

THE TWILIGHT ZINE

T Z

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EDITOR:

Bernie Morris

COOLIE(S)

Doug Hoylman

TRADITION:

Fuzzy Pink

ADDRESS CHANGE:

Note below

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RiP- 16,22
Park- 18
Dorr- 9,11

THE TWILIGHT ZINE is published quarterly by the MIT Science Fiction Society. This is hopefully being printed on October 29, 1963. Hopefully. It is edited by myself, who is (am?) back at his "permenant" address: 420 Memorial Drive; Cambridge 39, Mass. The summer address is kaput.

This issue, as others were and will be, is available primarily for trade and letters of comment. It is also occasionally available for postcards of comment, articles, artwork etc. (which on second thought it is always available for) and, if you must, for 25¢ (no more than 25¢ please), but this is discouraged. And of course it is available free-for-nothing to MITSFS members.

It's a BeaverBarf Press production

Look Ma, no hands!

FIT THE FIRST

an editorial of sorts, by me.

Conversation At The Discon

"Bernie, TZ has definitely lost some of its flavor."

"Hmmm," I thoughtfully replied, while chewing on an old issue, "you may be right."

"What's missing," Norwood continued, "are the juicy little tidbits about the MITSFS. Without them TZ has degenerated to just another genzine."

"I will remedy this grave fault," say I.

There are, however, several drawbacks to this noble idea. The most immediate is the threat of a libel suit (or suits) on the part of "mentioned" members, though if Voo Doo can get away with their dumping on "Yurin Toomer" I ~~hope~~ guess that nobody will bother suing me. Another item is the complete lack of knowledge on the part of general fandom about all but a few MITSFS members (and a lucky thing it is for fandom). For instance, the announcement that Bill S. had been caught and hung as a horse thief would cause no great flurry in the hearts of fen, though it would certainly cause wild rejoicing on our part. Or the proclamation that Durk P. has really invented something that works, etc.

As a final reason, Fred, may I remind you what happened the last time a school administration (in this case through the cooperation of the head doctor) found out what Jophan is really like. So this column isn't being written and those of you Out There who wish to know more about Us should request information sent in the plain brown wrapper.

(Not to mention that the Society nowadays is much duller than it was when Norwood, Bill S., Durk P. et al (Al K., that is) formed their unnameable schism. Also, we're so big (close to 100 members at this writing) that nobody really knows anybody else. -DJH)

Way Down In The Mine

Among our other projects this summer was an expedition to the Copp's Hill burying ground of Lovecraftian fame. This ancient graveyard is in the North End of Boston and is easily accessible via the dark, dank, and thoroughly disgusting tunnels of the ~~Xaggy~~ MTA. On Midsummers Eve a small but dedicated band equipped with silver crucifixes, garlic, and a copy of the Necromnicon (the way by which this hoary volume was stolen from between the coils of a deadly viper deep within the Widner Library's closed stacks is an epic in itself, but, by Crom, that telling can wait*) and, of course, shovels. The purpose of this venture was to exhume the mortal remains of Cotton Mather and, using the dark knowledge buried with him, to gain enough wisdom to pass the philosophy we were planning to take next term. (Postscript: We chickened out, but on All Hallows Eve, the next worship day, we might try again.)

* - This part is humor.

...Through Tara's Halls

folk stuff

The Boston Arts Festival has been held for a number of years now, but this summer was the biggest, and as far as folk music goes, the best. {I thought "folk" and "art" were antonyms. -DJH} Pete Seeger, Theo Bikel, and a hoot with Jackie Washington were the main attractions, plus folk dances from just about everywhere. All performances were televised, but I fear that those who stayed at home in front of their idiot boxes didn't get half as much enjoyment as did the live audience. Seeger and Bikel must be heard in person, preferably before a large audience; they are entertainers first and vocalists second. Recordings cannot catch the enthusiasm that is worked up in the crowd. Seeger did a number of Bob Dylan's songs including "Blowing in the Wind" and "Hard Rains". While both of these are "social protest" songs, they have the timeless quality of "The Minstrel Boy" or "Johnny I Hardly Knew You" in them. They could apply to any age, but they are particularly appropriate to the age of the Cold un-War. Bikel included a selection from his "Poetry and Prophecy of the Old Testament" and a reading from Robert Nathan's "The Weans", a semi-science-fictional account of what the future civilization will make of the archeological findings of what is now known as the United States of America. {WE = US. Get it? -DJH}

A new release from Folkways at a special price of \$2.98 is Broadside. It has new songs on it by Malvina Reynolds, Bob Dylan, etc., being sung by the New World Singers, Peter La Farge, Freedom Singers, good old Seeger, and others. One song, "I Ain't Gonna Let Segregation Turn Me Round", sounds like the reconverted gospel song it is, and there is even one about William Worthly of Realist fame. In case you haven't realized it by now, the record is a social-political protest and satire type. If you are a Goldwaterite or other form of fink this is not for you. I like it. {Speaking of good old BaAuH.O, why are there no right-wing folk singers? Or comedians (of the Sahl-Bruce ilk)? -DJH}

Old Maps Of Hell

The following bit of verse is from Rudyard Kipling's story, The Lang Men O' Larut:

Esdras B. Longer is my name
America is my nation
'Frisco is my dwelling place,
But this here beats creation.

Sound familiar?

More news of the Rialto: The Sword in the Stone is being made into a full length cartoon by Disney. It is due for release in December and if it isn't damn good a league to defenestrate said millionaire may be formed. On the other hand it may turn out as well as Fantasia. {And it can't be any worse than what Lerner and Loewe did to The Once and Future King. -DJH}

{Coolietorial

Old readers may notice that we have now adopted a uniform typography. This is the result of an editorial decision to let Hoylman type all the stencils. Next term, when Bernie does his thesis, I may even have to write the editorials. -DJH} (continued on page 5. Harumph. BLM)

The Best Defense

--Doug Hoylman

The Martian spy turned on the television set. He had little to do before the planned takeover, in eight days, so he had been spending his time enjoying Earth's soon-to-be-Martianized native entertainment facilities. Only one channel, he found, was broadcasting. He thought this to be unusual but not unexpected of the technologically retarded creatures whom he was masquerading as one of. (He had no way of knowing it, of course, but all across the United States, in every city, all television channels but one were similarly inactive.) He grinned at the device which, just last week, had been attached to the set by government directive, to inform the federal regulatory bureau just how many viewers were tuned to each channel. That won't tell them much: tonight in this town, he thought. Then he settled back to watch the program.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the announcer, "American television has in the past been criticized for the blandness and mediocrity of its programming. And with good reason, for, due to the activities of many pressure groups, the television medium has been prevented from doing anything which these groups would consider offensive. Well, tonight we're going to change all that," and his tone grew lighter as music swelled in the background. "Tonight we're going to give you some memorable entertainment, and we don't care who we offend. So tear up your complaint letters, forget your prejudices and watch 'Farewell to the Wasteland'. And if you don't like it, ---- --!" he said, uttering an expression most persons do not expect to hear on network TV. Even the Martian was startled. Then he smiled. This might, he thought, be an interesting night, as he tried to imagine the sound of a million TV sets being switched off at once.

The announcer's closing words had barely been a hint of what was to come. The next scene was a dramatization of one chapter of a current novel, which had made headlines in obscenity trials. Various acts of normal and perverted sexuality were shown clearly and completely, and four-letter words were used freely. There followed an interview with the author, who proved to be even more vulgar in person than in print. Then came a commercial, which mentioned by name every competing product and told some blatant lies about the adverse effects of these. Next was a film of an actual black mass. A noted raconteur told some Catholic and Jewish jokes. A Southern politician gave his frank opinion of Negroes and Republicans. Another commercial, for a different product but similar in style to the first. The program continued with a strip-tease act (which revealed at the end that the stripper was male), a skillful denunciation of the Bill of Rights, a speech in favor of euthanasia and infanticide, another commercial, a defense of Nazi race theories, a performance of some of the classic raunchy college songs.

The Martian watched all this with curiosity and amusement, and was still watching an hour later when the government surveying device

suddenly emitted an intense burst of radiation, killing him immediately. At once the normal bland programming resumed on all channels.

The following morning the Secretary of Defense and the producer of "Farewell to the Westland" were admitted to the private office of the President of the United States. "We were right," the Secretary said. "It appears that all their leaders were within the U.S., although God knows why. Seems like lousy strategy to me."

"It worked, though, didn't it?" said the President. "I realize that not all of the Martians were destroyed--"

"Enough to squelch the takeover, though," the Secretary interrupted.

"--but no humans were killed," the President finished. "I must hand it to you, Walt, you do a great job of offending people."

The producer smiled. "I guess that's a compliment. But, actually, my staff deserve the credit for putting together that show. Guaranteed to offend every human being. None of us, even, saw the whole thing. Nobody could take it."

"As I always say," the President remarked, "the best defense is a good offense. Or do I have that backwards? Anyway, your program gave offense to every human watching, as you said. Therefore, anyone watching was a Martian. Congratulations, gentlemen, on saving the world. And Walt, if there's anything the U.S. government can ever do for you, just name it."

"Well, there is just one thing--"

"Say the word," the President prompted.

"I could use the loan of a few thousand secretaries," the producer said. "I'm afraid I'll have a lot of mail to answer this week."

Author's note: I think this story stinks, but Bernie likes it.

FIT THE FIRST, cont'd from page 3

Well how do you like that, I cheerfully offer to fill up some of Doug's spare time (he is a math major and thus never has any work to do) and he goes and makes comments on my, and it is mine, editorial. As you may notice from the type face this is your friendly editor again, SNORTING over the UNWARRANTED intrusion onto MY domain. What do you think this is? Gaul or something. Or dost thou think of playing Bolingbroke? Not only that, but I'm being squeezed out of the aesthetically pleasing continuity and being forced to say "continued on page thus-and-so". How humiliating.

Last minute ideas, do you think that a purity test would a. be appreciated by fandom, b. get through the US Mail. This from the one the Burton Reflector published (free plug) and the one Paul Williams (another free plug) showed us. It works somewhat like an egoboo pole, depending on what you think of as egoboo, of course. On the Reflector's test the possible scores went from zero (Christ) to 100 (Pervert). The categories between are All-American boy, Normal, Sophisticated, A Bit In Poor Taste, and Animal.

THE VORPAL SWORD

(CHEZ DORR)

---K.K.K. Blatherton, F.W.S.

((It seems that Doug's epic book review of The Vorpal Sword in the last issue of this great ~~fantasy~~ fan magazine has caused at least one scholar to look into this long forgotten work. Chez Dorr, Ph.D., long noted for his dedication to the true, the beautiful, and the Freudian, here brings to the full light of day selected portions of this noble work. --ed.))

Volume I, Book 28

(The maid lay supine upon her enchanted bower guarded by a venomous serpent. At length the maid is rescued...)

There came a knight, kinsman to Cuchulain,
Of fame:
Sir Filthy was this knight,
McNasty by surname,
Who thought to flee this fight,
Yet proved the serpent's bane.

(From The Lay of Kninpfo: resume
verses XI, XII with bob and whee!
verse XIII [IX Cent. MS.])

Sir Filthy McNasty, Paladin of fair Ireland, had not noticed the change in atmospheric conditions which had brought him upwind of the foul dragon and was therefore not a little surprised to see the work beat a hasty retreat. Turning, then, from his own flight he gazed once again at the beautiful form supine upon the marble bier. Alas that such a goddess should lay cold! But hark! Had not the figure trembled, if only slightly, and was there not indeed a flush begun to spread o'er alabaster cheeks? Sir Filthy did not wait. Advancing softly to the vision of loveliness he laid a kiss upon the perfect brow. "This is indeed a marvel," quoth he, but as he was about to explore the matter further the nymph rose quickly, 'tho gracefully, from her couch, and disappeared into the wood.

Ah, if only I had been in Sir Filthy's place! Though tales of old exalt maidens for their beauty and art, none like Kninpfo has been seen in these parts. If only my own wife had half her skills!

Actually it was not the kiss itself which woke the beauteous maid, who had herself been lying downwind of the bold knight. The trembling might have been resolved by the careful observer into a delicate wrinking of the nose, but she had thought it best to pretend to remain dead in hopes that the knight might leave or shift his position. The warm, moist kiss, however, proved too much for Kninpfo's maidenly reserve, and, half murmuring an apology, she fled upwind.

Turning, then, at a safer distance, she confronted her knight. "I would ken ye name, Sir Knight," she said, somewhat disgusted. "Ye are not of the Order of Bath, I'm sure." And at the knight's reply she added, "Sir Filthy McNasty is it? If figures!" As Sir Filthy advanced to claim his reward she bethought her of a spell once taught by an old wise woman which had the virtue of changing an unwanted lover into some less aggressive, if not completely innoxious, creature. Running to an abandoned cauldron and plucking the necessary ingredients from her fair bodice, she began her spell:

A little of this,
A little of that,
A Dewey button,
And a french-fried bat,
Dung of turtle,
Pickled cat,
A pinch of thyme,
And a bathroom mat.*

The arcane words had their effect, and presenting the end product in a goblet carved from a single ruby (which she had cheated from a peddler three years before) she soon convinced Sir Filthy that it was indeed a cup of strong wine (which Sir Filthy, not being very bright but having studied Arthurian myth at college, immediately took to be a love philtre). Shouting the age-old charm,

Through the teeth,
Through the gums,
Look out Stomach,
Here it comes!**

he drank it down in one draught.

His last words, as he tried in vain to spit up the vile liquid, were "Domestic, by Cron!" But the word "Cron" sounded more like "Creak" as he had verily been transmogrified into a frog. For this blasphemy the dark god Cron forever held a grudge against Knimpfo and her later benefactor Sievied, but, as nobody save an obscure Cimmerian mercenary believed in him, the curse was more a literary embellishment than an actual threat.

Knimpfo, meanwhile, enticed a somewhat confused unicorn to carry her to the highway, there hoping to get a ride into town where she had previously held a rather lucrative position as headmistress of a local ladies' seminary.

(End of Book 28.)

* Translated from Latin (with a border accent! I leave the reader to imagine the original...ed.)

** Again in Latin--with a Dublin College brogue this time....ed.

Sievied, Sievied, can' oot o' the West,
 (With a Hey, and a Hi, and a Ring-a-ding-ding!)
 And his horse named Sam was the very, very best,
 (With a Hey, Ring-a-ding, Sing alive, alive-o!)

In the wood, 'neath a tree, the maiden stood,
 (With a Hey, and a Hi, and a Ring-a-ding-ding!)
 'Neath a tree in uffish thought she did brood,*
 (With a Hey, Ring-a-ding, Sing alive, alive-o!)

(Traditional ballad)

O brave maid, will none rescue thee from thy distress? Would I were there (and my wife at home) to succour thee in thy need! But hark! A brave knight, more handsome than the other and without warts--besides being more recently bathed--comes riding confusedly from the west!

Sievied actually was lost, but he had little care for that now. His noble quest had, in fact, been diverted somewhat as he sought to find a roadside service station where he might seek comfort and a change of oil for his white horse Sam. He had further need of a cigarette machine, but a painful lack of dross caused him to despair even of purchasing Sam's oil as well as the needful nickle for his own necessity. He then spied the maid with a chain of coins (which she had filched from the wizard Arlu's treasury when they had been less indisposed toward each other) about her neck. She was a godsend! Before she could even ask aid the bold knight had placed her upon pillion and was jogging down the road in search of the Texaco sign.

It was not until late evening that Knimpfo recovered from her surprise. It was not the suddenness of the rescue that held her passive (as she had known brave Knights before), but rather the lack of any further action. She took stock of her surroundings: she had been rescued nearly three hours previously by a brave and handsome (even if his head was a bit small for the size of his neck) knight. That she had before been driven from her enchanted couch by Sir Filthy's kiss and subsequently changed him to a foul frog, and that since then the dragon had returned and sworn fidelity (besides giving her ten guineas in American Express cheques) for some small favours, surprised her not a bit. But that the knight had remained utterly passive (save for a single caress of her lily white neck which somehow had caused the loss of her necklace) seemed against the laws of nature as she had known them. At last she resolved to speak.

"Och, Brave Knight, 'tis a braw, brave, moonlit nicht, I thicht (I mean think)," she said. "Shall we nae go a searching in the woods and bushes for an ease tae our physical pains?"

Sievied, who had nearly abandoned his immediate hopes and was glad for an excuse to sneak into the wood, agreed instantly. "It has indeed been a long day and you must be hungry. Mind Sam and I will search the forest for gooseberries and what other groceries I may find to ease your distress."

Knimpfo pettishly stamped her foot, to Sam's discomfort. "It is not gooseberries I seek, ye lunkhead!" she shouted, but Sievied had

already disappeared into the brush leaving the maid to console herself with Sam who, if less handsome, was at least a more intellectually fulfilling companion than the knight.

Several travellers passed asking directions to St. Foutin's Seminary for Virtuous Young Maids to which Knimpfo answered quite precisely, although somewhat sadly as she felt longings toward her own previous academic (as she had been pleased to call it, for indeed it had taught her much) career. A strange feeling of loyalty kept her to her knight, though, and she remained with Sam until Sievied returned bearing:

gooseberries,	muckleberries,	stickleberries,
mooseberries,	frigleberries,	prickleberries,
blackberries,	cockleberries &	fickleberries,
strawberries,	nusselberries.	pickleberries,
bonnyberries &	susselberries,	pickled berries (of all sorts),
brawberries.	busselberries,	dorkleberries,
nickleberries,	bisselberries,	dockleberries,
sickleberries,	cusselberries,	dickleberries,
bickleberries,	fusselberries,	beebleberries,
buckleberries,	pisselberries,	3 pizza pies (with anchovies),
suckleberries,	faecalberries,	& huckleberries.

As they sat down to their rustic meal Sievied introduced himself, having neglected to do in his earlier haste.

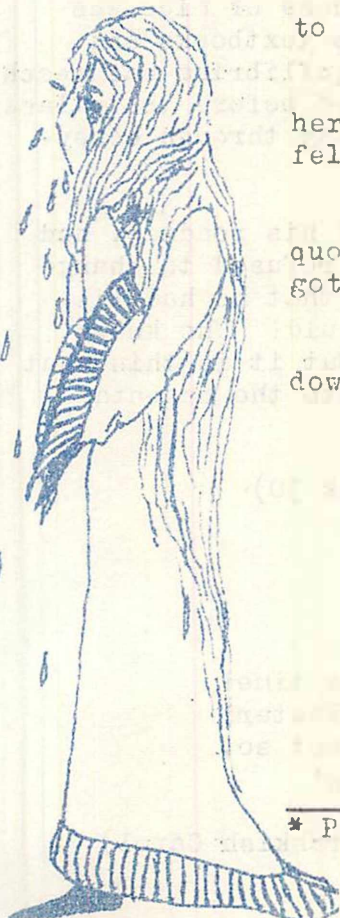
"I am Sievied of the Thicksome Skull," he announced, to which the maiden nodded listlessly.

"Och, that figures also," she said with a tear in her eye. "Ye may call me Knimpfo." And at that the maid fell weeping.

"Come, come, sweet maid, what sorrows you so?" quoth Sievied, hoping to cheer her up. "Have I forgotten raspberries?"

"Also blueberries," she answered sadly as she sat down to eat.

(End book 29)



* Pronounced to rhyme with "stood".

Volume I, Book 30

An aching heart,
 And a horse wi'oot cart,
 And the buttocks bounce on the saddle-o.

And a knight sae bold,
 And yet sae cold,
 A maiden's head night addle-o.

(Border Scots song)

"By Crom! Your head must be addled!" shouted Sievied of the Thicksone Skull (taking no notice of the condition of his own head at the time) when he had heard the maid's plan. (Although he knew nothing of Crom, Knimpfo had told him of Sir Filthy's curse and, not wanting to antagonize anyone on his side, Sievied felt that Crom would be a reasonably innocuous diety to swear by.) "Your idea stinketh!"

Knimpfo (who, by Crom, still thought her idea was pretty good) was willing to stick by her knight as she had learned from a passing deputy constable that St. Foutin's had been closed down by the Royal Guard the previous night in an attempt to stay the mysterious plague that had stricken the King's best knights and that the incumbent headmistress was considered to still be at large. Under the circumstances she felt it wise to follow her knight to another county. Actually her plan wasn't bad. She had proposed to introduce by night a moderate supply of cheese in Arluis' tower which, when an excess of mice was added, would result in the devouring of the wizard's textbooks and tables (without which he was helpless) far before equilibrium was reached. With luck the wicked Arluis himself might be devoured before the palace pussycats (which would have previously been lured away through honey-scented catnip) should return to duty.

Sievied, however, through a mistaken reading of his roadmap, had set his course eighty degrees to east-southeast and refused to change his direction for all the maiden's pleading. Would that he had listened to council and destroyed the wizard when he could! Who knows what sorrow might have been saved had he done so! But it is this that the fates rule our lives and so the party entered into the magenta forest and into Arluis' fiendish trap.

(End of Book 30)

Volume I, Book 31

It's Christmas time! It's Christmas time!
 And Christmas cheer must last 'til Easter!
 But no, it is not so, Oh no, it is not so,
 For inbetween comes Lent and fasting!

(Ancient Fränkish Carol)

Indeed it was at least eight months until Lent, but Sievied kept a poor calendar. This error stood them in good stead, though, for it was upon Ginpy Wednesday (which commemorates the day that King Hrothgar le Danois rocked upon his pet corn) that the wizard Arluis confronted the hero Sievied in the guise of an old crone. Although Knimpfo (whose great aunt had been fay) attempted to warn her knight of the deception, and even Sam knew enough to be wary, Sievied insisted upon forging boldly ahead. Spying the woman he could not resist trying his favorite conundrum upon her.

"Riddle a riddle, Old Mother," he laughed. "If you answer my riddle we shall be your servants for evermore."

The "old crone", who wished to get Sievied out of the way and had begun to miss Knimpfo anyhow, jumped at the chance. "Ask away, my beamish boy," he/she replied.

"Can you tell me, Mother, why the lowly chicken should cross this road?"

"Why, to get to the other side, of course," was the immediate answer.

Sievied was aghast! None of the sages had ever answered his question so aptly before! Surely this crone must have arcane powers, but if he could come up with another solution they still might be saved! Despite Knimpfo's cursing he did find a suitable answer in just under two hours.

"You are wrong, Mother, it is because the road is too long to go around, ha, ha!"

"Had ye looked where you were going, my beamish boy, you might have noticed that the road ends just two feet ahead of your steed's off fore trotter and that's not so far away. I fear ye've taken a wrong turn at the last wabe, ha, ha!"

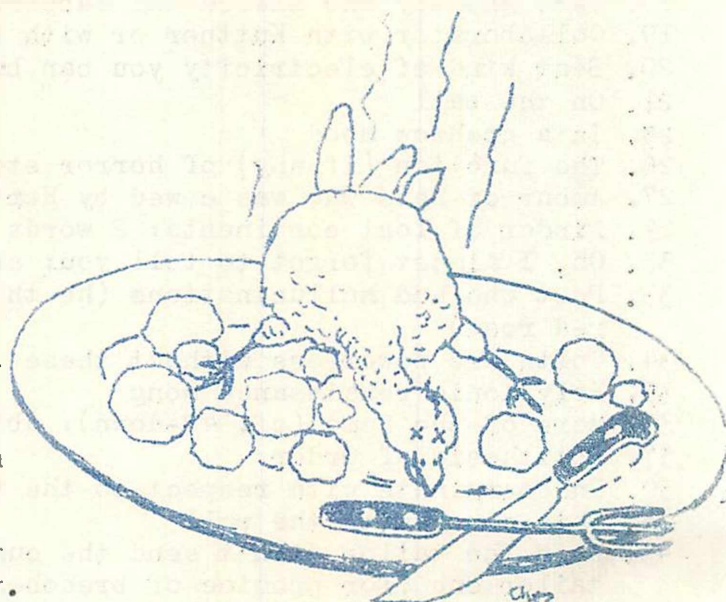
The gods debated this matter all the night long. Finally Artemis came from the forest with a plump capon and they put it to the test. The capon (which had been roasted and indeed half eaten by her brother when the goddess wasn't looking) neither crossed the road nor went around it. Thus the gods judged the contest a draw and Sievied was saved.

During the night Sam, who was hungry, ate a page from Sievied's calendar, and, indeed, this deed was sufficient to make him the noblest horse in all Christendom. The next morning, a Thursday, the travellers awoke to find the crone standing before them with a basket of goodies.

"Will ye buy of my sweetneats* my beamish boy," he/she asked gaily.

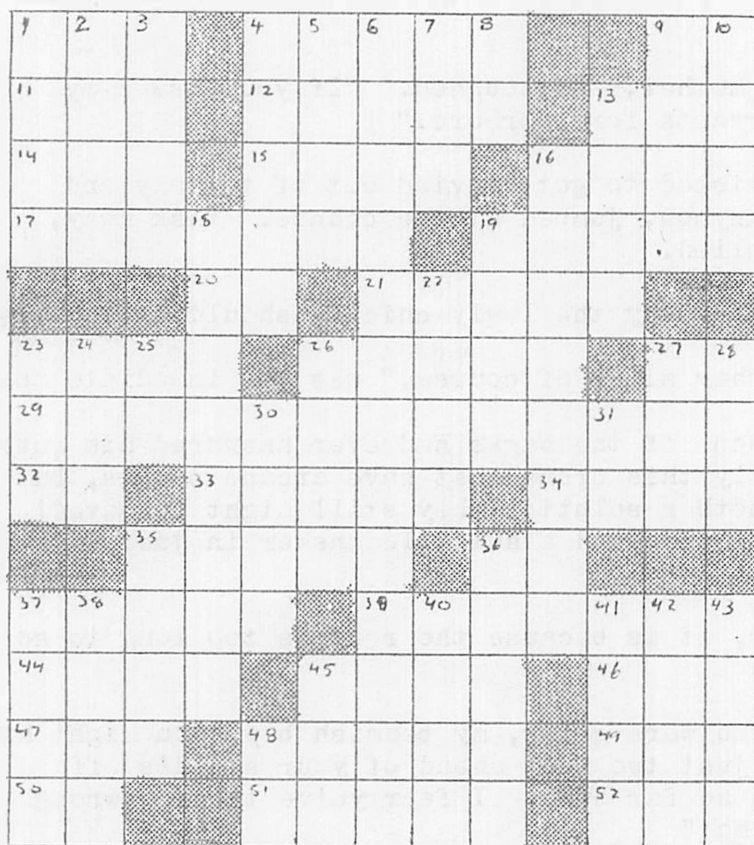
* "Which are, of course, poisoned, you stupid oaf!"

(continued on page 32)



SF CROSSWORD

--Doug Hoykman



The solution to this puzzle may be found at the bottom of a page somewhere in this. Then again, it may not, the way things are going this week.

We made it! The solution actually appears on page 23.

ACROSS

1. Sancho Panza's mount (not to be confused with Donqui Xote)
4. Something we could all live longer without
9. Big wheel (abbr.)
11. A cheer for Heinlein
12. Synthetic nylon
13. Take it and see
14. Something like 9-down, but not exactly quite

15. Fat string
16. Brown or Hoyle
17. What the boy who killed the Jabberwock was
19. Collaborator with Kuttner or with Davidson
20. Best kind of electricity you can buy: abbr.
21. On the ball
23. In a goshwow mood
26. The function (if any) of horror stories
27. Amour of Zeus who was cowed by Hera
29. Finder of lost continents: 2 words
32. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you: abbr.
33. Poet who had hallucinations (he thought his love looked like a red, red rose)
34. Volts are powerless without these
35. Polyphonic renaissance song
36. More of the Same (cf. 48-down): abbr.
37. Antithesis of Order
39. Indeterminate with respect to the temporal axis
44. This comes with the roll
45. When the tailor didn't send the customer one, the customer sent the tailor one (for promise of breeches)
46. A cheer for Bradbury
47. An informal relative; also, Vonnegut character

48. "We only hail the hero from whom we got our name,
We're not sure what he did, but he's our hero just the same."
--The Chad Mitchell Trio
49. Wrath
50. French for of (translated by Damon Knight)
51. Espionagists
52. A cheer for Campbell

DOWN

1. "...He slipped a penny into the scale/And silently stole a weigh."
 2. This is what merchandise is for
 3. The incomplete enchanter
 4. A column that was never syndicated
 5. Aphrodite's little boy
 6. Practically our next-door neighbor, starwise: 2 words
 7. This helps you count to twenty
 8. What you say to a brown cow: abbr. (Good grief, Hoylman!)
 9. The sacred beverage of fandom
 10. Any well man can do this, although it's more manly to swim
 13. Pace associated with foxes, dogs, and horses
 16. Christmas card from Uncle Hugo
 18. The Galaxy Novel reincarnated
 19. "What can a ---- mortal like you hope to do against the great god Blop?"
 22. Lassie's companions
 23. Too bad Liz Taylor didn't use a real one
 24. Non-specialist M.D.s
 25. You may be given a choice, but this is certain to follow either
 26. Not guessing
 27. Why, the little devil!
 28. Saturn's wife
 30. Often mixed with blood in space opera
 31. Found two places on your clock-radio
 35. Mr. Reynolds
 36. Non-history
 37. "Nine tenths of everything is ----." --Sturgeon's Rule
 38. Whetstone
 40. Delicate, precise (and I bet you use it incorrectly!)
 41. Goddess of the rainbow
 42. Roman warmonger
 43. Organic optical instruments
 45. To ingest liquid by minute increments
 48. What you listen to for four years to get a degree: abbr.
-

"And don't you tell me God works in mysterious ways," Yossarian continued, hurtling on over her objection. "There's nothing so mysterious about it. He's not working at all. He's playing. Or else He's forgotten all about us. That's the kind of God you people talk about- a country bumpkin, a clumsy, bungling, brainless, conceited, uncouth hayseed. Good God, how much reverence can you have for a Supreme Being who finds it necessary to include such phenomenon as phlegm and tooth decay in his Divine Plan? What in the world was running through that warped, evil, scatological mind of His when He robbed old people of the power to control their bowel movements?"

from Catch-22

STRANGE

FISH

--Mike Padlipsky

Where Mike concludes his analysis of Sturgeons More Than Human. Read it and answer these thrilling questions: Will the Gestalt be realized? Will Mike get his degree (he did)? Will I ever get Sturgeon's address and thus be able to send him a copy? (I wish I knew).

Back to the story....

It is as natural for a "child" to develop as it is for an idiot endowed with telepathic talents and sensitivities. Hence, Hip's reduction to a childlike state is a rich source of developmental incidents. His first step forward is when he shows concern for Janie's well-being and has her eat the breakfast which she had prepared for him, thus exhibiting an "adult" independence and sense of responsibility. We have already noted the expansion of his "world," which may be looked on as development from circumscribed foetus to "space-binding" (Korzybski's term) adult. On a structural note, when Hip gains recall of his memories the same phrase is used which had terminated the passage about him in Part One: "It was on the anti-aircraft range that he found an answer, a dream, and a disaster."

Still on the subject of development, it is a logical development to Hip that Homo Gestalt should have evolved. He becomes more mature, and develops an understanding of Man as an ethical creature. (The book's development of the idea of Man reflected in gestalt being is quite neat: Lone is the tool-user, Gerry the environment-conqueror, and Hip the giver of laws). Hip explains what he calls the "ethos" to Gerry, and the penultimate step in the development of the Gerry-gestalt is accomplished in the incorporation of Hip as the Wstill, small voice." Almost immediately, the ultimate step is accomplished: they are incorporated into the community of gestalts. As a final touch to the development pattern, Gerry learns that the über-gestalt (which considers itself a part of humanity) is responsible for many of the acts of human progress. "Here was one who had whistled a phrase to Papa Haydn, and here one who had introduced William Morris to the Rossettis...[and he saw] a drowsy Ford with his mind suddenly lit by the picture of a line of men facing a line of machines." (p. 232)

A quotation above suggests a connection between the forming of "alliances" and the process of development--the Prodds took in Lone

and became "something different," Lone took in the kids and became "something different"; the use of "took in" is quite suggestive itself. The culminating alliance, or taking in, is the incorporation of the Gerry-gestalt into the Uber-gestalt. The theme of development is abetted, however, by a series of shifts of alliances with anything around that happens to be wearing pants, for instance--others are helpful, though partial, expedients;;Janie and the twins' running away, for instance. The very number and the progression of the alliances furnish a forceful picture of the process of development: First were Lone and Evelyn, ill-fated but a start for Lone toward further alliances; after being beaten by Mr. Kew, Lone is taken in by the Prodds; Lone eventually becomes aware of a sense of membership with them; Lone takes in the twins and Janie, then Baby; he learns from Baby about the desirability of the idiot-innocent merger; finally, for Lone, there is the alliance with Alicia Kew wherein she furnishes him with information, and he furnishes her with physical gratification (the alliance with Gerry is told by Gerry, hence not too important in the Lone scheme). Hip's alliance with the Army turns out to be unsatisfying, but Janie's with the twins is the first one in the book which leads to a feeling of happiness for the allies. Gerry forms a temporary alliance with Stern, which proves to be a curative one; the gestalt he reveals himself to be is, of course, the alliance which leads to the best end, and was even good when Lone, the kids, and Gerry were in the woods "bleshing" ("Lone said maybe it was a mixture of 'blending' and 'meshing,' but I don't think he believed that himself. It was a lot more than that.") (p. 94) The kids' alliance with Alicia is dangerous to them, mainly because she is so selfish--wanting them to "be" her children: even worse was the brief telepathic alliance Gerry formed accidentally with Alicia, which led to his "Baby is three" occlusion. Finally, Janie takes Hip in, and Hip is cured; then the gestalt takes Hip in and it is cured. The culmination has been mentioned, the grand alliance of gestalts.

The merger of Hip into the Gerry-gestalt has been prepared for skillfully by means of a Gerry-Hip parallel which operates in terms of both form and content. They were introduced at the same time in Part One, and both dropped after one passage, each to receive a whole part about him subsequently. Both were rescued from dirt and hunger. (They both even get sick after being fed the first time by Janie.) Both have mental occlusions. Hip learned when he was a child that "I was useless and the things I wanted were by definition useless" (p. 213); Gerry just wanted to do what comes naturally--both lacked "values." Janie wanted to show Gerry how Hip had decayed, rather than living up to his brightness and promise; when Gerry went manic-depressive (the term is used by Janie and Hip), the same process of decay was taking place. Finally, Hip draws the parallel overtly:

Listen to me, orphan boy, I am a hated boy too. You were persecuted; so was I...Listen to me, Miss Kew's boy, you lost yourself for years until you went back and learned again. So did I... Listen to me, Gerry. You discovered that no matter how great your power, nobody wanted it. So did I.. You want to be wanted. You want to be needed. So do I. (p. 228)

"Multiplicity is our first characteristic; unity our second" Gerry learns at the end. The unity is, of course, achieved through the process of what I have called alliances or mergers. In a sense, the process is "physicalized" through touching, or physical contact; e.g., if the idiot and the innocent "so much as touch" they will be changed. Instead of listing all the touch images, I shall merely

mention one, and note that the rest can all be considered to be the mechanism for various of the mergers. The call Evelyn "sends" to Lone is worth mentioning. It becomes, to him, "Touch me, touch me." The importance of touching is played up through a song Evelyn sings (p. 11) about touches which horrifies Alicia, the fact that the Kews "don't touch one another," and the whipping Lone gets as a result of his having touched Evelyn. The emphasis and repetition of touching are a cue; they would not, it seems, be there unless there were some necessity in terms of the work as a whole--and necessity there is, as explained just above.



Another group of elements relating to the theme of development are those pertaining to communication. Lone develops the power of communication with the Prodds, enabling him to become "human." Janie can communicate with Baby, enabling the gestalt to form. The psychiatric process is accomplished through Gerry's communicating his problems to Stern, and in overcoming his occlusion he is able, in a sense, to regain communication with his memory. Stern, by the way, notes at some length the human failing of inability to communicate. Miss Kew wouldn't even talk to Gerry until he mentioned Lone. Hip thinks at Gerry, and communicates to him his conclusions about morality. And finally, on the incorporation with the über-gestalt, there is "happy and fearless communion." (p. 231)

The concept of morality is not sprung upon the reader at the end of the development of the communication. It, too, undergoes a form of development in the incidents relating to moral issues. For instance, when Gerry and Lone were stealing food and Gerry took a bright yellow ball point pen, Lone made him put it back, saying "We only take what we need." (p. 96) There is a rudimentary sense of morality here, but Gerry does not comprehend; "morality" must be a conscious thing, and in his case a learned one. Stern's explanation of Gerry's loneliness is in terms of Gerry's lack

of morality, and once again Gerry does not understand what is meant. With Hip the case is altogether different. His very name, which we finally learn is from Hippocrates, suggests the rather highly developed moral code of the Hippocratic oath. Also, he is called prissy on numerous occasions and quotes Scripture at least once. The merging of the amoral Gerry and the over-moral Hip is an instance of the dialectic process (which is the form of most of the communication: question, answer, new question...): embarrassment with unconcern into a proper outlook.

Janie brought Hip to Gerry so that Gerry might learn to be ashamed, so that he might see how Hip's original brightness and promise have been prostituted. The parallel between Gerry and Hip suggests, of course, that this is the same thing which has happened to the gestalt. Hip understands what Janie wants. He realizes that "Morals: they're nothing but a coded survival instinct!" (p. 220) But they apply to an individual in a society. What Gerry needs, having at this stage no society of which to be a member, is what Hip defines as an "ethos," a code for species survival. He overcomes Gerry physically, with the help of the twins. However, he realizes that the moral act of killing a "monster" is superseded by the ethical act of allowing the species to progress in the "superman." He then frees Gerry and places himself in his power. Gerry extracts his thoughts and is ashamed. This accomplished, the Über-gestalt is able to contact Gerry and explain to him the final stage of the development--the humanistic ethic which regards the gestalts as a part of humanity, revering humanity as its parent, and a partner in the progress of the human race.

The final area of development suggested by incidents is that of "authority," or power. Kew loses his authority to Lone, who in turn loses his temporarily to the Prodds. The Prodds lose their authority to Lone, who also gains authority over the kids (who had usurped authority from their respective parents). Due to Lone's, and later Gerry's, weakness, Baby is actually the boss of the gestalt in its initial phases. Alicia's attempt to take over causes Gerry to kill her, but before he can assert himself he must temporarily cede the authority to Stern. Janie rebels against Gerry's misuse of his authority, and enables Hip to become dominant. Hip's tenure is brief, but useful; and when he relinquishes the power to Gerry, Gerry immediately acknowledges the authority of the Über-gestalt. But the Über-gestalt is guided by the ethos, so the final authority rests where it should, with the philosophical sanction of humanism.

In terms of images, the theme of development is implemented in three major areas. First is Nature and natural images, which are linked throughout with growth and shelter. The drives mentioned earlier are an example. Also, Prodd's being a farmer, a grower of things, relates to his developing Lone. Lone waits in the woods for completion, and the original dwelling of the gestalt was a covered-over hut-cave in a mountain. Hip's investigation of "natural" phenomena (the strange behavior of proximity fuses over the area which turned out to have the anti-gravity device in it) leads him to Gerry. These and other instances of natural images culminate in the description of the Über-gestalt as "a laughing thing with a human heart and a reverence for its human origins, smelling of sweat and new-turned earth rather than suffused with the pale odor of sanctity." (p. 233) The major theme of development or completion is a natural process, and in the context of the book, Nature is a good thing.

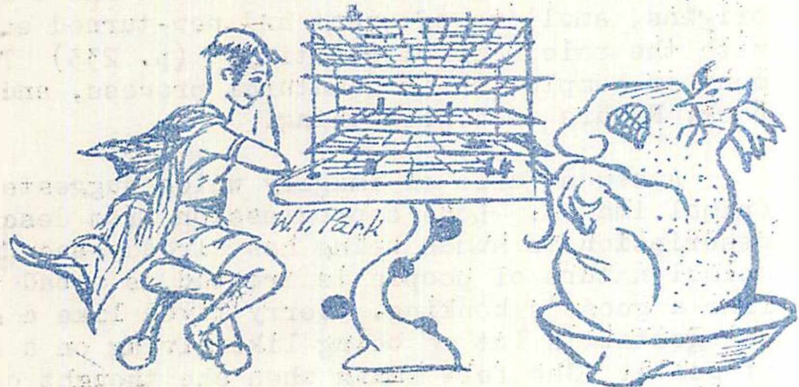
A second area of imagery which suggests development is that of animal images. Lone's progression from description as animal to description as human being has already been noted. Throughout, the animal nature of people is treated as a bad thing. Alicia makes sounds like a goose's honking. Gerry lived like a sewer rat. Janie describes the gestalt's lot as being like living on a desert island with a herd of goats. She felt human when she thought of Hip as a big glossy stallion or a bantam rooster when she first saw him, suggesting that

the divorcement is between humanity and low animality but that proud and noble animals have something in common with what humans should be. There are many other uses of animal imagery; as a matter of fact, probably more than any other type. However, the only other instance I should like to cite is the death of Prodd's horse: Let us note that its death impels Lone to build the anti-gravity generator which in turn brings Hip into the picture. That is, it serves as a very important causal link in the overall process of development.

The anti-gravity device and its importance suggest the final area of imagery I shall note here: technological images. Hip's attempts to progress through making various electronic gadgets are failures. Lone's helping Prodd push the truck out of the mud causes Prodd to call him a hydraulic jack. Baby is like an adding-machine. The initial description Lone offers Alicia of the gestalt is in terms of radio transmitters and receivers. For the most part I believe that a negative value (because the descriptions are among the group of faulty assumptions) is being attached to dehumanized technology. Lone needs an ax with which to build a shelter, and this is all right; but when Hip plays games with an elevator's control panel, he gets in trouble.

At first blush, it may appear surprising to find technology cast in a bad light in a science fiction story. The reader will not, I hope, be shocked. The point is that a view of "hardware" technology as possibly inimical to humanity is both philosophically plausible, and biologically necessary in the scheme of hypotheses which underlies More Than Human, which is not at all guilty of the charges of Scientism or plumping for technological progress at all costs. It is, rather, a concrete instance of the humanism of which I believe modern science fiction is "guilty." The "technological impact upon Society" definition of science fiction cuts both ways, and the possibility that technology may be biologically bad (for the mind should be used rather than the gadget) is just as valid a basis for a work as is the sociological ills which technology abets in Brave New World, 1984, or The Big Ball of Wax. And to the reader who actively agrees with humanism, More Than Human is more satisfying than the satires just mentioned, which endorse a humanistic approach only passively, though condemning the opposite approach of one form or another of tyranny.

To return from the digression, I believe that any further enumeration of objective factors from the novel would be of little purpose. The aspect of Complexity could be further traced out, to be sure, but the major interrelations have been indicated, and further attempts on my part to point out complexities would take us into the area of personal opinion and "free association," thus irritating rather than enlightening the reader. To sum up before turning to a discussion of Beardsleyan Affective Reasons for liking More Than Human, we have seen that it is quite tightly unified, and highly complex. The unity of the book lies in its major theme of Devel-



opment to Completion (which is unification itself, as a matter of fact)--which arises from the interplay of the opposed themes of Incompleteness and Progress. Further, the unity is supported by the formal aspects of the book, for instance the method of incomplete revelation as supporting and adding to the theme of Incompleteness.

2. "Affective reasons"

It would be easy to say simply that I found the plot of More Than Human "intriguing," the final affirmation "uplifting," and the prose "scintillating"--to borrow some phrases. It would also defeat the purpose of this paper, which is an attempt to establish that science fiction, at least occasionally, has literary merit. While the "objective reasons" cited above may not be convincing alone, an attempt to specify several of the grounds on which the book may be expected to appeal psychologically to most readers should be adequate to tip the balance. An induction based on introspection, which is what I propose to perform, is admittedly lacking in philosophical rigor; but it is also what most critics seem to do when they make a value judgment. The best I can do, then, is merely to list and comment on some of the features of the novel which strike me as appealing.

To begin, I must make two confessions; one of them has no effect on the value judgment, the other does but need not be endorsed by the reader. That is, 1) I find myself in sympathy with the humanistic philosophy with which the book ends and which is a necessary result of the context which is established; and 2) I am to a large extent in sympathy with those literary critics who apply psychoanalytic considerations in their criticism. Now the philosophy expressed or implied by a work of art should not detract from its artistic merit, but may even add to it if the presentation is skillful. As an example, let us note that Mr. Nabokov is not Humbert Humbert; whether or not nymphetophilia repels us does not detract from the skill with which the author maintains his persona and rationalizes its views to itself, and I am ashamed to even mention the possibility of a reader's reacting to Lolita by piously proclaiming that we really shouldn't all go out and seduce twelve year olds and that Mr. Nabokov is simply disgusting for even suggesting it. By the same token, Sturgeon is to be commended for his development of the proposition that humanity must be considered to be the parent of its evolutionary successor not because we as readers prefer humanism to the God of the Old or New Testaments or to the Proletariat or to the Almighty Dollar, but because he has underpinned the need for parent in the broken family relationships which were causal links in the formation of the gestalt emotionally and in the importance of species survival philosophically. My personal endorsement of the philosophy has, as I said, no bearing on the value judgment I shall finally make; but the artist's presentation of it is a distinct plus value for the novel.

As to the appeal of the plot, my second confession does have a bearing. In psychoanalytic terms, the "humanizing" of Lone in Part One represents a discovery of the familiar, which Freud (in "Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious") posits as being pleasurable in itself. The supernormal powers of Lone and especially of Gerry in Part Two appeals to the childhood fantasy of the omnipotence of thoughts, and the pleasure of vicariously experiencing Gerry's omnipotence (which is effected through thought) is sufficient to compensate for the distaste one feels for his nastiness. (I omit sadistic appeal on the grounds

of slight relevance to plot, and also because most readers would probably not admit to feeling it.) Finally, Gerry becomes "humanized" and becomes part of an omnipotent thinker, thus appealing to both of the principles which underlie the appeals of the first two parts. The idiocy of Lone and the nastiness of Gerry give rise to a superficial weakness of the book in that the reader is less likely to identify with them. However, not only can he enjoy feeling superior to Lone (for a while) and being powerful with Gerry, but also when the rather conventionally "human" character of Hip becomes the major character in Part Three and the unhuman gestalt becomes humanized at the end the reader is both relieved and satisfied by the affirmation. In rule of thumb psychological terms, the alien quality of Lone and Gerry operates as a goad, pushing the reader into sympathy with Hip, and into sympathy--though not necessarily belief--with the conclusion.

I should like to consider three other major areas which seem to furnish grounds for general psychological appeal before simply tossing into the pot some random factors which I enjoyed and which I think may well be shared by most readers. The first of these is "magic". Quite possibly an offshoot of the omnipotence of thought fantasy, magical phenomena are enjoyable to contemplate, and their vicarious performance is appealing psychologically. Things magical proliferate in More Than Human: the mind-reading eyes "with their irises just about to spin" of Lone and Gerry; the call Lone feels which leads him to Evelyn; the "miracles" of Lone's "growing up", as the Prodds call them; Janie's telekinetic powers; the twins' teleportation. Not only are there the concrete instances just mentioned, but also there are the magical associations enjoyed by the concept of immortality, and by the giving of names to things (magically gaining power over them) which goes on through-out. To be brief, there is magic in the book and magic is fun.

Second, there is the area of mystery. The many examples cited as incomplete revelations earlier need not be rehashed. Let us note, however, that they all lend an air of mystery to the enterprise. Who is Thompson? Why is Janie interested in Hip? The natural desire of the reader to learn the answers gives a sense of speed, of pace, to the book. One rushes from revelation to revelation, carried along with the tide of the action. The presence of mystery or "suspense" in a piece of literature is also grounds for psychological appeal.

Third, and perhaps less clearly appealing, is the area of syntax or diction--the problem of how the author "says" what he says. There are two aspects here: First is the "mood," or tone, of the narration, which should relate to the action to qualify as good style--form complementing content if you will. Even a cursory examination shows that this is indeed the case: the opening pages are slow and hazy, the descriptions indirect, suggesting the lost and aimless existence of the Idiot; Mr. Kew is dealt with in a straight exposition, befitting his crudeness; Evelyn appears in "poetic" passages, as she is an innocent and hence the object of at least one sort of poetry; Gerry snaps at Stern when called Sonny, "Look, if a midget walks in here, what do you say--sit over there, Shorty?" (p. 79) thus establishing a proper hostility toward the therapist; the sheriff's abominable grammar shows him up as a no-good, and gives a comic tone because of the contrast with his attempted gravity; and as a last example, Hip's grammar starts off as bad as the sheriff's (though he regains his powers of clear speech soon), suggesting his beaten condition.

In the second aspect of the syntax lies the problem: that is, the so-called "poetic prose" which occurs here and there throughout the book. Not only is it difficult to define what is meant by "poetic" prose except by pointing at it, but some readers may feel that its use is an affectation rather than a contribution to the whole of the work. In an instance such as the first paragraph of the book which was applauded by Damon Knight, the justification is clear in terms of mood:

The idiot lived in a black and gray world, punctuated by the white lightning of hunger and the flickering of fear. His clothes were old and many-windowed. Here peeped a shinbone, sharp as a cold chisel, and there in the torn coat were ribs like the fingers of a fist. He was tall and flat. His eyes were calm and his face was dead. (p. 3)

The disembodied impression induced by the indirect description and the imagery of the "black and gray world" and the "white lightning" place the Idiot in an otherworldly, unhuman context. The paradox of finding at a pinnacle the rugged foot of a mountain is also an effective image, suggesting the further "climb" which the gestalt is to undergo in the final parts of the book before it succeeds in knowing itself. A possibly bad example is Gerry's saying, when recounting to Stern his meeting with Lone and the kids, "The air had a haze of smoke and such a wonderful heart-breaking, candy-and-crackling smell of food that a little hose squirted inside my mouth." (p. 88) Such a description is apparently not in keeping with Gerry's "nasty" character. However, this weakness is also a possible strength, for "poetry" has been associated with "goodness" through Evelyn, and the suggestion would seem to be that even Gerry has a latent, balancing modicum of goodness in him. This is reasonable, for if Gerry had been depicted as entirely bad, the final conversion to and acceptance of the ethos would be implausible.

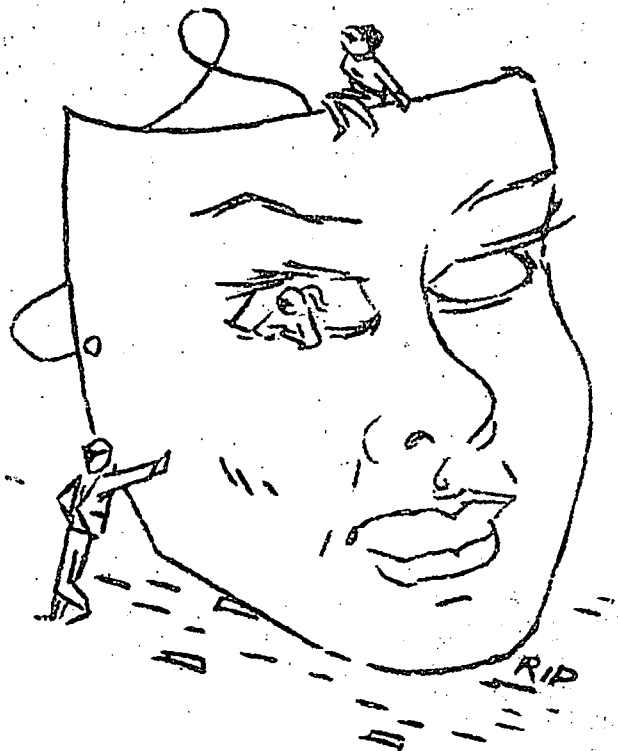
Whether or not the majority of readers will agree with my general personal preference for "poetic prose" actually has very little bearing on the overall effect of the book on them. The "poetic prose" is a possible plus-value, but is not grounds for condemnation as its use, whether appreciated by the individual reader or not, can be justified in terms of the unities of the book.

To conclude the discussion of Affective Reasons, I should like to note four "gimmicks" which Sturgeon employs in various places which strike me as being effective touches--as evoking approbation, if you will. Most obvious of these is his meaningful names. "Kew" can be taken as punning on "cue," in the sense that the Kews furnish Lone's cue for getting into the real world and eventually becoming human. There might also be a covert reference to Kew, the place, which is noted for its botanical gardens--for the trees around the estate and its foliage in general are important to the complex of Nature images. Prodd, of course, has only to lose its final "d" to describe literally what the Prodds do to Lone--they prod him out of his withdrawn state, out of his idiocy and into a reasonable facsimile of a communicating human being. Stern is a beautiful name for an authoritative figure such as a psychiatrist. "Hip" connotes precisely the "wiseguy" nature of the young Hip Barrows to one familiar with the jazz idiom. Also, there is the possible pun from Janie to genie.

The multifarious barriers noted previously suggest to a fairly great extent a sexual symbolism. The penetration of barriers, especially in the case of Alicia, lends a covert air of sexual triumph to the enterprise. This consideration also would hold in terms of the telepathic

process of which Lone and Gerry are capable, which is called "That-- 'opening up' thing" by Alicia at one point; "super" mental powers are common sexual fantasies. An overtone, granted, but one which probably elicits an unconscious response from the reader.

When Hip establishes dominance over Gerry, the symbol of authority is an eleven inch long knife procured for him by one of the twins. Much as I am loath to introduce cocktail party Freudianism into this discussion, it must be noted that there could be no more apt symbol of the acquisition of mastery than an eleven inch long, terribly phallic, knife. It's a very neat touch.



Finally, I should like to consider an overtone suggested by the repeated use of the same numbers throughout. Aside from a few "mystic" threes and sevens, the number which is thoroughly dominant is four. It takes the twins four days to develop their powers. Janie has to tell everything to Lone four times. The truck breaks down four times. Hip hadn't eaten for four days, and so on. The most important use of four-ness is not mentioned overtly, however. It is the composition of the gestalt itself, which has a head (Lone of Gerry), a memory (Baby), environment manipulators (Janie and the twins), and a conscience (Hip). Lumping Janie and the twins together may seem forced, but the title of the second part of the book (before Hip is integrated) is "Baby is Three" and the suggestion is fairly clear. The importance of the tetrapartite nature of the gestalt organism and its being emphasized by all the other fours' cropping up is probably best accounted for in Jungian terms. The similarity of the über-gestalt to the Jungian collective unconscious is not too farfetched, and with Jung on the scene due note must be taken of his notion of the mandala--"The 'magic circle' which in all cultures, even the most primitive, seems to represent a wholeness to which parts contribute in an essentially fourfold manner" according to a commentator. Children's drawings of people are supposed to be strongly influenced by the mandala: "In their drawings of people the the circular head comes first, later elaborated by legs, then by trunk and arms. The four limbs are very prominent, at first with little attention to body proportions." So the reason for the "rightness" of all the fours we find would seem to be that the number has connotations of wholeness and unity by virtue of its association with the mandala. The explanation may be over-ingenious, but the overpowering numerousness of fours in the book required note and my explanation makes sense in the context of the book as process of unification. The fact that such connotations to apply to fours indicates that, whether or not he was conscious of it, Sturgeon's frequent use of them is both significant and, perhaps, effective. Once again, however, the general reader-effect is hard to estimate.

Simply because the discussion could be so long, the above treatment of "affective reasons" has been deliberately kept quite short. There are probably as many grounds for psychological appeal as there are readers of any piece of literature, however, so the argument is not completable anyway. My suggestions do not intentionally omit any positive points; nor do they intentionally omit any possible grounds for adverse reactions which I think may occur.

Due to the complexity of the question of style on any level, I have merely mentioned some of the points which struck me as good and have sidestepped the larger problem of "style" in general. Also, I have minimized the knotty problem of "poetic prose," as both the very definition of it and also its realm of application are quite subjective. Unless there are reasons dictated by the work's context for not using it, I enjoy poetic prose for itself...and at least some of Sturgeon's uses are complimentary to the context.

A further reason for not going into more of the ramifications of the Affective Reasons is that it is unnecessary to do so in the frame of reference of this paper. We are merely attempting to determine the presence or absence of literary merit in science fiction. We are not looking for greatness, merely goodness. Suffice it to say that there are no serious objections to More Than Human and that by normal critical standards it is a good book--it has literary merit.

Crossword puzzle answers:

A	S	S		D	E	A	T	H		B	W
R	A	H		O	R	L	O	N		T	E
A	L	E		R	O	P	E			F	R
B	E	A	M	I	S	H		M	O	O	R
			A	C			A	L	E	R	T
A	G	O	G		S	C	A	R	E		I
S	P	R	A	G	U	E	D	E	C	A	M
P	S		B	U	R	N	S		A	M	P
			M	O	T	E	T		M	S	
C	H	A	O	S			A	N	Y	T	I
R	O	C	K		S	U	I	T		R	A
U	N	K		B	I	R	C	H		I	R
D	E			S	P	I	E	S		S	S

Predestination; The doctrine that all things occur according to programme. This doctrine should not be confused with that of foreordination, which means that all things are programmed, but does not affirm their occurrence, that being only an implication from other doctrines from which this is entailed. The difference is great enough to have deluged Christendom with ink, to say nothing of gore, With the distinction of the two doctrines kept well in mind, and a reverent belief in both, one may hope to escape perdition if spared.

Redemption; Deliverance of sinners from the penalty of their sin, through their murder of the deity against whom they sinned. The doctrine of Redemption is the fundamental mystery of our holy religion, and whoso believeth in it shall not perish, but have everlasting life in which to try to understand it.

from Ambrose Bierce

Écrasez l'infâme!

THE STOLEN HUGO

--Mike Deckinger

In the DisCon Program booklet, Dick Lupoff, Burroughs fan and editor of Canaveral Press Books, presents an impassioned rallying cry to Burroughs fandom. Dick argues that "...it is regrettable that the Hugo was not instituted in ERB's lifetime, and so Science Fiction was never able to honor suitably this great science fiction adventure writer." Dick further states that since Canaveral Press will publish Burroughs' SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR, and since circumstances will make it eligible for a Hugo, it is imperative that Burroughs fandom vote en masse in bestowing upon SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR the necessary majority to grant it the Hugo. Greater love hath no one more than the Burroughs fan for some work of his mentor. There is no suggestion at all that a book is to be read first, and then receive its respective acclamations or denunciations. Instead Dick considers this book worthy of the Hugo, solely because of the inattention that ERB has been granted in the past.

If that be the case then I've compiled a list as long as my arm of sf writers, beginning with H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, etc.etc. whose literary talents are far superior to ERB's, and yet, due to a matter of time, were neglected when the Hugo awards came up. There is absolutely no justification for awarding a Hugo to SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR merely because ERB has not been sufficiently honored before, and this is such a jim-dandy way to go about doing it. If this is the foundation upon which the Hugos are being based, then every writer nominated in the novel category must stack his total output, against that of his rivals. If Heinlein is up there for GLORY ROAD it should be ROCKET SHIP GALILEO, FARMER IN THE SKY, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and every blatted thing that Heinlein has written in book form, vs the other nominees. Otherwise, what Dick advocates is a totally unfair advantage being afforded to SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR. If the ERB book is a good book then I most certainly think it deserves Hugo nomination. But only if it is a good book by itself, regardless of any tender feelings one may have for the author (who most definitely was not a craftsman).

Certain splinter groups, such as Burroughs fandom, exist with a marginal and limited interest and comprehension of sf fandom. Their presence is tolerated and accepted, but never embraced to the extent that the two fandoms become interchangeable. Burroughs fandom is first and foremost a distinct entity, honoring one writer who wrote other material besides science fiction. ERB was never a quality writer nor one likely to arouse the "slick" critics, and instead confined himself to the science-adventure category where he prospered quite successfully, and amassed a large and devoted following. I have no objections to this following as long as they remain as such.

I do object, however, when Lupoff urges them to deliberately exert their influence as a bloc, by nominating SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR. This represents highly unwanted and unneeded intrusion. Books are traditionally honored because of some appeal they may share with the readers, in addition to an inherent finely-developed, well written plot. If SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR happens to meet these requirements then by all means it deserves the nod. I'm certain that Dick would not urge the book's

nomination unread and unseen, the way he seems to in his letter, and I blame it on my inability to absorb his total intent, rather than the absurd speculation that he would indeed advocate honoring a book solely out of sympathy for the deceased writer. I need not point out the numerous sf authors, cited in the hypothetical list above, who have been similarly deprived of the Hugo because of an untimely and unfortunate death. I'm sure most of these names are clearly evident, and were the precedent of distorting the Hugo awards, for the sake of Burroughs, to be started, then this could lead to the eventual dilution of the presently meaningful Hugos, and the complete annihilation of a very worthwhile and plainly needed award setup.

This, then, is my case. I do not agree with Dick Lupoff that Burroughs deserves the Hugo merely because he's attracted a wide following who seem intent on giving it to him. The Hugo goes to a single book honored; it has in the past and I want to see it continue this way in the future. If the unwarranted intrusion of rabid Burroughs fan seeks to tip the Hugo voting into honoring ERB, then we might as well eliminate the award for one book in the future, and base all future selections on the author's entire output. This is to me, as I'm sure it is to you, a most repugnant and unworkable possibility.

Folkways

Was Galahad hired,
Artemis laid?
Was Hercules tired,
Ajax afraid?

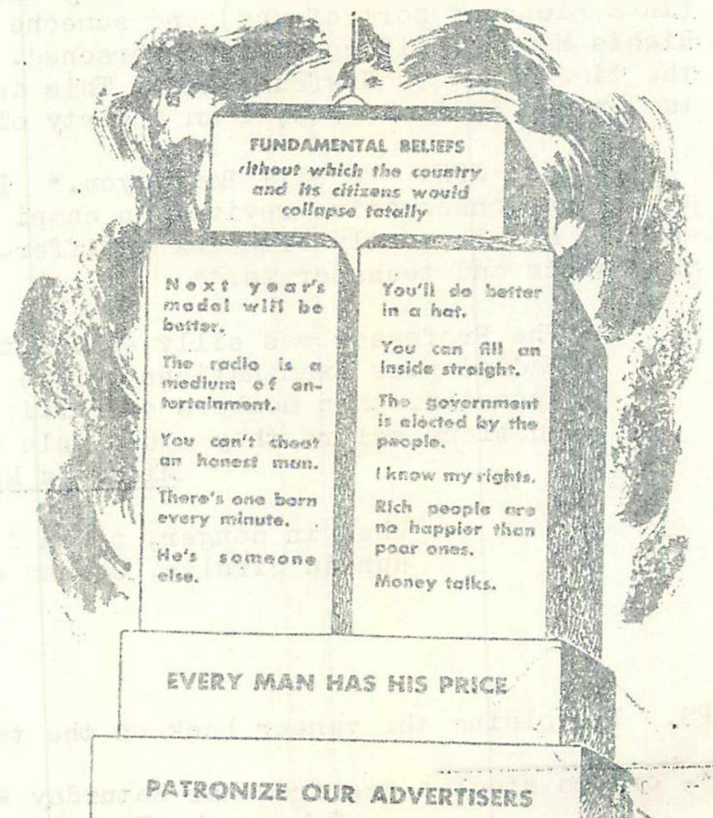
The Argo was scuttled
And Jason fleeced?
Ulyssés a cuckold,
Aeneas beached?

O Totem O Wildwood
O Autumn of Childhood
No heroes? No glories?
O Eros O Mores.

The time has come,
The Walrus said,
To murder entropy.
We'll annihilate dθ
And we'll excorcise dØ.

Yes we'll annihilate dθ
And we'll excorcise dØ,
But the first thing we must do
Is to murder entropy.

WHAT WE BELIEVE



REACTION

--ARLewis

Back again, just barely in time to make Bernie's deadline. However, I do have an excuse as I had to take my General Exams this week so I naturally placed a somewhat lower priority on Bernie's request. It turned out to be fortuitous that Speiser and I had written a song about Maxwell's Equations as it is the only way I can ever remember them. Someday we may be able to persuade Bernie to print Pscientific Pholque Psongs again and then you too may see it.

A system theorist is a specialist in the general who ignores minor details and slight imperfections as he sweeps forward to the grand fallacy.

ProcIEEE, 51, 1385 (1963)

I see I guessed somewhat incorrectly about the last Canadian election but I have excuses (as do all good pundits) which you may learn if you send me a stamped self-addressed envelope. In line with this miscalculation I decided to visit Canada (or parts thereof) during September to see what was going on. Careful analysis showed me that the separatists in BC and the FLQ were important, so I decided to go to the Maritimes to see what was cooking there. Although no one is blowing up mailboxes or seizing hydro-electric companies, the whole area seems somewhat still (in a pleasant sort of way) and someone could revive the old Maritime Rights Movement if conditions worsened. Unfortunately, I couldn't spare the time to go to Newfoundland. This area will make a fine addition to the United States. Yes, I am a dirty old imperialistic aggrandizer.

GOP to JFK: We will Barry you.* It seems that everyone is writing about the Conservative revival on campi throughout the country--so I won't. MIT is mostly orthodox indifferents shading into reactionary anarchists and technocrats.**

The Professor was silly enough to think that if doctors had to pass examinations before they could cut out his appendix, then members of Parliament ought to pass examinations before they could rule his life.

Mistress Masham's Repose, by THWhite, p.157

When in danger, or in doubt,
Run in circles, scream and shout.

More later,

ARL

PS. I'm gluing the veneer back on the table, Tom replied.*³

*- or, to steal a gag from the Saturday Review,
I hope the Eumenides

Catch up with the Kennedys. --DJH

**--Me, I'm in the radical middle --DJH

*³- This cap is the right size for my pointed head, said Tom in a fit of pique./

/--DJH/

book reviews

By the Word

--Doug Hoylman

WALK THROUGH TO-MORROW, by Karl Zeigfried
SPACE FURY, by R. L. Fanthorpe

These two books are the first science fiction turned out by a new paperback, Vega Books, who should have bound them together and called it "How to Turn a Mediocre Short-Story Plot Into a Lousy Novel For Fun And Profit". Vega obviously pays by the word. Herewith two illustrations, one from each book in the order named. (Note: This is a new technique called "The Self-Reviewing Book", and I recommend it to all book reviewers who, like me, know nothing about book reviewing. Just quote the worst, or best, passage of the book, depending on whether or not you like it.)

If not in the vicinity of Vega and its accompanying satellites, there was bound to be trouble--maybe in the vicinity of the Plough, or near Cassiopeia, perhaps near Cepheus; maybe the trouble would break out in Orion. Perhaps the Great Triangle would see the birth of the next stellar war. Maybe it would come in Taurus or Gemini. Perhaps the scene would be Auriga; perhaps Perseus, Leo or Virgo; maybe it would be in the Bootes, maybe it would be somewhere in the vicinity of Scorpio, or Lyra. Perhaps Cygnus or Aquila would be the trouble spots (sic), and then, again there was always the possibility that it would be in the neighborhood of Pegasus, or Centaurus, or the Southern Cross. Maybe trouble would break our (sic) on Procyon or Sirius, or maybe Betelgeux would be the bone of contention. Maybe it would be out in Andromeda, maybe it would be almost anywhere!

"Stand by," he said quietly. // He repeated the two syllables into the public address system. Odd sort of message to send, and yet so poignant with meaning, he thought. Stand by! A verb and an associated preposition. A command sentence, because, as with all other command sentences, the "you" was missing. It was understood by the listener. Stand by! really meant "You stand by!" You--whoever are listening, stand by! What did "stand by" mean? Stand ready? Be prepared? Why not use either of those phrases. (sic) Why use "stand by"? he wondered. Perhaps, he thought, as his hand flexed across the switch, it doesn't do to question motives too closely. Perhaps it doesn't do to analyze words, sentences and the construction of phrases and clauses too minutely, otherwise we finish up in a position where even that which we thought had a meaning has wither no meaning at all, or a vastly different meaning. Instead of a happy, straightforward, untroubled comprehension of the words which we hear and the words which we speak, we find ourselves groping in dark difficulty and black despair for the kind of words which might enable us to express something which we previously understood in a different way.

"This would be the best of all possible worlds, if there were no religion in it." --John Adams (yes, that John Adams)

Harry Warner, Jr. I've heard of many fans changing their address
 423 Summit Avenue in June because they went home at the close of
 Hagerstown, Maryland the college year, and I've even known one or
 two who changed their addresses in June in order
 to prevent one of the ceremonies traditionally associated with that month.
 But I'll be blessed-if I can remember another one who simply moves from
 one postal zone to the other in the same village. ((I'm timidly adventurous.))

Even G.M.Carr was just a middle-aged woman when the League to Bring
 Social Awareness to Fandom was founded. I think that Wollheim and several
 others in his coterie should get the credit for the first efforts to make
 fans think hard about social questions of the present, although Hugo
 Gernsback had tried, harder than he gets credit for, to link up the
 social sciences and science fiction in his editorials about the future.

Strange Fish is one of the best pieces of criticism I've seen in
 a fanzine in a long while. It restores the Sturgeon story vividly in
 my memory, quite a feat since it's been six or eight years since I last
 read it, and it says accurately a number of things about the story that
 I had half-sensed without actually comprehending. The synoptical portions
 of the essay had a strange effect on me: they suddenly made me think that
 Sturgeon could be equated with Faulkner in some respects. It would take
 a dozen pages and more looking-up than time permits to try to explain
 my reasons for sensing parallels and it may be that at least part of this
 comparison occurred to me because Padlipsky writes in quite the same
 vein as the learned literary men write about Faulkner. I hope you'll
 send a copy of this issue to Sturgeon. He seems to be sincere in his
 statements about how much he respects fans' writings and activities, and
 this sort of analysis is a considerable compliment to any writer.
 ((Where does Sturgeon reside at present? Anyone may answer. Please.))

It's become terribly oldfashioned to write an article about a novel
 in which it is analyzed in Freudian language. However, even if you
 dislike this interpretation of the Tolkien work, something must be re-
 membered: Tolkien is a man of considerable erudition, he must know all
 about Freud and how his sexual symbology is dipped into by critics for
 every important fiction that comes off the presses, and he must have
 written The Lord of the Rings with full knowledge that many of the most
 important props in the action are the most basic and familiar items of
 Freudian symbolism. It is one thing to interpret via Freud a novel
 written before his major writings were generally available or one that
 was turned out by a provincial novelist whose only previous reading matter
 has been the Bible and his great grandfather's Civil War diary. It is
 another to poohpooch Freudian symbols in a major work by a writer who
 could have used other features of legends and of his imagination if he
 wanted to avoid this sort of criticism. ((The most erudite Mr. Dorr
 thinks that you have taken him too seriously, but this scholarly matter
 is beyond my simple understanding.))

If the 650-word item by Hugo Gernsback is a story, then I've lost
 my ability to recognize a story when I see one, and I'm awfully glad that
 he didn't prove the hard way that it could be padded to 50,000 words
 without improvement. It sounds more like a parody of the introductory
 material in italics with which some science fiction authors start off
 their novelettes because they're too lazy or too clumsy to make the
 reader comprehend the situation in which the story begins by working
 it into their opening pages.

LAEVROTATION

which is not the Greek word for "letter column". (Uffish thoughts by Morris are doubly parenthesized)), (while Hoylman's burblings are fenced off thusly).

John Boardman
Box 22

New York 33, N.Y.

That you have sent me a copy of the issue of TZ in which you attack my political positions, shows that you are operating on a considerably higher ethical plane than others who have taken me to task for the radicalism which my residence in the South has convinced me must be the tone of liberalism. For example, Busby's attacks are admittedly based on secondhand reports of my views rather than upon the views themselves, and he has not troubled himself to keep me informed of them.

Consequently, in answering your accusation that I am advocating a holocaust of northern conservatives I need only refer to the top of page 8 in Pointing Vector #10. Please reread my remarks there and then ask yourself whether you, or Ted Pauls, have interpreted them correctly.

I had thought that my intemperate criticism of Betty Kujawa had been adequately atoned for by numerous apologies. (See Kipple #33, p. 41; Pointing Vector #10, p. 21.) Just what are you trying to accomplish by raising this issue again? ((I used this as an example of your one track mind on matters concerning Negroes. This 'monomania' of yours was the whole subject of the editorial.))

"League to Bring Social Awareness to Fandom"??? How about another to bring Owls to Athens? Social Awareness has been part of fandom ever since Sam Moskowitz found Donald Wollheim lurking under the bed over 25 years ago. I tried to separate my personal newsletters of fanac and of political comment, but found the dividing line extremely tenuous. Almost all sf fans are also concerned about Which Way Are We Going?

For a fine, non-aristocratic epic, read the Njal Saga. Njal is above all a part of his loose-knit medieval Icelandic society; he and his kinsmen, friends, and enemies are seen in their social context. The lack of such a social context makes any work of fiction, and many of non-fiction, seem shallow and unconvincing. A.R.Lewis and Chez Dorr, who apparently also believe this, have managed to sneak into TZ #10 behind your editorial back. ((I think I already explained to you the difference between Epics and Sagas. I am certainly not trying to keep social awareness stuff out of TZ, I just don't like everything interpreted from a 'Liberal' viewpoint (or a 'Conservative' one either). A propos of nothing in particular, you don't seem to practice what you preach. Instead of arguing with that Southerner at the Discon (at I forget which party) you should have taken your sword and run him through.))

I am fully aware of the racist stereotypes perpetrated by Shakespeare, Voltaire, Kipling, and Burroughs, but the first and last of these writers have such gripping styles that the stereotypes do not seem to jar the story seriously. Burroughs' black-and-white political and social attitudes are a little more distasteful. And what does "anti-Semitic" mean? Anti-Semitic propaganda vicious enough to turn the stomach? ((I can't spel gud.))

LETTERS FROM THE EARTH, by Mark Twain

It's amazing how, every now and then, an author who has been dead for many years suddenly turns out a new book. (Amazing, in fact, printed such a book just this month, but that's not the one I'm talking about.) In this case not only the author, but the editor, is deceased. The reason it just came out was that last year the Clemens heirs finally released it for publication. And it was worth waiting for.

Letters From the Earth is a collection of more or less unrelated short pieces, ranging from a punning duel between Twain and his daughters to a literary criticism of Fenimore Cooper. But the heart of the book is the title section, which purports to be letters from Satan, who is exiled to Earth, to fellow archangels Gabriel and Michael. These letters give an "outsider's" view of mankind, and especially the Christian religion. He points out the inconsistency of man's religion with the true nature of man and the Universe.

For instance, take this sample: he has imagined a heaven, and has left entirely out of it the supremest of all his delights, the one ecstasy that stands first and foremost on the heart of every individual of his race--and of ours--sexual intercourse! //

It is as if a lost and perishing person in a roasting desert should be told by a rescuer he might choose and have all longed-for things but one, and he should elect to leave out water! // His heaven is like himself: strange, interesting, astonishing, grotesque. I give you my word, it has not a single feature in it that he actually values.

Twain seems to tacitly equate Christian fundamentalist with the beliefs of all mankind, but this does not blunt his point in the least.

Twain's technique is a sort of reductio ad absurdum based on the heretical idea that religion should be susceptible to logic. As he says, "Many of these people have the reasoning faculty, but no one uses it in religious matters."

There is an intriguing footnote: "I purpose publishing these Letters here in the world before I return to you. Two editions. On, unadited, for Bible readers and their children; the other, unexpurgated, for persons of refinement."

Following is a section called "Papers of the Adam Family", including "Extract from Methuselah's Diary", "Eve's Autobiography", etc. These carry on the same point of view but are much less readable and interesting than the first part. "Letter to the Earth" is a commentary on the workings of prayer.

The next-to-last section is a series of essays on "The Damned Human Race". He considers the question "Was the World Made for Man?" from a geologic point of view, points out that it is hypocrisy to maintain that all the works of God are good, and expertly develops the theory that man descended from the higher animals.

I have no room to comment on "The Great Dark", a fragment of a sort-of-science-fiction novel, or the many shorter pieces of varying quality. However, the book is worth buying (especially since it's now out in paperback) just for "Letters From the Earth" and "The Damned Human Race."

The Magic Watermelon was most amusing, and I note with horror that I failed to state at the beginning that the cover is extremely fine. I don't quite understand what the figure seven is doing in the individual's left hand, when this is the tenth issue of Twilight Zine and it should be in his right hand if it's a weapon or a broken T-square with which he intends to try to prove that he's qualified to be a carpenter. But your artist is entirely too talented to hide behind those modest two initials. Was I supposed to see a woman's face in the lines around the nose of the vehicle on the back cover? If not, then it's time to turn the Freudian interpreting onto me. ((The object in the hand of (I think) Ishtar is (I think) a flail. This would fit with her status as a fertility goddess. (She must be left handed. BA is the renowned Boris Arzybasheff, who does covers for Time and like that. Bernie stole the illo someplace in violation of copyright. Don't tell anybody.) And on the back cover I have it from what may be called the horse's mouth that there is no hidden symbolism.))

Walter Taylor Hugo Gernsback really seems to get a big kick out of
390 Wembly Rd. creating fictionalized scientific reports. I guess
Upper Darby, Pa. he always has, for I remember quite a few features
 similar to "The Martian Report" that he published
in the old, long-gone Science Fiction Plus. One, that I can recall
rather vividly (I say recall because I parted with my SFPlus collection
a very long time ago), concerned the artificial birth of a perfectly
human baby through the use of marvelous devices that simulated the female
reproductive system. I didn't particularly care for the idea, but I
must admit it was somewhat different. I believe that Gernsback still
publishes an occasional "April Fool" ficto-science (it can't be called
science fiction) article in Radio Electronics. I read this somewhere
in a fmz lettercol, but I don't know how true it is as I am not inter-
ested in Electronics, and therefore I don't buy the mag.

Bjo Trimble John Boardman's question about who raises
5571 Belgrade Ave. Eastgate food for Rivendell, and the implication
Garden Grove, California that it was "slave orcs" shows he hasn't
 really read much of LOTR; nan, if I was
(were?) eating chow at Rivendell I'd sure as anything not want to eat
anything an orc had raised! What with Rachel Carson screaming about
regular methods of spraying food and stuff, what could farmers in a magic
land put on growing plants to kill bugs and pests...and possibly people?
John misses the main point (which also shoots heck out of his idea of
fascism/Negro, etc.) that the orcs were not controllable at all. Sure,
they were dark colored (so was Black Beauty, a hero if ever I saw one
(and don't forget Othello)) but doesn't it seem more as if John is ter-
rible prejudiced in trying to see anything in that? As for labor prob-
lems at Cirdan, if he knew anything about elvish (or any fairy) methods,
he would know that work and the accomplishment of a job are the favorite
pasttimes of these folk! How many fairy stories tell of visitors to
forests, caves, etc., who see whole troops of happy, busy fairy folk
doing some great task? Almost all of them! Mr. Boardman would seem to
be as limited in his understanding of mythologies as he is in enjoying a
pure epic novel. I agree with you; it is almost too close to what could
be true, which is why it is so well loved.

The Once and Future King shows life as it might have been--prejudices
and all--of course! Actually T.H.White did a beautiful job with the
Negro knight. He was, after all, a curiosity to everyone. He didn't
seem to resent it, why should Boardman?

WAHF: Atom who sent us his usual fine artwork, Peter Singleton who thinks Hugo is right, but who liked ARL's song, and L.S. Coupling, brother of the famous J.J. Coupling.

(continued from page 11) Hastily consulting his calendar, the knight replied, "Thank you, Mother, but I see 'tis Friday," and mounting Sam with Knimpfo on Pillion, he hasted away leaving the wizard fuming and cursing behind him. Thus the Gods and the Fates together combine to frustrate evil.

HONY SOYT QUI MAL PENCE

THE NEW ENGLAND WEATHER SONG

(Tune: They Call the Wind Maria)

--DJH

In Massachusetts we've a word
For wind and rain and blizzards;
The blizzard's "Damn", the wind is "Hell!"
And the rain is "Leapin' Lizzards!"

You've heard the phrase before, I'm sure,
But there is much truth in it:
"If you don't like the weather here,
Then simply wait a minute."

The weather, the weather,
I hate New England weather.

Before I came to Boston, Mass.,
I lived south of Miami,
Where it was hot, but snow was not,
And the autumns weren't clammy.

Now when we have a hurricane
That devastates Nantucket,
We have a phrase for that, as well;
We simply say, "Oh, my goodness!"

The weather, the weather,
I hate New England weather.