X5: 5)
54	"	The King***	Barney (X6: 9)
55	Barbara	A Japanese head hunter***	Her killing him with his own sword (X7: 10)
56	"	Billy*	The power of her purity (X7: 17)
57	Bertrade	Peter**	Norman, our hero (Z1: 7)
58	"	Peter***	Norman (Z1: 9-10)
59	Joan	Buckingham***	Norman (Z1: 13)
60	June	Continued sin	The goodness of one man (Z2: 4)
61	"	Her boss**	Her quitting her job (Z2: 5)
62	"	A blackmailer**	Her defying him (Z2: 8)
63	Virginia Maxon	A Monster Man***	Number 13, our hero (Z3: 3-4)
64	"	A Malay***	His falling overboard (Z3: 9,10)
65	"	An orang-utang**	Number 13 (Z3: 10-12)
66	"	The Malay***	Number 13 (Z3: 13)

	HEROINE	IMPERILED BY	SAVED BY
67	Victory	Buckingham**	Jeff, our hero (Z4: 4)
68	"	Snider***	Her stabbing him (Z4: 7)
69	"	Menelek XIV***	Jeff (Z4: 9)
70	Virginia Scott	Taylor***	Her grabbing his pistol and holding it on him (Z5: 5)
71	"	Taylor and gang***	A lion (Z5: 5)
72	Nakhla	Bandits**	Aziz, our hero (Z6: 8,10)
73	"	Ben Saada**	Her slipping away into the desert (Z6: 20)
74	"	Bandits**	Aziz (Z6: 20)
75		Bandits***	Aziz and two lions (Z6: 22,24)
76	Marie	An Arab***	Aziz (Z6: 14)

II THE LESSONS OF THE TABLE

The youthful reader of the gentler sex will surely be happy to learn from the Table that there is an even chance of being rescued by a hero. No hero is available in the remaining thirty-seven incidents, but in nineteen of these the heroine saves herself with her own resources, which means again that she has an even chance. If she has a weapon of her own, she can use it to good advantage (Incidents 6, 30, 46, 68); if she has none of her own, she can sometimes seize and use the villain's own weapon (5, 19, 55, 70); if neither has a weapon, she can pick up anything handy -- e.g., if the struggle occurs in or near a small boat, a paddle will do nicely (50). When friends are nearby, she can gain at least temporary respite by screaming, which will force the villain to deprive her of her voice rather than her honour (41). If the villain drags her into the jungle, she can escape if her jungle skills are superior to his (42, 51). If the villain depends on the wildness of the country to keep her from running away, she can choose to risk death rather than dishonour (73). Similarly, if the villain's power is economic or social rather than physical, she can defy him to do his worst (61, 62). If the potential attacker has been reared by great apes in Africa or by immigrant Irish on the Chicago West Side, a virgin will find sufficient protection in the power of her purity (2,56). Finally, a steadfast though mistaken belief in the honour of a man pretending to be her protector may well cause him to abandon his evil purpose (12, 20).

When her own resources fail and no hero is at hand, the imperiled girl must rely on the mysterious ways of Providence. Although earthquakes sometimes occur at opportune moments (39) and bands of white men turn up in the most remote places (40), Providence seems to favour lions as a means of frustrating the designs of wicked men and lustful apes (10, 13, 31, 71, not to mention 75). More awesome means are sometimes used: it was a pterodactyl seeking food for its young that first saved Nadara from the clutches of the lustful Boat-Builder (46) and a lustful great ape that stole Jane from the slavers who had intended to sell her to a black sultan (9).

But the ways of Providence are not always so spectacular: villains sometimes lose their nerve or their footing (32, 64) or fight among themselves (11, 17, 48), and good men are sometimes granted a timely interruption so that they can think better of what they were about to do (14, 16).

It follows that a young lady should not lose heart just because she has been captured by villains. Dejah Thoris was for a considerable time in the power of two of the vilest villains that ever lived, but still managed somehow to retain her honour (24). Even more inspiring is the case of Thuvia (28), who was "for fifteen years a plaything and a slave" (M2: 8) of the wicked White Martians, the horribly misnamed Holy Therns. When John Carter and Thuvia first met, he displayed his great delicacy by steadfastly ignoring the fact that they were both completely naked and his acute perception by addressing her as "Maiden" (M2: 4). In this he was surely correct, for how else could the fourth Martian novel be named Thuvia, Maid of Mars?

Hope remains even when the worst happens. Having been tricked into "marriage" by an already-married man and having found, on the death of her "husband," that she was living in a house of prostitution, June (60) saw no reason to believe that there were any good men in the world and hence no reason not to continue in a life of sin. But when our hero demonstrated his goodness and encouraged her to change her way of life, she found within herself the necessary strength. If the Master had written nothing else, The Girl from Farris's would be enough to win him the undying gratitude of all parents with young daughters.

We should also notice that Burroughs has as much to teach us about Biology as about Morality. While it is true that Dejah Thoris was hatched rather than born and that she brings forth eggs rather than live babies; while it is true, in short, that she is oviparous rather than mammalian, it is also true that she has navel, nipples, and protruding though milkless breasts, for we are expressly told that when John Carter first saw her she had "a slender, girlish figure, similar in every detail to the earthly women of my past life" (M1: 8). And if that is not sufficient, we have similar words about Thuvia, who is of the same race: "She was a perfect type of that remarkably beautiful race whose outward appearance is identical with the more god-like races of Earthmen, except that this higher race of Martians is of a light reddish copper color" (M2: 4).

LIST OF STORIES CONSULTED

The references in the Table and in the text are to volume and chapter, or to part and chapter, with the volumes or parts designated in the following way:

	WRITTEN	MAGAZINE PUBLICATION	BOOK PUBLICATION
T1 Tarzan of the Apes	1911-12	1912	1914
T2 The Return of Tarzan	1912-13	1913	1915
T3 The Beasts of Tarzan	1914	1914	1916
T4 The Son of Tarzan	1915	1915-6	1917
T5 Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar	1915	1916	1918

	WRITTEN	MAGAZINE PUBLICATION	BOOK PUBLICATION
M1 A Princess of Mars	1911	1912	1917
M2 The Gods of Mars	1912	1913	1918
M3 The Warlord of Mars	1913	1913-4	1919
M4 Thuvia, Maid of Mars	1914	1916	1920
P1 At the Earth's Core	1913	1914	1922
P2 Pellucidar	1914-15	1915	1923
X1 The Cave Girl (I)	1913	1913	1925
X2 The Cave Girl (II)	1914	1917	
X3 The Eternal Lover (I)	1913	1914	1925
X4 The Eternal Lover (II)	1914	1915	
X5 The Mad King (I)	1913	1914	1926
X6 The Mad King (II)	1914	1915	
X7 The Mucker (I)	1913	1914	1921
Z1 The Outlaw of Torn	1911-12	1914	1927
Z2 The Girl from Farris's	1913-14	1916	1965
Z3 The Monster Men	1913	1913	1929
Z4 Beyond Thirty	1915	1916	
Z5 The Man-Eater	1915	1916	1957
Z6 The Lad and the Lion (even-numbered chapters)	1914	1917	1938

Dates are from Robert W. Fenton, The Big Swingers (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1967).

SCENE

All three on the bed.
I say three because an oval portrait
of a Victorian lady
hangs above the pillow.
He is in a bathrobe

with nothing on underneath.
A roll of fat
at the waist shows.
He is pointing a gun
at his head

and smoking a cigar.
She smiles,
her knees drawn up,
naked except for thin panties

and a straw hat.
They are having a good time.
It is all a joke.
The proper lady
will be there

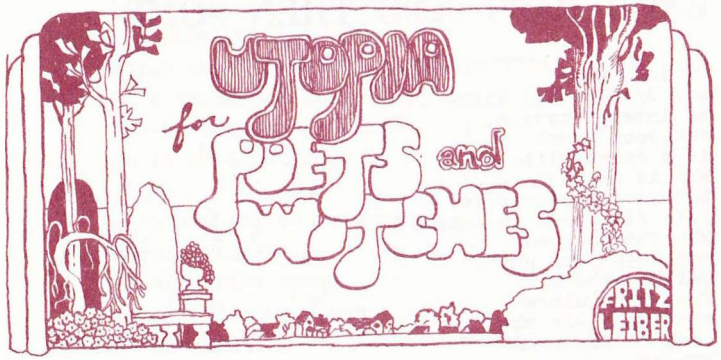
when they make love.
She will not
remind them
of their play.
They will die gracefully.

--Philip Dacey

EACH PART AND THEN SOME

O, your feet
are open to all kinds
of interpretation.
And your mouth
is a boxed gift.
Who is it has
translated your eyes
into seventeen languages?
Who has counted
the ways your hands
walk toward me?
Even your elbow--
that ugly--is the
bend of the road
you race up on
into mountains.
And the knees
are the skullcaps
of saints. O pray for me
with every part
of your body. Let the belly
be heaped like the white vest
of my father. And
your breasts
tell stories far
into the night.
How multiple
you are reclining
or sitting!
You have brought back
the tradition of the
grand hotel.

--Philip Dacey



Some people dislike speculative fiction because they find it unsettling and disturbing, even disorienting -- it whirls them into the far future or past, drops them on an unknown distant planet, introduces them to gods and to figures of myth and fable, strands them in the body of a robot or intelligent worm, suggests their closest friends may be masquerading members of an alien species, hints that all reality may be a deception or a dream. Such people want their fiction -- although all fiction inevitably involves invented stories, in short, fantasy -- firmly bolted and glued to the time and place where they are, with all the reassuring wooden solidity of childhood toys.

Such people are worried about the place where they are -- their status, their role, the tiny rocking table-top on which they stand in the dark, amid the dizzily shooting atomic and hydrazine fireworks. They wonder if their precarious perching place will stay there from one day to the next in a world of rapid technological and social change. Even in the play of imagination, which should have no limits whatever, they want reassurance about this -- and sometimes find it in novels about children, cultural backwaters, sentimentalizations of the recent past, and the troubles of persons more confused, blinkered, and backward than themselves, even to the point of psychosis. It is a cowardly urge, but an understandable one, even in those who merely shrink from moving to a new city or from learning a new job in middle life.

Of course there are stable perching places a-plenty in the modern world, extending into the foreseeable future too, for scientists, engineers, widely skilled mechanics, soldiers, merchants, advertisers, salesmen, and entrepreneurs.

At an opposite extreme, there are fewer and fewer places for poets, lovers, and women.

A three fold accusation can be leveled against modern plutocratic democracy and perhaps to a greater degree against the state capitalism and rule by the managers called communism: that both offer fewer and fewer opportunities and less and less status to inner-directed creative artists, poets in particular, unless they greatly trim the sails of their individuality to please those with money to risk or spend; to romantic lovers, except for "illicit love affairs carried on in a hole and corner way" -- to quote Robert Graves; and to women as beings different from men in more ways than being suitable material for housewives, third-rate careerists, and living incubators for the unborn.

Robert Ranke Graves, poet, mythologist, novelist, elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, corrects in imagination these deficiencies by creating in Seven Days in New Crete (published in America in 1949 by Creative Age Press under the title Watch the Northwind Rise) a utopia in which a religion with a female God gives women a unique status and in which poet-magicians constitute the most important caste.

The idea of a supreme Goddess and a society ruled by women is no mere isolated fancy of Graves, but a train of anthropological speculation which took modern shape with the Swiss jurist John Jacob Bachofen's Das Mutterrecht (1861) and the Scottish advocate John Ferguson McLennan's Primitive Marriage, published in the same year, and culminating in The Mothers (1927) by Robert Briffault, social and historical writer, novelist (the sprawling and then scandalous epic of modern decadence, Europa) and Communist Party member who broke with the orthodox line and spent World War II in the French underground and a Nazi prison. Two jurists and a novelist -- a rather amateurish-sounding crew to shape a theory, but until recent decades anthropologists were not specialized scientists, but a salty diverse band of museum collectors, treasure seekers and traders, fame-hungry explorers, scholarly lawyers, legend hunters, Indian agents, poets, and even studious clergymen. Sir James Frazer's classic The Golden Bough (published first in 1890 in two volumes, later expanded) is more a work of poetic and mythological scholarship than science and one of its chief critics was the literary man Andrew Lang, poet, searcher for fairy tales, and translator of Homer.

Most modern academic anthropologists do not believe there was ever much of a truly matriarchal society, but only areas and periods in which last names or blood lines were traced through the mother rather than the father. However, there is enough evidence here and there to make arguable the existence of past gynocratic societies, in Crete and elsewhere. In her Sex and Temperament Margaret Mead describes the lake-dwelling Tchambuli folk of New Guinea, whose women dress soberly, are practical and cooperative, win the tribe's bread by fishing and agriculture, and in general manage things, while the men dress colourfully, gossip and pose, devote themselves to arts and artistic crafts, and are temperamental to the point of pettishness.

Since Graves seriously believes in a past gynocratic society, one wonders why he made Seven Days in New Crete a fantasy rather than an essay or historical novel. His reasons are excellent, but require first some categorizing of the species of fantasy novel that imaginatively explores the past.

Naturally the past is chiefly the realm of the "straight" historical novel, yet at least one duchy in that realm belongs to speculative fiction, which can show the past in more vivid colours and allow sharper insights into its workings by several devices:

(1) A person from today can be transported into the past by time machine, as in H. G. Wells's novel of that name (though it was transport into the future that interested him), or by magic, or by the operation of some rare unknown phenomenon; examples of the last are A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court by Mark Twain, Lest Darkness Fall by L. Sprague de Camp, and The Devil in Velvet by John Dickson Carr. This allows the dramatic illusion of actual entrance into the past, rather than being taken there without explanation -- the usual method -- or the excellent and rigourous lost-manuscript device of someone in the past writing the story: I, Claudius by Robert Graves, The Egyptian by Mike Waltari, and The Borgia Testament by Nigel Balchin. It also permits the time-traveller to make modern comments on the past: to have a strong instant reaction to its charms and excitements and stinks and ignorances and squalors, and to observe the behavior of past people with the advantages -- such as they are -- of modern knowledge of psychology, medicine, sociology, and technology.

The past explored may be that of reality or of myth and folklore and even more divergent dimensions. It may be explored in a relatively serious spirit or in one that is largely comic (Merlyn time-travelling back to King Arthur's time in The Once and Future King) or heroic (Lessingham's dream-exploring a mediaeval though non-Christian world in The Worm Ouroboros).

(2) The author can speculate as to how history would have been changed if some crucial event had turned out differently: a key battle won by the vanquished, a leader dying as a child, an invention made centuries sooner, America colonized by Vikings or the Chinese or conquered by the Nazis and Japanese, as in Philip Dick's The Man in the High Castle. This "What if--?" method is that of Ward Moore's Bring the Jubilee.

(3) The author can imagine a world parallel to Earth's past, but different in one or more respects, this world generally being set on some planet other than Earth or in a parallel timestream, sometimes branching from our own, sometimes not.

(4) Or he can set in the future a world very similar, at least sociologically, to one from Earth's past. For instance, Isaac Asimov's Foundation novels are set in a far future when man has established a galactic empire quite like the Roman Empire and when this empire is beginning to break up into fragments with loss or fading of culture and of swift means of communication and with the rise of small barbarian star systems and bandit planet-kingdoms, again very much as happened to the Roman Empire. Such a past-in-future situation may be imagined as occurring by accident, or by the operation of cyclic laws of history, or as a deliberate anthropological reconstruction.

(5) Or the writer can use a combination of these methods. In Seven Days in New Crete Robert Graves transports his narrator into the future by an evocatory act of magic performed by a future witch. Although he spends a week in the future, his absence from the present occupies only a moment of our time, rather in the fashion of largely incorrect popular notions (see the researches of the University of Chicago physiologist Nathaniel Kleitman) about dreams and about hallucinations induced by drugs such as marijuana, mescalin, peyote, and LSD. The narrator, Edward Venn-Thomas, is in several ways like Graves himself: a British poet living on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, who loathes modern industrial civilization and is interested in myth and folklore to the point of feeling at least quarter serious devotion to the Triple Goddess, who Graves speculates was mankind's chief deity before male followers of the father gods such as Yahweh and Zeus deposed her and at the same time pulled down women from a status superior to men. (See also his King Jesus.)

In the future in which he is evoked -- as a complete man, not as a ghost -- Venn-Thomas finds himself in a world like that of Ancient Crete, which has been created as a cultural experiment by the Anthropological Council of a world united after atomic war, but weary of science and logic. The New Cretan culture proves unexpectedly vigourous and becomes the seedbed of a growing pastoral civilization while the old world, impotent from too much technology, fades back into a lazy barbarism and even more deeply into the primitive dark.

Besides being a novel of magical time-travel and of the past artificially reconstructed, Seven Days in New Crete is also a "What if--?" novel, since it portrays how mankind might have developed had not the male God superseded the female (according to Graves' view) and if Socrates and Aristotle had not begun the development of the logical and scientific approach to reality.

For although New Crete does have its legends of the Atomic Age and a certain brittle artificiality of feelings due in part to its knowledge that it began as an experiment, it is sufficiently like Old Crete of the Second Millennium B.C. to serve as an approach to a depiction of the latter -- surely one of the most charming cultures of the past, with its antipathy to war, its functional dwellings, its crisp vivid art, its gay modern sometimes topless fashions, and its love of play and games, including the acrobatic tumbling of youths and maidens with savage bulls depicted in its murals (and in The King Must Die by Mary Renault).

Seven Days in New Crete is also a speculative utopian novel in that it asks the question, "What would happen if poets ran the world?" Ben-Yeshu, a founder of New Crete,

> ..pointed out that no writer of a Utopia had ever applied himself to make good the damage done by Plato, when he banished poets from his Republic and preached a scornful indifference to poetic myth. "If we strengthen the poets and let them become the acknowledged legislators of the new world," ben-Yeshu wrote confidently, "magic will come into its own again, bringing peace and fertility in its train."

Upon his evocation, Venn-Thomas swiftly discovered that New Crete has sunk the modern plutocratic industrialized world nadir-deep. Little of technology and science has been retained beyond the names of living things and some principles of agriculture and hygiene. He sees one railroad train, gayly painted and drawn by oxen.

Life in New Crete is drastically simplified. There are only one hundred books, most of them digests, engraved on gold plates. The fifteen books of poetry contain only such writing as is judged was inspired by the Triple Goddess: there has been a far more drastic winnowing even than that to which the Bible was subjected. This, incidentally, fits very well with Graves' own low estimate of many British poets, Browning and Swinburne and Kipling being to him vulgarians, Milton mostly an affected bore, while if we may attribute to him a statement of one of his characters, even Shakespeare, except for about thirty pages of Goddess-inspired poetry, "wrote as a talented theatrical hack."

New poetry is engraved very sparingly on silver plates. Of this a very little is eventually transferred to gold. No paper of any sort is manufactured, even for toilet purposes, doing away with beaurocracy at one swipe. Barbers keep oral records of local events and there are barbershop ballads of adventures in the Bad Lands beyond the sea.

Custom governs many of the smallest details of New Cretan life: tobacco is smoked and music played only in certain places and at set times of day; to inflict others with unasked-for sound is unthinkable. It is believed unulcky to number people or state their ages, eliminating at one stroke censuses, statistics and much of mathematics. Time itself has been abolished: the years are not numbered, months end with the full moon, and the only clocks are sand glasses to tell when an egg is boiled. As Vives, a New Cretan poet, wrote: "Since time is money, time must be destroyed."

The three great evils of science, money, machinery, and rapine have been eliminated. Legend recounts how the Triple Goddess laid low the three gods representing those evils: Machna, Dobeis, and Pill -- the last name apparently derived from pillage and including most war and killing as well as theft. No machinery is used because nothing may be manufactured "without the hand of love." There is no buying and selling or even barter: products of agriculture and handicraft are exchanged as free gifts at markets where they are piled for whoever wants to take them, eliminating both cheating and theft by making them ridiculous. War has become a vigourous game: a sort of cross-country soccer whereby neighboring villages settle their little differences and discharge agressive urges. Different villages have strikingly different customs: as regards marriage, for example, some villages are monogamous, other polygamous; anyone may transfer to the village which suits him or her best; the thought here is that people are born with or early develop varying inclinations which no one set of social rules can satisfy, yet rules are necessary, hence the regularized variety.

The same thought is even more behind the division of New Cretan society into five castes or estates: commoners, captains, recorders, servants, and poet-magicians. The commoners are chiefly farmers and craftsmen. The captains are heroes who prod and incite the commoners to their tasks, rather in the fashion of head-boys at a British school or very gentle gauleiters; they may not have families, insuring against one form of nepotism; they ride horses and prance about. The recorders are the historians, scholars, and scientists -- for according to New Cretan thought science is only a part of history, a recording of what has happened in the past. Servants are people who enjoy serving others and having their lives directed, safe in a rut and free from the torment of having to make decisions.

A person is not born into a caste, but selected for one on the basis of his childhood behavior as observed by parents, playmates, and neighbors. Since the five castes correspond to five fundamental temperaments --some common (the commoners!), some rare (captains and poet-magicians) -- the social organization of New Crete is generally stable. If one caste becomes overpopulated, or other divergences from the established pattern of life threaten, the Triple Goddess hands down through her poet-magicians small revisions of custom which return the pattern toward normal. These revisions carry all the force of arbitrary divine edicts, but amount in their operations to clever applications of psychology; for instance, a village tending toward overbreeding may have its traditional music changed from melancholy to serene.

Although tradition rules New Crete, rather than any one caste, the poet-magicians or witches have the most important work, since they heal the sick, perform socially corrective magic, destroy bad (misdeveloped) people, invoke the Triple Goddess and hand down her edicts. Yet their powers are strictly limited: for example, they are the prophets of the Triple Goddess, but not her priests, who all belong to the servant caste. The poet-magicians have their own customs, different from those of any other caste: they are vegetarian, live in tiny congenial mixed households, enter freely into Platonic love relationships which have an extraordinary sensory vividness because of the magical and hypnotic powers of the participants, but have sexual relations only to conceive children and then only after the thoroughest mutual testing. The other castes are generally less rigid in these matters.

In New Crete women are looked upon as superior to men, reversing the valuation usual in Western culture. They have many of the occupations they do in present society -- schoolteaching, nursing, and harlotry (unpaid, of course, and there are male harlots for the women) -- but women are not appraised as are men and they remain somewhat aloof from the competitions which occur even in a moneyless society. While in the poet-magician caste, at least, a woman is considered to pass through the stages of nymph, matron, and hag, in each of which she has formidable advantages, magical and otherwise, over a man.

These three stages correspond, though not perfectly, to the three aspects or persons of the Triple Goddess: Nimue, Mari, and Ana; the Maiden, the Grace, and the Fate: the Holy Child, the Divine One, and the Mother; the Mother, Bride, and Layer-Out (at his death) of man.

The Triple Goddess and magic are taken quite as seriously in New Crete as money and military science are taken in our own culture. Magic operates to some degree by suggestion, self-hypnosis, and "a combined exercise of moral power," but it also transcends such psychological mechanisms, as in the evoking of Venn-Thomas from the past. The Triple Goddess is by no means wholly benign: she breaks rules, she and her female agents whip on men to achievement, she is careless of her worshippers' happiness, she takes many forms: in this novel she appears chiefly as a self-willed and shocking modern girl, Erica Turner, with whom Venn-Thomas had a stormy and clawing love affair in the present and whom he first thinks has time-travelled forward with him only by accident.

Magic and the capricious Triple Goddess emphasize the intrusion of the irrational into life, filling a need that few religions satisfy in our own culture -- with their sensible ethics, their social service, their disinterest in miracles and the marvellous, their erasure of the devil and active evil from their picture of the cosmos, their attempts to approximate themselves to what is best in psychoanalysis and the social sciences. Modern religions tend to ignore the irrational; that of New Crete welcomes it.

As Venn-Thomas prolongs his stay in the future and masters his first surprises, he discovers that the seemingly rigid New Cretan society has numerous fictions and also many "safety valves" for urges that break taboos: otherwise forbidden love-affairs are permitted on Fridays, the women of some monogamous villages swap husbands from time to time, the homeless captains are permitted access to the girls of villages practicing a degeee of promiscuity, individuals murdered by jealous lovers are said merely to have "disappeared," poet-magicians may conceive a child on first meeting and such children are considered especially lucky, persons dissatisfied with their caste and wishing to enter another are allowed to die a death which is not entirely symbolic -- they are given the drug lethea which, along with hypnotic rituals, destroys their memory to a degree -- and reborn in the new caste. Older persons tired of the strains of fulfilling caste roles may enter the local Nonsense House where they may practice horrid black magic or construct forbidden steam engines and guns, at the price of leaving the rule of society to the young and never having their own ideas taken seriously.

These fictions and safety valves illuminate those in our own society: Sunday injunctions to give all to the poor balanced by calculated money-grabbing the rest of the week; grand larceny romanticized as "big business deals," theoretical monogamy ameleorated by the serial polygamy permitted the wealthy and hard-hearted by divorce, and the poor and shiftless by desertion; idling become wage-earning work by featherbedding practices; plagiarism transformed to research or even creativity by copying from two books or stories rather than one; state capitalism and the tyranny of the managers transformed by the magic word communism into equalitarian rule by the masses, the bright and dark, stinking yet aromatic realities of private life overlaid by the eternally tinsel-glittering existence shown in advertisements--where everyone has three cars in a garage designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and a barbecue in a backyard acre of bluegrass and three friendly starlets in playsuits living next door:--eternal cigarettes, eternal health; eternal cookies and cokes, eternal slim perfection of physical beauty; eternal high-pressure big-money jobs, eternal serene and carefree happiness.

Although Venn-Thomas's first impression of the New Cretans is that by modern standards they are exasperatingly beautiful, oppressive in their untiring intellectuality, and indecently happy, he is even then aware of a basic want in them: "...they lacked the quality that we prize as character: the look of indominability which comes from dire experiences nobly faced and overcome. I tried to picture them confronted with the problems of our age; no, I thought, they would all be haggard and sunken-eyed within a week."

As Venn-Thomas stays on in New Crete, he becomes more and more aware of the disconcerting mixture of the primitive and the sophisticated in its people, especially those of the witch class. They are like modern artist-intellectuals in the frankness of their speech, their unfailing love of beauty, their hatred of hurtful war, their superficial casualness about sexual love, their civilized politeness toward the stranger. Yet at the same time they subscribe to a religious ritual which each year selects, indulges, and then destroys a figurehead king, who is served by "nymphs of the month." At least one of their rituals involves cannibalism. A New Cretan, at least in the witch caste, has various personal names for daily use, but also a secret name and whoso learns his secret name gains power of life and death over him. Finally, these delightful people -- especially the youthful Prosperos and Paulinos of the witch caste -- insist on interpreting each tiniest event as an omen or divine message with as exasperating absolutism and conviction as the modern materialist's insistence that there must be a scientific and physical explanation for every event, no matter how compellingly suggestive it be of weird and occult agencies.

Gradually it is borne in on Venn-Thomas that there is a fairy-tale quality about the life of most New Cretans which stunts their common sense -- to the point, for instance, of such poetic whimsicalities as thinking of time itself as merely an adjunct of money. At the same time he learns by reflection that the money they despise is not an unrelieved evil, but can act, as in our own day, as a whetstone to the intellect -- perhaps the only one available. Loving wit almost as much as he does the simple pastoral-poetic life, Venn-Thomas finds himself in a dilemma which he sums up as follows:

> Would I ever get accustomed to the fairy-tale ways of New Crete? Such fantastic ingenuousness of faith! Yet, without such ingenuousness, what strength had religion? And without a strong religion, what restraints could be imposed on individual knavery? Nothing effective in the long run, as history showed. Then, in order to lead what philosophers call "the good life," without crime or poverty, must people be practically half-witted? Apparently: indeed, I told myself, it was only an epoch like the Late Christian that demanded a full and constant exercise of one's wits. Money was the best whetstone for the individual intelligence, and in the American Century to which I was committed on my return -- unless I cared to renounce my intelligence altogether and emigrate to Russia -- it was likely to be the only whetstone. The freedom of religious belief promised us was, of course, a contradiction in terms.

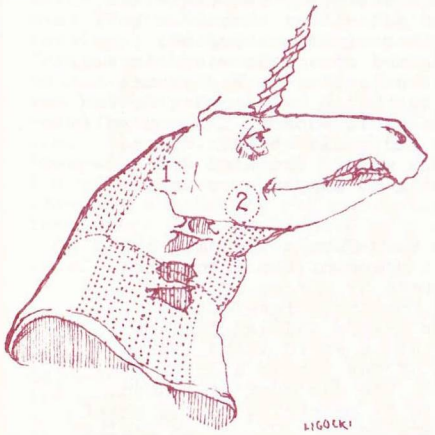
> Where a central secular authority, squarely based on the command of money, was imposed on all members of a nation, with the reassurance that their religious beliefs were their own private concern so long as no breach of the peace was committed, true religious values went. There could be no true religion except in a theocratic community. And when -- as in America -- even a constitutional monarchy, the last tattered vestige of primitive theocracy, had been repudiated, no values remained but money values. The richer the man, the greater the need to consolidate his social position, and that could be achieved only by a mock restoration of the superseded values. Thus, the sharper the wits, the statelier the church-going, which was a phenomenon to which Americans pointed with pride. Cry woe on the rich men of Capernaum! But they had their reward on earth, and though Jesus declared that no man could serve God and Mammon, but must submit whole-heartedly to the Mosaic law, the Law itself jingled with gold and silver shekels. Well, I was only a poor European, an incorrigible recusant, for whom none of the higher seats in the synagogue was reserved. Nor did Russia appeal to me in the least: the regime was antipoetic. However, if I had to choose between New Cretan half-wittedness and American whole-wittedness, I was simpleton enough to choose the former and avoid stomach ulcers, ticker tape and Sunday best. But come! The wind was rising: things were at last beginning to happen even in New Crete.

As indeed proves true, for now to Venn-Thomas's dismay his innocent unphysical love affair with a nymph of the witch caste leads to two murders and one ritual death by change of caste. There is a growing general turmoil in the tradition-fettered future society and he discovers that the Triple Goddess has sent him to New Crete to reintroduce evil into a world where living "the good life" has led to stagnation of the poetic spirit. The waters of peace have begun to stink and the dam must be broken. Venn-Thomas rationalizes this situation by referring to the chief work, first published in a doggerel version in 1705, of an English satirical writer who is chiefly remembered today for having by his cynicism inspired Bishop Berkeley to attack him:

> Did you ever come across Bernard de Mandeville's Grumbling Hive? He held that virtue -- which he defined as every performance by which man, contrary to the impulse of nature, tries to benefit his fellow man out of a a rational desire for goodness -- is in the long run detrimental to mankind. He describes a society possessed of all the virtues which falls into apathy and paralysis, and insists that private vices are public benefits.

In the end Venn-Thomas is whirled back to today by the same divine wind which will damage New Crete to its restimulation and eventual enrichment.

By shaping Seven Days in New Crete as a fantasy of magical time-travel, Graves has been able not only to tell a complicated story excitingly, but also to introduce varied reflections which could not nearly as easily have been fitted into an historical novel (of which he is a master -- the two Claudius novels; Count Belisarius; Hercules, My Shipmate, the last also dealing with matriarchal theories), or into an essay on the Triple Goddess (though he has written such a work about her appearances in legend and myth: The White Goddess), or into a book about the situation of the poet and self-employed writer today (though he has done this too in his biography of his early life, Goodby to All That, and in his collections of miscellanea, Occupation Writer and Five Pens in Hand).



Some of the reflections are simply shrewd insights into the flaws and deficiencies of present-day society: what spirited aging person eager to play the fool and leave seriousness to teen-agers and "young marrieds" and well-tanned well-heeled suburban sages can hear of Nonsense Houses without a whoop of yearning delight? What woman wouldn't be tempted to renounce her vote to become the inspirer, mistress, and guide instead of the nominal equal of man? Who wouldn't like to get rid of eternally blatting transistor radios and the Idiot Box of TV and the cities of smog and the endless asphalt freeways of monoxide?

Others of Graves's reflections are speculations as to how life looked and felt in pre-Trojan Crete of the matriarchal deity: in particular, chapter twenty one reconstructs imaginatively one of the central rites of that society. Others are savage sustained indictments of modern industrial society which hammer and hum like the machine-gun bullets Graves faced on the Western Front in World War I. Still others, taking the opposite side, poke playful fun at utopias dreamed of by idealistic and poetic intellectuals with their easy enthusiasm for handicrafts and the pastoral life and their bland assumption that most other human beings would be delighted to be servants and farmers.

Yet others are guesses as to how the capitalist-communist engagement may be resolved and scientific ambition may lose its exclusive driving force -- and serious considerations of the part intuition and messages from irrational realms do and can play in human life. Finally there are such reflections on the vocation of the poet as:

> It seems to me that a Late Christian poet was committed in the name of integrity to resist, doubt, scoff, destroy and play the fool; it was only when he met with a like-minded fellow poet, or with a woman on whom the spirit of the Goddess had secretly descended, that he felt all was not yet lost.

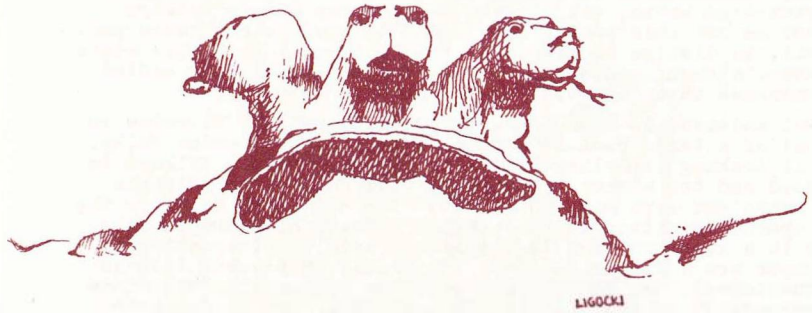
and

> "Is your Muse a living woman?"
> "I think of her as the woman with whom I'm in love as I write."

Which in turn reminds one of Graves's fivefold counsel to those who would be true poets:

> Always to be in love: that is one recommendation. To treat money and fame with equal nonchalance is another. To remain independent is a third. To prize personal honor is a fourth. To make the English language one's constant study is a fifth.

So many things to be fitted smoothly into one book! Fantasy alone can achieve such compactness.



BOOK REVIEWS—

Odean Cusack—Ted Pauls—Leland Sapiro

Poul Anderson, Satan's World, New York, Doubleday & Co.,Inc., 1970, $4.95.

Satan's World is a classic space opera, complete in the tradition of adventure, suspense, action galore, and a real human hero with a gallery of non-human friends.

Hero of this epic is Captain David Falkayn, handsome, courageous, loyal, young, ambitious, compassionate, intelligent, crafty, and daring. Predictable he is, with seemingly none of the glaring human problems that have become so popular with the wave of anti-heroes. Interesting, unfortunately, he is not, but then I do not think he was meant to be. Falkayn is employed by Nicholas Van Rijn (Old Nick), a tough old entrepreneur who deep down, of course, has a heart of gold. Far more interesting are Falkayn's shipmates, Chee Lan, a bipedal feline artist with a temperament to match, and the intellectual Adzul, a genteel dragon with leanings toward Nirvana.

The adventure begins when Falkayn is kidnapped by Serendipity, an independent organization that buys and sells information. Serendipity is run by Thea Beldaniel, an icebergish spinster-type woman, and she and her company kidnap Falkayn because he has information that could damage their mission and -- well, to divulge much more of the plot would be unfair since the entertainment value of the book centres around the action and suspense that follow.

Poul Anderson is humourous, colourful, and able to weave in and out of a basic plot structure to engross the reader fully. What is lacking is believability in his character. Falkayn is too good and too strong. One basic flaw could have made him more human and more easy to accept. The non-human Adzul is the best characterization in the book. The image of a dragon-like beast in a yoga position is strikingly novel. Other attempts at humour are a little flatter. The dialogues between Falkayn and Muddlehead, the ship's computer, are rather cliched; since the granddaddy of all disobedient computers, Arthur Clarke's Hal, has been spoofed and mimicked and finally reduced to the banality of a commercial.

The story doesn't really begin to move until about midway, after David is rescued from Serendipity. Finally, after all is well, Falkayn, with barely a breathable shore leave, once more answers the call of the wild, as he and his comrades sail into the galactic yonder, humourously jibing each other and Muddlehead. It would make a great TV series.

There is really nothing wrong with this book. It is good solid light entertainment if that is what you want. However, it seems that a certain school of writers and fans alike feel that any personal growth and deeper motivation of the characters involved is unnecessary, and that in order to focus on plot and adventure, the characters should be as depthless and easily typecast as possible. David Falkayn does not grow, he does not change, he does not question; he undergoes no personal revelations of even a minor order. The growth of the character of David Falkayn would have increased the literary value of this book and removed it from the category of just a good story. A good example of this is Sam Delany's Nova, which has all the qualities of Satan's World plus much more. What's missing in Satan's World is a sense of tragedy. By this I mean the deep personal involvement of a human being with the events of his world. Almost every human experience has the possibility to be of a revelatory nature; it is in the soul of the character to make it such, no matter how minor it seems. The ability of a character to feel irony and injustice as well as fun and life lend meaning and purpose to art and give it the nature of an experience. And in the long run, isn't this why we read: to gain an insight into another's thought and feelings and thus enrich our own experience? It is not necessary in a good book, but it is in a great one.

--Odean Cusack

Roger Zelazny, Isle of the Dead, New York, Ace Publishers, 1969, 60¢.

Roger Zelazny infuriates me. I am not speaking as a reader. As a science fiction reader for seventeen years, I am impressed almost to the point of reverence by Zelazny. Nor am I speaking in personal terms. I've met Roger, and he is at the very opposite end of the spectrum from infuriating. But in my capacity as a reviewer, I am infuriated by Roger Zelazny. He does things, magic things, with words, things that cannot be neatly marked, catalogued and described. He employs concepts and symbolism that shimmer like a mirage whenever I stare hard in an effort to make certain that I really comprehend. Whenever I am found perspiring under the heat of my desk lamp, staring at a piece of blank paper in the typewriter, and aimlessly twisting and untwisting a paper clip, chances are that Roger Zelazny is the culprit.

Take Isle of the Dead, for instance. You must read it, get inside of it, to appreciate all its dimensions; description is inadequate. The way in which the author uses words must be experienced. It is no good to cite examples, because pulled out of context the words lose their vitality and change into something else, like pieces of flesh torn out of a living body. Zelazny speaks of a man who had overcome a psychosomatic speech impediment: "...his falter had halted." Out of context, it appears gross, a merely ostentatious clever turn of words. There are dozens of such things (most of them more subtle), phrases and lines and sentences that just seem so right. Roger must write like a poet, painstakingly searching always for just the right word with the precise shade of meaning. There is humour in Isle of the Dead--not funny passages that can be quoted in a review and sound amusing, but cumulative humour in the outlook of the central character, Francis, Sandow, humour that depends upon the previous five or ten or fifty pages.

Roger has, deliberately I think, taken as the motive action event of the book one of the most banal and Ellery Queen-ish of ideas: the hero is receiving in the mail photographs of long-dead associates, and sets out to track down the sender, discover his motive (obviously some sort of revenge plot) and thwart his scheme. Upon that foundation Zelazny builds. There is a little more to it than that, of course. Some of the people in the photographs have been dead as long as 500 years, but the photographs are current. This is perfectly reasonable, given the technology of the thirty second century. The hero, Sandow, is 1,200 years old, and is a worldscaper (= landscaper, but working with whole planets).

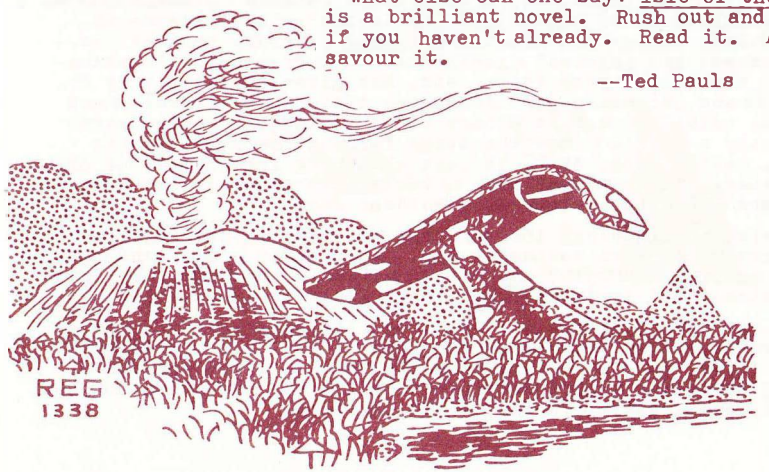
He is the only Terran to have achieved that occupation, which requires being able to tap cosmic power by merging with one of the gods in the pantheon of the alien Pei'ans. The one who resurrected Sandow's old friends and enemies, and sent him the pictures is a Pei'an who considers it blasphemous to utilize the power of the Pei'an deities for practical ends (a believer, that is, in pure rather than applied religion). The Pei'an has merged with Belion, ancient enemy of Sandow's god, Shimbo of Darktree, Shrugger of Thunders. The alien, however, is inept, and soon loses control and is replaced by one of Sandow's resurrected enemies. Sandow and the alien become allies against this more dangerous opponent as they move toward the confrontation between the two Pei'an deities.

The story is narrated in the first person by Francis Sandow, and it is as a character study of this man that it succeeds most spectacularly. He is a man of immense wealth and god-like power, virtually immortal, who has lived through twelve centuries, yet he is completely human and comprehensible. This is a singular achievement for any author. Sandow's almost unchallengable wealth and power, and his span of years, have given him a mildly cynical, mildly sardonic outlook on life which suffuses the narrative; the reader, observing the universe through his eyes, can feel the crinkling lines around his eyes during frequent wry smiles at man and his foibles. Sandow has fears, and weaknesses. He is in no sense the noble, unbending hero of tradition. Indeed, at the end, he is perfectly willing to buy off his mortal enemy so that both of them can go back to enjoying their lives (and the enemy is willing to be bought off--but the antithetical gods struggling through their human vehicles, being incorruptible, insist on a fight to the death). He is a likable and, in a way, a tragic figure.

Zelazny is versatile: action, dialogue, realistic background, philosophy, symbolism--each requires its own particular kind of ability, and he does them all well. Characterization is not confined only to Sandow:Marling, Sandow's Pei'an mentor, Gringrin, the original "villain," and even Mike Shandon, Sandow's mortal enemy, who does not really appear until near the end, are all portrayed with great skill and perception.

What else can one say? Isle of the Dead is a brilliant novel. Rush out and buy it if you haven't already. Read it. And savour it.

--Ted Pauls



Shadows of Imagination: The Fantasies of C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, and Charles Williams; Mark Hillegas, editor; Southern Illinois University Press, $4.95.

A striking aspect of this collection is its fusion of opposites, with the inaccuracy of one writer being qualified through a different evaluation by another. E.G., we're told by Charles Moorman that Lord of the Rings is not in the Christian tradition and by Gunnar Urang that it is--the first arguing from the notions of Christian love and humility, which are called incompatible with the war-like virtues extolled in an epic; and the second arguing from the existence of Messianic figures like Frodo and Gandalf, and from the story's overall pattern, one that "the Christian tradition has ascribed to the province of God"(107). I think Dr. Moorman is wrong (the Arthurian epic being one reason), since the contradictions he notes are just those of Christianity itself, which has inflicted so many horrors in the name of Love.

So sometimes the reader is obliged to synthesize from opposite views a better picture than he might derive from one alone.

But sometimes he isn't. For example, Chad Walsh ascribes to C.S. Lewis the belief that the external world is a "more interesting object of study...than the individual's psyche"(14), but this could be measured against a quotation, in Mark Hillegas' own essay, from Lewis himself: "To construct plausible...'other worlds' you must draw on the only real 'other world' we know, that of the spirit" (49, from Lewis' essay, "On Stories"). Dr. Walsh is right in the sense that Lewis doesn't exhibit the interplay of character one expects in a novel (and by which the novelist can "study" the human psyche). The Perelandra trilogy, e.g., is a sequence of astonishing events that happen to one person, who while not actually becoming God gets as close as the author's Christian sensibilities will permit. But Dr. Hillegas' quotation is also correct: for whatever the nature of mental events, they are all the author "knows"--so he must use events in his inner world even if he doesn't study them.

Hence the first argument is right because Lewis was a fantasist and not a novelist, the second because he was an imaginative writer and not a pulp hack--but all this we know already.

Nevertheless, I don't mean to degrade Walsh's essay--with its implications of why Lewis' authoritarianism is so out of place today--or that of Hillegas, who prefaces his remarks on Lewis with an account of the realism and "high seriousness" of the nineteenth century Cosmic Voyage and the accompanying literary conventions--weightlessness and physical disorientation in free space,"explanations" of the ship's propulsion, etc. Not given explicitly by Dr. Hillegas is one necessary qualification: that "space travel is not what Lewis talks about." As Robert Plank explains, "Space travel ...is merely a device to set the stage for what he really has to say"(34). Lewis' Mars, then, is just a setting for a religious drama, and bears little resemblance to the planet actually known to astronomers of his time. As J.B.S. Haldane says,

> Christian mythology incorporated the cosmological theories current eighteen centuries ago. Dante found it a slight strain to combine this mythology with the facts known in his own day. Milton found it harder. Mr. Lewis finds it impossible. (16)

Of course, the pleasure derived from a literary work is largely independent of belief, and as Haldane admits."The tale is told with ...great skill, and the descriptions of celestial landscapes and of human and non-human behavior are often brilliant." We cannot accept Lewis' universe, but his dreams still haunt us.

Relevant here is a comment (quoted by W.R. Irwin) on Charles Williams, another creator of fantastic worlds:

> For him there was no frontier between the material and the spiritual world...To him the supernatural was perfectly natural, and the natural was also supernatural. And this peculiarity gave him that profound insight into Good and Evil, into...Heaven and...Hell, which provides both the immediate thrill and the permanent message of his novels.
>
> (T.S. Eliot, introduction to All Hallows' Eve)

There is also something called style, betwixt and between immediate thrill and permanent message. Independently of truth or subject-matter, style indicates the "peculiar emotional set"--in Robert Plank's phrase--which gives an author's writing its special flavour --and which is so important in a C.S. Lewis or a Charles Williams.

Dr. Plank also shows how the isolation of Lewis' (trilogy) characters is related to his "mechanization of sex" in the one instance--the lunar sex-by-proxy in That Hideous Strength--where he treats the subject explicitly. Our critic minimizes his own efforts, saying he aims only "at stimulating thought rather than answering questions"(37), but he handles capably those matters that can be resolved; I'm disappointed only by his discussion of LSD relative to those that can't. It's useless to compare Huxley's (or anyone else's) psychedelic landscape with that of Perelandra, since the mind-expansion caused by drugs is just that multiplication of consciousness achieved by any imaginative writer--not just by Lewis.

But the most successful essay, Daniel Hughes' "Pieties and Giant Forms in The Lord of the Rings," depends least on the synthesis of opposites proposed here.* Because of this critic's many insights on Tolkien--his non-ironic use of ironic form, his "reflection" of the main characters via their "other selves" etc.--the reader already acquainted with the Ring story can acquire this book for the Hughes essay alone.

--Leland Sapiro

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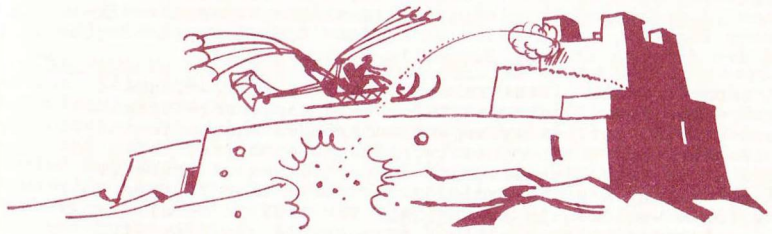
*The one instance is his discussion of Tolkien's theory of "sub-creation" and his consequent distrust of allegory: Gunnar Urang's essay refers to LotR as being "read allegorically" (101)--although it attributes no such intention to Tolkien himself--but Hughes shows that even this hypothetical construction is not allowable.



OPERE CITATO

by

Harry Warner, Jr.

Australia's fanzines remind me of something. Fan publications from today's Australia emanate an atmosphere and an esprit that recall in many respects the fanzines that came out of Great Britain in the first years of World War Two. As if driven by a foreboding that war would rip asunder their fandom, people like C.S. Youd, John F. Burke, William F. Temple, and Dave McIlwain issued a remarkable series of publications three decades ago. All were on the verge of writing professionally. Many of today's Australian fans also have been turning into professionals. I hope that they are driven to create these science fiction centred, painstakingly detailed fanzines from some impulse other than the approach of war.

But Australian fanzines have been attracting little attention in North America since the disappearance of Australian Science Fiction Review. This is a pity, because there are excellencies in them. The continent seems to possess about a dozen general circulation fanzines, not counting those distributed through its equivalent of FAPA and OMPA, called ANZAPA.

Perhaps the best evidence of the healthy condition of Australian fandom can be found in the fact that a newszine, New Forerunner, requires fourteen pages in its April issue to summarize the news of recent weeks. If you couldn't care less about the dates of meeting for the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation, you can still find remarkable things in this publication. There is the obituary for Australia's oldest fan, Patrick Aloysius Michael Terry, who was 86. He didn't become a fan until he was 80, he claimed that he had never had a day of formal schooling, and his pre-fannish career included service in the British army as a drummer boy in 1897. He began reading science fiction in 1904, and in 1969 he announced his belief that this activity seemed likely to "become a permanent addiction." There is also a description of the departure of the first fans to leave for the Heicon. A dozen fans banded together as the Australian Expeditionary Society, rejuvenated an ancient Sydney double-decker bus, and are driving it from Bombay to Europe.

One characteristic of Australian fans is their patience with a tape recorder. Many people up here tape convention talks and panels, but hardly anyone undertakes the tedious job of transcribing their contents. The seventh issue of Australia in Seventy Five contains some 18 pages of verbatim quotations telling how the decision was reached on further planning for a worldcon in Australia. The task is formidable, complicated by such matters as possible conflict with a Swedish bid for 1976, the possibility that distances will be too great for North American and European fans, and the inability to stage the entire event in either of Australia's major fan centres, Sydney and Melbourne, because of intense rivalry between them.

The closest thing to a successor to ASFR is S-F Commentary, whose December 1969 issue offers even larger hunks of print preserving the audible kind of fanac. Most of the issue is devoted to the texts of two speeches and an author panel discussion at the 1969 Australian convention. John Foyster charged that neither fans nor science fiction writers think at all about the future. "What the authors are trying to do is give you a wish-fulfillment, some tremendous power that one man can have...Any person who takes the attitude of retreating into fantasy as a world to live in is being inferior in some way; in the sense that [he is] not facing up to what the world really is...I'm not going to suggest that we should make it a full time business to worry about the real world but I do suggest that we should think of the real world occasionally." The author panel had something to say about one New Wave opponent. Lee Harding described Don Wollheim as growing up "in an era of pulp fiction, when writers just churned out stuff to suit a market with very little thought of formal expression. In the process, some very good stories, and an occasional novel, appeared. One would be foolish not to recognize that the contemporary s-f writer...has been educated in a different way. He's been educated by publishers--which is completely different [from] those old-time writers who grew up with the magazines. [For this reason] they are perhaps more concerned with exploiting their own potential."

A more recent issue of S-F Commentary, May 1970, offers George Turner's argument that the real golden age of science fiction was a generation earlier than most people dare to place it. Turner believes that the golden age came between 1870 and 1910, and that ever since, science fiction has been in decline. If Verne is almost unreadable except by the very young and has nothing to say to the modern reader, Turner argues, "Is he the less important for that? Do we despise Newton because his laws of motion have become the property of schoolboys?" Wells, unlike Verne, was little interested in technical matters, and put into his stories just enough technology to make them science fiction, "and then told a story of his own times, with people who were not heroes or geniuses. This, the best aspect of his work, has been largely lost to s-f, which has become a form wherein the characters are mostly larger than life and have to be swallowed at a gulp." After Wells, science fiction lived "in the hands of people who took the melodramatic elements and discarded everything of importance." The renaissance prodded by Campbell didn't last "because it had only better writing and better plot ideas to offer. The real breakthrough of new conceptions was not there. It had all been prefigured by the masters. Since then we have had only more and more pretentious writing, smothering thought in a cloud of words."

The Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology is not quite as serious as its title indicates. But its January issue, frail-looking, has surprising strength in its modest dimensions. Edited by John Foyster, it contains an argument about sadism in the fiction of Ted Sturgeon and one of the rare appearances of Stanislav Lem, the celebrated Polish writer of science fiction, in English. Franz Rottensteiner has translated Lem's article on robots in science fiction from a German version in Quarber Merkur. Lem is tough going, but worth the effort, for he says things considerably more advanced than the customary summary of the Campbell-Asimov Three Laws. Lem believes in the computer as something more pregnant for the future than the traditional robot and he sets up some standards for the fictional treatment of robots that he ignores in at least one of his own stories.

A special case is Carandaith, the publication of the Australian Tolkien Society. It is created by a joint effort between Tasmania's Michael O'Brien and a Eugene, Oregon fan who calls himself Alpajpuri. Multilithed in the USA, it is fatter and aimed to a more specialized audience than most Australian publications; in this case, youthful enthusiasts for Tolkien. The two most recent issues offer such learned items as a discussion of how best to use Tolkien's tengwar for writing English, a translation, more literal than Tolkien's, of an Eldarin poem, and a proposal complete with diagrams for building "structures which will evoke a heightened awareness of our spatial experience as we move through the environment." There is also some information about the film future of The Lord of the Rings: the announcement that film "and certain allied rights" have been bought by United Artists, and that United Artists invites inquires but drops a broad hint that the answers won't be very specific, since the announcement describes Tolkien as looking "forward in due course to hearing from United Artists further details about what must undoubtedly be regarded as a major event in the cinema of the nineteen seventies."

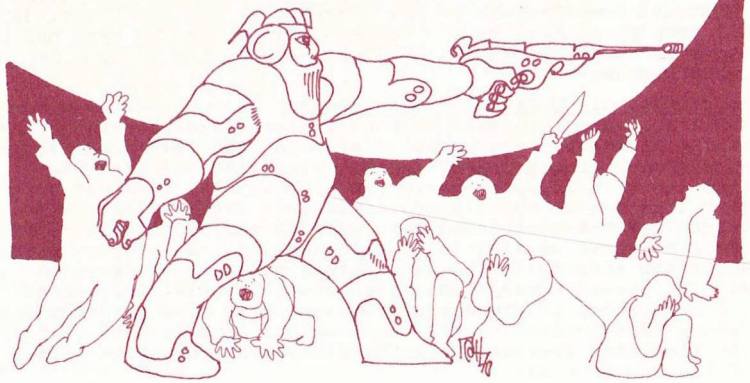
The New Forerunner: Published by Gary Mason, Warili Road, French's Forest, NSW 2086, Australia; 20¢ per copy by surface mail, 55¢ by air mail.

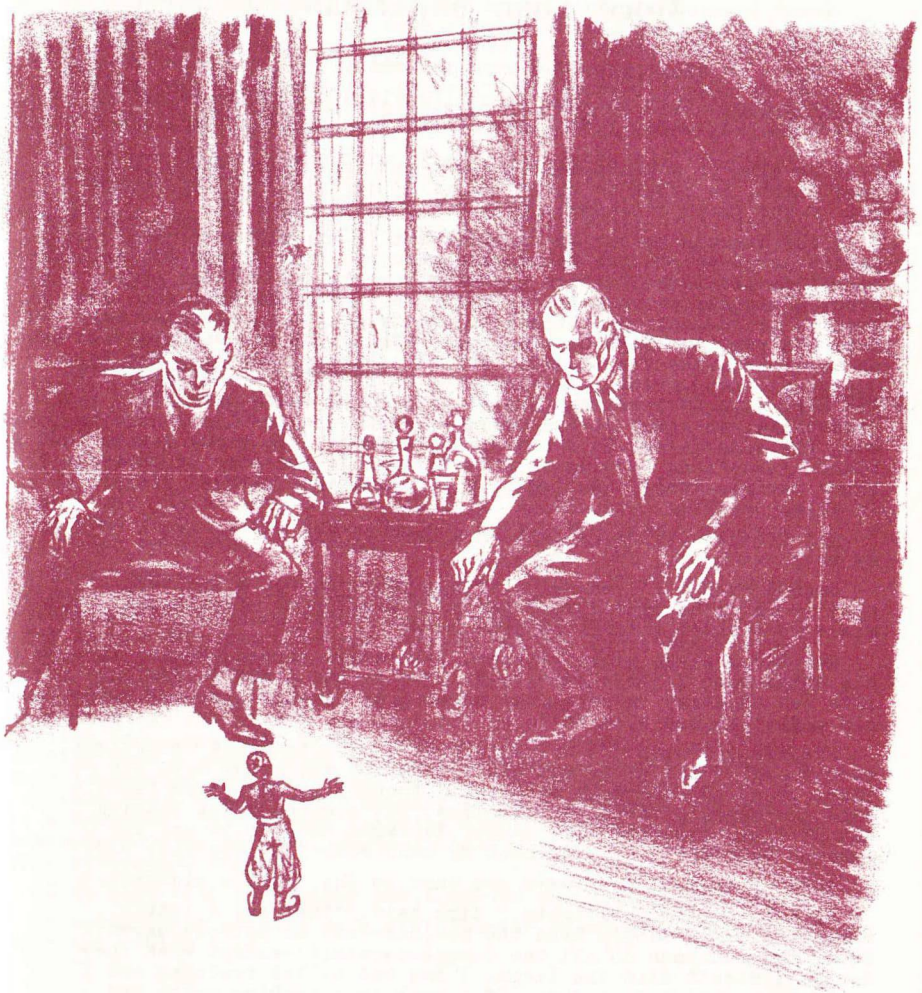
Australia in Seventy Five: Edited by Robin Johnson and Peter Darling, Box A215, Sydney South, NSW 2000; 50¢ per issue.

S-F Commentary: Edited and published by Bruce Gillespie, Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377; 20¢ per issue or $3 for 18 issues. Also available for letters of comment, literary contributions, "and any other expressions of interest."

The Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology: Published quarterly by John Foyster, 12 Glengariff Drive, Mulgrave, Victoria 3170. No price is listed; instead, the statement: "This journal needs readers."

Carandaith: Edited by Alpajpuri, 330 S. Berendo St., Los Angeles, California 90005, and Mike O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tasmania 7000; single copy, 75¢, or four issues for $2. Also available for published contributions and locs, or as trade.





the seasonal fan

BY

Jim Harmon

More Than Superman

Editor's Note: What follows is a slightly abbreviated version of a column originally written for Captain George's Whizzbang.

Kirk Alyn is a handsome, athletic man in middle years. In a good light, he might be thirty-five. He certainly is the youngest of the grand old-timers of serials and "B" movies.

I had met him before he dropped over to my apartment, this particular evening of a California summer. He is a fund of information about the "action pictures," as he calls them, and about virtually every well-known figure of the Thirties and Forties on the national scene. He has talked to so many serial fans who want to question him about nothing but his appearances as Superman in the two Columbia serials, Superman and Atom Man vs. Superman, that he returns to anecdotes about their production. But Kirk Alyn is more than just Superman. He was a dancer in vaudeville, an actor on Broadway, a comedian with Olson and Johnson, the second lead in a number of Westerns (the young rancher aided by Hopalong Cassidy or Sunset Carson), the star of several other serials including Blackhawk, and current featured player in films and TV.

All you have to do is mention a name to him and he had a story to go with it.

George Murphy: "I worked with him years ago in a Broadway play in which he played the role of a Washington official. I guess he's still acting the same part."

Red Skelton: "A great gagster. I'll never forget staying at his house when I first came to Hollywood. One night I crawled into bed at about three in the morning and found a seventy year old midget in bed with me!"

President Truman: "I was at one of his White House receptions, even though I had never met him before. He was going down the line, greeting everybody by name. I thought he must have been told the names of everybody in line, but somehow I got jostled out of line, into the second row. Yet when he came to me, he reached over the line and shook my hand with 'How are you, Kirk?'"

But, of course, we always got back to the "action pictures."

"I didn't mind the fights," Kirk said. "They are a little rough. Sure, you don't land the punches--not on purpose anyway. Sure, the stuntmen do all the dangerous stuff--except when they don't. I didn't mind the leaps. I had had ballet training and I could do a twelve foot jump off a rock or a packing crate and take it in stride. But I didn't like the riding. I don't like horses. Horses are the dumbest animals on earth. Cows are smarter than horses. You never know what a horse will do---

"In one scene in a Hoppy picture, I was supposed to do a runing insert on this horse. 'Kirk,' the director said, 'this is the gentlest horse in the stable. Children ride this horse. Lionel Barrymore could ride this horse.' I said, 'I don't like his looks. Get a stuntman.' The director wasn't happy. 'Kirk, we need a close-up to prove it's you. But we'll get a stuntman for the long shots and he will show you how gentle this horse is.' So the stuntman came out, got on the horse, and the buzzard toook off like he was on fire, ran into a tree at full gallop, and broke just about every bone in the stuntman's body. The poor devil was in the hospital for two or three years. I think he wound up selling pencils somewhere. Anyway, the director looked at me and said, 'We'll get another stuntman. You don't have to ride.' Still I did a lot of other riding, even some falls--on purpose."

In answer to some prompting, Kirk Alyn explained: "The stuntmen like Tom Steele and the others did a lot of things for me. But they couldn't do everything. Sometimes the audience had to see it was you. In Daughter of Don Q, Adrian Booth--" (I interjected a lecherous remark--in my opinion, Adrian Booth was more beautiful and sexier than most major stars of her era.)"Adrian and I had to be seen swimming away from a car that had crashed into the river. They had to see it was us and not somebody else. They saved this scene to the last to shoot in the picture, in case either Adrian or I got pneumonia and died from it."

"Not literally?" I demurred.

Kirk exclaimed pointedly. "Of course, literally. They didn't want us to die and hold up production. We had to jump into not a real river, but a small lake on the backlot. I hosed down, in all my clothes, to get used to the cold. January is cold, even in California. Adrian called me a sissy. She was just going to jump right in. We both jumped in. Well, Adrian came up fast and commented on the situation. 'No, no, dear,' the director pleaded, 'some people can lip read.'"

Kirk went on, "As it happened, I had to do all my own stunts in Superman. It wasn't like the double was in a business suit with his hat jammed on tight. They could see the build of the chap in the Superman suit and nothing hid his face. They tried a stuntman--some musclebound wrestler fifty pounds heavier than I was who walked like a rhino. He couldn't pass as me. I did all the leaps, crashing through prop walls, everything. The most dangerous one was when I was supposed to stop this charging locomotive, and---you see, the trouble was, the director kept forgetting that I really didn't have superhuman strength. Anyway, this locomotive was--What time is it? I've got to get up early for this picture with Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda. That Fonda is a deep one. He's always thinking about something, and then he comes to life on the set. Some of these old timers are really well-preserved, though."

Kirk Alyn said good-night and I closed the door behind him.

A sudden gust of wind on a still summer evening? I shook my head. It couldn't be.

Editor's Note:
The vampire drawings on this page was sent by Adrienne Fein in response to a telegraphed request for drawings to accompany Jim Harmon's column (RQ #13) on monster stories. Two of Miss Fein's drawings were used and the 2nd pair held in reserve for similar articles. But since then, Mr. Harmon has discussed less ostensible horrors--like the Buck Rogers collection reviewed last time--so there was no chance to display those Gore Creatures left over. Consequently, the drawings on this page illustrate nothing except our own predilections.

Selected Letters

824 South Burnside
Los Angeles 90036

Dear Leland:

Vol. 4, No. 2 was excellent, stimulating. Miesel's article on Poul was very enlightening because it put together so many scattered elements. I suppose that I had known it unconsciously, but never realized it consciously until this article, that Poul is a realist in his portrayal of his heroes. I think that the long ago days when Poul was writing Planet Story stories and his viking heroes were riding on horses out of space ships stuck in my mind, even though I should have known better. I also realized that I'm much more of a romanticist, though I can write realism when I'm in the mood. I hope that our somewhat differing attitudes towards the universe have no correlation to our political-economic-psychological outlooks. By attitudes, I'm referring to our protagonists' attitudes, of course.

"Homo Hydrogenesis" was an illuminating essay. I like to read Ballard, to dig into him, to analyze, if possible, what he is driving at. If Ballard writes geometry, William Burroughs writes algebra. Maybe some day a writer will come along and write an algebra of geometry: thesis (Ballard), antithesis (Burroughs), synthesis (?).

"Out of Time's Abyss" by Richard Kyle. A remarkably perceptive and insighted article, well developed, with the beautiful lines, Time has a voice. It praises dreamers. And, The deeper dreams remain. Kyle doesn't prove anything, of course. That could only be done by asking Mr. Burroughs, and, at present, that is impossible. But he makes for an overwhelming case. And he points out, to forestall objections from people who don't know that Shakespeare borrowed from others, that he is not tearing ERB down. Far from it.

I'd like to see Poul expand on the statement that he doesn't believe the actions of Israel vis-a-vis its Arab neighbors are justified.

I deny the validity of your statement that Her Majesty's distilleries have been practising since 1066. According to the Enc. Britt., the earliest direct account of whiskey making is found in the Scottish exchequer rolls of 1494. However, Albukassen, Arabic alchemist, does describe, in the 10th century, the distillation process. But the English knew nothing of whiskey in 1066 or for a long time thereafter. Undoubtedly, the best Scotch is made in Scotland, and the best Irish whiskey in Ireland, but the best bourbon is made in Kentucky. Of course, you may be privy to knowledge I don't have and can prove that William the Bastard conquered England primarily because he couldn't get good whiskey in Normandy.

Shalom,
Philip Jose Farmer

Concerning "influences" a critic usually can prove nothing: he can only make his own hypothesis seem reasonable and (like Dick Kyle) show that any contrary supposition is highly improbable.// Canadian brewing technology also was explained by Sandra Miesel: "Distilled liquors (brandies) weren't accepted in England prior to Elizabethan times and it's entirely possible that whiskey making was introduced to Canada by Loyalist refugees after the American Revolution." To both objectors I reply: Credo quia impossibile: the priority of Her Majesty's distillers is a matter of faith, and hence not subject to rational discourse.

2111 Sunset Crest Drive
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

Dear Leland:

Sorry to be so remiss with my acknowledgement of RQ--I've been (a) busy and (b) swamped, but am now reaching the safety of (c) exhaustion. All the better to read RQ and relax. Much enjoyed the Miesel appraisal of Poul Anderson and the labor of love lavished on John Carter et al by Richard Kyle...All... articles deserve highest marks for the amount of research and analysis which went into their creation--the scholarly exegesis is not dead: it's alive and well in RQ!

Hoping you are the same,
Robert Bloch

Mr. Bloch's continued encouragement helps keep the magazine alive--and thus prevents its editor from joining the ranks of the Living Dead (or Dead-alive, if you prefer) in Saskatchewan.

Los Angeles Valley College
5800 Fulton Avenue
Van Nuys, Calif 91401

Dear Sir:

As you may have heard, I am presently engaged in writing the definitive biography of Edgar Rice Burroughs, at the request of the Burroughs family here in Tarzana, California. It's a huge job, with a warehouse of papers, letters and documents involved. We have completed about fourteen chapters, more than 400 pages...

I believe it's important that ERB fans and those who were acquainted with Burroughs or who had communication with him should be aware that the biography is in progress and that we are looking for any pertinent material--letters from ERB, papers, any published or unpublished sources--or any important information about ERB. If these were sent to us we would, when possible, photocopy the material and return it to the sender, or if preferred, the owner could photocopy before sending it...ERB made carbons of many of his letters and we have these, but there may be others owned by fans or collectors. These could be quite valuable for the biography. Also, any individuals who had known ERB personally and had spoken to him or interviewed him might have interesting impressions or have anecdotes to tell.

Would you please insert a notice to call the attention of your readers to this biography? Communications can be addressed to me at the college here [c/o English Dept.], but materials should be sent to me, marked with my name, at Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc., 18354 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana, California 91356.

Sincerely,
Irwin Porges

RQ readers should avoid the mistake of its editor, who confused s.f. and detective story writer Arthur Porges with his brother Irwin, biographer of Poe and ERB. Estimated length of the Burroughs biography, scheduled for completion in '71, is 700-800 pages; data from our own subscribers might enlarge it or (by eliminating conjecture) reduce it.

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361 Roseville Ave
Newark, New Jersey 07107

Dear Leland:

Having completed the January 1970 Riverside Quarterly, [I wish to make] several comments...

First, "Andre Norton: Why Has She Been Neglected?" by McGhan. She has scarcely been neglected--I have read many long reviews and discussions of her work in the fanzines--and he is incorrect when he states "...Andre Norton is ignored by the critics, notable examples of omission being Sam Moskowitz's Seekers of Tomorrow and Damon Knight's In Search of Wonder." While I didn't devote an essay to her, I said on page 81 after a commentary on Leigh Brackett: "Parenthetically, the writer who at present is most popular for the same type of story is also a woman, Andre Norton, probably the outstanding science fiction writer currently writing in the romantic tradition."

To which Andre Norton responded: "For the past two days I have had the pleasure of reading Seekers of Tomorrow. Not having been able to circulate much in s-f circles I appreciate very much indeed the information you offer about long time favorites of my own whose work I value highly. This is a work of scholarship which will be a reference for generations to come...May I also add that I was highly flattered by your reference to my own work --'Praise from Sir Henry is praise indeed'--Thank you for an excellent ready-reference volume long needed."

I enjoy reading about Burroughs, therefore I enjoy Kyle's expositions on him. However, if he will read my article in ERB-dom, December, 1969, "The Source of Edgar Rice Burroughs' The Gods of Mars, and Other Positive and Argumentative Statements" and the much more elaborated 70,000-word history in Under the Moons of Mars: A History and Anthology of the Scientific Romance in the Munsey Magazines, due from Holt, Rinehart & Winston this June, he will find that the source of some of Burroughs' works are to be found in his letters and they have an extremely practical genesis. This does not negate Kyle's theory about psychological influences, but he has to evaluate Burroughs' written evidence on file before arriving at even a theoretical conclusion.

Sincerely yours
Sam Moskowitz

By "neglect" Mr. McGhan meant only a lack of professional recognition, via articles in books or remunerative magazines. (A single paragraph, of course, is not an article.) Fanzines, I think, were tacitly included in the discussion of Miss Norton's popularity among readers--as shown by Hugo nominations, etc.// The letters to which Mr. Moskowitz refers include those from the editor of All-Story, who requested Burroughs to write a sequel to his first Mars novel. This correspondence will be discussed by Mr. Kyle next issue.

8744 North Pennsylvania Ave.
Indianapolis, Indiana 46240

Leland:

How come no one noticed the similarities between ERB and Haggard before? Startling. Doesn't this article in a roundabout way confirm Tom Henighan's picture of ERB as a writer with an instinct for the right myth at the right time?

The Norton article was a disappointment. It fails to answer the question it poses. According to Marsha Brown's account of a personal visit with Miss Norton, one of the key factors has been an inept agent. He never tried to push her work in the magazines. Miss Norton was quoted as being surprised to know there would be any demand for her stories in that market. She also said she would like to write more historicals like Shadow Hawk (not listed in the bibliography) but had been dissuaded by her hardback publishers. The Witch World series was originally intended to be a historical about the Crusades but the story took the bit in its teeth. I seem to recall that Witch World was also nominated for the Hugo. Apparently the reason she finally published in IF was that fans had requested her so often Pohl solicited the stories.

Sandra Miesel

Some myths, e.g., that of the Good Old Days, are right any time, as when Homer said that men of antiquity were stronger than those of his own generation.//I think most new critical insights prompt the reader to ask, Why didn't somebody notice this before?--or, less often, why didn't I notice this before?

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237 S. Rose St.
Bensenville, Ill. 60106

Dear Mr. Sapiro:

Sandra Miesel's essay seemed to me the best in the issue. It is a piece I wish I had written myself, by which I mean both that I admire the exposition and that I agree with most of her opinions. However, I do have a few complaints: It is not self-evident that an author's worldview should remain essentially unchanged over a course of twenty years, especially when that period embraces a good part of the "formative years" of life. This may very well be true in the case of Anderson;[Mrs.]Miesel's citation of works separated by years in support of the same contention would indeed indicate that this is so. On the other hand...Anderson's technique has undergone a considerable refinement during that time, and it is not out of the question that his thought may also have evolved. On the basis of my own incomplete knowledge...and of [the] essay itself, I might guess that Anderson has grown more cool toward institutionalized intervention since about 1960, after which time the Psychotechnic Institute goes bad, and we have examples such as the defeated aliens in "No Truce with Kings." (And note that previously, the heroes, not the "villains," have been the "kings.")... It does seem to me that the question of the internal continuity of Anderson's work should have been discussed at the beginning.

I also have some reservations about [the] use of quotations. It is in the best tradition of scholarship to support contentions with references to the works under discussion, but one should keep in mind that Anderson, in these quotations, is almost never speaking in his own persona. It should be abundantly clear from the example of Heinlein--or for that matter of Turgenev, whose proudest boast in support of his artistic integrity was that he once in a novel let a Slavophile win an argument--that an author may adopt a point of view not his own for the better development of the story. Again, this may not apply [to] Anderson, who seems more consistent from work to work, but I think the problem should have been discussed. (While an underlying unity may be Anderson's belief that the form of government depends on the structure of the society in question, it is nonetheless interesting to note that his attitude toward supernational government varies greatly from work to work.)

Furthermore...even without examining the context of the quote from We Claim These Stars! on p.84, I am sure that it is used inappropriately. Flandry is by no means indifferent to the well-being of his descendants, and he is as far from being decadent as one could expect a man to be given his milieu. Flandry is rather cultivating his "fascist virtues" (cf Anderson's recent "Beer Mutterings" in [SFR]); he is trying to live with that which cannot be changed. He himself does all he can to prevent the collapse of Terran civilization, and with some local success, as [Mrs.] Miesel later notes, but he knows his best is not good enough. However, as I said, all in all I felt this to be an excellent essay.

Kyle's essay on Burroughs [was] also interesting, if somewhat less convincing...I was, however, bothered by the fact that Kyle made no reference whatever to E.L. Arnold, particularly to his Lieut. Gullivar Jones: His Vacation. Ace brought out an edition of this work not long ago, and Luppff discusses it at length in ERB: Master of Adventure, so it is hardly obscure, and is widely believed a source for the Mars stories...On the other hand, I was very gratified that at last we have some inkling of what that business in the cave was all about. It is probably noteworthy that Burroughs in his later works chose to tone down this mysticism [as when] ... Carson gets to Venus by rocket.

Keep up the good work and cease the bad,

Patrick McGuire

We must distinguish between opinions stated in a fictional work and those expressed by it, for when a specific conclusion is expressed by story after story we are justified in assuming it represents the author's own convictions.// Arnold was never generally accepted as a causal forerunner of Burroughs, but was conjectured to be one by Dick Lupoff in 1965. Mr. Lupoff's boldness is admirable--at a time when most literary historians dare to commit themselves only on a sure thing--but I think it's no longer possible to take the Gullivar opus seriously as a source for ERB. For details see Sam Moskowitz, "Barsoom and Amtor Revisited" (ERB-dom, April 1968).

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7 Oakwood Road, Bricket Wood
St. Albans, Herts.
England

Dear Leland,

It was rather interesting to have the two articles on Anderson and Ballard back-to-back, as it were. It would be difficult to find two authors...so apparently far apart, but on reading the articles what do we find? That both are really writing about the effect of technology on Mankind, and how nice it would be if things were different. If we ignore the fact that "the effect of technology on Mankind" is a reasonable description of almost all good s.f. ...then it might be interesting to compare the two reactions.

Ballard's reaction is to drop out, ignore-it-and-it-might-go-away. To suggest that Ballard wishes us to draw on the experiences and wisdoms of other ways of life is surely overstating the case. Acceptance of doom is the one over-riding theme in Ballard's work.

Anderson reacts in the opposite manner--get out and fight it! Ballard's characters accept, Anderson's react. Passivity vs. Action. I can't really see that there is any doubt which is preferable as a philosophy. It is in the application that the drawbacks occur.

If someone charged at me with a rifle and bayonet, with the clearly expressed intention of killing me, I would shoot him down without any moral qualms. (Physical qualms, possibly.) On the other hand, if I [were] to decide that someday, this person might thus charge, therefore I should kill him now--I would be morally completely wrong. This is where Anderson falls down... Intentions and possibilities equate with actualities in his stories. It is an accepted fact that Socialism (of any kind) stifles initiative and breeds domestic humans--in an Anderson story. Only the Individual is right (or Right)...[Anderson] knows that human beings come in two kinds--Wolf and Cow. He has no feeling for environment--peasants and bureaucrats are born cows, not made that way. If a wolf is born in a cow society, then he leaves it or breaks it--never the other way around. The leopard must accept its spots.

...Anderson's characters have their moments of heartsearching ...but they never question their basic assessments. Were the world as simple and men of action so noble, as in Anderson's work, then all the fine prose written about Mankind's glowing future could be held up as a real possibility. The world is not so simple, however; the wolf is a parasite, a scavenger that lives off its betters, the cow is the backbone of civilisation, the true possessor of such virtues as loyalty and devotion, the producer of milk and meat.

When Anderson realises that the wolves who lead are of less importance than the cows that form the requisite backbone of society, the broad base of the pyramid of human society, supporting the advancing peak by consolidating that base--when he accepts the paradox that human wolves cannot survive without human cows as well as the reverse--then his work will improve. When he accepts that all human beings are a mixture of wolf and cow, rather than a distillation of one--then he will be able to produce work worthy of his technical abilities.

Best,
Gray Boak

Without dogmatizing on Wolves vs. Cows I'll record my vote for Socialism, since I've seen the chicanery of Free Enterprise governments--like that in Saskatchewan, which forces local taxpayers to subsidize U.S. manufacturers.// Ballard characters in my books act and react quite properly, e.g., Ryker ("A Question of Re-Entry") "the last of [the] true individualists retreating before the... regimentation of 20th century life" or Gregory ("The Insane Ones"), who illegally practices mental therapy at a time when "the psychiatrist had...passed into history, joining the necromancers, sorcerers, and other practitioners of the black sciences."

Conde Nast Publications, Inc.
420 Lexington Ave
New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Mr. Sapiro:

I get irked by those constant references to the South Viet Namese government being a "U.S. puppet government," because my experience is that 90% of the people who make that noise don't know what the terms mean, and/or what the situation is.

I specifically include you in your Editorial answer to Poul Anderson's letter in the January RQ.

First, let's define "puppet government."

Usually this is interpreted as applying to the government of a small power which is put, or sustained, in power by the government of a greater power in a position to make or break any government in the lesser power.

Now a perfect example is the Czechoslovakian government at the present time, which was clearly installed under threat of military force by the Communist states surrounding the country--actually at the whim of Russia, since the other communist states are puppet governments themselves.

There's just one slight hitch with that nice, simple definition --a slight hitch that many people don't want to consider because it makes problems sooo difficult to divide in neat categories.

In 1943, the government of the British Empire fell neatly in that definition. Without the support of the U.S. Government, Britain would have fallen to Hitler in a matter of months. Certainly if Roosevelt had expressed strong and angry dissatisfaction with Churchill's government, threatening to make peace with Hitler--we could have made a peace very advantageous to us at the time, I'm sure--Churchill's government would have been driven from office.

This proves that the British government in 1943 was a U.S. puppet government?

Nice, simplistic definitions are so soul-satisfying. The trouble with them is that they don't work in the real world.

When the French government was set up at Vichy, that was a puppet government. When the Allies moved in, driving the Nazis out, the government they set up was also a puppet government. They set up a government under de Gaulle. At some time between then and 1967, the de Gaulle government ceased to be a puppet government. It can't be the withdrawal of alien troops that makes the difference--for Britain did not in fact have a puppet government during WW II, nor in the years immediately after, despite immense U.S. military power stationed in the country.

Basically, what you're saying re Viet Nam is that "The current government is one that I think the Vietnamese people do not want."

Is the present East German government a Russian puppet? Or a popularly chosen government? How about Poland? Czechoslovakia?

How about North Vietnam's Russo-Chinese-backed Communist government? Some 2.5 million people fled North Viet Nam to escape it--fled to South Viet Nam, where the Communist terrorists are currently trying to convince them to "want" a Communist government.

In other words, whether an individual considers the givernment of nation X a "puppet" government or a "popular" government depends on what he thinks. Not on any definable facts. It's a subjective, not an objective, conclusion--and almost invariably rendered by someone who doesn't live there, doesn't know the people, and doesn't understand their philosophy.

Also--is it necessarily true that puppet governments are evil things? A government the people have not chosen, do not want, one that violates their right to live the way they want to live may not necessarily be evil.

For instance, the Allies imposed, by vast military violence, a puppet government in Germany in 1945. The Germans did not choose that government, did not want it--they fought like hell to prevent it--and it imposed on them the necessity to give up their national organization into the Nazi party, and the elimination of Jews.

In 1900 the U.S. imposed a puppet government on the Philippines against the will of the people; they were forced to accept new disciplines, accept education, accept many things they cordially disliked--and in the course of fifty years were brought from the 17th to the 20th century.

A military victory permitted the U.S. and Britain to impose on Japan a puppet government--that brought Japan from late feudalism to one of the most progressive of modern industrial nations.

Therefore there are two questions to consider in any use of the phrase "puppet government": 1. On what basis do you make that statement? 2. Is it bad in this instance? Just because a government is not popular does not mean that it's bad.

The great hurry with which the British kicked Churchill out of office immediately after the war shows that his government had not been liked by the people. Who likes extreme rationing, wage and price fixing by the government, super-heavy taxation, compulsory military service, tight limitations on travel, inadequate heating, eating, and recreation? That's what Churchill's government had imposed on the Britons; it wasn't liked--even if it was good for them.

People don't like having doctors stick needles into them every few hours, and a man with an overdose of morphine doesn't like being slapped, shoved, yelled at, kicked, and dosed when all he wants to do is lie down and sleep because he's soooooo blissfully sleepy...

It's pretty easy to prove somebody doesn't want something--but that has no knowable correlation with what he needs.

All of that makes the problem of "puppet" government more than slightly complex.

And people hate to have to take the trouble to really think through a problem!

Sincerely
John W. Campbell

As to what the Vietnamese want, I quote Eisenhower's Mandate for Change:

> I have never talked or corresponded with a person knowledgeable in Indochinese affairs who did not agree that had elections been held...possibly 80 per cent of the population would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh.

(Today, of course, the percentage Communist vote would be higher.) As to whether the U.S. occupation is good for them--individual Vietnamese do benefit (e.g., black marketeers, Saigon prostitutes, and natives employed at American military bases), but it's difficult for a rational person to pretend that the massacres and forced evacuations of Viet Nam's rural population benefit the country as a whole. To say gas rationing and the U.S. occupation are both "disliked" is to ignore their essential difference: that one was an austerity measure imposed by a friendly government, the other a deprivation by an enemy government. Wartime impositions did not cause Churchill's election defeat; see, e.g., Edmund Wilson, Europe Without Baedeker, 273-4.

4022 A-3 Meadows Dr.
Indianapolis, Indiana 46205

Dear Leland--

Your editorial was simple and truthful. But why all the plugs for Speculation? As far as I'm concerned, it is the only other serious "little magazine" that could give RQ any competition...

"Homo Hydrogenesis" was very heavy. Too bad you couldn't run the Speculation interview with Ballard as an afterword.

Please tell Mr. Anderson and Mr. Linden to get off their "justification" kicks to our involvement in Vietnam. Murder is wrong and never is justified...And you deserve trouble when you go marching across the sea with guns, burning women and children to give a chosen minority "free elections."

And I am sure, Mr. Sapiro, that you do try the hardest as far as editing an s.f. magazine.

Peace,
David M. Gorman

My unwillingness to run the Ballard interview (or any other reprint) made it necessary to cite Pete Weston's magazine.// Competition is no worry, since the top two fanzines, Queen Anne's Revenge and S.F. Horizons, were issued a total of 3 times these past 5 years.// In Viet Nam it's not only a question of murder --as is known to Canadians who've seen movies, suppressed in the U.S., of NLF prisoners being tortured under American supervision.

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735 East Kessler Blvd.
Indianapolis, Indiana 46220

Dear Leland,

Jim Harmon states a profound disappointment with the editing of the current Buck Rogers collection. His disappointment is well-stated and justified...The Buck Rogers book doesn't seem to be selling too well at the moment. Wherever I see it, I see huge stacks that rarely go down--in the urge to make money [the publishers] have forgotten that people want quality instead of something big to fill their shelves...Ah, if only villains were intelligent about their villainy...

Kyle did a masterful job in linking Burroughs to Haggard, finally, a man who backs his contentions.

I'd be much more enthusiastic about the space project if it [weren't] being used as such a propaganda weapon by elastic Dick Nixon. I do not feel that the space program should be abandoned. But then again, I do not feel that everything else should be neglected because of it or [that it should be used] as an excuse. The war is killing us, and it is being forgotten with the din surrounding the space project. I mean, who in hell thought about dead soldiers when Armstrong left the capsule? Who saw the major peaceful demonstration in Washington when the second landing dominated the news?

Incoherently
Dave Lewton

In his October '69 editorial for the SFWA Bulletin Barry Malzberg asks, "Why is the metaphysic, the rhetoric and the ideal of the space program so utterly banal?"--and I think our correspondent gives the right answer: the big yak-yak is to drown out protests on U.S. activities in Viet Nam and elsewhere.

---

490 Cordova St.
Winnipeg-9, Manitoba

Dear Leland:

I was especially interested in the Ballard article by Nick Perry and Roy Wilkie, and agree...on Ballard's interpretation of reality as being relative only to the mind of the person... experiencing it. It is the mind which interprets reality, and therefore reality may be cited as a function of a person's... mental makeup. Different people may "see" the same thing in different ways. This is true of Ballard's characters, each of whom is able to take a basically similar reality and "infold" it around him...There are many examples in Terminal Beach.

Forthcoming in Styx, my own fanzine, will be another Ballard article, which is an excerpt from a thesis...by Roman Kozak.

Harry Warner is right in "condemning" the lack of enthusiasm over recent space triumphs...I feel that the money expended on the space program is a paltry sum for the knowledge we will gain... People don't seem to realize what an accomplishment it is!

Best, Joe Krolik

Of course, external "reality," in Fritz Leiber's words, is nothing but "the world...described by science as the bumps and knocks that a number of people have agreed upon." // I can't share our correspondent's enthusiasm for the space project, for reasons given above by Dave Lewton.

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525 S. 6th--Apt.#11
Terre Haute, Indiana 48707

Dear Lee:

You are to be congratulated on RQ 4:2, the best, I think, that you have yet published. Richard Kyle is to be especially congratulated on his convincing demonstration that the Barsoomian novels have their source in Haggard. On the other hand, he would have done well to omit the sweeping statements on the Victorian Zeitgeist, for which he offered no real argument, and on Haggard's tortured personal life and Burroughs' philosophical purposes, for which he offered no evidence.

I have not been able to get any further with my own work on Burroughs, but I have had the good fortune to discover the enclosed essay among the papers of the recently deceased uncle for whom I was named. Although I disagree with most of my late uncle's opinions, I believe that his essay is worth publishing for its factual content and felicity of style.

Yours as always,
Dale Mullen

I concede that ERB's vindication of Darwin could have been argued more completely. But even if Burroughs had no such purpose, Victorian prudery still seemed a reasonable way to explain the difference between his acceptance and Haggard's rejection of human animality. Perhaps a better explanation would be the basic religious distinction between the sacred and profane and, in particular, the Christian dualism of spirit vs. matter.// I had been hoping for Dr. Mullen's own ERB article, but meantime his uncle's essay (in this issue) will suffice.

Treetops, Woodlands Road
Harpsden (Henley), Oxon.,
England

Dear Leland,

I tend to agree with Gillespie (barring his remark about Joyce) that the attention paid to such people as ERB in RQ is a waste of critical effort. Williamson on Wells is something else again. For this reason I was particularly glad to see Sandra Miesel's study of Poul Anderson's work. Poul is a writer who is too often dismissed as facile because he's prolific, although the two are not the same (though allied); and worse, judged superficial because he is a technician, though here there's no necessary connection at all. Miesel shows well that there is a consistent philosophy of considerable depth running through his work, and that it is not Campbell's or anybody else's but Poul's. She does not mention (because, I suppose, it wasn't germane) but her quotations nevertheless show that Poul is also a poet of some substance. Some day, I hope, somebody will attempt a paper on his symbolism, imagery, use of tropes and outright recourses to verse. This would not only do him a justice he still has coming, but I suspect would also further illuminate his philosophical content. (The list of title changes with which her article ends is quite horrifying and would make a good exhibit in such a study.

The Ace, Lippincott and Chilton changes clearly show that the publishers don't know that they are publishing a poet, or worse, don't care. I wonder why Poul does not resist these degradations of his intent? Surely he has enough Schwung now to be able to defend his own against editors with tin ears.)

Regards,
Jim Blish

I agree about those superficial critics who castigate Poul Anderson for their own sins. // ERB's defence is left to the epistle that follows.

2077 Golden Gate Ave.
San Francisco, Calif. 94115

Dear Lee--

The current (January) RQ is about your sharpest issue yet. Most fanzines reach a kind of plateau of competence if they last any time at all, then maintain themselves at this level for a number of issues until they finally decline in content and appearance (or just End) when the editor's enthusiasm, patience, or time thins out. RQ, however, far from levelling out, seems to improve in perceptible ways from issue to issue.

Certainly Kyle's article on Burroughs' Martian novels and Harmon's review of the new Buck Rogers anthology are among the most outstanding critical articles in the field of narrative art this year...

Retrospective notes as I skim: (p.154) the creator of Peanuts is Schulz, not Schultz...(p.152) total ERB-damners like Gilespie fail to realize that the maddening thing about the shipping clerks' Homer of Tarzana is that at least a few of the titles among ERB's torrential outpouring of tripe are literature (in the sense that Treasure Island and the Oz books are literature, and literature of a highly imaginative and inimitable kind), particularly the first Tarzan novel, the initial Mars trilogy, and Thuvia, Maid of Mars; my feeling is that Burroughs, like Trollope, John O'Hara, Somerset Maugham, and other meagerly but distinctly talented people, wrote far more than his fine but limited store of creativity could sustain...as for (p.151) Mr. Gillespie's inability to read "doughy prose" (by which I presume he means most popular fiction, from ERB through Howard and Lovecraft to the top pulp writers of the '30s, such as Dent, Page, and Hammett) represents his own loss due to a too finely focussed concern with formal prose (he would be delighted with Ronald Firbank and Carl Van Vechten, I think); the fact that genuine conceptual and narrative talent always overrides niceties of style to communicate with receptive imaginations--as it has effectively done from Dickens to Drieser to the pulp talents discussed by implication here--is of no concern to Mr. Gillespie, who is damned well going to cut off any communication he doesn't like the sound of, and the hell with such incidental imaginative and narrative values as may be involved. As I say, his loss--and not that of those of us who read critically on several levels at once.

(P.150) If Creanth Thorne thinks the plotting ("plodding" is more like it) in Petulia and Bullitt was "brilliant," I am afraid that he has removed his voice and opinions from the arena of responsible critical debate. There was an amusing, if phonily located, car chase in Bullitt, as well as some well-staged violence; while some of the city backgrounds in Petulia were visually arresting; but the scripts (i.e., plotting, dialogue, character creation, et al) were dull and derivative in both cases, with areas of the narrative in Bullitt never linking up at all. It would be interesting to know what Thorne thinks of Welles' Touch of Evil or Kurosawa's Yojimbo in terms of plot, to name a couple of movies "made a few years ago"--but no; on second thought, it wouldn't be interesting at all...(p.149) Frank Johnson's comments are, I'm afraid, typical of much of what passes for sober critical comment among Marvel and D.C. comic book addicts: Superman, while certainly sickening, was decidedly not so to "the average American male," since that male, at several age levels, read his escapades by the tens of millions between 1939 and the present.

(P.143) Poul Anderson worries about the "falling away of allies who no longer dare rely on the word of the U.S.," if we eased out of Vietnam and avoided direct military involvement in other southeast Asia troublespots. (How easily one slips into newsese in discussing contemporary media-filtered events.) Poul seems unaware that there already has been a monumental "falling away" of popular support (and even formal governmental support in several cases) for this shabby U.S. enterprise in virtually all western democracies--our traditional allies, and our most valuable ones in any real pinch--while the only "allies" who would "fall away" in the sense Poul means (i.e., opt for Russian or Chinese influence in place of ours--horrors!--or just go off and sulk by themselves) upon our leaving Vietnam to itself are the various horrors imposed on their peoples by local satraps with or without aid and comfort of the C.I.A., such as Haiti, Greece, Cambodia, Laos, Indonesia, and a handful of banana republics. (Your point, Lee, about the propped-up tinhorn dictatorship to which our so-called "promise" was made in Vietnam, seems to answer Poul in that area, although he probably, conveniently, considers Vietnam a nation which simply can't handle democratic processes (and so elect a government to which a legitimate supportive arrangement might be proposed) because it "strongly differs" from us.)

(P.134) I'm afraid that I differed from Harry Warner (and Phil Farmer) in my reaction to the recent moon flight circus. The event itself has been so obvious and overdue since the 1930s, and --as handled by the presently necessary cocooning and safety-devicing--so lacking in drama, that I paid little attention to it at the time. (In fact, I read a large part of Warner's superb All our Yesterdays (plug) while millions watched goggle-eyed at their TV sets--my own was on,admittedly--just as I might eagerly have read another installment of Farmer's excellent Riverworld narrative (boost) had one been handy: good art is always preferable to third-rate reality.) The crewmen themselves were such a stiflingly dull collection of establishment-bred clucks (every cow-eyed inch Paul's classic Boy Scouts, but without the imagination or poetry to even be flabbergasted) that it was difficult to care whether they--functionally and individually so much more levitated machinery--made the flight safely or not...

Once we start getting our Einsteins and Russells, our Phil Dicks and Jack Vances...into outer space, space travel will take on real color and human point at last, and become part of the actual epic of Man, rather than the labored propagandistic American supershow it is now. To underscore this attitude, I should add that I found the once much-touted Destination: Moon a terrible and obvious bore...while the more recent 2001 was simply a ponderous piece of cinematic flab: the headstone to Arthur C. Clarke's narrative talent, last effectively visible in The City and the Stars.

...I do not (p.80) see how Sandra Miesel's excellently considered and reasoned discussion of Poul Anderson's "view of Man" can be faulted. It is so definitive and self-contained that further comment is superfluous. This article, together with Kyle's, Harmon's and Warner's reviews, Bob Parkinson's poems, and some of the letters, put RQ well above any of its serious fanzine competition thus far (mid-April) into 1970...

All best,
Bill Blackbeard

Since the U.S. already has the contempt of nearly everybody (like the African who asked a deplaning Peace Corps worker,"What will you teach us, Tarzan, how to kill children in Viet Nam?"), it's a bit late to speak of allies "falling away."// The ghost of Des Esseintes salutes Mr. Blackbeard for preferring art to reality, but I think big expeditions are invariably "third-rate" in that they require Establishment cash and personnel--e.g., Columbus, Magellan, and Prince Henry. (In short: no official support, no long-term consequences--as we see from the Viking trip to North America.) Despite everything, the first Moon landing, as the most important historical event since the Exodus, held my attention. Who did it is unimportant, just as it wouldn't matter if Moses' followers were disclosed to be thugs that Pharaoh was well rid of.

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42 Godwin Lane
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Dear Leland:

The article on Ballard struck me as the high point of the January issue. Ballard has held my attention for some time now, perhaps most emphatically through his brilliant and distinctive use of simile and metaphor in the description of that inner landscape that is itself so close to ambience. Ballard, of course, is hardly the first to have used this technique of physical environment modifying and reflecting the inner soul; examples exist throughout literature on different levels of usage. The heath scene in Lear is only the most prominent example. Stylistically, such description usually has as its foundation a basic confusion between symbol and reality such that the two merge and coalesce. Thus in Lear the storm is both nature per se and also Lear's private nature in its struggle to retain sanity; the same can be found in Webster's Duchess of Malfi, in which Bosola's peculiar and haunting glass imagery reflects a being afraid to view himself, and who therefore projects onto inanimate objects the division in his spirit. Ballard's particular excellence is found in the nature of his use of metaphor, drawing from a wide and incredibly varied lexicon and creating through it that particular turn of phrase most suited to evoke precisely that emotional reaction that we assume the protagonist should be undergoing.

It is a tribute to Ballard's usage of the language that one is never really sure of the world into which he has been drawn; in many ways the reader feels that [he] has remained behind in that world of accepted perception, while [at the same time he] probes into a land of psychic energy and concrete emotional expression. I find that Ballard at his best is one of the few writers that can legitimately realize a mode of creation that is not only dependent on this "inner landscape" but which could not exist without it.

Sincerely,
Paul A. Gilster

In stage drama, external objects can symbolize states of mind, but in modern times the external world is itself regarded as a mental construct. So relative to Ballard perhaps it's better to speak not of symbol and reality (i.e., events symbolizing vs. events symbolized), but simply of correspondence between outer and inner "landscapes." I doubt that Ballard would posit anything so "metaphysical" as psychic energy: recall how even the emotional auras of buildings are capable of being picked up by his "Sound Sweeps."

1237 Spaight Street
Madison, Wisc. 53703

Dear Leland,

I wonder if some of your readers would be interested in a forthcoming number of Radical America on science fiction and fantasy. RA is a sort of cross between a Little Magazine and a revolutionary journal: it concerns itself substantially with the cultural transformation taking place, and recent numbers have focused on Women's Liberation movements, Surrealism, Rock Music and Youth Culture, and so on. Its circulation, about 3,500 paid, is mostly to young, non-doctrinaire radical activists in the U.S., and its intent above all is to help create the basis for radical thought over the next few decades. Numbers coming up for 1970 include the famous Situationist text, Guy Debord's Society du Spectacle, a 100-page list of aphorisms on the quality of life in advanced Capitalist (including State Capitalist) society; an issue on the Old Right/New Left, edited by Taft Republicans (and young rightwing youth) gone revolutionary, like Karl Hess; and a large anthology of the writings of CLR James (author of The Black Jacobins).

The SF&F number, hopefully to appear in early 1971, should have at least some material along the following lines: the significance of Fandom and its internal politics; S.F. as a critical form during the MacCarthy Years; Fantasy as anti-authoritarianism; essays on the Critical Literature of SF&F; material on the New Thing and current trends; and so on.

What I hope is that RQ readers, at least a few anyway, will take enough interest to help shape the issue. As editor, I'm more of a monograph publisher than someone with a definite (to say nothing of didactic) result in mind. And the purpose should be, anyway, to introduce the world of the fanzines and science fiction discussion to the young Left (and help some fanzine readers clarify their own thoughts), not to prove any points or make more money than it costs to produce.

Sincerely,
Paul Buhle

Radical America is one of the few remaining loci of rationality in the U.S. Madlands. Fans who wish to give should send Mr. Buhle a written contribution and those who wish to receive can mail him 50¢ (a reduced rate) for the Surrealist issue--but those who wish to give and receive should send for a $3.00 subscription.

Kempton R#1
Pa. 19529

Dear Mr. Sapiro:

Thanks for Riverside Quarterly of August '69, which I have read with the greatest interest. I belong--be it confessed--to the generation which read Kurd Lasswitz and the early H.G. Wells. I found both articles about them very good.

I would like to make a comment about the letter on p.67 which maintains that The Lord of the Rings is "consistently reactionary." I am very sensitive to the social aspects of literature. But it seems to me that the fundamental idea of Tolkien's book is that the ring of force, of power and violence, can and will be eventually destroyed. In our time, plagued by violence, I consider this a most progressive idea. There are whole schools of thought (Lorenz, Ardrey, Desmond Morris, Storr) which very successfully propagate the most reactionary idea that human violence is an inherited ineradicable animal killer instinct.

My scientific clinical and sociological studies, carried on over a long period, indicate that human violence can be reduced and eventually even abolished. So there is a strange coincidence between what Tolkien describes on the basis of his literary fantasy and the conclusions I arrived at from scientific studies.

I am sending you my last book, A Sign for Cain, An Exploration of Human Violence, which expresses these ideas, and also has a chapter on the social implications of literature ("Blood and Oil").

With kind regards,

Fredric Wertham, M.D.

I can't dispute Sign's general conclusion about violence -- that it is "learned behavior...neither biological nor eternal" -- but I'm less certain about violence and sadistic mass media. Of course, the author never claims that comics, films, etc.are the only incitements to violence--and his book also discusses,e.g., those pre-war Nazis indoctrinated through nationalistic literature, biological theories of racial superiority, etc. But there's a difference between the Germans and (say) French of the 1930's (or between the Germans of the '30's and their grandchildren of the '70's) that is not expressed in terms of mass media or nationalism or phoney biology--a difference that consists in some group pattern of behavior by which one population is predisposed to follow a Führer and another is not. And a similar type of explanation--in terms of behavior determined by social structure--might well apply to violence in the U.S.

 (continued from p. 159)

"CITIES IN FLIGHT"

Avon's recent collection of Jim Blish's Okie stories is a unique example of the book-maker's art. Self-destruct mechanisms I'd seen only in spy movies, but this Avon book (whose pages seem neither glued nor sewn) is the literary equivalent, its pages starting to fall out one minute after it is opened. The reader is also permitted to test himself by seeing how many reversed spellings and truncated words (like "no saop" and "people...wh are..." on pp. 270, 121, resp.) he can find before the pages separate. Another exercise is furnished by the production (or printing) department's negligence with Dale Mullen's Afterword (originally printed as "Blish, van Vogt, and the Uses of Spengler" (RQ III (1968), 172-86), none of whose references designates any page in the present edition. (Explanation: The corrections had been made by Senior Editor, George Ernsberger, and then lost en route to the printer.)

MORE TRASH FROM "MAD" (II)

I sometimes receive from Fawcett, Publishers books that aren't fiction in the usual sense, since they claim to be true; Perhaps we'd best call them psionic fairy tales. One example is Hans Holzer's Prediction: Fact or Fallacy? which cites the 1966 disaster at Aberfan, Wales, where 200 school-children were buried under an avalanche of coal-slag. For, there were people "who knew something of this sort was imminent" (38), e.g., TV actor Michael Bentine, who a week earlier was physically revolted by a comic skit about Welsh miners, and J. Taylor of Lancastershire, whose previous dream about a devestated town was accompanied by the word ABERFAN in big letters. Of course, none of these precogs bothered to telegraph the principal, "Beware landslide today"--so from the personal or scientific viewpoint their predictions are worthless. To quote an article (on a similar case) by Piers Anthony,

> ...in the windblowing seafaring days of this country...a ship went down in a storm and all hands were lost. It came as no surprise to the bereaved widows...many of them had predicted this calamity...days before [it] occurred...Surely this was absolute proof of precognition. Except for one little thing.. that these same women had...similar premonitions every time the boat went out. Naturally they were right--when it finally happened.

(Unpublished supplement to symposium, "What is Time?" at 1966 Milford conference. Fan-editors interested in printing this essay--and one by Poul Anderson on the same topic--should write the RQ.)

But the idiocy supreme is Harold Sherman's How to Forsee and Control Your Future, according to which "Many science fiction writers possess highly developed precognitive powers" (93)--as is attested by Jules Verne's moon voyagers who discovered "that their bodies were absolutely without weight" (italics neither Verne's nor my own). Both Mr. Sherman and the reporter he quotes seem unaware that such weightlessness was generally known even in the 1800's, and indeed was just another literary convention of the 19th century Cosmic Voyage. (For details see Dr. Hillegas' essay cited on p.210 this issue.)

INEXCUSABLE OMISSIONS (II)

Last issue's proof-sheets were mailed too late for Harry Warner to make these corrections: Cry is printed four, not eight, times yearly; Avesta sells for 25¢, not "256"; ANDROmeda's co-editor, Erwin Petersell, lives in Austria, not Germany. Finally, I forgot to list Harlan McGhan as compiler of the Andre Norton bibliography that accompanies his brother's article.