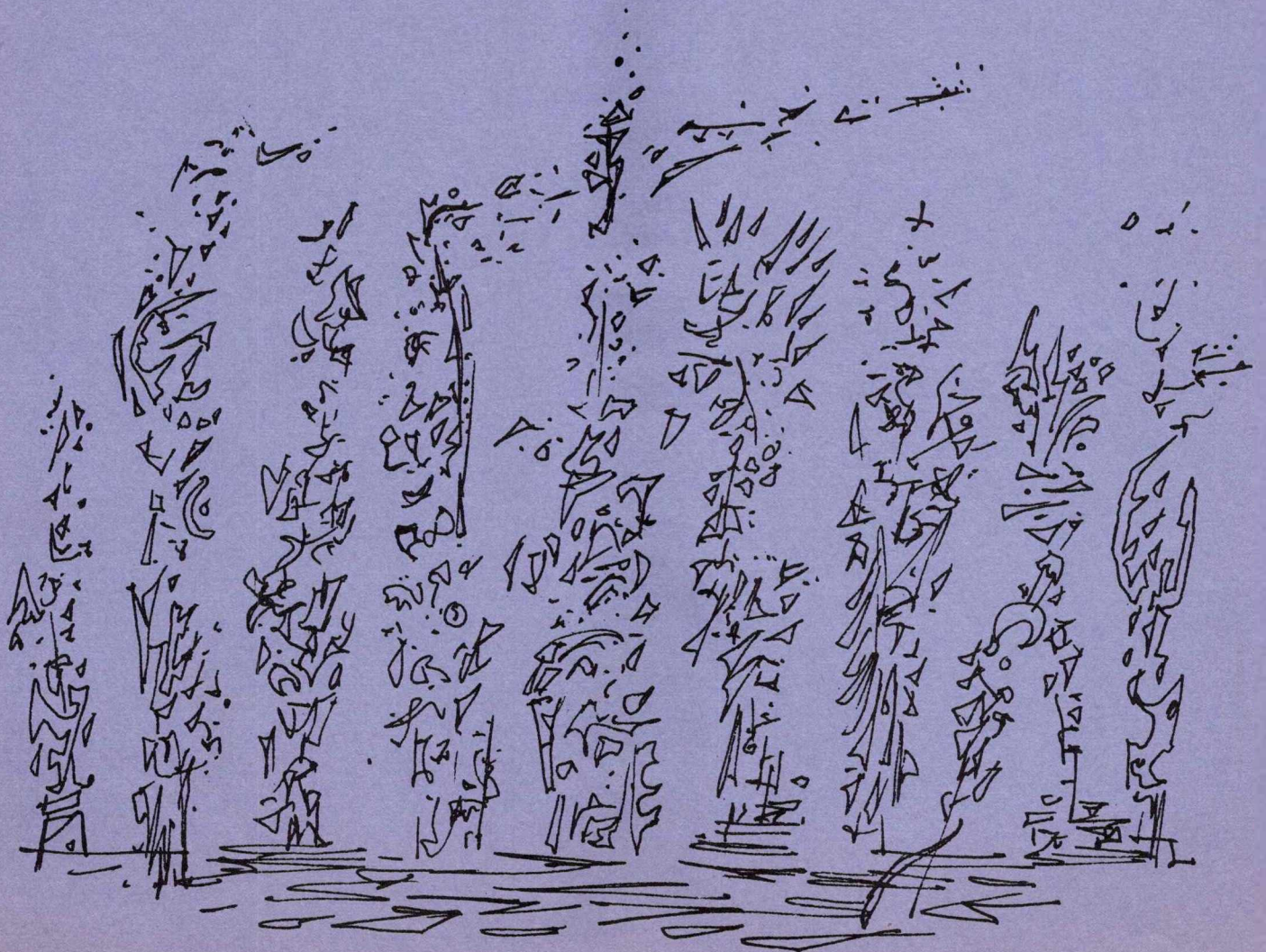


# SPY RAY



Wowee, gang, it's SPY RAY once again, rushing into the new year with cheery step, bright eye, and a hard heart as there aint no softnin. This is Operation Crifanac CCLXIX, full of goodies for 1965. What better opening than to review a SAPS mailing?

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It's Eney's Fault  
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#### MAILING LXIX

CPOR QUE? You can't say I don't at least make an effort at that inverted question mark... \*\* Crossbows would probably be the best pre-gunpowder weapon for amateurs. But I tell you what, try a stalking contest some time with your bow as against somebody else's handgun!

DINKY BIRD Another interesting name is that of Alexandria's Inspector of Elevators, Robert Fasl. I find that fasl is Arabic for the price of blood -- that is, in the sense of wergild.

YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE The Flickertail Inn Motel sounds almost as lascivious as the Tuckaway Motel (on US 1 near Newark, Delaware) did the night some prankster shot one of the letters out. Doheug is the little BEM/Dragon that appears in Karen Anderson's cartoons, you benighted heathen!!! \*\* Alexander Botts, Earthworm Tractors. Doesn't it all come back?

GOLIARD The pun in the Froghoot story was inconceivably horrible, shocking, ghastly, inhumane, and funny. You sure you don't want to sign back on in the Cult? \*\* I see you fish further than most. But now what did Queen Gertrude have to say on the subject? (Is it illegitimate to add non-Canonical touches, by the way? You did throw in a non-Shakespearean datum of some importance there when you revealed that the Prince's birthday was celebrated as the occasion of a victory...)

POT POURRI Pity you had to ring in outsiders and thus spoil the Classic Pattern of the Goon Story, but this remains altogether hilarious. Now, if only ATom had had a shy at illustrating Nadia...no, no, what I mean is, drawing a picture of her, not on her...

ARMAGEDDON: Look at Rich Brown's stuff and kinda level with me, man: would you be quiet if the parties of the second part were saying things like that about you?

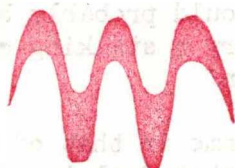
IBEX I just hope nobody interprets your illo as a definition of Ibex: "A pie-eyed goat". \*\* Somebody once told me there were Necronomicon cards in the Library of Congress, too, but I looked without finding any -- either in the general or the Rare Books catalog files. Where are some of the others? Cards, I mean; I know the other is something, ah, you can't tell me.

OUTSIDERS Seattle is now West Blanchard? Have you told Doc? \*\* Give us your side of the inevitable argument with Joe Gibson about the most powerful of mankind's weapons. (Joe had been arguing, for those of you who hadn't seen, that an electrician's pouch-kit -- screwdriver, wirecutters, and pliers -- was really the most formidable sidearm in humanity's arsenal, a view in which, I confess, there's as much truth as poetry...)

While I don't (I'm interrupting the Mailing Comments here for a space) agree



for a moment that people ought to maintain silence about the Walter Breen Mess either in general or on one side, it is a nauseating gallimaufry of partisan, pseudo-libertarian, and frankly pro-pervert distortions that the Breenie Brigade presents us, and as long as they keep it up I plan not to poke the mess without warning. All my comments relating to the Great West Coast Blowup, in fact, will be segregated... that is, not only those to outright Breenie Brigadiers but to those whose comments require explicit reference to Topic B; so there's no ground for suspecting me of suspecting you of BBism just because I fence off your zine with this red line:



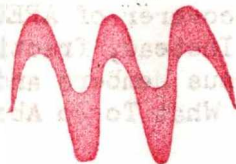
EXCELSIOR How in ghod's name do you make my denunciations of Walter Breen out to be an attack on Ted White? It is true that I've ticked off White for having proclaimed Breen's innocence in print while admitting knowledge of his guilt in letters (for that matter, people on his own side have scalped him for that piece of hypocrisy) but after MINAC folded Tew was hardly in the front rank of the Breenie Brigade. Actually, I think Brown and McInerney have been the most grossly offensive BBs (lots of competition here, of course) and Redd Boggs and Bill Blackbeard the most revoltingly hypocritical. I suspect you're catching a pat excuse that radiates from New Yorkers of a certain type: "Eney despises Ted White, so everything he does is automatically to be discounted"...an idea that bypasses some important questions like whether Tew deserves to be despised or, as here, whether he has anything to do with the issue. \*\* You make the same mistake Steve Stiles did. (At least you err in worthwhile company...) Fan Polls are not "neutral"; by hypothesis, they are partisan — in fact, that's their whole point: determine differences in people's standings and advertise them. Of course, maybe you meant the pronouncement to be ethical rather'n descriptive — that a Fan Poll should be neutral; i.e. should avoid giving data on controversial issues. As to that, I'm no subscriber to the D.R.O. Code, and in the ethical choice of virtues I preferred honesty to inoffensiveness.

PILLAR OF F\*\*\* There is no truth to the Rumor that Rich Brown is so consumed with loathing for me that he plans to change his first name.

MISTILY MEANDERING This is the first I'd heard that there was, or that anybody had bothered to claim, any other purpose to the Rumpcon than that of Getting Even with the Pacificon for stepping on Breen (phrased for the occasion as preserving the open convention and defending liberty, home, mother, the flag, and apple pie.) \*\* Sure it wasn't Breen's responsibility. It was done by his friends, on his behalf, and with his approval, but bhy ghod he doesn't bear any of the responsibility! Really, Fred.

MEST Sorry, I'll have to take Alva Rogers' and Dick Ellington's opinions about the "falsity" of the "slanders" against Walter in preference to yours. ~~xxx/xxx/xxx~~ ~~xxx/xxx/xxx~~ \*\* Marie-Louise Ellington had a better definition-joke than yours: "What's brown and fuzzy and eats Boy Scouts?" She asked this at a Berkeleyfan meeting and couldn't understand why all these sophisticates exploded with helpless laughter at a joke about Yogi Bear. \*\* Shucks, I'm not really infallible...it's just that I try to find out the facts rather than deciding on the basis of whether the guy is an old friend. Apparently this is an approach so foreign to Some People that it sends them into a state of alienated shock and they imagine all sorts of things...that I'm infallible, that they're defending civil liberties, and ghod knows what else.

SAPRISE! Your argument about the Evianness of publishing BOONDOGGLE — and I note with sadness that even a relatively decent kat like you is studiously avoiding coming to grips with the REPORT OF THE PACIFICON II COMMITTEE — has been exploded long ago, by Alva Rogers — you know him; one of the people who caught Walter with his kids? His torpedo: "The people who squawl over our wickedness in explaining why we threw Walter out don't mention how they'd have screamed if we'd thrown Walter out without explaining why." This is a suitable occasion: suppose you make a guess, Dave, at the way the Breenie Brigade would have cut up had the Pacificon simply announced that Walter had been deprived of his membership and that no discussion of the action would be authorized by the Committee.



That finishes that subject, though, I misdoubt, only for the current mailing. Back to things that even Nasty Ol' Dick Eney finds more pleasant.

YEZIDEE Lithograph is not "cut into" stone — you'll get an F, sure, with such ignorant misuse of words. It's a transfer process, not an engraving one... an analog of ditto, not mimeo. ("Engraving is the mundane equivalent of mimeo...") \*\* Ummm...you're hurrying too much, with the Annals, this time. Watch it, and take more care with the descriptive epithets and pacing, hm?

MRAOC You are daring me to smuggle a beanie into the office. I can tell, but I'm not going to do it. Nope. No. I won't. No no nonononooooo....

STUMPING The idea of depending on a .22 rimfire in close combat makes my blood run cold, and a .32 is hardly better. I remember a story Dean Grennell told about a friend who sat on a coroner's jury. Seems a chap had gotten mad at a friend and whipped out one of these little pocket automatics and put seven .22-short slugs into him, and the inquest was a result of this quarrel. It was being held on the gunman; being shot with a .22 had merely made the other man so mad he'd grabbed a shovel and bashed the shooter's brains out.

ISSUE But there is an international language. Of course, it's pretty complicated, being a time-eroded cross between Saxon German and Norman French, with some Keltic elements, a heavy lacing of borrowings from every language group, and a system of spelling that would curl your hair; but it's got a scientific and artistic literature already established, and once you learn to speak it you can communicate with about 700,000,000 of your fellow men. Try that 700,000,000 jazz on your green star, Chollie, and see if it swings.

CHARLOTTAN There are plenty of extra shticks in GOD COMICS, like the parody of Captain Marvel when Jesus changes into the mighty God. And maybe the God Squad is derived directly from the Justice Society, of which the Legion of SuperHeroes is a satire (unconscious variety, probably.) But the reference is obvious when the God Squad turns out to be sensitive to red and green Ragnarok...

SLUG That, sir, is the Line of the Mailing: "What's the use of surviving if something worse is always going to happen next?" \*\* Wlikkin' right you'll see me at London, unless the plane blows up on the way over. (Now, don't get any ideas, Rick Brown — besides, BOAC planes don't carry US Mail.)



The decision not to make this year's Fan Poll Report into a Yearbook meant the disappearance of a couple of good items, by no means deserving of oblivion. One is rescued here...the review of the 1963 activities of

# APEX

In 1963, APEX declined from the large-size zines (e.g., CACTUS LAND, 101 pp) and thoughtful discussions (sample subjects: Expansive Love, Censorship, the prospective membership of an accidental discoverer of APEX) which had been featured in the latter part of the previous year. Instead, fractional Apex zines were rife, and the discussions ranged from Traitorous Members and What To Do About Them, thru Non-Publishing of Xines on Schedule and What To Do About It, to the Dissolution of Apex.

Under the subject of Traitors, Kevin Langdon came under fire for allegedly giving xines to non-members — especially to deliberately excluded non-members. /Apex membership is by invitation only, and even circulating xines to people who have merely been ignored is Evil. Sending them to those who have been blackballed is sheer infamy.../ In the ensuing battle as to whether or not Kevin should be expelled, other members admitted that they had sometimes shown xines to non-members. Apexians tried to find out just what xines had gone to the Enemy Camp, and Walter Breen demanded of his ex-protege Kevin that he prove to Walter's satisfaction that the charges weren't true or else he, Walter, would vote for expulsion.. Somehow, in spite of this, Kevin remained a member.

As for the non-publishing of scheduled xines, it was decided not to do anything about it at all. (Apex has no definite rules, and the general schedule of things is decided by majority vote. It says here.) This situation made it very difficult for members to Communicate with each other — Communication being the prime reason for the organization's existence, It Says Here — and one member who wrote to an October xine to submit his resignation was still listed as a member in 1964, since the October xine was never published.

The dissolution of Apex came up for discussion in December, with Bob Lichtman demanding that all other members respond to him if they wanted to stay with the group. All non-responders would be dropped. They weren't; all Apexians received the next publication, BPEX No. 1 (alias APEX 46). Only the "rules" were changed.

APEX was the subject of two articles in FAPA during the year, though one was not distributed until 1964. That one, a reprint from a college term paper by Marion Z. Bradley, was currently knowledgeable, as the author was then a member of the group and could view it from the inside. The paper compared APEX and FAPA in organization and operation /to the detriment of the former/. The other article, a transcription from a tape recording, was only limitedly knowledgeable, as the participants were non-members (two had even been purposely excluded), though the research of the latter made up for the lack of Inside Coverage. /References: DAY\* STAR 21, Marion Z. Bradley, FAPA 106 (Feb 64); ALEXANDRIA TRIO, Dick Eney, FAPA 105 (Nov '63)./

So much for 1963 in APEX. This year will be something else again.

"Apex is a way of life  
Where every zine is full of strife,  
And friends will tell you where to shove,  
Your frigging old Expansive Love." — Norm Clarke

# PACIFICON

## REPORT II george scithers

A proper con report devotes most of its substance to the trip to the convention, the people slept with on the way, and what went on outside of the regular con program. This will not be a proper con report. Other than to say the trip involved the competent services of the Frankfurt (am Main) Strassenbahn, Trans-World Airlines, the New York Central Railroad, Trans-World again, SFO Helicopter Airlines, and an ancient Oakland taxicab, the 5,000 miles (each way) I shall ignore, and begin instead in the middle of the con.

Middle is right — unfortunately, I couldn't make the beginning of the Pacificon II; instead I arrived Friday night, at the end of the first day. There were old friends in the lobby — there always are at a con. After I'd checked in and dumped my stuff in the room, I found more on the Mezzanine, which was the center of convention activity. In particular, there were Larry Breed and Steve Russell, stalwart workers and hose-carriers as the DisCon, running the registration desk. The con committee were here and there, looking reasonably fit. Al Halevy had shaved off his beard, and Bill Donaho had grown one (which shows how long it's been since I've seen big Bill — years — years!) Alva Rogers and Ben Stark looked the same as always — only a little more harassed — and that's to be expected of a con committee, at that point in the proceedings. Crede expertum.

I did find out something about the practical difficulties involved in organizing a panel discussion when the participants are separated by distances of 50, 300, and 5,000 miles. The committee had given me a title — "An If-World of Sword and Sorcery" — and three participants, E Hoffman Price, Karen Anderson, and Bruce Pelz. My idea had been that this would be on the subject of how an author puts together a sword-and-sorcery world for a story, and had so written the participants. Somehow, I had given the con committee the idea that this would be a discussion of what kind of sword-and-sorcery world one would like to be marooned in — and Al Halevy had so informed the convention at the opening session Friday. Since the participants were already prepared, we went ahead with our original plans. It was our very good luck that Frank Herbert, who was speaking on how to construct a Science Fiction world, took an entirely different approach from ours, so that the two program items didn't cover the same ground. Also, Dian Pelz and Poul Anderson were persuaded to join the panel, so that we had two husband-and-wife teams. The Andersons had met Ed Price a few weeks previously at San Francisco Airport, and there they had discussed the subject at length. This turned out to be a very good thing indeed...but I'm getting ahead of myself now.

Other old friends — I'll miss some of the most important ones for sure, but here goes:

There were the Little Men of the Bay Area that I hadn't seen since I left the area, back in '59. The Detroit gang were mostly there — and so were the Chicago group, selling ADVENT Books. The usual LASFS crowd was there — overrunning the place — the Moskowitzes — Chuck Hansen from Denver — and all the old familiar faces of the authors, especially the West Coast ones.

Dick Lupoff told me he felt his panel — on imagination in the fanzines —

which was given Friday afternoon, never really did take off and go. On the other hand, I heard no complaints on the panel, either. It was one I was very sorry to miss.

Saturday morning dawned sunny, or perhaps cloudy — I haven't the remotest idea which. I got up in time for breakfast — the hotel coffee shop was expensive, but the food was good and the service excellent — and to get dragooned into running the registration tables for a while. At one point I was appointed as Art Show Judge; a while later, I was de-appointed, when whoever-it-was I was replacing showed up again. The Gibsons arrived, and I discussed pistols with Joe and discovered that spiky earrings are a horrid menace to kissing Roberta Gibson on the ear.

The program for that afternoon began with Fritz Leiber. The published notes announced that he was going to talk on "the ways in which writers have used man's older 'fantasies' as a basis for their more recent ones." Fritz narrowed the topic to monsters — monsters he has known and loved. It was a talk filled with gag lines, interspersed with roars of laughter from the audience; yet, withal, Fritz managed to cover the original topic as well, tracing the ways in which the monsters of old have given way to their modern descendents — some funny, some as terror-inspiring as ever.

Tony Boucher was next: "The Use of Crime and Suspense Ideas in Science Fiction". The combination of the detective story with the science fiction story has never been common, though the combination has as long a history as science fiction itself. These combination stories have generally been good; some have been outstanding classics. My own favorite is the multiple ending to Asimov's Second Foundation. Tony commented that it was odd that Asimov has never done a particularly good pure detective story, even though he has probably done more good combination detective-and-sf stories than any other writer.

And then, after a question-and-answer discussion period, came the Scithers-Anderson-Pelz panel. As we began, we realized that through a ghastly series of errors on the part of the participants, no one had told Ed Price when to show up, so we had to do without him. (He did show up in time for the Hyborian Legion Muster on Sunday, and talked most entertainingly then; see below.) I arranged the panelists in the order: Poul Anderson, Dian Pelz, me, Karen Anderson, Bruce Pelz. That was ~~so I could be left to both~~ in the hope that the arrangement would get the panel to talking more. It did — the panel wound up as a spirited discussion; the audience joined in too, and time ran out all too soon.

And then, after wine-tasting and supper, there was a masquerade. The parade and judging were preceded by an extremely good demonstration of authentic Indian dancing. Unfortunately, a masquerade is simply not a good place for such an exhibition. The people who want to see the Indians were constantly being distracted by the costumes, and the Indians themselves — especially their leader, Chief Red Feather (who is Chinese) — were not a little upset by the amount of competing noise. Again, this was an Unfortunate Thing; the exhibition itself was interesting.

One of the most serious distractions was a voluptuous wench that Bill Rotsler had brought up from Hollywood. Her costume was straight off the boards of a Naked Lady Show — a bit of gauze and a sprinkling of glitter (in the profession it is known as "full net") with nothing science-fictional about it. As a surprise item — say, if she had walked to the stage with a cloak over her and then tossed it aside as she was announced — it would have been s\*p\*e\*c\*t\*a\*c\*u\*l\*a\*r; as it was, the Lush Nude was just that way throughout. And she showed an obnoxious determina-

tion to upstage the Indians.

On the other hand, the real science-fiction and fantasy costumes were grand. Particularly memorable were Dian Pelz as a Barsoomian warrior maiden (I disremember precisely which one), and Blake Maxim's representation of Merlin, from TH White's The Sword in the Stone. Blake's Merlin was modelled on Disney's in both costume and speech; he made the mistake of not telling the committee about his planned appearance --- in a cloud of smoke, at the far end of the stage --- so his initial speech was not heard by many. However, he carried off his appearance on stage very well indeed --- in fact, I rather liked Blake's Merlin better than the one in the London version of CAMELOT.

This bit of not telling the committee so that they can accomodate special effects seems to be a permanent problem. Discon repeatedly asked for people to tell us in advance if they wanted anything special; no one ever did. Many costumes virtually need special arrangements for a really worth-while presentation --- yet the becostumed seem unwilling to get the con committee to help them. I wonder why?

And, afterwards, there were parties. This is as good a point as any to bring up an odd unpleasant trend that seems to have begun at the DisCon and continued to the Pacificon II; the fan-run party "strictly for pros". For years, I've been going to parties of varying degrees of exclusiveness at cons, and I've always been welcome --- probably since (1) I don't drink, so the host's liquor is safe, (2) I don't play bongo drums, (3) I generally arrive with Someone Else who has been invited. Certainly, there's nothing wrong with "absolutely no fans" parties held by the pros, but I've never run into one that was hysterically rigid about keeping out a few readers.

/If George weren't so flippin' modest he'd realize why he doesn't have as much trouble as some others in getting into parties.../

But this bit of a fan or two organizing a party to which just pros are admitted is a bit too much like coralling all the interesting personalities so the other fans can't meet them. As I say, this game apparently began at the DisCon to some extent, though I wasn't aware of it. (I didn't have much time for partying, and no one is quite arrogant enough to bar a con committeeman from a party.) At Pacificon II, however, I followed Reg Bretnor (who I haven't seen for five years) and Fritz Leiber into a party --- and was promptly told, in effect, to get the ~~##&%~~ out --- the proprietors of DOUBLE BILL weren't going to have their party contaminated by a fan's presence. I'm sorry --- I would have liked to see old friends --- I am sure that with this kind of thing going on, a fan attending his first or second convention will have virtually no opportunity to really get to know any of his favorite authors. If pros want to get off completely by themselves, that's their choice & right. But I suggest that the fan run "strictly for pros" party is a nasty bit of snobbishness by the fans involved; it's up to the authors to decide if they want to play that game.

Sunday did dawn brightly; I know, because I had to get up early in order to get the Hyborean Legion Muster under way. ("Organized" is not the appropriate word to describe a Legion Muster.) We used the convention suite, which was just the right size...no, almost the right size; a few people had to stand. Legion Musters seem to be the most fun when the room is of such a size and shape as to promote a big, free-for-all discussion.

Anyway, we began with a little talk by Ed Price, mostly on the Malay swords and the proper techniques for wielding them. Luckily, Ed hadn't brought a sword along,



which undoubtedly saved the carpet from bloodstains. After that, there was general discussion on swordsmanship and weaponry — Jerry Pournelle and George Heap spoke, a cutlass brought by Liz Lokke was brandished about, and the whole thing was lots of fun. These musters, incidentally, admit anyone — the Hyborian Legion is far too anarchistic a monarchy to insist on membership as a prerequisite for attending its meetings.

The meeting broke up just in time for the first program item: "Feedback of Ideas Between the Writer and Editor" — which was an interesting and spirited panel of authors and editors. It was one of those discussions where you don't remember just what points were made — they were so hotly disputed — but you do remember it was fun.

Frank Herbert's speech, "How to Build a World", ranged over many sidelines — desert ecology, origin of English words, special vocabularies of primitive peoples — yet covered its main point well: how he built the background of Dune World +. I add the "+" because Dune World as it appeared in ANALOG SF-SF is but around two-fifths of the whole novel of the dry planet Arrakis, the Dune World.

The business meeting was ghastly, as only Worldcon business meetings can be. It was also, in places, the most fun of any business meeting I've ever been to. To begin with, there were the bids — beginning with those for next year's Westercon. The first of these was Ted Johnstone, who spoke at length and with feeling about the long, tranquil history of LASFS, which speaks as with one voice for Los Angeles fandom. I almost died laughing... Eventually he got to his point, which was that through a deplorable lack of communication, the Los-Angeles-&-vicinity fans found themselves in the position of putting in two competing bids, and he was withdrawing the LASFS one. The Long Beach bid was next — the proposed site is a motel near the sea, and the girls thereabouts were well spoken about. San Diego bid next — the site was to be a downtown hotel in San Diego, a city which is well supplied with pretty girls, according to the prospective con committee. At the vote, Long Beach won.

The Worldcon bids came next. Bob Silverberg rose to give the funniest bid in history, for the Virgincon or the Johnson — the sponsors planned it for a hotel in St John's, Virgin Islands, and hadn't decided which to call it. Bob dwelt at length on the desirable features of the site — only \$595 by air from New York to St. Thomas, capital of the Virgin Islands, and from there, one can take a boat which passes within a short swimming distance of St. John's . . . This island's greatest scenic attraction is an animal preserve, filled with all manner of strange and fell creatures which very seldom leave for other parts of the island. The hotel has no convention meeting room, but there is an excellent outdoor meeting place. (The con will take place during the rainy season.) And as a special feature, the local natives have been persuaded to give their famous Sterility Dance for the benefit of the fans. However, we must hurry and have the con soon, for the natives are a dying race . . . anyway, there were, Bob said, plenty of pretty girls available.

Dave Kyle put in a token bid for Syracuse, which is actively seeking the '66 con, and then withdrew it in favor of London.

Then Arthur Thomson put in the London bid. He



explained that the con was to be the 28 August weekend in London; that the con would be in the Mt. Royal Hotel, Marble Arch, London; and that the dues would be \$3 for attendees, \$2 for non-attendees. Arthur, no man to fall behind in a competition, explained that there were lots of pretty girls walking the streets of London, too. Alas for ad-libbed jokes: this remark not only broke up the meeting, but made ATOM himself collapse into helpless laughter. At least the con committee types seem convinced that science fiction conventions are hotbeds of the boy-chases-girl kind of lust, even if . . .

Oh, yes: London won the 1965 Worldcon bid. American agent, Bill Evans, Box 86, Mt. Rainier, Md.

Followed there a nearly interminable haggle over resolutions and procedure. Karen Anderson introduced a motion that a committee be formed to study the system of giving out the Hugos, preliminary report to be made to the '65 con, final report to be made to the '66 con. Clear enough, so far.

Then things began to get tangled. Harlan Ellison, in a state of high outrage, bounced up and down and said that a while back some or other sf author was expecting to win a Hugo and didn't, and thereby lost out on a profitable contract, and the winner didn't either, and that meant M\*O\*N\*E\*Y, and Harlan didn't for a minute intend to let things go on like that. (If you don't understand that sentence, join the club. I don't understand just what Harlan was trying to do either.) /It sort of became clear later.--- hE./ Eventually, Karen's motion passed: the committee is Dick Lupoff, Anthony Boucher, Harlan Ellison, Ethel Lindsay, and Dr. Josef Nesvadba.

That didn't satisfy Harlan; he wanted something to be done RIGHT AWAY. And something seemed to be to form a committee to receive suggestions for nominees for the Hugo, to prepare a slate of nominees, and to submit them, through the next con committee, for vote by the con membership. And in spite of strenuous (but disastrously inept) opposition by Bruce Pelz and I, and rather more ept opposition by Karen Anderson and Albert Lewis, the motion passed. What galls me more than anything else about the thing is that Harlan actually thinks he has done the most important thing for the Hugo system in five years. Yecch...

The discussion was, I am sorry to say, not well handled by the chairman, Al HaLevy. He tended to be too forceful at the wrong times, and not forceful enough when things were on the point of dissolving in total disorder. At one point I moved that debate be ended; Fred Lerner rose with a point of order: he can read lips, and he saw HaLevy prompt me to make that motion. Playing along, I rose to a point of personal privilege and objected to Lerner's objection as being personally insulting in its wording. The meeting very nearly collapsed then and there, with several people yelling "Fight! Fight!" and Lerner pantomiming a boxing match. The point of personal privilege did do a fairly good job of showing Lerner up as a silly nitpicker, in spite of the fact that the substance of his remark was true enough; HaLevy had prompted me to make the perfectly legitimate motion for an end of debate.

(What I should have done at that point was to withdraw my motion and substitute one that Harlan's motion be tabled, on the grounds that it had already been discussed as an amendment to Karen's and had at that time failed of passage. But hindsight is always too late...)

Another resolution was passed somewhere or other in the mess -- Jason's, to

form a committee to produce the metal Hugo trophies for the '66 and future cons. This did pass without trouble.

Future con committees would do well to insist that anyone sponsoring a motion before a business meeting be required to supply an adequate number of duplicated copies of that motion at the registration desk, so that people will have a chance to read and think over what's being proposed. Con committees that find there is business to be transacted should also seriously consider using the highly successful trick of the Seacon's: schedule a pre-business meeting on a morning early in the con for discussion of the various motions. With good management, the motion can be thrashed out at the pre-meeting session; at the business meeting itself, there's a good chance that the opposing views on the motion can be distilled down to one speech for the motion and one against.

Future meeting chairmen would do well to remember a few other hints, too. (These are mostly due to a chap I met at the con, whose name I disremember. I'm sorry for that; he's an excellent practical parliamentarian.) After a motion has been made, before amendments are offered or other procedural motions are made, the chairman should ask for a speech for and a speech against the motion itself — in order that the main motion may have a chance to get discussed on its merits. A good chairman can and should persuade those with procedural motions to hold them until at least some discussion of the motion can be made. Again, while the chairman should not show partisanship on the merits of a main motion or amendments thereto, he can and should take an active lead in suggesting what procedural avenues are open to the membership. For example, the chairman may say, after there has been some discussion of a motion, "We can discuss this motion further, or amend it, or put it to a vote. If there has been sufficient discussion, we can go on with a vote — what is your choice?" If no one wishes to speak further, the chairman can go ahead and put the matter to a vote, without the time-consuming procedure of calling for a vote to end debate and then a vote on the motion itself. And, too, a chairman can greatly speed things if, when someone moves that debate be ended, the chairman simply asks if there are further arguments to be heard — and, if not, calls for the vote on the main motion and gets it over with. If a motion is complex — if a motion is one that cannot be argued out in a reasonable time — the chairman can and should take the initiative in suggesting that (among other possible dispositions of the motion) it can be referred to a committee and the committee's report be heard at the next convention.

Anyway, the business meeting finally came to an end. The banquet was next.

People don't come to banquets to eat; they come to hear the speeches and see who won what. The speechmaking began with Tony Boucher, the toastmaster, and a silent toast to all of those who are no longer with us — 1963 saw all too many in the science fiction and fantasy field pass on.

After that — as near as I remember the order of things — Sam Moskowitz rose to give the First Fandom award. Perhaps the fact that I had to catch a midnight plane prejudiced me, but I do think that a 30 minute speech on the life of Hugo Gernsback was a Bit Too Much. Joe Rolfe presented the Invisible Little Man Award to Fred Pohl — a well-deserved choice, I think — with a concise, effective speech. Forry Ackerman presented the Big Heart Award; the winner was Bjo Trimble, and he passed the trophy to Walt Daugherty to take to Bjo. Forry also revealed that Walt was the up-to-now secret sponsor of the Big Heart Awards — another Daugherty project that was and is a success. Forry gave the fan guest of honor speech; forty minutes of Forrest murmurings, yet interesting in a quiet way.



And then it was time for the Hugoes.

Best Novel went to Clifford Simak, accepted by Mr. Simak. Best Short Fiction to Poul Anderson, again accepted by the winner. Best Artist went to Ed Emsh, who was there to accept it. Best Professional Magazine went to ANALOG and Frank Herbert came forward to accept it for the absent JWC. Best Book Publisher went to Ace Books; Don Wollheim was happy to accept. And — AMRA was finally the best fanzine, G. Scithers, proprietor, accepting the gold rocket ship.

The collective pro guest of honor spoke as a team; Leigh Brackett for about fifteen minutes, on some of the things people have done for her and her writing career; Ed Hamilton for the same length of time on a few anecdotes of his writing career and a bit of humorous advice to the aspiring writer.

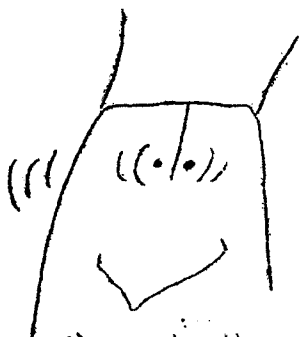
And — suddenly — the banquet was over and it was time to go. There was just time to say goodbye to the Andersons and the Løkkes, grab my bags, get congratulated by Caz Casedessus, wave goodby to a few more friends — Chuck Hansen — some of the committee — and I was off to San Francisco airport with Steve Russell, Larry Breed and the prospective Mrs. Breed, and the driver, whose name, in the general rush, I have forgotten. I am sorry — it was a fascinating ride, full of all sorts of jokes and puns and all — and then the Bay Bridge, San Francisco, and the Airport — a blurred swirl, and I was on my way back.

Next time, dammit, I'll come early and stay late — two days out of a four day con are not enough! It was a great con; many of the program items I heard were outstanding, and Silverberg's Virgincon bid was absolutely priceless. I sincerely hope that Bruce Pelz, ADVENT, and the con committee can reach an agreement to have the proceedings published. That was a convention worth having a record of.

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Now a few words on less pleasant matters.

The propaganda of the Breenie Brigade — that the Convention's action in barring a child molester meant that police were going to be peering over everybody's shoulder, as symbolized by John Boardman's coinage of "CopCon" — might have broken down on the fact that the Oakland police showed no interest whatever in the convention. But what are a few mere facts in those circles? Kevin Langdon — apparently with the connivance or encouragement of Redd Boggs and Bob Lichtman — forthrightly decided that bhy ghod he'd make it a CopCon. He sent letters to the hotel management, the Oakland Police, and the con committee, threatening to picket the hotel. /I hardly dare guess what his signboard would have read...RE./



"You don't expect us to let our own boycott keep us away, do you?"

"Let him picket," said the con-committee's attorney; "it's the best thing they can do for your side." Walter Breen apparently realized the same thing; to his credit, he persuaded Langdon to drop the picketting idea & tried to get the rest of the Brigade to leave the con alone.

It's not much good asking for peace when people can only "justify" their actions by pointing to some spectacular piece of trouble...how raised they hardly care. Boggs, Langdon, and Gretchen Schwenn appeared on the convention's floor (the Mezzanine) one evening during the

con, and refused either to join the con, display a membership badge, or leave. After a long argument had established that the magic word "please" didn't work with this crew, the con's Sergeant-at-Arms, Bob Buechley, moved in and invited the trio to leave under their own power. Reaching out to put a hand on Langdon's shoulder, he brushed the Schwenn woman, and she went for him with fingernails bared. Drew blood, too. In what has been inaccurately described as a fistfight but was actually a shoving, wrestling, and (on the Schwenn woman's part) clawing match, Bob grabbed her wrists to keep her from scratching him any more. [I have been unable to confirm the report that Boggs instantly thundered: "Unhand that woman!" -- RE.] It says something about Boggs' and Langdon's competence that Bob was able to fend off both of them even with his hands immobilized.

Things calmed down at last -- in part because the people standing close kept the struggle from spreading by neither joining in nor letting anyone near who might like to join in -- and HaLevy finally persuaded the trio to leave. At that point Bob Lichtman wandered up, refused to join the con, and was also asked to leave. He did, insisting on riding down in the elevator. [Slothful modern youth...] BLoB came back and went through it again, and then again; but the last time the con committee, realizing that the Breenie Brigade's capers were really being ignored by the conventioners instead of simply failing, by sheer luck, to touch off a Big Rumble, decided to leave him to his own devices. Shortly after this Jerry Knight, another of the people "boycotting" the con, showed up on the Mezzanine floor, and was visibly dismayed to find nothing happening to him. It was a near thing, though; the con-committee had a sharp squabble over the question whether to throw him out just for the principle of the thing. [The Knights had published a particularly malicious distortion of pre-convention happenings in Berkeley.] (Learning of this, later, Jerry snapped out of his gloom right away. "I came here to stir up trouble and dissension", he said coolly, "and I'm glad I stirred up more than I was counting on.")

Dick Ellington, surprisingly, spent much time agitating around the outskirts of these discussions, arguing that the con committee just had to exclude any and every non-member who wandered in to see what-all was going on. Dick himself was a member of the con; alas, what a little Status in the Organization does to corrupt good anarchistic principles!!

The spectacle of a handful of people trying to disrupt a con by attending it without paying membership fees was slightly chucklesome; the only fan-legal issue had been settled the year before, at the DisCon, where the DisCon committee and the Uniformed Guard threw out some fringers who tried to crash the costume ball. Avram Davidson showed more civilized dissent by visiting friends in the downstairs lobby but staying away from convention territory. A few, by report, stayed away altogether. In effect, the boycott and "rumpcon" was a flat failure.

The B-L-S-L-K invasion could be viewed as a far-out attempt to bolster up The Cause by giving the Breenie Brigade an issue they could defend without blushing; certainly as far as causing the committee any real trouble went, at least, their attempts were doomed before they started. After a certain point in the preparations for a con, the committee is devoting all of their available time to the con. Any attempts at harrassment can, even if successful, only divert attention from one aspect of the con to another; they cannot pull any more attention to the con than the committee is giving already.

If anyone was to be hurt by the antics of the Breenie Brigade, it would have been the average con attendee, who'd have gotten a less-well-managed convention than

than he otherwise might, if the con committee's available time had actually been taken up by Breenie Brigade attacks. Not, of course, that this should be at all contrary to the Brigade's wishes; any failure of the con would be suitable ammunition for them, however the failure might have been contrived. As for the fans at the convention who'd catch the dirty end of the stick, why, anyone so crass as to ignore the call to BOYCOTT PACIFICON II deserved all the trouble that could be dished out.

With the end of the Pacificon II, I notice that certain elements of the ~~pro/p~~ Fandom-Must-Approve-Everything clique are putting more emphasis on the other target of their campaign of vilification. Now the Pacificon is beyond spoiling, the stress has swung to the unspeakably beastly fiend who blabbed about a fellow fan's foibles. It seems that Bill Donaho Must Be Punished . . . in order, one presumes, that future generations may know what fate will befall those who utter inconvenient truths. —RE/

There is one other aspect of Breenie Brigade activities that deserves attention before we close. There is, you see, another person who has been on the receiving end of their foolery: Walter Breen himself.

The sedulous agitation by the Breenie Brigade has in fact amounted to a uniquely underhanded attack on Walter, by people who have (judging by the past) various reasons to dislike him. Consider this well: practically all the stories and reports which contributed to Walter's notoriety in fandom before the convention blew the whistle were distributed or initiated by people who are now — nominally — "defending" him. And a good part of the "defenses" of Breen have been designed (fairly well designed, at that) to try and force either the Pacificon committee or Walter Breen to Go To Court. That is, the Breenie Brigade hasn't given and isn't giving a lipservice damn about Walter's welfare; they want a martyr, and they mean to get one — over Breen's dead body, if they have to.

It all reminds me of another rumble many years ago. Here was this carpenter chap — a Hebrew prophet, who never made any claim to be divine — and he finds out that his devoted disciples have cleverly rigged things so he'll have to show his godhood — by calling down fire from Heaven to blast the Roman soldiers when they come to arrest him. And of course when things came squarely to the issue...

But perhaps you heard how that one turned out.

I'm no defender of Walter myself, understand clearly. But, by damn, I let my views be known; I have naught but contempt for the underhanded "defenses" which are deftly knifing the man they ostensibly help. At this point in time, practically everybody has heard quite enough about the whole Breen Mess. Including Walter Breen himself. The people who are trying to keep things boiling are the Breenie Brigade, who can only justify their previous behavior as long as they have a spectacular martyr to whom they can point with alarm.

I'd suggest to the selfappointed "defenders" of Walter Breen that they get his express permission before printing any more "defenses" of him. And I'd suggest to the rest of us that any further "defenses" that do not contain Walter's explicit approval to publish be judged and treated accordingly.

— George H. Scithers



My assignment to duty in the Population Research Reference Branch /add that to your collection of euphemisms! of the Office of Technical Cooperation and Research brought me into contact with stacks of data on the Population Explosion and What To Do About It. People have written articles in fanzines for slighter reasons than having interest in the subject and information to hand, ghod knows; I think I'll take occasion to say a few words about this

# CROWD NOISES UP!

## I. THAT EXPENSIVE EXPANSIVE LOVE

There are several reasons why I think an article or so about the Population Explosion can appropriately appear in a fanzine. (Aside from the editor's wish to have it there.)

For one thing, ~~it's about sex~~ the very existence of the Population Explosion is due to the impact of science on society. Where it is really threatening, the increase in population is due to the disequilibrium produced when people who have been used to breeding to keep up with the attrition of a barbaric environment suddenly find that they aren't dying as fast as they used to.

For another, the most striking general effect the Population Explosion is having is on the effort to extend the benefits of science to the entire world. That is: it is pressing hardest on just those countries which most need to increase their national economic growth rates in order to reach the point at which they can establish and maintain a high-capital economy. Despite their most vigorous efforts to reach this self-sustaining stage of growth — and most of them are trying almost as hard as the most enthusiastic internationalists give them credit for — their per capita income, thanks to population growth, rises at a slow crawl; which creates several ugly temptations. One is to let hope deferred make the heart sick and say to hell with it; another, to get so used to needing a transfusion of assistance-money as to become a client state; a third, to try a, er, competitive system which has already shown no qualms about enslaving or liquidating its own citizens en masse to get rid of inconvenient Rising Expectations.

Thirdly, and for the time being enough, it's very probable that the ultimate solution to the problems of the Population Explosion will involve — indeed, force — a direct confrontation between the open science-oriented society and the closed tradition/authority-oriented society. That's a clash from which must fly no common sparks; whether Promethean or Plutonic is yet to be seen, but, as Jack Speer would say, it's obviously a theme of science-fictional interest.

Since you can all read or you wouldn't be here, I'll assume that you've a general picture of the nature and dimensions of the problem which has arisen with the boom in the world's population over the past generation. /Sorry. Punning as a habit is something else that grows.../ I'll give you a few specific figures: The latest known increase in world population, in absolute numbers, was just under 63,000,000 a year; roughly the population of England plus New York City. The rate of growth is 2.1% a year — and not only is that a compound rate, but it's going up. Greatest percentage of growth over the five-year period 1958-62 was in Middle America, which averaged a

2.9% per year rise; the greatest increase in absolute numbers, however, was in East Asia — 74,000,000 in the same five years. Now, don't start fleeing at that as all outdated; information-collection in this demography game is so sluggish (for several reasons — we'll get to 'em) that the raw data for 1962 are not always in by 1963, and raw data in 1963 will need plenty of work to be made available in intelligible form for 1964 publication.

The largest single country, as far as population goes, is of course the one for which nobody has firm figures: Communist-ruled China. (Oh, you know — the place where that big blank spot on the D.A.R. map of the world is.) Their last definitely reported population, for 1958, was 670/680,000,000; it's pushing 750,000,000 now, but accurate figures aren't for quotation. (The Chinese won't tell anybody, because they're in some kind of snit at the data-collecting moiety of the world, and the CIA classifies the information over here. Hoo boy, as the saying goes.) India runs a poor second, with 449,000,000 as of mid-1962.

But such numbers mean everything and nothing. Let's have a few tables and then run through what needs doing to set up long-range plans.

#### A. Selected Demographic Data on GHANA

Latest Census	Population	Total	Males	Females	Gross Domestic Product (per capita, in \$US)		
	National	6,726,815	3,400,270	3,326,545	1953	1958	1962
20-III-60 Complete	Urban	1,551,440	799,130	752,320	\$135	\$170	\$187

#### Population projections:

Year - - - -	1960	1965	1970	1975	1980
Population (1000s)	6,777	7,808	9,054	10,500	12,250
Qu'quennial increase	- -	15.4%	15.9%	16.0%	16.6%
Percent of 1960 population		115	134	155	181

The Gross Domestic Product — that's the Gross National Product less foreign production; for our purposes, we don't want to know about what other countries add, because we're wondering about the nation's ability to produce on its own — is short for Gross Domestic Product at factor cost (actual cost to the maker rather'n sales price, that is), as officially reported in the national currency, corrected to parity value in U.S. prewar (1938) dollars. The correction makes figures for different years comparable in spite of any inflation, revaluation of currency, or whatnot that may have taken place. Of course, correction to any fixed standard would do that — I'd love to see some figures expressed in Florentine gold ducats — and the U.S. 1938 dollar is chosen because it's the only major currency that hasn't been more or less drastically revaluated since befo' de war, not because it's some sort of money-market touchstone.

Let's have some more tables before we go on:

# B. Selected Demographic Data on INDONESIA

Latest Census	Population	Total	Males	Females	Gross Domestic Product (per capita, in \$US)		
	National	96,318,829	47,493,854	48,824,975	1953	1958	1961
31-X-61 Complete	Urban	14,358,372	7,182,609	7,175,763	\$60	\$73	\$73

## Population Projections:

Year - - -	1950	1960	1965	1970	1975	1980
Population (1000s)	76,700	94,250	105,500	118,250	133,500	152,750
Qu'quennial increase	- -	22.9%*	11.9%	12.1%	12.9%	14.4%
Percent of 1960 Population	- -	- -	112	125	142	162

\*Oops! This figure is a decennial, not a quinquennial, increase. The others are five-yearly.

# C. Selected Demographic Data on IRAN

Latest Census	Population	Total	Males	Females	Gross Domestic Product (per capita, in \$US)		
	National	18,954,704	9,644,944	9,309,760	1953	1958	1961
1/15-XI-56 Sample Survey	Urban	5,953,563	3,070,149	2,883,414	\$97	\$130	\$153

## Population Projections:

Year - - -	1950	1960	1965	1970	1975	1980
Population (1000s)	16,276	20,182	22,570	25,440	28,900	33,050
Qu'quennial increase	- -	24.0%*	11.8%	12.7%	13.6%	14.4%
Percent of 1960 Population	- -	- -	112	127	144	164

The population projections are made --- that is, the figures are made --- by the UN, and are mostly the "medium" projection. The "low" projection assumes that the birth rate will drop off Real Soon Now, fast, and to a level comparable with that in industrialized countries; this is so obviously nonsense that the UN's Population people (it's a UNESCO function) didn't even bother with a pro forma mention of low-projection figures in many cases. The "high" projection assumes that birth rates



will remain at their present levels right up to the end of the century, and produces figures that would make you feel giddy just to look at. It's nonsense for a grimmer reason: if things go on at any such rate, we're in for the worst famine-disaster in human history, and it'll arrive well before the end of our projection-period.

The "medium" projection assumes that, inshallah and deo volente, better living conditions will encourage a drop in the birth rate, which will drop off slowly and by 1980 bring the rate of annual increase down to half its present level or a figure comparable with that in advanced nations, whichever is higher. I'll anticipate the twenty people who gave a glance at the figures for quinquennial increases and explain that we've got a big slice of the Population Explosion already detonated: the birth rate is assumed to drop off, all right, but that doesn't change the number of children already born, and they'll be reaching child-producing age all through this period -- so that the reduced birth rate is applied to a larger child-producing population and the absolute numbers of births drop off much more slowly. Quite a drag, in both senses of the word.

But I've several other countries I wanted to give you information on:

D. Selected Demographic Data on NIGERIA						
Latest Census	Population	Total	Further particulars not yet available	Official 1962 estimate of population: 36,475,000		
	National	55,653,821				
4-IX-63 Complete						
<p>This case is one of those embarrassing things that baffle and infuriate demographers. The Government of Nigeria has been accused by its domestic opposition of giving fraudulent census figures for political reasons -- by the time you get this there will have been other political developments in Nigeria; this is only one item in an arm-long string of accusations levelled at the Government there. The truth or falsity of the accusation can hardly be assessed here (the UN accepted the 1963 census figures for its Demographic and Statistical Yearbooks, but it couldn't give a member nation the lie even if it had evidence contradicting an official statement). Certainly nations <u>have</u> fudged their census figures for political purposes; Yemen, for instance, even went so far as to show not only equal populations in its provinces, but equal-sized provincial capital cities. Accountants call it "forcing a balance"; possibly politicians do, too.</p>						
Gross Domestic Product (per capita, in \$US)	1953	1958	1961			
	\$ 98	\$ 95	\$ 86	Based on the previous official population		
	\$ 64	\$ 62	\$ 56	Back-corrected for a population proportional to the census figures of 1963		
Population Projections (based on 1963 census figures)						
Year - - -	1960	1965	1970	1975	1980	Assuming there is a Nigeria in 1980, of course...
Population (1000s)	50,000	58,000	67,500	78,500	91,000	
Quinquennial increase	- -	16.0%	16.4%	16.3%	16.2%	
Percent of 1960 Population	- -	116	135	157	182	

# **E. Selected Demographic Data on THE PHILIPPINES**

Last Census	Population	Total	Male	Female	Gross Domestic Product (per capita, in \$US)		
	National	27,087,685	13,662,869	13,424,816	1953	1958	1962
15-II-60 Complete	Urban	(not reported separately)			\$ 90	\$113	\$125

## **Population Projections:**

Year - - -	1950	1960	1965	1970	1975	1980
Population (1000s)	20,316	27,407	32,315	38,432	46,063	55,750
Qu'quennial increase	- -	34.9%*	19.9%	18.9%	19.9%	21.0%
Percent of 1960 Population	- -	- -	118	140	168	202

# **F. Demographic Data on THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC**

Last Census	Population	Total	Males	Females	Gross Domestic Product (per capita, in \$US)		
	National	26,085,326	13,068,012	12,916,089	1953	1958	1961
20-IX-60 Complete	Urban	9,863,703	5,020,767	4,842,936	\$138	\$155	\$156

## **Population Projections:**

Year - - -	1950	1960	1965	1970	1975	1980
Population (1000s)	20,448	25,952	29,800	34,500	40,150	46,750
Qu'quennial increase	- -	26.9%*	14.8%	15.8%	16.4%	16.4%
Percent of 1960 Population	- -	- -	115	133	155	180

This is a slightly different aspect of Why Demographers Get Committed (in England, Certified) Young. Will the United Arab Republic, which was still hypothetically in existence when our data was collected, ever be reestablished in the same form -- the only form in which our figures will apply to it, that is? Will it include Iraq, with which the Syrians are flirting? Will a Syria-Iraq union assume the name of United Arab Republic? Will the ~~public~~ republicanized portions of Yemen be counted in? Tune in tomorrow; if you want the facts today, you're out of luck. One bit of lagniappe from Egypt, though:

Calories per capita per diem:	1948-50 2370	1951-53 2410	1954-56 2570	1957-59 2530	1961-62 2620
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Before going ahead with the next point — considering what else we need to know to form really good plans for the future — let's Sass and Hit On a couple of objections to doing anything. Objections, that is, to taking cognizance of increases in population as being problems rather than incidentals.

One — the least intelligent but politically most potent — is the idea that it's all in God's hands, and He won't permit an increase in population without good reasons which it suits not the station of mortal worms to inquire into. Analogous to this, though more open to evasion, is the Marxist notion of "socialist laws of population" — the dogma that workers are producers and the more workers you have the more production you'll have. In either case, the attitude is a formal abdication of responsibility and initiative at best; at worst, which unfortunately is the aspect it wears in politics, it is a denial of the possibility of taking responsibility or initiative, or of letting anybody else do so. This last notion is probably best known to us from the antics of the Church of Rome because they get more newspaper space, but it crops up not only in other Christian sects but in some Mohammedan and Buddhist sects also...listing in detail is beside the point here, though. And there are more groups which, without going the extreme of breaking out in livid spots over what the rest of humanity does, consider that as far as they are concerned the Lord Will Provide.

That's just what we're afraid of. The way the Lord provides for cases of overpopulation is by famine, disease, and war, the Malthusian Trinity; considering how much chance there is of war breaking out in the developing parts of the world anyway, it'd be the wildest folly not to try and prevent those chances becoming even worse. Remember, a Vietnam or Congo-scale war doesn't decrease population significantly; when I talk about "war" in the context of something that lessens population I'm referring to another Mongol irruption, another Paraguayan War, another Thirty Years' War — choose the comparison from such as these. As for famine and disease, consider something on the scale of the Black Death as our only comparison with the latter; for the former there is no comparison at all. In brief, God plays games with too vicious a vim for us; we'd better leave him to provide for the tent-dwellers that invented Him.

A little more intelligence, but equal disengagement, goes with the other general objection, which we might sum up as Science Will Provide. This often appears as a stalking horse for the former attitude; being, as you all know, thoroughly Evil Minded, I like to interpret this as an indication that credulists realize how weak the God-will-provide attitude is in logic, and that they prefer to use frank appeal to superstition only when they're driven to it. However, the Science-Will-Provide idea also occurs in pure form — so to speak — among others who consider that other problems have prior claim on our time and effort. Essentially, the argument is that science can (a) greatly increase crop yields from present areas of cultivated land and types of crops, and (b) develop new types of cultivation and cultivable foods which will make entirely untapped sources of calories available. Therefore any possible population increase in the underdeveloped countries can be fed, therefore we needn't worry, which was to have been proven.

Now, there is a good deal to this argument and we're going to have to do as it suggests — fall back on science to increase greatly the food supply which is available — as a part of tackling the population problem, but it isn't the answer all by itself. To get back an ocean of grain you must pour in a river of gold; to get a harvest from sea or desert or jungle you need to have a high-technology society, not be working toward one. We could manage the job easily enough, sure, but we aren't the ones that need extra crops. And it won't work to simply give away our



own surpluses; not that I have any compunctions about that from either of the contrary viewpoints\*, but like I just told you it costs like blazes to produce those super-crops of ours; we can't distribute our surplus without getting money back, because without money there wouldn't be a surplus.

(And don't go telling me we might distribute what we could as far as it would stretch; we'll be doing that — in fact we're already doing it under various clauses of PL 480, the Food For Peace act. But we want to contemplate a solution, not a momentary stopgap. Let's solve the problem right and we won't have to tinker with it every few years, when it gets out of order as patchwork solutions are wont to do.)

There is one unexpected gleam of hope to lighten the picture more than might have been guessed. You probably know that as living standards go up family size tends downward, barring interference from cultural factors. That's happened often enough, in different countries, cultures, and times, for us to count on it with some confidence. It was early guessed that, as the lowerclassniks began to be able to plan reasonably on rising in the world, their plans grew to take account of the number of children they could provide for; that is, they began thinking like good little bourgeois and aristocrats, whose practice of birth control was well known and openly related to nurture and inheritance...consciously, at least. This is a fishy explanation for a number of reasons, only one of which is that upper-middle-class standards don't penetrate the working class that easily...not in the West, any way, where our data came from.

More study developed the delightful fact that this was a case of simultaneous effects being mistaken for cause and effect. People do begin to take family size into account in their planning about as soon as they can reasonably plan on a secure and stable future, to be sure; but what mainly happened in the West was that really effective contraceptive methods and devices became available with increasing ease and relative cheapness.

(Sort of shakes you up, doesn't it, to find that the humble condom ranks as a product of advanced technological civilization? Such is the case, though. The Indians had to import a big crew of Japanese technicians and scientists to run the pilot plants when they started making condoms on a large scale.)

In other words, before the stage at which people start limiting their families out of cold calculation, they're willing and usually eager to start limiting them for sheer practical reasons of sustenance. I can hardly convey to you the delightful effect this had on the planners who were pondering the maddening difficulty of motivating peasants to aspire to send their kids to college. Apparently it had never occurred to them that the peasants were perfectly capable of figuring out how many mouths they could feed from one year to another.

Considering the other problems involved in Population Planning, this must be regarded as but one link in the chain of events; it opens possibilities, but by no means an infinite sack of them. Yet it's hard not to go along with the feeling of radiant triumph that distills through the writings on Population Planning after this fact transpires. If the general problem of getting backward people to accept the idea of limiting their population dissolves, then application is all that remains to dealing with the worst menaces of the Population Explosion /boy, don't I say that casually?/. We've already got a good hold on the problem of getting advancing people to limit their population, and if the pressure of unlimited breeding is removed we'll have a firm grip on the third problem, that of getting countries from one of these

states to the other.

Specific problems, as contrasted with these general ones, are local affairs, varying from place to place in the intensity of population pressure, attitude of the government, and nature of cultural obstacles; but none of them look like too hard an opposition for the forces operating against them. /I say that pretty casually, too, you notice./ The first of these local factors can as easily be a point for us as a problem against us; the fact that the overall picture is Grim doesn't mean that there aren't many local bright spots. The attitude of the government is something which, even where it is now unfavorable, I suspect will improve wonderfully well the minute population-planning work begins to take effect in some countries; population effects, as I told you, are compound-interest affairs, so benefits should begin to come in with significant speed once they start coming in at all. As for cultural problems -- well, we've tackled them before, in international work, and come out winning. In this particular field, we've already had, uh, a frank confrontation with a certain powerful sectarian group on the explicit issue of government support for birth control clinics -- and our side won. We've no reason to fear the result of a collision with other organizations on less explosive aspects of a population planning program.

But adequate coverage of local situations is going to take so much space that I think I'll have to devote another whole article to it, before taking up the discussion of actual planning for population control.

/To be drug out./

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\*Bet you thought I'd forgotten the footnote that goes with the asterisk on the previous page, didn't you? Well, you're perfectly right. The two attitudes I was referring to were (a) the idea that making other countries dependent on free food from us converts them into parasite states and lackeys of American Foreign Policy, or (b) is bad for them morally because it means they're getting Something For Nothing. Though I doubt both these propositions this is no place to talk them over; all I say to such objections is, Better Fed Than Dead.