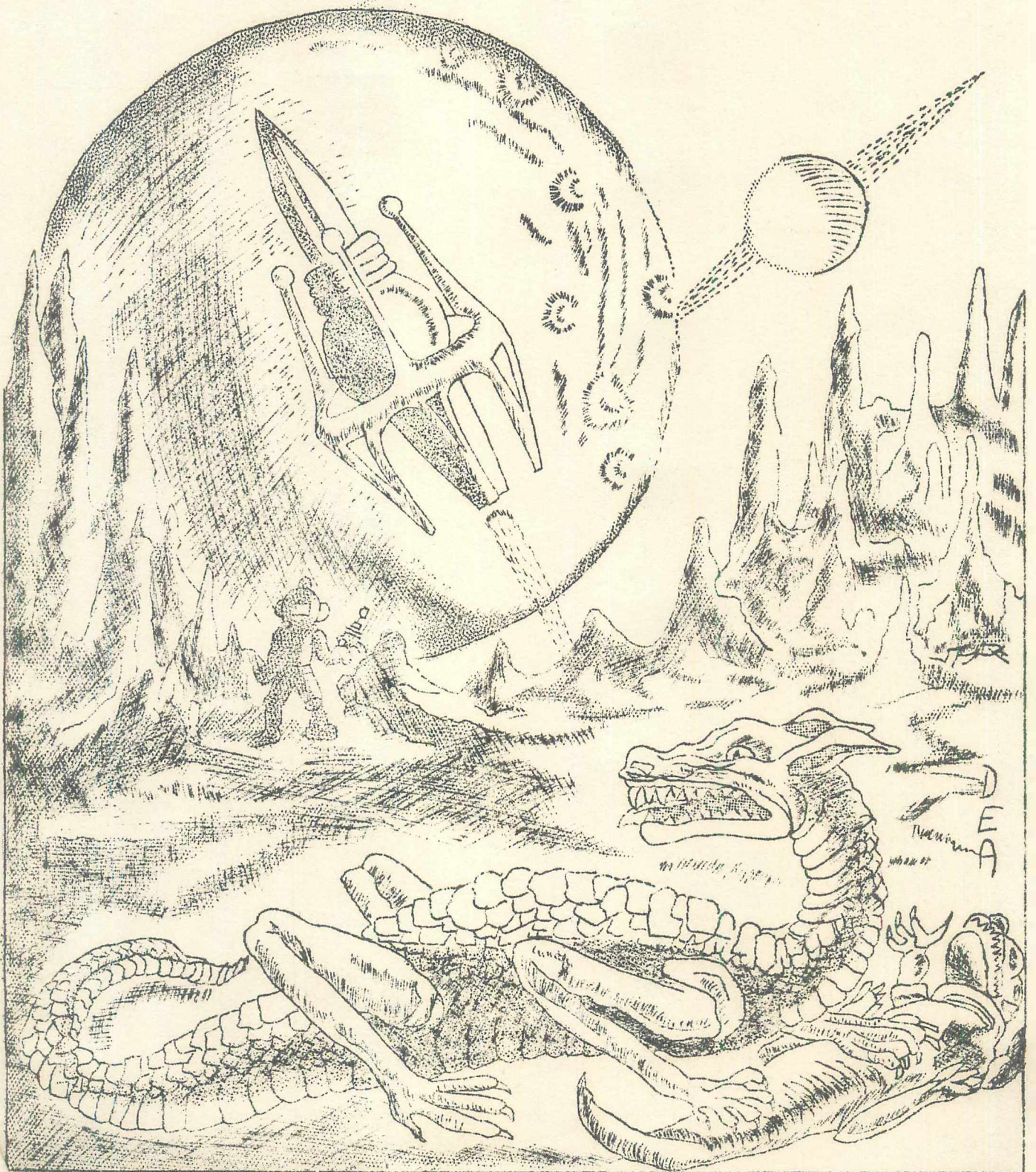


undertakings





THE

HIGH

Drive

PSI

by

HAL ANNAS



DICK Perkins  
watched him  
come in, big  
and slow, con-  
-scious of his  
size, the impres-  
-sion he made on  
people, and Dick  
Perkins hated that

look of complacency, that self-assurance that he was right because he was important and admired. The fine head, the mane of flaming red hair, the direct brown eyes---all exuded confidence, poise, importance, and they were sustained by a body that might have done honor to a god.

"Still dabbling, Park?" Odds Murphy said in that slow and resonant way. "You're making a stink."

Perkins lifted the temperature gauge from the vat, studied it out of intense blue eyes. "How's Corinne?"

A shadow crossed Murphy's even features. It was there for an instant and then it was gone, a touch of feeling that penetrated that self-satisfied complacency. "She was asking about you. Wants you to drop around this evening. Thinks you work too hard."

The blue eyes lighted momentarily with memory. Little High Psi, the girl at Duke, more like a child than a woman--small, delicate, exquisitely beautiful. High Psi Perkins and little High Psi. Perfect team. More brains between them than in a braintrust. In rapport. As nearly telepathic as two people had ever become.

Perkins came back. "What does Doc Benson say?"

Again the cloud on the fine features, the brief hesitation, the momentary loss of poise. "Doc Benson is an old goat. Deliberately making himself a nuisance. Killjoy. Thinks Corinne is something less than a woman."

Perkins looked at the sensitive hand that held the temperature gauge. It was trifly unsteady. He could feel the surge and denial run along his arm from the nerve center in his brain. Something less than a woman. A woman. A physical specimen for breeding purposes. Not Little High Psi. Not a telepathic being beyond complacency.

"What does Doc Benson say?" He had to ask it again. He had to drive that casual out-look back. He had to know.

Odds Murphy frowned. "You're worse than Doc," he grumbled. "Chronic worrier. Nerves. Corinne is going to be all right. A woman is intended to have babies. This idea about her being too small and delicate is nonsense. Get some sunshine and fresh air. Run around to the Gym for a workout. Tone you up. Rid you of those nerves."

He'd never see it, Perkins knew, not in a thousand years. A physical specimen, masculine and masculine beauty. A woman is a woman. A woman has babies. Extraordinary mental potential is interesting, but beyond that, of no use. Be a wife. Keep house. Have babies. He could have taken his pick. Why didn't he take one of those girl athletes, a discus thrower or a high-jump champion? Babies he wanted. They were full of them. Not a brain in the lot. Perkins turned back to the vat.

"You're making a stink," Odds Murphy repeated. "Piece in the paper. Religious groups, spurred by reactives, reformists who made political hay in the bright glow of their fervor. There was the history of the Swopes trial, a farce, to show what level men would sink to to impede science, and all the while, women like Little High Psi, small and delicate, too fragile, went on dying in childbirth.

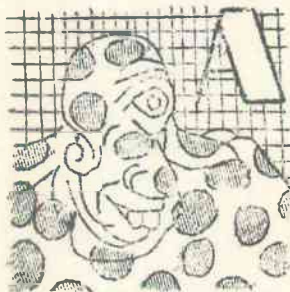
"Don't think I'm critisizing you," Murphy went on. "A man has a right to waste his time. Public opinion. I play along with it. Contrary to some beliefs. Can't afford it. Other reasons. Can't be done. Men have gone Crazy trying."

The same old cynacism, never ending. Man had never made a stride without some doubt -ers doubting that it could be done. Endless. Maybe a fear of something new, and each year, each month, men of vision proved the doubters wrong. Science moved against a wall of sluggish resistance.

"You'll be around this evening?" Murphy said again.

The long polarized rays of the setting sun lay across the table. The retorts, the tubes cast purple shadows. Murphy was gone. No time now to think about refusing the invitation. It should have been done. Too late now. There was a time when it would have been welcome, to sit near Corinne, Little High Psi, to transcend something, to bridge a gulf without speech.

The door closed behind him. The long hall grew shorter, giving back echos from unhurried steps. Out into the red glow, the western sky aflame with every color but green. There was black, a spot, as black as midnight in that dimming sunset. A portent? Could all the bright colors of life bring forth a total absence of color in their midst? Just night forever penetrate the day?



And then there was Corinne, smaller and yet smaller than he remembered, so fragile and so shockingly in contrast to Murphy. Her soft eyes were bright, as with fever, features pinched, sensitive hands nervous, small body sluggish, heavy and misshapen with child.

Perkins looked at Murphy with loathing. This the price of brute passion, the debt that must be paid to thoughtless stupidity. But a look could not penetrate that masculine assurance. Murphy was Odds a power on a football field or in politics, a man accepted and admired, not for his brilliance, but because he was commonplace, like men of cultivated personality, and a handsome physical specimen. He was brute force incarnate, a thing without vision, but right because it could enforce his will.

". . . and Odds Murphy wanted me to shoot dice with these men," Corrine laughed with only a faint hint of brittleness coming through. "He'd bet them I could make passes if I concentrated as I did at Duke."

Perkins felt all empty inside. There was a dryness in his mouth, a sense of futility, a terrible need and an inability to satisfy it. It was hard to conceive. A gift like that to be reduced to common bawdiness. It might reach the stars, but it lingered in the gutter.

". . . and Anna Kensing returned yesterday and I promised I'd have you over. She's late now. Busy with cataloguing specimens. Bugs! Can you imagine?"

Perkins nodded. Anna was a good student, a comfortable girl, but no house-a-fire upstairs. A plodder. She would have made a good wife for Murphy. Full of sex and babies. The movies wanted her, but Murphy couldn't see her, or maybe she hadn't seen him. She liked bugs and animals and plants. A sensible girl, but no house-a-fire.

". . . and Odds wants us, you and me, to give a little demonstration Tuesday. Wants to impress some friends with our clairvoyance. Thinks it will get talked about and assure his re-election."

Perkins felt a chill at his core. The fire was no longer an ember. The emptiness would not keep it alive. Somewhere, sometime, men would realize that while they could rub against a color and cause some of it to come off on them, this rule did not apply to the mind. But the time was not yet. A convincing demonstration in Odds Murphy's home, and the whole thing would be associated with him. To the great public he would be a man of vision, a man who could see things others could not, a man who might look into the future.

And there was Anna Kensing, tall, too pretty, solicitous, interested in all of the thing he had done and was doing, full of adroit questions that made him reveal his inner thoughts. She avoided the thing he wanted to avoid, but Murphy brought it up blunderingly.

"Perk's trying to make a baby in that laboratory of his. Claims it can be done. Can't of course. No harm in trying. People don't like it."

Corinne was suddenly quiet. Anna opened her full mouth to say something, but Murphy blundered on:

"Not my idea of how to make a baby. Test tube stuff. Too damned deep. Wear out your brain. Other way works. No proof this one will."





Corinne was becoming uncomfortable. Perkins sensed it, then suddenly knew it. Rapport had been established. He could almost capture her thoughts word for word, that is when she thought in words, but mostly she thought in concepts. It was faster, more definite, more accurate, and dispensed with the varied meanings in words. It was positive.

But Corinne was no longer positive herself. She was confused. She knew why he was working to bring to reality laboratory birth, but she was not ready to accept the fact. She looked at him and smiled, and there was a question in the smile: "What will it do to us women?"

Perkins did not have the answer. He had not sought it. The first conclusion had been that it would relieve women of the ordeal of bringing forth children. Obviously there was more than that involved. Corinne had gone from concept to concept without one having a high probability. She was still confused and puzzled; she was turning to him for understanding.

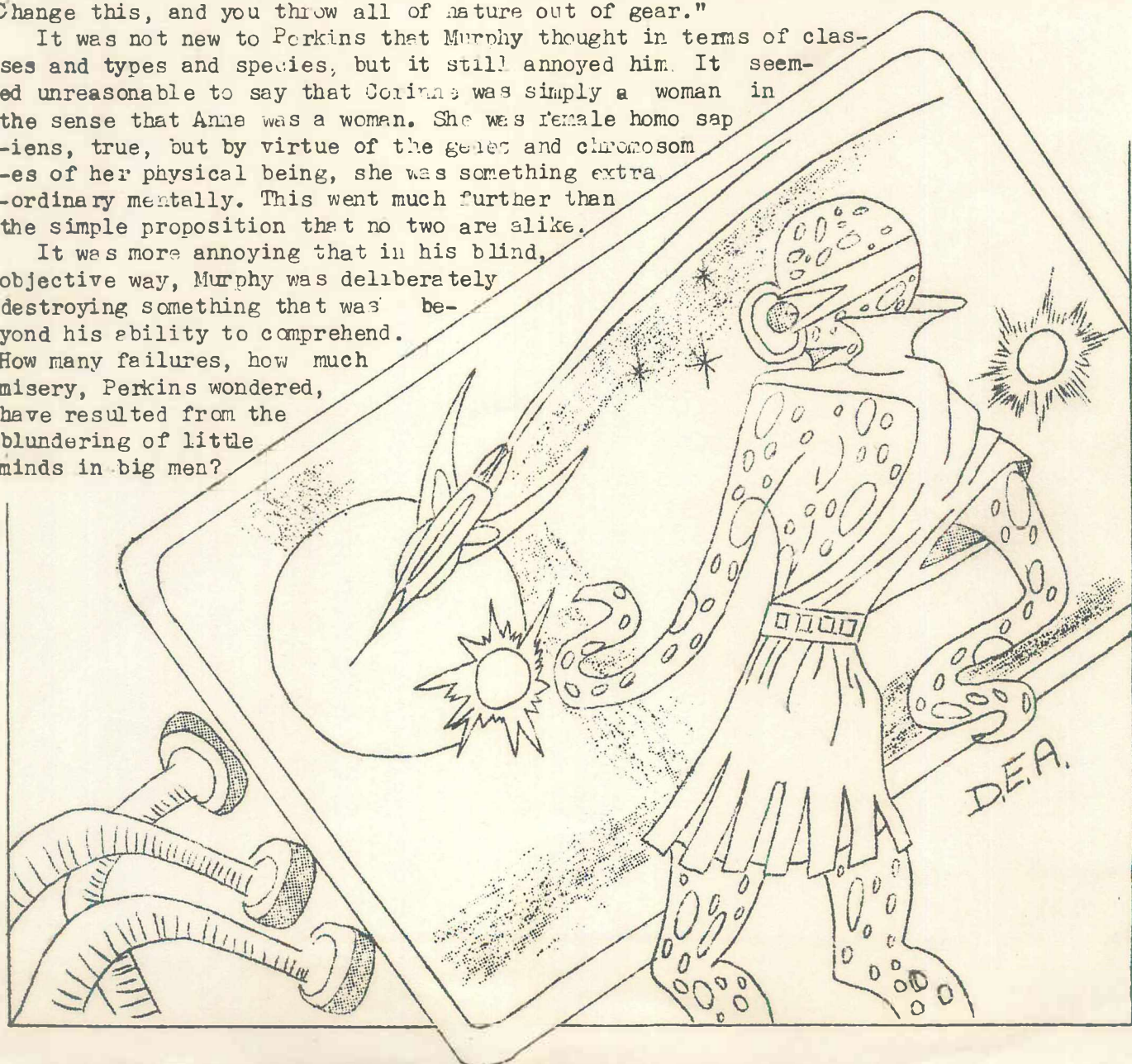
Without reasoning too far on the subject, he gave her back thought for thought: "Women like you, not intended for this physical ordeal, yet should not be denied motherhood. Physical pain and labor may re-focus the mental, pull it back to the physical -- consequent loss of all that makes you Little High Psi."

Part in words, part in concept, she understood, but she was not satisfied with the answer.

Through all of this Murphy ran on. "Everything was intended to reproduce its kind. Change this, and you throw all of nature out of gear."

It was not new to Perkins that Murphy thought in terms of classes and types and species, but it still annoyed him. It seemed unreasonable to say that Corinne was simply a woman in the sense that Anne was a woman. She was female homo sapiens, true, but by virtue of the genes and chromosomes of her physical being, she was something extraordinary mentally. This went much further than the simple proposition that no two are alike.

It was more annoying that in his blind, objective way, Murphy was deliberately destroying something that was beyond his ability to comprehend. How many failures, how much misery, Perkins wondered, have resulted from the blundering of little minds in big men?





But there was no point in pursuing the matter. He could tell Murphy a thousand times that just because such women as Anna were ideally equipped for motherhood was no reason to assume that all women were so equipped, but it would never make a dent in that self-assured complacency. He would always come back that women were intended to have babies.

What did one woman matter, after all? Maybe nothing. But, while Corinne was woman, women were not Corinne.



HE was still confused when he left with Anna. He could feel that confusion following him. It came through the scent of Magnolias, newly cut grass, through the yellow patterns of moonlight on the picket fence and the walkway. She was reaching out to him and he could not turn away.

It was as though he were disembodied, remaining in one place with all else moving. There was the feeling of a sort, the gentle breath of warm night air, the solidity of the sidewalk, the stirring of emotions; and all the other senses were there, registering the swaying of the picket fence, the sound of Anna's footsteps, the faint scent of her perfume, the broken flow of her oral thoughts. And the earth moved and the sidewalk crawled beneath him, and the night whirled around him, a thousand percepts flowed through him, and the confusion of Corinne came through it all: "What will it do to us women?"

The walkway was bordered with flowers. The porch was high and full in the moonlight, purple and yellow blending, and Anna was near and warm and intense. Her breathing was deep. Her hair was like mist, soft and brown, and she was saying:

"I thought you were flesh and blood, but you aren't. You're all mind. You live so far out of the world that I can't touch you. And now you're trying to create a world all your own."

Her arms were round and soft; her body yealded; her lips parted. She was astonished but willing, and she gave more than she recieved, with a fervor and intensity that was not on a mental level. She was woman, a physical woman.

". . . I was mistaken." Somehow the sound broke through, coming from Anna's lips. "You're flesh and blood, a man. Someone has to bring you back from those soaring thoughts. Tell me, is it true that you and Corinne can understand one another without speech?"

The moment was gone, vanished like a will-o-the-wisp. Had she not spoken he might have broken through to her thoughts. It was something that could not be touched. It was common to all, but so fleeting, so evanescent, so imperfectly developed in all but the gifted few. And men like Murphy would destroy those.

The sidewalk again; the cool night breeze. Alone. Not even Corinne's questing thoughts. But the surge, the dream--they followed and rebelled against the flesh and the accepted of things.

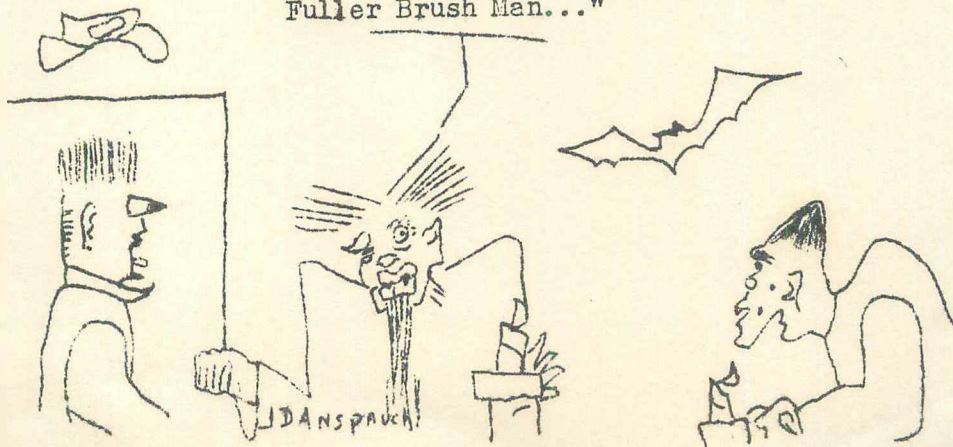
"Perkins!"

There was nothing now but the physical, the commonplace. "Good evening, Mr. Denby. Pleasant night."

"I say, Perkins, there was a protest meeting to-night. Jumped down my throat. Want me to publish a condemnation of your experiment. All good people. Church members. Doctors are siding with them. Can't go against that sort of thing. Is it actually true that you are about to succeed?"

There was more, un-Christian, un-Hebrew, un-a-lot-of-things. The same

"See, Augustus, it's only the Fuller Brush Man..."





people whose short-sightedness had condemned Corinne to probable death would go on condemning tens of thousands of others to death. A woman did not have to be a mental phenomenon to knock on Death's door at the hour of childbirth. It just so happened that Corinne was one.

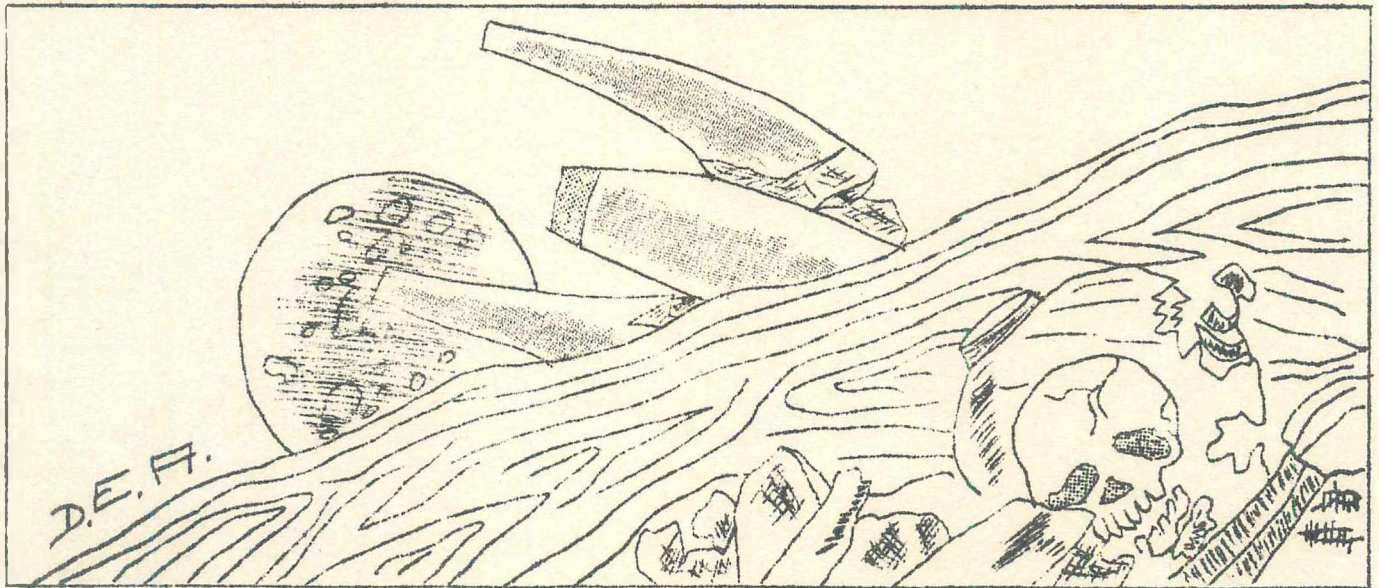
"... a woman is intended to have babies."

The laboratory brought surcease. The life growing there as it had grown from the dawn of time. It was not creation; it was continuation. It did not make him feel like God. He had created nothing. He had taken a continuation of the life God had created, incubated it, sustained it and allowed it to grow as Nature intended. To his senses there was nothing profane about it. Life had grown like this in the wombs of billions of women. Now it grew in the womb of a laboratory. There was nothing but a continuation from some nebulous beginning to an equally nebulous ending in eternity. If man should free himself from toil by use of a machine, so might he well free women from the labor of birth.

"What will it do to us women?"

The thought was repetitive, whether projected by Corinne, or whether spun from a memory disc in his mind. There was a demand for an answer. "What will it do to us women?" What indeed? Will it stop with the mere relief from the labor of birth? Or will it go spinning down through evolution to the finality of bisexuality?

Who could answer a question like that? There were too many imponderables. Male and female were needed now for the continuation of life. There had to be first the sperm and the ovum. Alone, neither would continue. But what genius of the bright future might bridge this limitation?



The first step to sustain life in a laboratory and allow it to grow predicted the second step. If he could now duplicate the normal womb conditions which sustain life, how long would it be before some enthusiast duplicated the egg or the sperm? How long indeed before someone changed the pattern of one or both and brought forth an entirely different form of humanity?

What grotesque things might come of this?

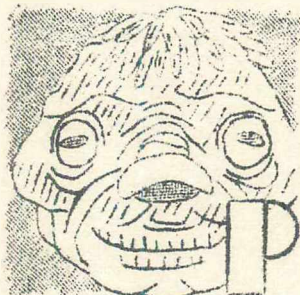
The thought of Frankenstein monsters was absurd. It was not worth entertaining. To suppose that man could carry forward the idea was presuppose progress. If life that grew in the laboratory was not equal in intelligence to life born in the woman it would have neither the ability nor the inclination to carry forward the work of laboratory reproduction. A man might create a brainless monster, but a brainless monster would not be able to create a man, nor even to duplicate itself. It followed that laboratory birth could not be retrogression. Because it was born of intelligence and thought, it had only one way to go: toward greater intelligence. By no other means could it continue its own existence.

And there was Murphy, a little more hesitant now. "After thinking about things, and Corinne's condition, and all, it seems that it isn't best. Not just at this time. Feel



-ing is running pretty high."

He did not have to bring Corinne into it. But these big, important men were always finding illogical reasons for the things they proposed. Murphy would not come right out and say that, since the newspaper editorial condemned his effort to relieve women of childbirth, linking their two names together would not help him win the election. He would not say bluntly that he would not stand for a demonstration of in his home simply because he felt that it would cost him votes. He had to beat around the bush and drag Corinne's condition into his reason. Corinne's condition and the election were important. But Corinne's condition and her mental position were merely of casual interest.



PERKINS did not bother to tell him that neither he nor Corinne had seriously considered the idea. You could drive a nail with a hammer, but you could not drive a hammer with a nail. Man like himself and women like Corinne, Perkins knew, were not made to drive. They were made to be used, to be exploited, to penetrate natural laws, even to penetrate into the future. They needed a driver with skilled hands behind them, not a hammer clumsily handled to bend the nail out of shape. Science cut most deeply where it was supported.

Anna came once. She was fascinated and a trifle revolted by the thing in the dark part of the vat which could be seen only with the aid of an infra-red ray. It stirred and kicked; it had a head and a face and a body, but that was as far as looking human went. Anna shuddered.

"But that is exactly what will go on inside of you," Perkins explained, "if you are ever with child. Yours won't look any more human at this stage."

At the door she said, "A woman can never mean anything to you, Perk. She would have to play second fiddle to a vat."

But she was wrong. In the final analysis, he told himself, the reason for all this was Corinne. There was such a thing as a mental compatibility which transcended everything physical. Corinne had become all of womankind, now as well as in the future.

The night you kissed me," Anna went on, "you were a man, everything a man is supposed to be, a man needing a woman. Today you are complete within yourself, above the reach of a woman, untouchable."

Perkins did not try to make it clear to her that it was she herself who oscillated between that height and this depth. He was no less a man for being complete within himself. It was her rebellion against his lack of need that placed a gulf between them. This held her on a physical level, for she could not reach that height of mental affinity where thoughts intermingled and where understanding was more satisfying than selfish love. And yet at some fleeting moment all men and women of high potential glimpsed this realm.

The delegation came in the sixth month, the day before Corinne went to the hospital. The thing in the vat was now recognizably human, grotesque still, too large in the head, too bulging in the brow and too feeble of limb, but human nevertheless, just as tens of thousands of babies at this stage were human.

The minister and the woman with hair on her upper lip clearly were the appointed leaders. They were insistent on seeing the thing.

"This soulless monster," the minister said.

"This mockery of God," the woman said.

Perkins would have ignored them had it not been for Dr. Michealson. He had been persuaded into this thing by his wife, he explained in an aside. After listening to the talk he had become genuinely interested. He asked pointed questions.

"How do you keep the blood alive? . . . What have you substituted for amniotic fluid? . . . Does the placenta grow uniformly with the child, or does it get most of its growth earlier? . . ."

This was clearly a search for knowledge, and Perkins could not turn away. He darkened the room, lifted the covering from the transparent plastic, and switched on the infrared light.

"Sounds cannot harm this child," he said, "for there is no physical stress to give





emphasis, not even measurable vibrations. It is protected here much more effectively than it would be in the womb of a woman, and yet I believe we would be ill advised to discuss at length anything in the nature of conflict which might penetrate as a sound. There is intelligence there. If not intelligence and reasoning power, then a recording. As a doctor you are familiar with prenatal recall."

Dr. Micheelson nodded noncommittally. The woman with hair on her lip came up behind him. She took one look into the vat, then voiced an expletive.

"Sacreligious! He should be lynched! The world will be overrun with monsters!"

The minister was both revolted and strangely fascinated. "Is that actually what happens in a woman? Or are you making a mockery of God?"

Perkins covered the case and lighted the room.

"God will strike him dead," one woman murmured from behind a handkerchief which hid her horrified eyes.

"We will get a law passed," another said.

Perkins bore it all with good grace. He had not expected persons who believed that man was born in sin to grasp the wonder, the miracle of the continuation of life.

They would see only ugliness where ever their belief was contradicted, and they could not shed the belief that a child must come forth in labor and pain.

"What will it do to us women?"

Was it an instinctive rebellion? Did women see this as the first step toward eliminating the role which made them important in the scheme of life?

Perkins was brought up short by his own reasoning. However much the pain and labor of birth, it was the one thing that completed a woman. It was, and had been, her role to bring forth life, a fulfillment of that for which she was born. With out this, what might her role be?

In the sphere of the mental she was equipped for whatever role she might choose. But her mental functions were modified by her biological role. Her interests lacked the scope of the masculine. Her imagination, except in unusual instances, was confined and lacked the creative drive. Were these things due to her biological role? Was it true that in sustaining and bringing forth life she fulfilled whatever creative urge came down to man?

This was the night that Perkins failed to sleep. Something continued plucking at his mind. It seemed on the one hand a surge, a reaching out for something, and on the other it seemed that something was trying to reach in to him.

The laboratory failed to beckon, and he had to drive himself there. This had not happened before, and at mid-morning it was necessary to open his mind to it, whatever it was. And then he got it.

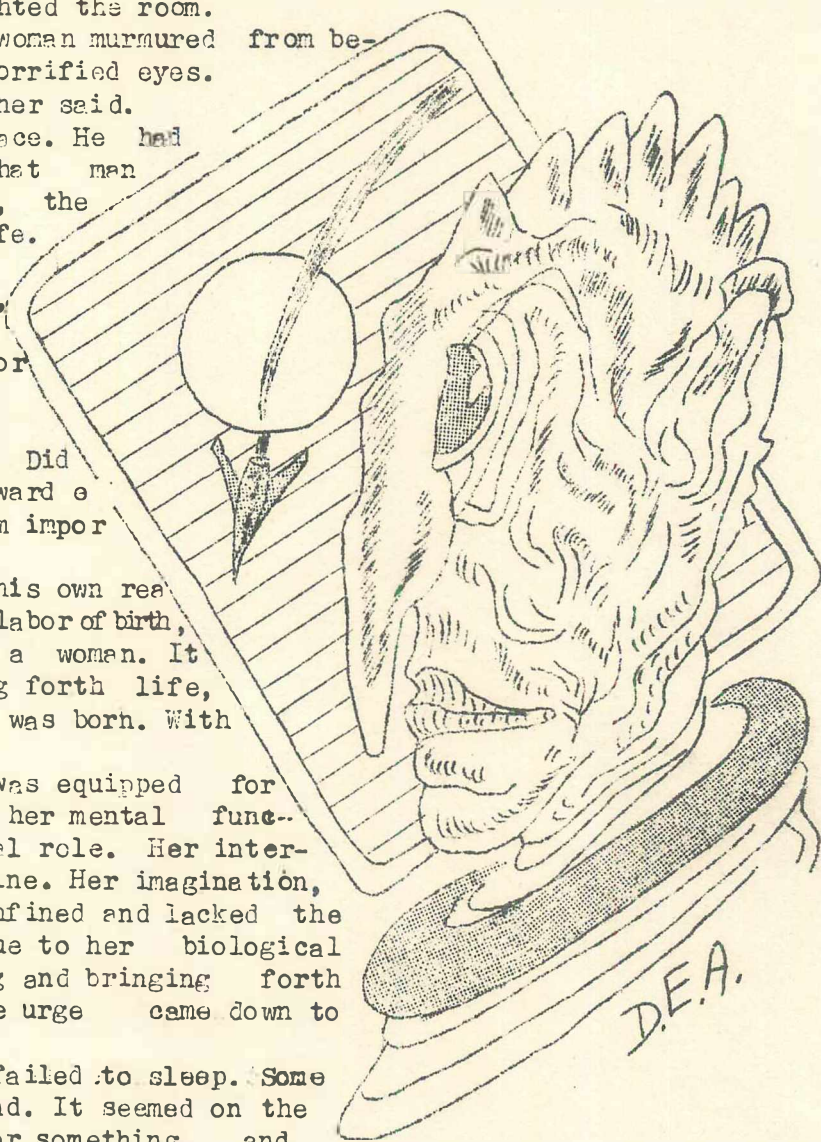
There was no need to check anything. Everything was as it should be. There was nothing to do but remove his smock, put on his coat and hat, and allow the door to lock behind him.

He did not call Murphy or make any inquiries. He knew, and he was at the hospital at the very moment she asked for him.

Murphy was grim, no ray of complacency in all of his fine features.

"They may have to operate," he said.

Perkins did not offer sympathy nor even conversation. He sought quiet and he opened his mind.



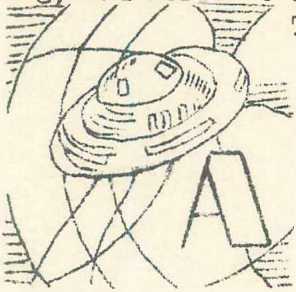


There was little but pain coming at regular intervals. There was neither hope nor despair. There was resignation, an acceptance of this role. There was also a trifle of vanity, a self-centered satisfaction that men waited in a tension of emotion while she suffered to bring forth life. Perkins did not give her back the thoughts that would dispel this satisfaction.

She knew he was here. She was proud that he had come. She was proud that someone could grasp and understand exactly the role she played, for after all, there was never total fulfillment until she was perfectly understood.

And no ordinary understanding could reach across to her at this climactic moment -- from a masculine mind. The understanding of women did not matter, for they were simply other figures in the cast. She played her role for the masculine, and this was the supreme moment.

And it dawned over Perkins with terrifying finality that here was the beginning and ending of frustration in women. All hope, all of life was here surging within her, and she felt as he had felt in the laboratory: not as a god, but assured in the knowledge that God-given talents were put to use. The only failure would be lack of understanding, and for this reason, her role was dramatized.



At the end of an hour a doctor came out and talked with Murphy. At the end of four hours Murphy was asked to come in and help. He lasted less than an hour. He came out dripping perspiration, evidence that he had vicariously suffered with his wife.

It was then that she asked for Perkins the second time. He knew it before they came for him.

"Perk, it's too big a job for me," she said.

He did not smile. There was too much pain. Besides, he already knew that she had failed. It cut through him as though he himself had failed. He tried to head her off from leaping to the answer. He poured his other thought in upon her, but she continued to shake her head. She knew. And she knew that he knew.

But did they? Were they picking up the thoughts of the doctors and the nurses? He tried to force these questions upon her, to divert her mind from total failure. He tried to reassure her that, while he and she might look into the future, and find a reasonable probability, they could not definitely find a certainty. They were limited as were the doctors and nurses, and their concept was biased by the desperate thoughts around them.

"What will it do to us women?"

It might change all this. It might save your life. It might eliminate this climactic role. It might place you in a different category.

Her smile was brighter now. "Perk, go out," she said.

The waiting was even longer this time, but it did not seem long. Perkins ate twice. He was hardly aware that Murphy continually talked in his ear. There was something greater, infinitely greater, going on. It was something that transcended all of the Murphys and would transcend them again and again in this life.

Centuries rolled away. Infinite probable courses opened. The one that Corinne's thoughts pursued was broad and clear.

"How many times have I told you not to wake me before October 31?"



It came to Perkins in the form of pleading: "Though I fail, you must not supplant the supreme role. It would destroy all that is woman. She would cease to have a biological attraction for man which is based on the necessity for survival. Make no mistake. The attraction between male and female has a single purpose. It was put there in order that mankind might survive. Were this eliminated, mankind must hence become bisexual."



Perkins was stunned. A woman at the door of Death in childbirth would still fight for the right of her supreme role. Not all women. Those who condemned his experiment on hypocritical grounds would be the first to make use of it were it successful.



END

-Hal Adams-

FROM UNDERTAKINGS COMES:

FROM UNDERTAKINGS COMES:

The WIZARD  
of  
South Mountain-

Reserve your copy for a mere 30¢ now. This new experiment in a -mateur publishing is limited edition.

George Wetzel



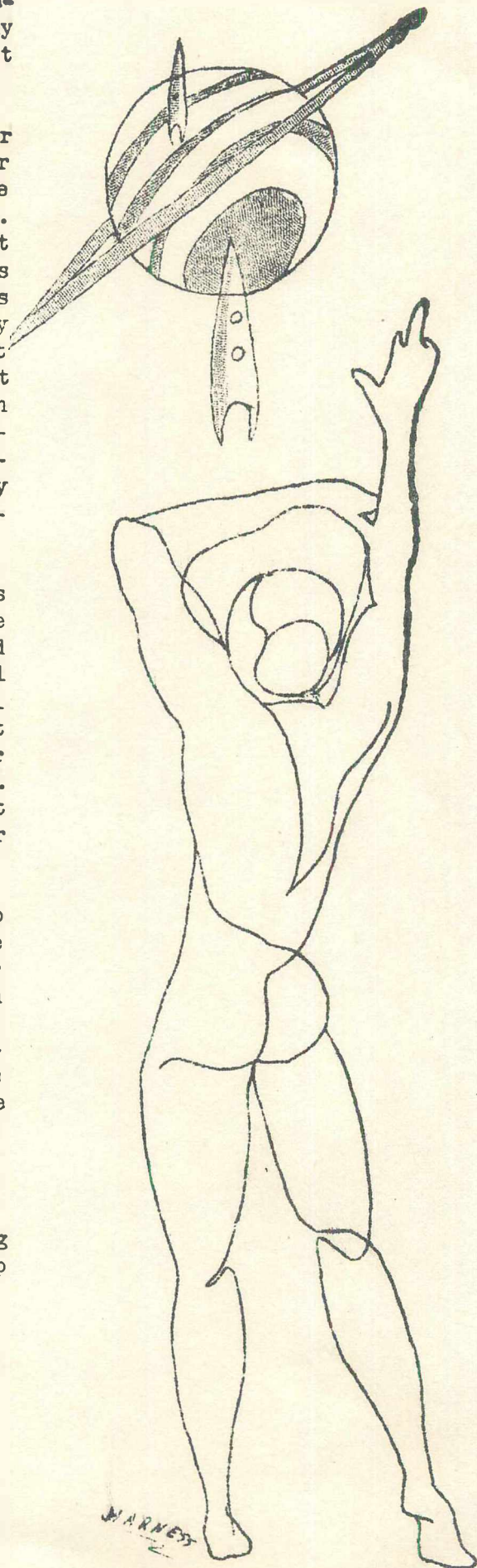
"Ten years ago and more, this nation hurled upon its Jap foe a new weapon, a weapon cunningly contrived from the secrets of the sun. Since that day, the world has lived in Terror.

"Every year, every month, every hour, terror has grown. It is terror compounded of fear. Fear of War. Fear of Defeat. Fear of Slavery. These fears are great, but they are common to humanity. Man in his sorrow has sustained them hitherto. But there are other fears in the composition of Man's present terror. These are fears that his cities may be reduced to rubble, his civilization destroyed, humanity itself wiped out; in sum, fear that man's world will end. And this last fear that Man's world will end has been augmented through the long, hideous years by hints from the laboratories that, indeed, the death of life is possible - and even the incineration of the planet may soon be achievable, by scientific design or careless accident.

"Fears of mortal aggression and human crimes are tolerable, however dreadful. But man have never borne with sanity a fear that their world will end. To all who accept as likely that special idea, reason becomes inaccessible; their minds collapse; madness invades their sensibilities. What they then do no longer bears reasonably upon their peril, however apt they deem their crazed courses. They are then puppets of their own terror. And it is such puppets that we Americans have acted for ten years or more.

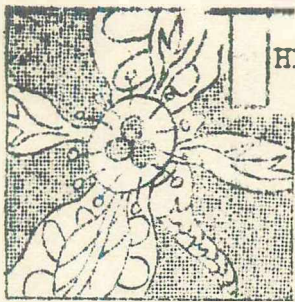
"Man has always reacted with universal panic to notions of the world's end. Time and again in the Dark Ages, some planetary conjunction, the appearance of a comet, or an eclipse led to general confusion. Business stopped. Mobs fled the cities. Cathedrals were thronged. Hideous sacrifices, repulsive persecutions, stake burnings and massacres were hysterically performed in efforts to stay the catastrophe. Futile efforts. Yet, whenever the people were thus frightened, they turned to violence, sadism and every evil folly. Time and again multitudes on hilltops, awaiting to ascend to heaven, trampled each other to death while sparring for the best position from which to be sucked up by a demented Jehovah.

*Tomorrow!*



WARNER





THE end of the Dark Ages did not alter this sinister trait. Through the 18th and 19th centuries our American hills have seen the scramble of the doomed as they awaited judgement. At the beginning of this very century, the country was stricken by awe when it learned Earth would pass through the tail of Halley's comet. By that day, to be sure, science had so prospered to a climate of liberty that millions stood steadfast in the presence of the celestial visitation. These restrained the rest. Blood did not flow on altars of our churches; infants were not dashed against Cathedral walls in atonement for presumed guilt; mobs of True Believers did not loot their own institutions and rape their own relatives in a last ecstasy of zealous horror. But today it is not the priest, not the self-appointed phrophet with his crackpot interpretation of Daniel or the Book of Revalation, who says "The Earth may end." It is that very group of reasonable, orderly and unhysterical men upon whom society has learned, a little, to lean for comfort and truth: The scientists themselves.

"The more civilized a man may be, or a woman, or child, the less readily he, or she or the child, will admit panic. That is what "civilized" means: understanding, self-control, knowledge, discipline, individual responsibility. What happens, then, if a civilized society finds itself confronted with a reasonable fear - yet one of such magnitude and nature that it cannot be tolerated by the combined efforts of reason and the common will? Such luckless multitudes, faced with that dilemma, will have but one solution. Feeling a gigantic fear they cannot (or will not) face, they must pretend they have no fear. They must ridicule those who show fear's symptoms. Especially, they must pit themselves, for the sake of a protective illusion, against all persons who endeavor to take the measure of the common dread and respond sensibly to its scope. To act otherwise would be to admit the admissible, the fact of their supressed panic.

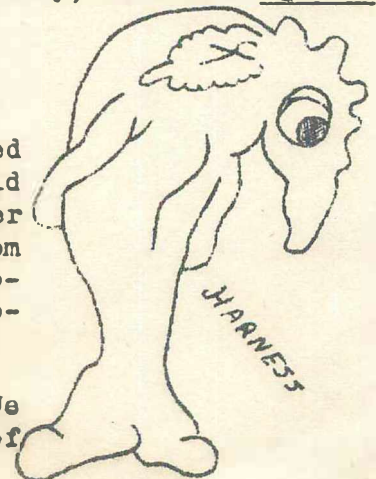
"Thus a condition is set up which a vast majority of citizens, unable to acknowledge with their minds the dread that east at their blind hearts, loses all contact with reality. The sensible steps are not taken. The useful slogans are outlawed. The proper attitudes are deemed improper. Appropriate responses to the universal peril dwindle, diminish, and at last, disappear.

"All the while, the primordial alarms are kept kindled in the darkness of self-shut-tered souls. Within them, in mortal quaking, march the impulses that set Inquisitions going, threw over liberty, brought down truth screaming, and assembled men repeatedly for bloody rites. Men's "leaders", most of them, take up the suicidal expressions of the mob. For leadership, alas, is of two sorts: one, that courageous chieftenship which administers according to high principle, whatever the mob's view at the moment; the other, specious and chimerical, a "leadership" which merely rides upon the wave of mob emotion, capitilizing it for private aggrandizient, and no more truly leads him to-ward death on the rock. Such leaders - Hitler is an example - are in the end, engulfed by that which sustained them. The other sort, true leaders - Lincoln was one - conduct the people by truth and reason through their panic to security, ofentimes against the stream.

"There are no Lincolns among us today.

"We, the people of the United States of America, have refused for more than a decade to face our real fear. We know our world could end. Every month, every year, several nations are discovering the fabricating instruments which make that ultimate doom more likely. The antagonism between a free way of life and a totalitarian way is absolute. And it appears to be unresolvable owing to the expressed permanent irreconcilability of Communism.

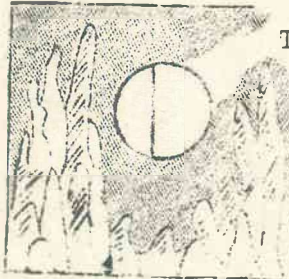
"What have we done about all this? The answer is shocking. We have failed to meet the challenge. We have shirked the duty of





free men. We have evaded every central fact. We have relied on ancient instruments of security without examining the new risks - reinforcing military strength while we left relatively undefended and unarmed the targets of another war: our cities, our homes.

"Many of of, intellectual men, liberals, humanistic in our beliefs, had stood about for upward of a decade muttering "There must be no war." That is childish; it is mad. Wars are generally made by unilateral decision: They are the aggressions of one nation. Not a single man among those who has insisted we get along, henceforward, "without war" - since war may spell the earth's end - has offered a solitary idea or performed a solitary act that has lessened war's likelihood. How could such people, who call their wishful thoughts "ideals" be anything but soothsayers? War, if it is to be avoided, must be quenched in the Kremlin and in the broad confines of Russia, taken with its captive states. But these people who say there must be no war are all in Illinois, or Arizona, or New York State - not Russia.



THESE, feeling appalled and thus compelled to do something, however ineffectual, to assuage the pain of their anxieties, have limited their hostility to the here and the now, to the known - and do somewhat evade, by the delusion, the real, external source of terror. These persons - and they number scores of millions of self-satisfied good Americans - have been content to launch a long and heated crusade against communism at home, its dupes, its puppets and its sinister agents.

"Conspiracy to destroy this Government by violence is treason. The mere desire to see liberty abolished in order that a repulsive, Communist state may replace it, seems vicious to every person who loves freedom. There is no doubt that domestic Communists are dangerous to liberty. But is it sensible to a chase of putative traitors and minor spies, giving freedom, the while, no other service and sacrifice at all? It is not.

"Yet in that one process, multitudes of the people of America and many of their leaders in the Congress have also set aside the concept of freedom itself! They have seized the instruments and ideologies of their foe - with the notion of "Fighting fire with fire". Every private right has been violated, under the Capitol's dome. The innocent have been condemned without trial. Envy, spite, lies and malicious gossip have been brought to bear on solid citizens, destroying them. So the medieval lust of men cowering before holocaust has been exploited, to make little men look big. We have emulated the tricks of Hitler and Stalin. Today when some of us pronounce the word "un-American", what we mean belies the significance of Americanism as every great citizen conceived it from the Founding Fathers until this day. A love of liberty, fair play, justice now is held synonymous with "un-Americanism"! Today, a man who defends all we have stood for is liable to abuse as a "potential traitor". All liberty is being turned about: conformity, slavishness, seditious syncretism, these are being held true evidences of patriotism. Such traitor-hunting methodology is a sickness of the American Mind, a cancer in the frightened soul of a formerly great people. "Set a thief to catch a thief", says a cynic's proverb; even the cynic does not admonish "To catch a thief, become one".

"Even religion, even the Holy name of God, is used to restrict the rights of a people dedicated to religious freedom.

"A few years ago a new president of these United States made several loosely considered assertions about God and America. Americanism, he indicated, is founded in a belief in God; atheism, he suggested, is synonymous with the alien doctrines of Communism. This was an exultant discovery - for churchgoers, however evil their private conduct, narrow their views, or sleazy their religious tenants. For now, all atheists, agnostics and all the religiously unconfirming could be looked upon by millions with suspicion, as Communists, or near to Communism. Special faith was made to seem an American imperative - and Freedom died a new death.

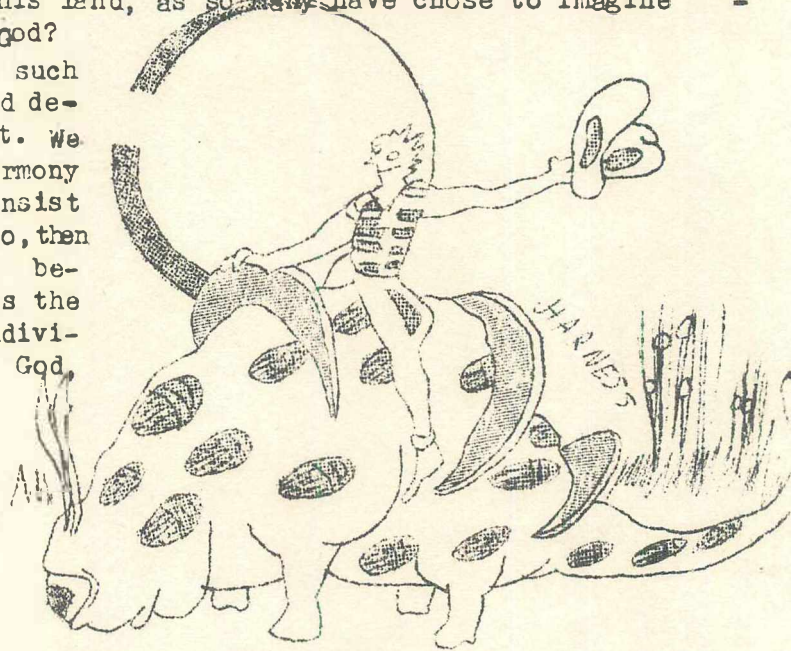


"The attitude was a desecration of the principle upon which our nation is founded: religious freedom, tolerance, deliverance from persecution on any, and every, philosophical ground. For if we are a free people, we are not bound to conform to anybody's belief, but only to let others believe and practice as they will, so long as they do not interfere with the general rights. It matters nothing what Presidents say; they come and go. We cannot, in simple fact, conform religiously. Any effort to do so would split and wreck this nation without recourse to arms and bombs. It is liberty that permits us to exist and grow strong, not conformity to one God, one cult, or any other beliefs save a belief in the freedom of the conscience of every citizen. Religious freedom means we are responsible as a people to freedom itself, not to any God. Responsibility even to God - if it were mandatory in this land, as so many have chosen to imagine - would merely raise the question: Whose god?"

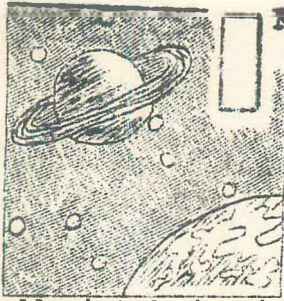
"It is a terrible question to ask in such an hour, a question more destructive and decisive among free men than enemy assault. We Americans have come our long way in harmony simply because it is "un-American" to insist on belief in aught but liberty. If we do, then shall it be more or less "American" to believe in the Presbyterian Trinity? Or is the Baptist Faith correct and does every individual have to decide for himself about God, acknowledging only certain names in baptism. What of the Jews? Is their Jehovah the suitable God of Americans and their law proper for all? And the Catholics! Is every American obliged to venerate the Virgin in order to show, as all Catholics believe, a true reverence? Suppose a Hindu becomes a citizen here? And are his "gods" to be our God? Is Vishnu? And what of Confucianist who truly believes "God" to be good manners and perfect ethics? Then let us ask, do Christian Scientists believe in God at all? According to millions of Protestants and others, they are rank heretics, the deluded followers of a woman from Boston. What of Ralph Waldo Emerson's Unitarians?"

"You can see here why we cannot accept the President's implications that Americanism connotes belief in God: Americans have too many diverse ideas concerning God to attempt conformity. And besides, they have, or once had, freedom in the matter."

"This last leads to a greater irony. For those Americans who are of most value in this terrible age - the men of science, the technicians, the sociologists, and the psychologists - the only persons who offer America any practical hope of deliverance from present panic - do not, by and large, believe in God at all, according to the conventional descriptions of organized faiths. These men and women are in one sense opposed to "faith". They have accepted, in their heads and hearts, a search for truth and an inquiry into reality instead of creedal statement. Yet they are no less honest, honorable, pure and true than any other men. On the contrary, because their minds are not suborned by the bunked dogma, they are, as a group more honest, more honorable, more truthful and more reliable than the conventional religious. They are the people who have made most of humanity's advances; the rest are followers, often reluctant, sometimes sadistic and destructive."







F, by pretending "Americanism" is synonymous with religious faith, we alarm these people in our midst - the discoverers, pioneers, leaders of thought, inventors, scientists, educators - then we shall truly have beheaded the nation in the name of Godliness. It is one more symptom of our hidden panic.

"There are many others besides. If the McCarthys should remove from the USA every single Communist and Communist suspect, the danger to us all - so clear, so terrible - would not be measurably alleviated. America would be Communist-free, spy-free, to be sure. But half a billion people elsewhere in the world, Communists all or slaves of Communists, would still be undeterred and laboring day and night to destroy liberty on earth and the US in particular. We would have killed a few gnats and let fatal hemorrhage run unchecked. That is the measure of the cosmic unimportance of the Senator from Wisconsin. And that is the measure of the foolishness of those who hold the credulous notion that the McCarthys are accomplishing work of primary importance in the matter of our imminent doom.

"Some of us, nowadays, take refuge in such medieval and panicky hiding places as these, undoing our own liberty in false hope of saving our skins. Some are sillier still. They look to people, imaginary people not unlike God, to come from "outerspace" and save them. They see Flying Saucers on every breeze and in every night sky and console themselves with the idea that beings "higher" than themselves will soon come and save mankind from man and his bombs. This is escapism, too, fantasy, exactly such superstitious stuff as was the foundation for many medieval tenets (religions).

"Others take their qualms back to the churches - the churches they abandoned years back for golf on Sunday, bridge, pleasure riding, and TV. There are millions. They are praying for peace, now, and protection against holocaust. Such prayer, uttered ardently by millions to every major deity man has been able to invent, has never been answered! The wars have gone on. Those historic devotees who exhausted themselves, their time and energy in such incantations were merely easier prey for foes they would not prepare for. This indeed may be the American fate - the price of doing away with intellectual freedom and putting a compulsion on belief. Yet in all the other provinces of peril, we stay the same.

"On our prairies, farmers, fearing the onslaught of the wind, dig cyclone cellars. They rod their barns and ground their aerials, lest the lightning strike. If the autumn is dry, their ploughs make circuits around their homes and livestock pens so prairie fire cannot consume what they hold dear. Downstream on the Green Prairie River, and below on the Missouri, men have erected great dams, constructed lakes, set up levees, against flood. In our cities, lest fire break out, we maintain engines and men to save us from burning. And against all crimes, police patrol our streets, in cars these days, vigilant with every electronic device. We have appraised many dangers and prepared against them in these and a hundred other fashions. What of the peril of the world's end?

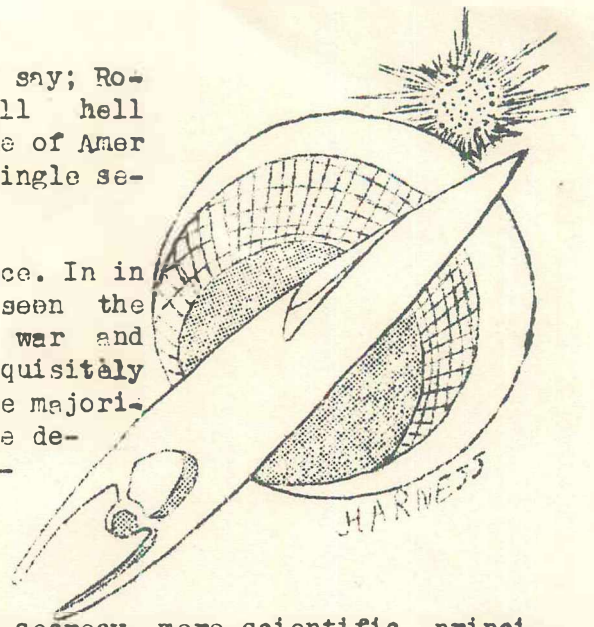
"Today in Washington, men who do not, who cannot, understand what it is they are talking about argue interminably concerning how doomsday may be resisted or put off. Since, in their technical ignorance, they cannot appraise recent perils, their thoughts concerning the perils to come are useless. We maintain a navy - against what may never move by sea. We levy vast armies and hold them the final arbiter of every battle even though, just the other year, an empire called Japan fell to us with never a foot soldier on its main islands. We believe our airplanes can deliver stroke for stroke, and better, but we will not count the effect of strokes upon ourselves. We admit our radar screen is leaky. We have dreamed up - and left largely on drawing boards - such weapons as might adequately defend a sky-beleaguered metropolis. In sum, we face the rage of radioactivity, the blast of neutrons, the killing solar fires, with peashooters and squirt guns.

"Indeed if the findings of our schoolmarms are accepted, we may soon find even the



mention of such dangers. It upsets the pupils, they say; Ro-schach Tests reveal this remarkable perturbation. All hell may be winging toward us in the sky but, in the name of American education, let us not permit it to ruffle a single second-grader!

"America had - and missed - its only golden chance. In 1945, or '46, or even '47 the American people had seen the clear meaning of liberty, there would have been no war and there would be no danger now. The proposition is exquisitely simple. Our nation is founded on the theory that the majority of the people, if informed, will make appropriate decisions. That, in turn, implies - it necessitates - the one freedom that underlies all others: freedom to know, intellectual liberty, the open access of all men to all truth. That - that alone - is the cornerstone of liberty and democracy. When the Soviets showed the first signs of enclosing in Soviet secrecy, mere scientific principles like those of the bomb, we Americans could and should have seen that Russian secrecy would instantly compel American secrecy. We should have seen that an America thus suddenly made secret, in the realm of science where knowledge had thitherto been open, would no longer be free, and its democratic people could no longer be informed. Hence Russia's Iron Curtin would have been seen as what it was and is and always will be: a posture of intolérable aggression against American freedom.



"If that had been seen at the time, the Iron Curtin could have been dissolved by a mere ultimatum: America then was the earth's most powerful nation - Russia was devastated. But we were powerful only in arms and trusted them. We were feeble-minded in ideals and ideology: our vision of freedom was myopic. We, too, clamped down on abstract knowledge a new, un-American curtin called "security", and every kind of freedom commenced inevitably to dwindle in a geometric progression. That was our chance. Our peril today, our ever-growing and even-more-horrible peril in the sensible future, is the cost of saying we were free and acted otherwise. We flubbed our greatest chance for liberty in human history and hardly even noted our blunder, our betrayal.

"Ten years have gone by. We could, at vast expense, have decentralized our cities. We didn't. We could, at lesser expense, have ringed our country with adequate warning devices and learned to empty our cities in a few hours. We didn't. The cost, still, was too great; the dislocation of human beings, the drills and inconveniences, beyond our bearing. We had cause, in a struggle to regain landsliding liberties, we have always had the cause, to challenge Soviet power earlier, in the name of Liberty, brotherhood, justice, human integrity and decency. All we did was to make a few peripheral challenges, as in Korea. We didn't face the issue when the Kremlin's bombs were scarce and weak. We are not even good opportunists.

"Now the sands of a decade and more have run out. We cannot challenge without venturing the world's end. Quite possibly our death notice is written, a few months or years farther along the track of this wretched planet. Then, perhaps our flight from freedom will get the globe rent into hot flinders, atomized gas. But the only question before you, citizens of Green Prairie, or River City, or the lovely world, is this, apparently:

What new idiocy can you dream up, with your coffee, your porridge, your first cigarette, to keep yourself awhile longer from facing these truths?

END

This is an excerpt from TOMORROW, a book by Philip Wylie, which was reviewed in this magazine's first issue last Sept. This was an editorial in the TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper in the town of Green Prairie. Supposedly composed by "Coley", the editor of same. More information on this will be found in the editorial. Please turn to that section now.



This is an author review. Halt! Don't turn the page. Repitito est meter studiorum. With that thought, let us launch in -to a critique of A.E. van Vogt...

For the sake of completeness, I believe a short biography is in order..... Alfred E. van Vogt was born in 1912 of Dutch descent in Manitoba. He is a tall courteous person, who loves to talk about educational theories and psychology. A pince-nez fastened by a golden chain to one ear presents an air of old-fashioned -ness about him.

Few people will dispute the fact that he is the master of the intricate plot. Readers who dislike his stories are shielded away due to this reason, probably, more than any other. Van Vogt builds his novels around two plots - internal and external upheaval. The two main plots are, without exception, woven together with several action-packed, brilliantly executed sub-plots. While the tales follow a logical path, the elements of the plots are so involved it is often necessary to re-read parts; almost invariably it is also necessary to spend time-consuming minutes mentally reviewing what has gone on before. While this might appear to make for insipid reading, the reader, as a rule, enjoys well developed story themes and singular conclusions - blended with the stereotyped, though not at all uninteresting, exploits of the hero.

The novels usually have three societies based on the vertices of an equilateral triangle wrangling for control of something or other to insure their victory as a dominant group over the other two. Through the use of various schemes and finagling, everything comes to a head around the hero who then resolves the difficulty with the aid of some superior quality.

The hero theme has been developed to the ultimate by van Vogt. Van Vogtean heroes are trampled on and pushed around for the first two thirds of each novel only to emerge as the master-minds of the situation due to the utilization of esp and superior intelligence.

The inimitable van Vogt employs many gadgets in his stories, resulting in much of his work originally appearing in ASF. Sciologism is not one of his faults, for the gadgets are well conceived items. The settings occur, generally, at a far distant time in the future - they are cosmic in scope, reminding one of Isaac Asimov's work.

Van Vogtean complication is not found to such great extent in his short stories. From that standpoint they are much more readable. Though many of the short stories are cosmic in scope, many revolve about a contemporary standpoint; and in that respect make them far more plausible. A theme not encountered in much of his work is a botanical idea in the shape of a sinister plant form, possessing intelligence. Two excellent examples: Process & The Harmonizer. One of the best novels, concerned with a detailed account of alien psychology, is The Voyage of the Space Beagle, a tale of the adventures aboard a stellar ship when contact is made with three alien civilizations. His tales of the mutant and superman are numerous: Slan and the "Weapon Shops" series are among the most notable of these. The earlier stories of this series, World of A & Players of A, are founded on Morzybyski's non-Aristotelian logic.

At the moment not much of van Vogt's work is appearing in the magazines, for he has been engaged as a dianetic auditor and has been revising his novels for book publication.

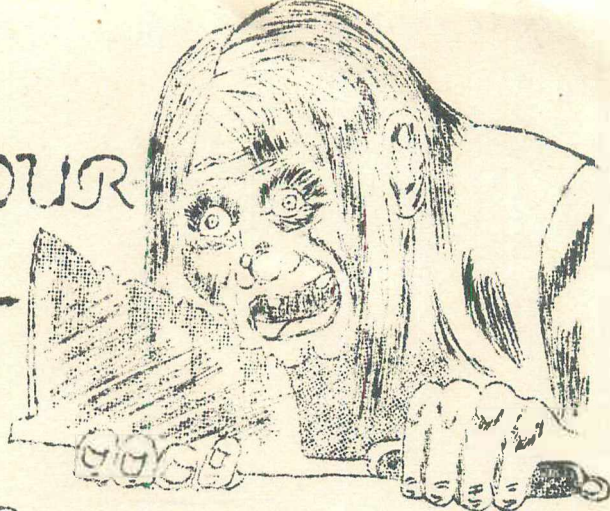
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The Critical Crypt-Keeper

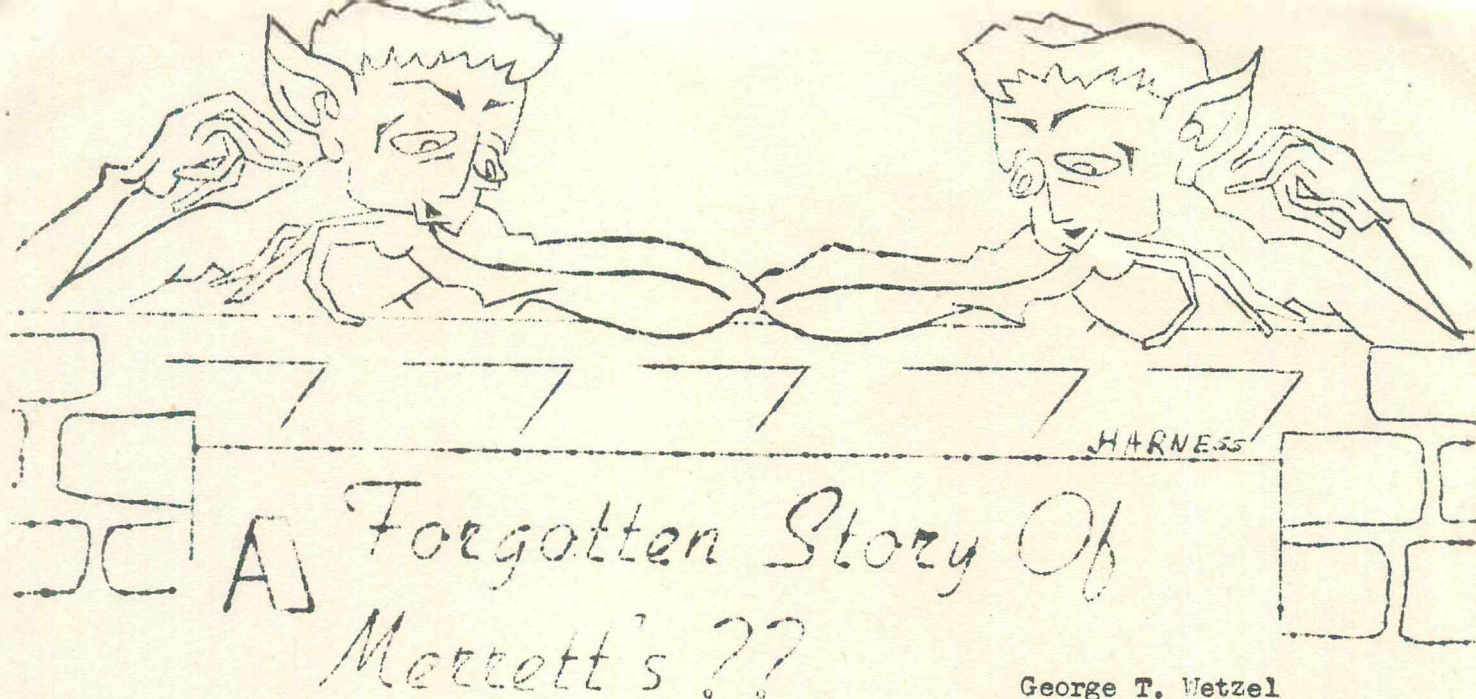
-John Voorheis-

OUR

Critical  
Crypt-Keeper







## A Forgotten Story Of Merrett's ??

George T. Wetzel

While researching old newspapers of Baltimore, I chanced across a short fantasy, which read so much like A. Merrett's prose, that I disregarded the appended author's name, and considered it but an alias. This "discovery" was in the end of 1952.

The story was entitled "The Pool of the Stone God", and was by a "W. Fenimore", in the "American Weekly" for Sept. 23, 1923. Anyone desiring to read it in full can do so if the newspaper files or microfilm at their local library have a collection of the "American Weekly" carried in the Sunday edition of their local newspaper.

To determine if "W. Fenimore" was an alias of A. Merrett's or not, I wrote to the "American Weekly" and requested the address - if any - of W. Fenimore, stating my purpose for it, and my belief that the name could be an alias for A. Merrett.

In Feb. 1953 the "American Weekly" editors replied, saying that they could not settle the problem, their being in ignorance themselves, but they did give me the address of a Watson Fenimore of Bethesda, Md. But they could not swear he was the W. Fenimore, having pulled his name out of their alphabetical file; their payment records for 1923 were not readily available, they said, but would be conclusive if checked. I took this to mean that they did not want to bother further with the matter, so I wrote Watson Fenimore. He denied authorship of the story "The Pool of the Stone God".

Since then I have tried to locate someone well informed on Merrett, or else someone close to him, for a clue to his possible authorship of the story in question, but without success up to this date.

Having reached this impasse I have requested - a few weeks ago - that the "American Weekly" to kindly check their 1923 payment records and help settle the mystery.

The story itself I will give an outline of, and some excerpts to show its style. This will help present my case.

Other factors are that Merrett was editor of the "American Weekly" at the time of the story's publication. August Derleth, to whom I loaned a copy of it, concurs with me that it is a Merrett story under an alias. The opinions of Wm. H. Evans, and Langley Searles are not definitely made yet, as they only have my description of it, and have not yet read through the actual thing.

Before any more argument and hypothesis is presented, it is best that a precise and quotations from the story be presented so as to show the opus in question -





THE story opens with the curious outfitting of an expedition with suits of chain mail, masks and gauntlets, preparatory to embarking for an unusual island in the South Seas. Then there is a flash-back, narrated by Prof. Marston who thusly explains why the curious regalis for his returning expedition.

The wreck of his ship, bent on a fossil seeking expedition, forced them to escape into a life boat. One interesting fact here is that the island in this story lies in the general area of Merrett's "Moon Pool" island of Pamape.

The castaways land on the island and explore it a bit. They reach a clearing at the edge of which they get the odd impression that the trees are held back from it by something unseen. At the end of the clearing were stone huts that reminded them "powerfully of the structures you see in parts of England and France". In the centre of the sinister place was a great stone pool beside which was a stone figure some 20 feet high. It had a "peculiar effect of drapery about it."

On closer inspection, they noted the stone figure was carved with numerous bat-like wings, that mantled it from neck to ankles. "There was something extremely disquieting about this figure. The face was inexpressively ugly and malignant. The eyes - Mongol-shaped - were slanted evil."

But it was not the face that emanated the impression of evil; the wings that seemed to be clinging to it. One of the castaways touched the idol and flinched in fear.

The narrator thought the idol "was clearly the work of that forgotten race whose monuments are scattered over the Southern Pacific."

Which remark inclines me to believe Merrett meant this story (if proven to be his) to have some connection with his novel "Conquest of the Moon Pool".

Dusk coming on, the castaways decide to return to their beached boat, but get lost in the island's forest and wander unexpectedly back into "the open space with the stone god leering under the moon and the green water shining at his feet!"

The exhausted men make camp beside the pool. The narrator alone enters one of the stone huts out of curiosity. He finds in one of them two small basins, set in the stone wall, reddish pearls; he runs then to call out his discovery. At the door he stops in wonder, for the stone wings on the idol wave and loose themselves from it, & descend in a cloud upon the castaways outside of the hut. Another cloud races up from the pool to join them.

Strangely the wings do not attack the narrator whose hut must be some sort of sanctuary. At dawn he peers out and sees the idol with its numerous wings back on. His companions were dead, their blood having been sucked out of them.

Going towards the idol, he notices that it seems larger; he sees "it was covered with tiny drops of blood that had been dropped from the ends of the wings that clothed it!"

His memory after that is blank until he awakes on a pearling schooner that had picked him up in the life boat.

Another interesting thing in this story was when the narrator himself touched the idol and described it: "The wing had felt like smooth, cold stone, but I had the sensation of having touched back of the stone something monstrous, obscene creature of a lower world." This plus the fact that a second cloud of the wing-creatures came up out of the pool suggests that an underground origin of the wing-things was probable. Their



emergence from the pool also conjures up speculation as to relationship with Merrett's earlier "Moon Pool", which is doubly significant as both stories occur in the same general South Sea area. Another speculation is the mentioning of the megaethoid huts in this story under discussion and the similar stone architecture used by Merrett in "Creep Shadow, Creep".

"The Pool of the Stone God" is but an introduction to a larger tale, and even in its own fictional frame is but an outline of such an introductory chapter. It is a stage-setting fragment as it appears and cannot properly be called a short story in any regard, as it propounds a number of mysteries which it does not solve, or even hint at solving in its brief framework.

All the color so idiomatic of Merrett's fantasies appear in this fragment. The out-fitting of an expedition in medieval armor; the wing-like entities which are curious sorts of demons; the quasi-symbolical idol; the cosmic viewpoint of Merrett, in this instance discernable in the linking of the cromlechs of Western Europe with the megalithic structures of the South Pacific, of which non metal in the Ponopes (as in Merrett's "Moon Pool") is an example. The only typical Merrett ingredient missing is his inevitable heroine; I think this would have unquestionably been dragged in, in the ensuing development of the story - of which the present fragment is without a doubt a mere introduction, a stage-setting bit. It is not certain if I will ever ascertain conclusively if "The Pool of the Stone God" is an alias authored story of A. Merrett's. Nevertheless, this article is presented in the hope that someone might come up with such evidence; also, this article should serve to interest any Merrett fans rabidly on the look-out for any Merrett work unknown prior to this time.

George T. Wetzel

[illegible]

lar eruption instead of collision. The hero, Bill Easson, is given the job of picking one in three hundred people to take to Mars, and a new life. The book is quite good, but suffers from some lack of originality. All in all, though, the characterizations are good, and the plot moves along nicely.

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I was given, lately, by a not-too-intelligent friend, a paperbound copy of a British sf novel, which he claimed was "wonderful". The thing, no other word suffices, is called BEYOND THESE SUNS and is written by Rand Le Page. This, beyond doubt, is the worst I have read in years. The plot is terrible; the science is ridiculous; and it generally would put to sleep the worst-pulp readers. I rank it even lower than the semi-illiterate writings of Vargo Sta-tten, another English "ace".

Speaking of Vargo Statten, I read the first ish of the new Vargo Statten stf mag, and thought it was on the level I expected it to be. Still, it might improve with practice and a little less of the editor's own material. English stf is cluttered up, even more than ours, with too many hacks, who through Heaven-knows-what means, manage to get their stuff pubbed. God help the poor English stf readers, it's certainly the publishers who're not doing any good!

Now to one of my bright ideas. I, like several hundred before me, want to know your favorite stf writers. I would like every reader of UN to send me a list of his five, favorite, writers. In a future issue, this report will be pubbed. Meanwhile, send your favorite's names to me, with any comments you care to make. Send to:

Bob M. Rolfe      207 East Washington Ave.      Bath, New York

Adieu for thish, and please don't forget to send me your five favorites.

I know that some of you will not want to bother with this, but I assure you, this will be used to your future advantage. I'd prefer your writing to Bob, but if, by any foolish whim, you cannot spare 2¢ for a postal card, just tell me your choices, and I will pass the list on to Bob myself. Thanks.



Before I get to the books, I'd like to utter a word of explanation to Jim Norwell concerning Philip Wylie's TOMORROW! I had already reviewed it for my own mag, SCIENCE FICTION READER, but the second ish of SFR has never been released. However, I hate duplication of material, so I said nothing. I fully agree with Jim, in his review of it, and add my voice to his in hoping that everyone will read TOMORROW!

Also, a word on the books that I happen to choose to review. I don't, in fact, can not read all the latest stf books. However, I review all I can get to read. I also, though, read several books which while not new, are new to me. They are books I missed at some previous time, so, if you find an occasional oldie listed here, bear with me.

Now with all statements of policy aside, I shall proceed to "dig up" a few specimens while the Graveyard Attendant is out to lunch, and dissect them; all in the cause of science, you understand.

In the paperbound division there is a good anthology in Frederick Pohl's SHADOW OF TOMORROW. Did I say good? No, I mean excellent. There isn't a poor story in here. Outstanding, though, are Robert Heinlein's "Year of the Jackpot", Asimov's "The C-Chute", and Wilson (Bob) Tucker's "To a Ripe Old Age".

All the stories in the book are reprints from mags - mostly GALAXY - and all are exceptionally fine. For thirty-five cents, you can't beat SHADOW OF TOMORROW.

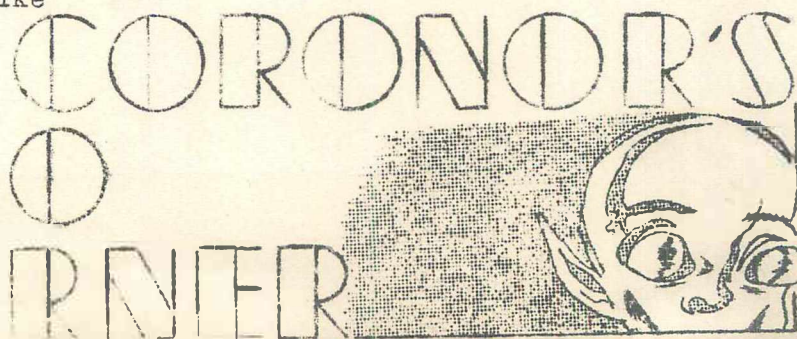
A few weeks ago, George Towner, local stf club boss, came raving to me about a book he had just read, and got me all excited too. I betook myself to "Tobie's", the local paperbound book pusher's nest, and brought home a copy of Richard Matheson's I AM LEGEND. Believe me, fans, this book is as strange as its title. It isn't really science fiction; science fantasy fits it better, but it is one of the most intriguing and grim-mest novels to hit print in a looong time.

It tells the story of Robert Neville, the last man on earth. Sound odd? Well just wait a minute... He isn't exactly the last... No, there are the other survivors of the human race, Vampires, who are out for more recruits. Don't get me wrong, now. This book puts Vampirism on a strictly scientific level, with no religious overtones, or supernatural fol-der-ole.

I AM LEGEND is really fascinating reading. I sat up till three A.M. finishing it. Once started, you can't put it down. You will need a strong stomach for it, but it's first-rate work, believe me. This may become a classic in its line. If it doesn't, something will be wrong somewhere.

The next story isn't an epic, but if you want a story that bristles with action and some tsists which are very reminiscent of the late Edgar Rice Burroughs, get a copy of last February's SCIENCE STORIES and read John Bloodstone's THE LAST DAYS OF THRONAS. It's a complete-in-one-issue novel, about 45, 000 words long. I first read it last winter when home from school for a week with a neck ailment. I found it again a few days ago, and read it again. It's the wild and wooly type stf, though not exactly space opera. I think you'll get a kick out of it, nonetheless, especially if you like ERB and his imitators.

One of the current Science Fiction Book Club's selections is J.T. McIntosh's ONE IN THREE HUNDRED. It is somewhat suggestive of Belmer & Wylie's WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, and it too concerns the end of life on the Earth. However, it is though a so-  
(Continued Page - )





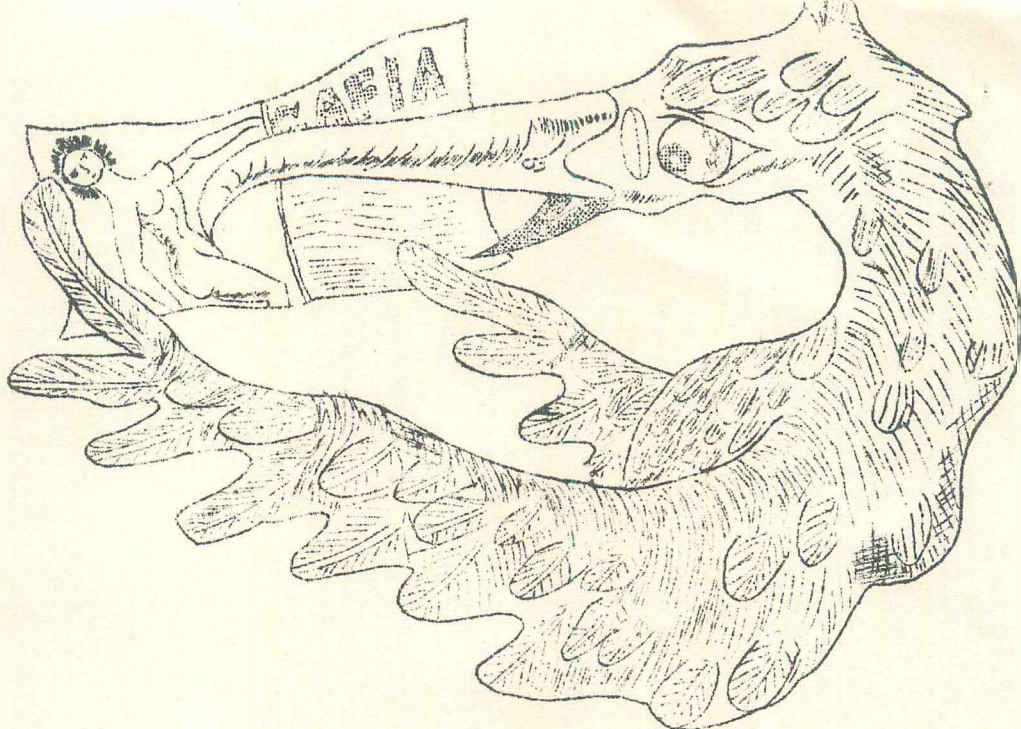
THE  
CONDOR'S  
EYE

on

This Issue's

SELECTION OF SIX

FIE  
VAMP  
MIMI  
CONFAB  
DEVIANT  
ABSTRACT



FIE # 2 Harry Celnek Granville Ferry Nova Scotia, Can.

....Cleanly mimeographed on white paper this fanmag is an indication of the recent upsurge in activity among Canadian fen which has brought us several new titles. Cover (& inside front)

done by Dotty Delaine. The outer cover is very striking and quite well done. Pictured are two spacemen, or rather a spaceman-and-a-half, striding off the right hand side of the page, presumably stalking something as they are armed. The background consists of upright spaceship, and a distant star. In huge black columns the title "FIE". Inside front cover by Richard Geis depicts a rather grotesque hotel manager who's skull is apparently split open. Remainder of interior illos by Geis and Celnek. Fiction is offered by Joe Keogh ("New Lease") and M. Desmond Emery ("Launching of the Argos"). Neither is of much worth. Keogh's accomplishment is another of the "wealthy old man preparing to escape from doomed earth" sagas. Stanley Betts gives us "Hypnosis", which instead of being an article on the subject, is merely an attempt to obtain a reaction and thus decide whether to actually do some articles on the subject. Keogh is represented again with his column "Zenith and Nadir". It is an interesting but extremely short discussion of ASF "recession" and comparison with IMAGINATION. "? OR !" is a strange offering apparently a satire meant to give the impression that it was actually written by a "time traveler" now residing in a mental home...I donno... "Why Is A Fan" by Norman Clarke has a misleading title. It is a well-conceived satire rather than a sober, beard-stroking, head scratching discussion on the much asked question. Clarke writes in a MAD vein...somewhat in the manner of certain serious "modern" writers, who's characters are obviously not "people", but symbols/sounding boards. Example: "Do you know any editors ?"... "No, but I once shook hands with an Indian". A similar, if more "advanced" satire is perpetrated by Elmira Shultz..."The Case of the Nausiating Neofan" is another title which gives no indication of what is to come. This is a pleasantly crazy thing which strikes off in a dozen different directions and includes a number of odd characters who hurl obscure, apparently senseless sentences at each other ("When all around you bagpipes, are bagging pipingly...."). "The Gaspipe" introduces Gerald Steward who reviews eighteen fan magazines. My colleague even goes so far as to dissect two issues of certain mags. It is my belief that he is making an elementary error even as I once did. The fact is that one is unable to devote sufficient space to any specific mag thus "short-changing" them all and affording none a competent review. #Departments are "Ro-team" (editorial), and "The Poison Pen" (reader's section). #Summarizing: As a bit of light reading for "fans" this one fulfill's its purpose. If you desire a science-fiction fan mag skip this publication. At 15¢ it is overpriced. FIE is not a complete



waste of time if you enjoy this sort of thing. But, as Harlan would say, "There's nothing of real worth here." SUB INFORMATION: 15¢ per single copy. RATING: \*\*\*

VAMP # 9 (First eight issue under title: SF) John Magnus 9312 Second Ave.  
Silver Spring, Md.

....The cover on this fanmag is of the pallid grey shade which QUANDRY made famous-VAMP, which is subtitled "that bright new fanzine", is otherwise composed of standard white mimeograph paper upon which the printing is very legible. The cover is graced by a piece of filler art by Art Wesley, a rather meek BEM is pictured pointing at a sign which reads, "No Terrans Allowed". The remainder of the interior art is rendered by Dave English, DEA, Dean Grennell, and Jack Harness (Plato Jones is also present with a good cartoon). In the way of contents, we have Stan Woolsten with an article entitled "The ABC of Acquiring Enemies". This is not a humorous satiric thing, as one might be well led to suppose... it is sound advice on how to write for the fanzines, or for that matter, how to write - period (non-fiction, of course). I might point out that Woolsten's article rather well illustrates the fact that nothing is more in demand among the better zines than good, well-written articles. ((A-hem! - ed)) Naturally some zines that deal in nothing but humor are exceptions. However, the larger percentage of faneds are more eager to obtain controversial articles than any other type of material. "The Quake at Quaker City" by Ian Macauley gives us a report on the '53 World Con. In direct contrast to the deluge of reports following the Chicon, few, in fact, hardly any, reports were authored this year. Thus, this specific report can be read with appreciation, if not with great enthusiasm. The report is not too well-written, a trifle dull, partly due to the fact that Ian merely chronicles his activities in the manner of a man stating a routine schedule ("I went down to the bus stop at 6:45, bus arrived 6:49, arrived office 6:57, said hello to secretary 7:09, read letter from Globe Distributing Company 7:16..." you get what I mean). Henry Moskowitz, known chiefly for his campaign to restore Captain Future to "glory", perpetrates an article called "The Other Worlds Affair". An interesting topic, certainly, but one which fails to take in -to account the true nature of Raymond A. Palmer...which is neither good or bad, but a little of both. RAP's philosophies are hard to understand. I believe that I understand

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"His plan was logical .... in a round-about way."  
-----

the true "RAP", and consider him to be not quite the black-hearted scoundrel some attempt to convince us he is...nor yet the "true friend of fandom" others feel that he is. Henry bemoans the fact that OW changed its name to SCIENCE STORIES and is unable to arrive at a conclusion as to the "why". # "The Third Agree" has the unimitable Grennell waxing forth as to possible names for fanmags and how to go about selecting a proper one. A rather strange note is the fact that editor Magnus begins a second editorial somewhere in the process, and no distinction is made between where the article ends and Magnus begins. A bit confusing to be sure. The article can be best described as a "time killer"... not particularly noteworthy, but not boring to the extreme either. Magnus comments away about music, the "top ten" fanzines, the latest Ballentine Book, and the fact that he has a mysterious ability to lose pencils. Apparently Magnus has latent powers he's not even aware of. Perhaps by sheer mental force he places pencils in the 6th dimension, or casts them off into outer space. (Let's not be so trite as to suggest that there might be a dero under his desk.) Magnus states that about every 45 minutes he loses a pencil. Last year, he claims, 144 were lost in this strange manner. Fortunately this "space warp" has not yet managed to make off with his typewriter. #Phyllis Economou, who is a real delicious-looking dame by anyone's standards, authors a poem concerned with the activities of the notorious "Little Willy" - which I believe also saw print in GRUE. #In "Re:VAMP", Magnus explains why the change from SF (which was such a success from the start that John got little pleasure out of its publication, and found himself "marking time"). Thus, the appearance of VAMP intended to be a more informal-type zine, is not quite of the scope of SF. #Back cover consists of two rather uninspiring drawings by Jack Harness. #Summarizing: If this mag continues to use articles, and can come up with some slightly better ones, this thing can go far (and I don't mean as far as the nearest latrine). As yet, however, this mag



can only be evaluated on the "wait and see" basis...has possibilities. #SUB INFORMA-  
TION: 10¢ per single copy. #RATING: \*\*\*

MMI # 1 Georgina Ellis 1428-15th Street East Calgary, Alberta, Canada

....We have here a female fan editor of whom there are unfortunately very few. Personally, I rather wish there were about 50, and all of them looked (something) like Phil Economou...ah me...I'm sure that all would get a large number of submissions...and not a few propositions...oh well, onward....#Mimeod on white paper. Readable. but this blas-  
-ted white paper...why do fans insist on using it in preference to the much superior colored stock? Cover by Charlie Malcom, and interiors by Earl Downey, Malcom, Hansen, Mazzarelli, Ellis, and Christoff. Two full-page spreads by Downey, both of which are ra-  
-ther good. Harry Calnek's "A Fan in Wonderland" begins thusly: "They are allowing me to write this, I don't know why..." Frankly, I don't know why either, although, to be truthful, this fan satire is readable and relatively well done. #Stars Are What You  
Wish On" authored by E.D. Milton is one of those gushy, dripping-with-sentimentalism dra-  
mas which one encounters now and again. I'm sure you know the plot...little boy who's mother is dead wishes upon a star - she returns for one night leaving two gems as in-  
dication she was there. In the prozines they try for the gimmick...in fanzines its the effect...the usual rejoinder is to accuse the fan writer of attempting to imitate Brad-  
bury. However, it's a fact that a "mood" short will always remind one of Brad, because he was perhaps the first to strike out in that direction. It is also equally true that amateur authors tend at all times to strive for the aforementioned "effect" to the ig-  
nored of what really sells and is most often acclaimed....GOOD CHARACTERIZATION. #  
Someone named Bob Kvanbeck authors one of the most worthless pieces of fiction I've e-  
ver read in any fanmag. It is "Low Intrigue"...a one page "satire"...or it might have been something else. I can't decide what it is. Supposed to be funny I imagine...about as humorous as a copy of one of the real juvenile comic books where characters shout  
"HA! HA!" all over the place. #Al Mazzarelli, a member of the Navy, begins "Al's Trad-  
ing Post" which I'm rather sure will go over like a lead balloon. It's a combination of a free ad, manuscript bureau, and answer man deal. Sad facts are that the response will be negligible, you can bet on it. #Other column features Harry Calnek with remarks a-  
nent Al Collins a Dee Jay up at WNEW (New York station), Richard Geis as a fmz Rv, and some very sound advice on what mistakes to avoid if you are a faned or thinking of be-  
ing one. Harry is particularly distressed by the individuals who have the "don't give a damn" attitude, and typo away at a terrific rate - also the bright boys who must in-  
sert editorial comment in articles and other material pubbed in their rags, the ama-  
teur Dee Jays who must ad lib and make cute insertations instead of making comment fol-  
-lowing the article, etc. All this is called "Rocks and Ravings", and can be read with-  
-out strenuous effort. 's a columnist, Calnek measures up relatively well...no Willis, but he'll do. #Reprinted by Miss (?) Ellis is a letter from a "concerned Mother" which originally appeared in a Calgary Newspaper. Seems this dame blows her stack because the theory of evolution is being taught in school to her child. I suppose everyone expects me to make some trite remark about  
nuts.....I'm more intrigued by the fact that Canada has newspapers  
than by the fact that it has plump matrons who don't dig Darwin...  
Somehow, to my untimate discredit, I cannot, nor ever will be able  
to get the idea that Canada isn't composed entirely of ice/snow  
with guys in red coats getting their man, refugees from Breakfast Food companies yel-  
ling "mush", and bearded sourdoughs panning gold. Which after all, is not so much worse  
than the English, who have the idea that Americans make like George Raft or Lauren's  
husband, drive long black limousines, and spin fifty-cent pieces while other characters  
pump slugs into their carcasses. #V. Paul Nowell gives us "The Reader Screams" ( take-  
off on TWS's letter column of course). Slightly amusing, especially the "letter of the  
month". #Poetry presented is by Paul Wyszowski and Bob Kvanbeck, neither noteworthy,  
especially Kvanbeck's...gad. #Ellis holds forth in "Mimeomania", the editorial, and has  
a brief second editorial, mostly names, addresses or faneds. No set policy she says.  
What fanmag does? Blasted few, and that's for certain! #Summarizing: Got a long way to  
go. Not much at the moment. On the credit side is good reproduction, and Calnek. Per-



haps she can build on that... Overpriced at 15¢. To paraphrase Harlan..."SLIGHT". #SUB  
INFORMATION: 15¢ per single copy. #RATING: \*\*

CONFAB # 5 Bob Peatrowsky Box 634 Norfolk, Nebraska

....Not since Forrest Ackerman in July 1947 authored his last VOM editorial, and presented fandom with VOM #50, have we had a true representative letterzine and one which rose to heights of VOMish popularity. But now cometh CONFAB, having been born during February of this year which promises to at last fill the void left by the demise of Akk's fine publication. CONFAB is neatly hectored. If you enjoy reading letters from all kinds of fan, but don't have much time for corresponding, this is for you. Naturally, if you feel such to be but stupid blatherings of persons attempting to boost their egos you won't like Peatrowsky's fanmag. There's really no point in my mentioning names or commenting to any length on the letters. Suffice it to say that nearly all are extremely engrossing...dealing with such diverse topics as Fan-Dads, Fan Polls, MAD & PANIC, religion, CHILDHOOD'S END, FAPA, Hoffman, CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, the different fandoms, controversial articles, and G.M. Carr's home and business mailing addresses. #Summarizing: CONFAB fulfills a need. If you don't appreciate it, then you don't appreciate fan letters, and if you don't like fan letters, you are a most unusual fan indeed. #SUB INFORMATION: Limited circulation. It is not sold. Quite possibly you may be able to procure a copy if you write and request one in a reasonably polite manner. Peat is a good Joe... If you don't get one, it will be because of limited number of copies produced. #RATING: \*\*\*\*

DEVIANT # 2 Carol McKinney Sta. 1, Box 514 Provo, Utah

....From the standpoint of reproduction, this fanmag is tops - excellent mimeographing, pink paper with covers of granite grey. Front cover by Dorothy Hansen is very poor; back by DEA is somewhat better. This zine seems to feel each issue must have a theme - #1 was "Sea Shell" - this one is "Rustles of Spring". Frankly this practice doesn't appeal to me, and I wish Carol would discontinue it. Interior illos by Hansen, Cadell, DEA, Harness, Anspauch and Bloch. Nearly all are singularly uninspired, especially those of Anspauch. Contents page like the old SFB is too cluttered up and achieves that "crowded" effect, some evidence that Carol is making the mistake of pro imitation also. Curious note is that she bluntly informs Canadians that no Canadian money will be accepted for subs. It is relatively simple to exchange foreign money for coin of the realm and frankly, if any Englishmen and/or Canadian wishes to gift me with some of his country's money, I shall be most happy to accept it. In "April Showers", her editorial, Carol re-

-----  
CHRISTMAS THOUGHT IN BLANK VERSE

The Christmas tree fell,  
Crushing the candles;  
Many were maimed and injured.

-Barker-

-----  
fers to a trip to California, the raise in price of her zine from 10 to 20¢ (because of her mailing Dev out in envelopes), and the number of promags being published. Frankly Carol has made a grave error in doubling the price - envelopes are not needed - certainly not if it means charging twice as much. But, more if this later. #Wind by Don Donnell is non-SF fiction, of surprising worth. Donnell, as I recently pointed out to Ron Smith (who publishes quite a bit of Donnell's work), does have talent, but he seems to do nothing but mood writing. Unless this is done by a master, it is frequently heavy handed balderdash of no real worth. "Wind" is mood writing, much better than most attempts, but still rather affected and pathos-spread-with-a-shovel type of thing. Its theme is that of the threat of death hanging over the head of Air Force pilots and the thoughts of one such before going out on patrol. Frankly, I do marvel that an individual of Donnell's age (he is supposedly 15) could know so well the procedure of pre-flight, the dawn-lit runways, the jeep carrying the pilots to the awaiting jets....let



me say here and now that Donnell writes amazingly well for one so young. Don't take any bets that this boy isn't GOING TO BE a writer...a real writer...not necessarily a science-fiction writer, either. His grasp of human psychology, human mores, at such an inexperienced age is...well...difficult to believe. #As for Dee Steel's "The Age of Forgetfulness" - the most profound comment I can make is SLIGHT. Not too badly written but the basic premise is rather silly. #"Cities of the Atom", an article by Dorothy Hansen is part one in a series. It is a short article on how things were at Oak Ridge before that town gained its fame as the birth-place of the A-Bomb and could be fairly interesting. However, this sort of thing becomes boring after a bit, and I can't see this as a serial at all. #Rick Oneary makes what I believe to be his first appearance in a subzine since about 1950 with a rebuttal article directed at Kyle Lessler ((yuk)). "Open Letter To..." is the title. It is a sort of defense of the ENF, interesting enough. #"It's up to You", James Lewis' article, discusses the ever decreasing amount of space devoted to fandom in the promags. #"Cogito, Erge OOPSIA!" is Gregg Calkin's autobiography, and a highly interesting one it is. Gregg is one of the more valuable, if less publicised members of fandom. His OOPSIA! is an example of a calm, mature attempt at producing a fanzine of quality and ultimate success at that attempt. #Terry Carr's column "D'un Maniere Fantastique" concerns Carol McKinney's visit to Carr's abode - relatively interesting. #Carr also has a page of "Face Critturs" in the section labeled DOZFAC, which, incidentally, is almost a complete waste of space throughout. Carol should drop this. #Three poems "Alien Spring" (McKinney), "Atomic Fulfillment" (Pope), and "The Exile's Return" (Wansborough) complete the issue, Elizabeth Pope's being the best of the three. #Summarizing: This business of doubling the price in order to mail out the zine in an envelope is not wise. Definately overpriced at 20¢, shows some promise, but better material is needed. Artwork is not worthy of the name. ((I feel that I must clarify this. It is not necessessarily the artwork, but the editor's lousy stenciling which causes most of the difficulty.)) DOZFAC is a useless feature.. Items in its favor are the series of fan biographies, and the excellent reproduction. Maybe with three or four more issues... #SUB INFORMATION: 20¢ per single copy. #RATING: \*\*\*

ABSTRACT # 6 Peter Vorzimer 1311 North Laurel Ave. West Hollywood 46, Calif.  
or Univ. of Cal. @Santa Barbara, Toyon Hall, Goleta, Cal.

....Excellentlly dittoed on white paper, heavy grade used for cover which is one of Rotsler's fine efforts. Back cover by DEA in three colours. There is a certain atmosphere about this zine...one of "hurry hurry, rush rush". It is fairly unique as is its editor who has the driving energy of ten and is not without his moments of penetrating insight when doing fanmag reviews. However, Vorzimer has a very changeable philosophy, as regards competence in fan pubbing. For that reason his opinions should be taken in combination with a grain of salt. Vorzimer, like August Derleth, seemingly possesses several extra hands, a mind that functions on three levels at once, and an urge to create which few, if any, in the annals of fandom have equaled. He has a published as many as TEN fanzines at one time. He has his schedule plotted for years to come, has had a job, not attends College, and yet finds time to cater to the wishes of his girl, and goof off with his college friends relatively often. I used to wonder how Ellison managed to do all the things he does, but frankly, this Vorzimer makes him look like a piker. #Terry Carr presents the first installment of a very fine column, "Backward O Time", concerning naturally enough interesting quotes from letters, conversations of the past as well as recollections of matters of fannish interest. Carr's work seems to be improving somewhat of late. At any rate, this column ranks with the best he's done for Lee Riddle's PEON...which is saying something. #A folio of Rotsler drawings is featured under the heading of "Fantasy Gallery", all well executed efforts. #Carr, in collaboration with Peter Graham gives us the satiric "The Unpaid Fan". This sort of thing generally holds the interests of most fans if only because of the prospect of seeing their names mentioned. Suffice to say that Willis attends another convention, and many of the better known fans come in for their share of the egoboo. This thing, as well as all the other material is interspaced with Rotsler filler art, which certainly helps things along a little. #Claude Hall, stationed in Germany, really manages



to do a lot of fan material...I wonder how... At any rate, this is also well written and will hold your interest even though nothing of any great consequence is brought to light. #The two fan biographies this ish are by Joe Semenovitch and Lee Riddle. Both are rather old, and relatively uninteresting. #Vorzimmer's second editorial is "Looking Back", a rambling commentary. His first, "From Where I Sit", is a discussion of college, the CONish, The Top Ten Fanzine Poll he is conducting, Mari Wolfe's reviewing practices, and the "Vine" (Short for Vorzimmerzine, another of his pubs). # "Rest In Peace" is the fmz review, conducted by Vorzimmer. He's improving, methinks. # "Through Rain, Sleet, and Snow, etc." is the letter column. A good one also, if much shorter than usual this issue. Terry Carr, William Rotsler, and Bill Reynolds do the honors. Vorzimmer certainly receives the mail. 107 letters in two weeks and around 15 per day. Best letter this time is Rotsler's...most frank sort of biography-like type, and fascinating...wish more persons were as forthright as Bill.... #Summarizing: Though Pete initially "jumped the gun", it can be said with some conviction that, excluding FAPA, SAPS zines, and those with a superior method of reproduction (photo-offset), Abstract ranks among the current TOP TEN. Low on the list, to be sure, but improving rapidly.. Certainly worth reading, and fairly priced at 10¢ per copy. I advise securing a copy, you won't regret it. #SUB INFORMATION: 10¢ per single copy. #RATING: \*\*\*\*

NO CONDOR COMMENDATION! This trip around found none worthy.

END

-Paul Mittlebuscher-

~~~~~

I am feeling uncommonly bad about this second installment of The Condor's Eye..... You see, it is the last for a while. Paul is now going to college, and as a result, he will not be able to continue his work with me. I can understand his problem, but this also leaves me a problem: I have to find a reviewer who can at least do half as good a job as Paul did. It'll be one hellava operation, believe me. So anyway, I would appreciate having anyone interested in taking a job as fmz reviewer tell me so immediately. If the persons would enclose a sample review (just one mag) as an indication of their work, it would make things easier. This is generally a quarterly, so it would be no strain on anyone with a little spare time. Contact me immediately. Thanks. -ed

~~~~~

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#### SIGHTED

Coming from outer space blackness  
into planetary light  
seemingly makes everything  
so very very bright.

-Burton K. Beerman-

#### TRAP

Conditioned against spatial dangers  
Loneliness made them turn  
against each other  
and fight  
like total, antagonistic strangers.  
As time grew closer for return,  
brother slew brother  
in fright.

-Burton K. Beerman-

#### SIMPLE

Eenie, meenie, mienie, moe...

A jump to space, and away we go!



It has come to my attention  
that

Some people  
Do not understand  
This form of writing.

They say  
It is not poetry;  
It is  
a bastard form  
Of prose.

So be it.  
So what?

This  
bastard form  
Does not depend on  
Rhyme,  
or rhythm...  
But it does depend on  
Reason.

We do not try to  
impress you  
With beautiful phrases,  
Catchy beat,  
Or such.  
Leave that to the

Rhyme Poets;  
Leave that to the  
Blank Verse Poets;  
Or to the Free Verse Writers.

Not us.

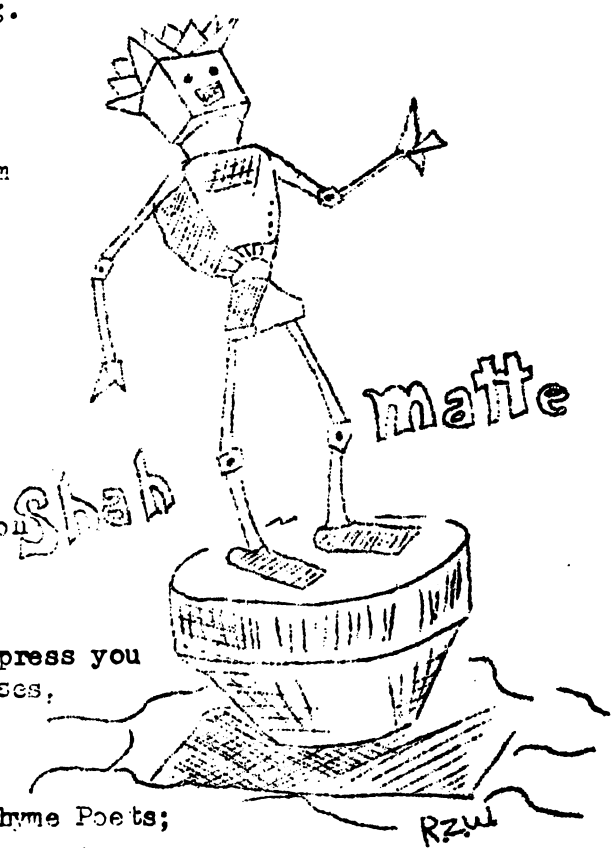
In poetry,  
for such we will term this  
for lack of a better word,

The poet has only  
A short space  
In which to convey  
His message.  
This space must be used  
Carefully.

Therefore,  
we put  
Emphasis  
On those words which  
need it.

They are set off on a  
Separate line,  
Or perhaps,  
for less emphasis,  
Are indented.

like this.  
The result  
Is a stronger,  
more striking  
Bit of poetry.



protest  
by  
Jerry Carr

Well...we are here, at least ! Give us credit for something, will you???? I don't know exactly when you'll be seeing this in your mailbox, but I'm at least going to date these things from now on.

As a word of explanation, this which you are now reading it some-thing my tired mind thought up as a last resort. I've got four pages or so left, so herewith, I pronounce that a sort of letter and general comment section shall be inacted.

Des Emery...

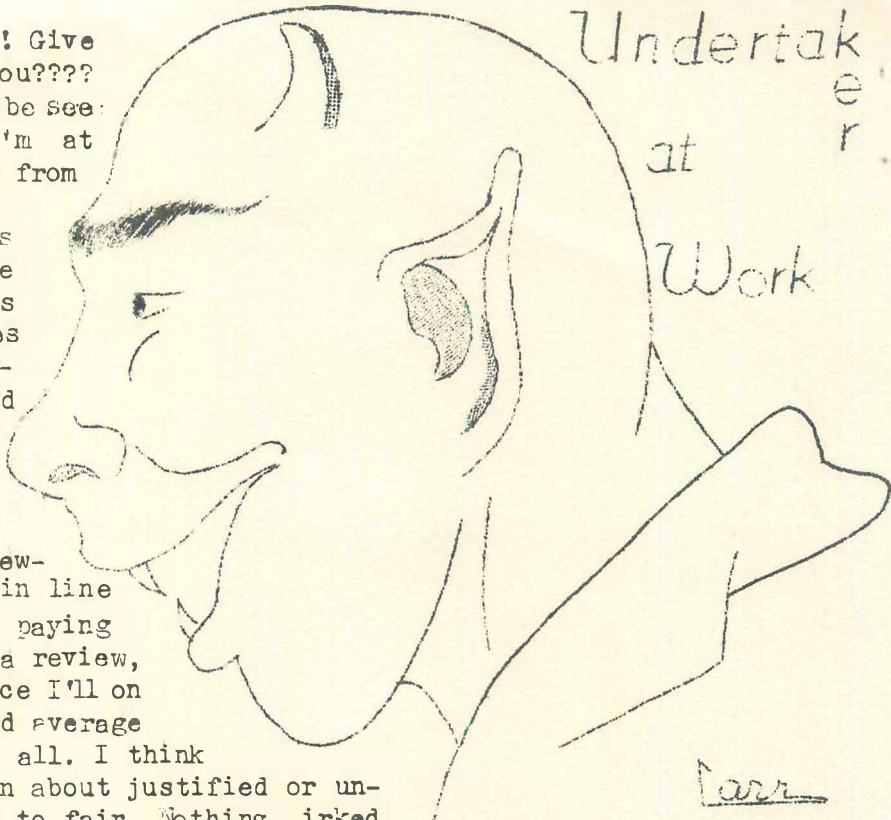
Enclosed is 15¢. I'll be reviewing your mag in DV shortly, and in line with my own personal policy I'm paying for it. If it's good enough for a review, it's good enough to pay for. Since I'll only be giving reviews to good and average mags and not to the poor ones at all. I think this is fair... Don't give a damn about justified or unjustified margins. Mimeoing good to fair. Nothing irked me except maybe the cartoons. Rest of the art was good, even though I didn't care for it's presentation. Would like to see a letter column and might write... Don't get too many fanzines even if I am a reviewer, so would rather not get into this. Especially since I'm rather nationalistic and would probably list only Canadian zines.

((Thanks for the 15¢. Glad you like my mag enough to pay for it. #So you don't like the way I present my art??? If you'd tell me a better way, I'd follow it gladly. Another complaint similar to yours brought upon the use of artwork as I do. I rather like the method, but if you can tell me something better, do so. #You should have voted on the fmzs anyway. We Americans do the same for our fanzines, why shouldn't you? Besides how can you be nationalistic concerning fanzines? I thought fanzines were rather international in aspect... Hmmm??))

Paul Mittlebuscher...our Condor...

As for Undertakings #1, I could mention that I was duly impressed and feel that definite improvement was in evidence. I DON'T like the name, and I could point out defects such as improper centering of type on page (some pages had a line cut off at the bottom), typos were present in greater quantity than one might desire and in two instances an entire sentence was dropped from my reviews which somewhat disturbed the congruity of the whole. However, taken as a springboard to greater things it served admirably. The paper was nice and you had some material which sustained the interest. I especially liked Rolfe's "Coronor's Report", and thought not entirely agreeing with James Norwell's "Tomorrow", and his opinions on such. I did read it with some interest. Can't say I cared for Hickman's report. Too short among other things. John Voorheis (is that a pen name?) is hardly Keast or Shelly, but I did think "Ascension" was worth printing, as well as reading. Robert E. Gilbert's cover drawing and artists's interpretation of "Ascension" were both very well done. I like this individual's work, fiction or artwork. Good issue, Sam, some boring stuff and mistakes here and there, but what elates me is the steady improvement you've been making from one issue to the next.

((Thanks much for the comments, Paul, and thanks also for the personal part I clipped out of your letter. I sincerely hope we can get together someday, and have a long





talk. I believe that I could learn a lot from you - and if I may be so conceited - the reverse also. I'm sorry as heck that you can't keep up the Condor's Eye, but don't worry about your method of presentation...Nobody will ever use it through my permission, much less yours. Incidentally, Terry Carr, and V. Paul Nowell! I would appreciate hearing from you two for possibly replacing Paul M. You two off hand, but if anyone else thinks they can handle it as well as these two, let me know. #Unless Voorheis is just a name that John uses, it isn't a pseudonym. I asked him, but he says that he is of no relation to the newscaster.))

Lessee what Ron Ellik is so enraged about here...

SUCCESS! Fandom has triumphed. The post office is debunked and won over. We have achieved the ultimate--or something. That is to say, I have in my possession a copy of SFzine #last... FINALLY it has worked out right, and we are trading...

The point, amigo, is not imaginary. It is about as imaginary as you are. (Who was it said they didn't believe in you?) ((most everybody who writes to me claims that I cannot possible-like exist. I believe Battell Loomis was the first to suggest it though. I tried to keep a secret, but if you just don't exist you can't fool mortals too long about it)) YOU are a four-dimensional (some say five, but I don't dig the fifth dimension) solid. You extend in length, breadth, depth, and time. A cube, such as is the definition, has no extension in time. It merely exists in one instant ((not even that)). Obviously no one can see such a thing.

The plane (represented by a piece of paper) exists in only two dimensions. It isn't solid, therefore penetrable to light; also it is not fourth-dimensional, therefore exists only in one instant. So it has two counts against its being seen by human eyes.

The line (represented by a piece of thread) has one dimension only. It is the generation of a point (cf. next paragraph). It exists not in time, depth, or breadth.

The point is a position. It has no dimensions of shape or size. It is, as the geom. puts it, a position in space without dimension. Not that it is too small to be seen, as some think--in cannot be seen because of our limited vision. It is there--or else we are not. ((exactly, we do not))

Your argument that we do not exist is false--building up from the intangibility of the point, the invisibility of the line, plane and instantaneous cube, etc., is what Socrates fought all during his life; they called it Sophism. A play on words and tricky dealing through the confusing of your opponent. With it can be proven anything--a good example is "Can God create a rock so big that He cannot move it?" or "Show me a squared circle." Such a person--a Sophist--denies common sense in the beginning, and goes on to prove that postulates held by "Hoss sense" are false--because using Sophism he does not need to hold what we hold by our very natures.

We do exist. ((nup)) That is easily proven, and without Sophism. I think, therefore I am. Simple. ((nup)) If, then, we accept that I exist, ergo you exist (happy?)((nup)). If you and I together exist, the entire continuum as we know it exists. Ergo, the four dimensional solids exist. Ergo yet once more, the instantaneous three-di solids exist. And so forth--right down to the point, which is the gran-pappy of 'em all.

I imagine you went right through Florida without talking to Philly Economou or Shelby Vick, eh? It always works out that way--whenever a fan goes on vacation, right in a middle of other fans, he never gets a chance to talk to them. Of course, there might have been some trouble--I don't remember Phyllis' address, but Shelby has a box no....

Ronellik-

(( you sure as hell can talk a long time about things...I hope I don't run out of a place to reply on this next page. Let's jump over there now while we get a chance to))

((Well, we made it after all...I didn't know for sure. #The point, my friend is imaginary. You say yourself that it has none of the first three dimensions. It has no existence whatsoever. Not even in time. For your info, an object cannot draw a timeline unless it has at least one dimension. If it does not exist, how can it possibly exist in time? You have there a paradox in itself. #I agree, the point is a position. I ask you, though. Can you point out a point??? You cannot, and you know it. The reason is simple: a point is a position in space and time. It doesn't exist in time for the very reasons you used to prove that a line, plane, and cube do not exist in time. As I remember your reason, you did not give one. Well, there is a reason. It is simply that geometry exists as a theoretical subject, independent of any but the three first dimensions. That is also, independent of time. Time is not there as far as geometricians are concerned. So, independent of time, the line, plane, and cube exist. The point is not real, in or outside of time, and was thought of in the first place just as something to make understanding of geometry simpler. IT WAS THOUGHT UP. # So you think that because Socrates fought Sophism that my argument (and that of many before me) is incorrect? Well just listen here, buddy, I can name at least six people who reasoned as I do. I think I will: Democritus; Galileo; John Locke; Leibnitz; Berkley; and then as last, but not least, Einstein himself. I could name others if I took the time to remember their names. I really don't give a damn what Socrates thought about Sophism. It doesn't even have a bearing on what I said...after all, it was merely a process of reasoning, and was so logical that many others, people infinitely smarter than I, also proscribed to it. I don't know much about Socrates...I never read much of what he had to say for himself. However, if he opposed people's delving into paradoxes, he was on the wrong track. A great amount of research into reasoning, building of mechanical brains, psychology, mathematics, and of course physics depends on the kind of logic we use...that can have loopholes like paradoxes. I would advise you to stop dis-counting them because you cannot explain them. They are a very real thing, and any amount of denying them will not remove them. #Your reasoning in proving that you exist is faulty. "I think, therefore I exist." What about lower animals, and plants which do not think? What about inorganic materials? They do not think...do they, therefore not exist? On top of that, you'd have to do only one thing to make that statement correct: Remove therefore. . #As for Sophism. I know that I can prove things by use of "twisted logic", and that that is Sophism. But when I talk of things like this business, it is not Sophism because I do not have false basic tenets. I build on fact and as a result, I find that others have come to the same conclusions before. As a reason for this: a fact is unchanging even over a long period of "time". If it changes, it is not a true fact. My process of reasoning on this subject has been around in other times, and has not yet changed... #Yes, I didn't get to see Economou or Shelly. I was rather disappointed about it, but next spring I expect to move to Jax., Fla., so I'll see them then. God save their souls, I might add... #Incidentally, I had much of a good time, even not seeing those two...I almost decided to drop fandom I enjoyed it so much. Ask me about the word "Gee" sometime.))

RAY THOMPSON...makes some comments about things other than my mag...I think I shall be patient with this letter and publish it next ish in article form. Ray, if you wish to elaborate on that letter, I'll let you do so. OK?

WILKIE CONNER...after a long leave of absence I get a letter...

Your new mag outshines the old one 2 or 3 to 1. It shows lots of thought and time, and really is one of the most promising "first" issues I've ever seen.

I don't know for sure, but I think the next meeting of the Carolina Science Fiction Society will be held Sept. 27. You might contact Bob Madle and find out. His address is listed in the current Future Science Fiction. I don't have the address of the magazine handy right now.

I've just about quit active fanning ((don't I know it!)). Not enough time, for one thing, and almost lost interest for another. Science Fiction seems to have lost all its punch. Too much humaneness and not enough of well-I'll-be-damnedness, if you know what I mean. Editors seem to be going overboard trying to impress people instead of wow



-ing them. Give me hair raising adventures on far planets and other WONDERful stuff and I'm o.k. But to hell with this stuff about poor little misunderstood children who are super dooper geniusies ---my spelling is as sloppy as yours--- in disquise.

Marty Banister soon is coming out in Astounding. Didja see his yarn in Beyond? Marion Bradley is selling like mad. Conner is resting.

My son is interested at the moment in Flash Gordon on the TV. So far his only stf in -terest. At his age I devoured every stfmag published (i.e. Wonder Stroies, and Astoun -ding Stories). I also glued to the radio for Buck Rogers in the 25th century.

Wilkie-

((Wilkie, I'm sorry about missing that meeting...if it was held. I've written about three or four letters to Madle in the past, and he refuses steadfastly to answer me. I suspect that he is holding a secret grudge against me for putting out a fanmag that he not only can't review, but can't read as well... #To tell the truth, this business of our former lords, the stfeditor, and their assinine policies has also about driven me from the flock of readers. You know that to do that they must be putting out a pretty sorry grade of fiction. I used to read everything published (except books) in the stf field. Even during that Boom we had a while back. I was reading something like 35 mags and half a dozen pbs a month... I really read only a few novels or novelettes now. Of course I find a fair sho't (take that anyway you want) story, but they are few and very far between. Unless a guy has put at least a month of work on a story nowadays, it simply isn't worth reading. TWS, Planet, SS, are about the only mags I find even slight-ly interesting. aSF is all repetition, and likewise with almost all the rest of the mess. I think I may start buying back ishes of old mags so I can find some decent read-ing. Remember, I have nothing against the sociological plot, but over and over! Urp!! #I saw Banister's story in Wierd of four issues ago. Probably saw his one in Beyond, but didn't remember it. I'm trying like hell to break pro myself. Will inform you if I ever make it... #Your son appears to be normal...tough luck. Then again, maybe you'd better be glad... Would you have him go through all the crap you have in the past??# I think this will have to do for an answer to your letter, but write again soon and I'll make things a bit more personal.))

'Bout out of space, so I'll give you last ish's ratings:

Format: 6-very good  
 Contents: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -very ve good  
 Interior art: 7-wellaboveaverage  
 Cover art: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -very ve good  
 General Impression: 7-wellaboveaverage  
 Coronor's Report: 6-very good  
 Condor's Eye: 7-wellaboveaverage  
 PFC Bloodletting: 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -me-mediochre  
 Tomorrow: 7-wellaboveaverage  
 Indian Lake: 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -me-mediochre  
 To All Marchers: 7-wellaboveaverage  
 Ascension: 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -me-mediochre  
 Me: (refused to comment for fear I  
     would discontinue sub...)  
 Not enough fmz votes to decide. Sorry.

No more space for letters, but at least I can mention those nice enough to write or return the ?naire: Pete Ingeman; Jim White; Bill Gerkin; Ron Voigt; Maury Lubin; Dwight Agner; Dave (Bem) Norman; plus those who got an answer via this column. Not too many, but I also count trade copies I get, so actual there were many more. Still, it could be a bit better. Why not drop me a line? If I don't answer it right off, I'll acknowledge you in some other manner...mayhap through this column. Credits for this are:

Protest - - - - - Terry Carr  
High Psi Drive - - - - - Hal Annas  
Tomorrow! - - - - - an excerpt  
Condor's Eye - - - Paul Mittlebuscher  
Coronor's Corner - - - - - Bob Rolfe  
Merrett Article - - - - - George Wetzel  
Crypt-Keeper - - - - - John Voorheis  
Art - - - - Carr, Harness, Gilbert, DEA  
RZW, Thompson, Anspauch  
Ode to a Space Ghost - - - - H. Maxwell  
Apologies for omitting Raymond L. Clancy  
This costs 15¢ per single copy. If 'aub  
it's 4-50¢ & 8-\$1...we're just misers..

I don't have space to comment on Tomorrow! as I wished. I think I'll reserve a portion of next ish for me and and anyone else who has anything to say. This is an open invitation, in case you aren't sure of what I mean.

UNDERTAKINGS is again printed and published by me, Sam Johnson. I am without someone to run the mag off, as Lubin quit. Resigned.