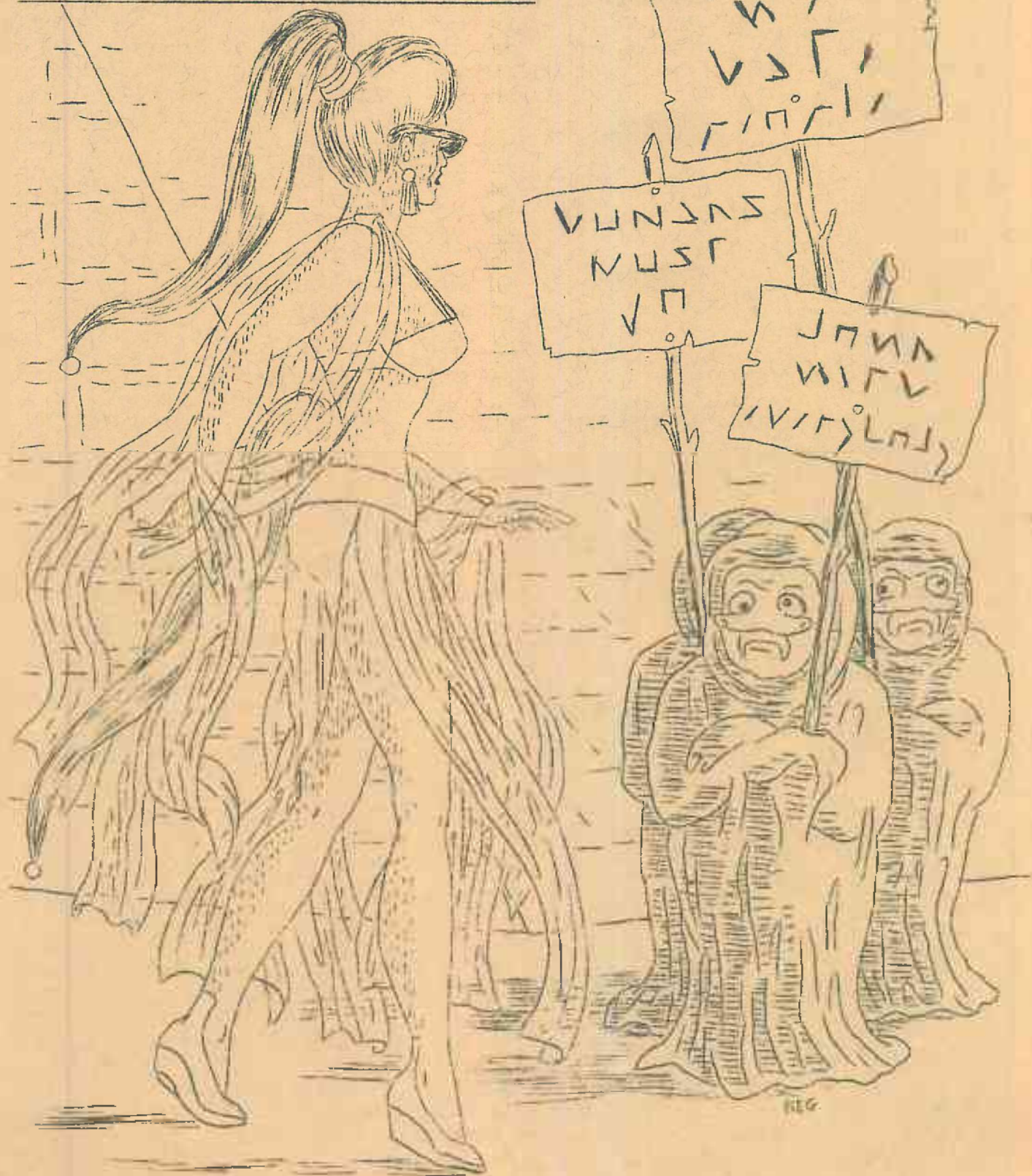


YANDRO







# YANDRO

# #74

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY ISSUE



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WE GET THE DAMNEDEST THINGS IN THE MAIL DEP'T: Some time back we received a copy of THE VOICE Of Universal Brotherhood, published in England and edited by Joseph Busby. Any relation, Buz? This seems mostly to be a haven for spiritualists, Theosophists, anti-vivisectionists, etc. There are a lot of rather fuzzy pleas for universal brotherhood. The editor seems to mean well, but I kept thinking of Gem Carr's "fuzzy-minded idealists". I keep wondering (a) at the naivety of these people and (b) why no one outside of the Communist Party seems to have a practical plan for a workable world government. I think universal brotherhood is all very nice, but somehow I don't think it will come about on a wave of spontaneous enthusiasm from the general public.

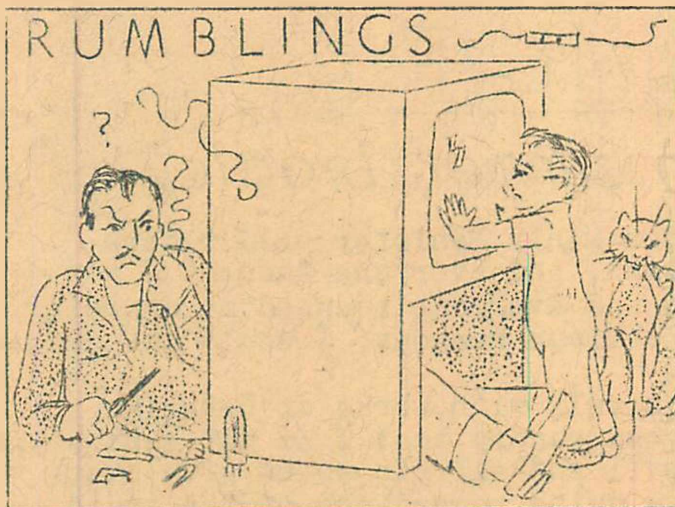


Well, sometime between the mailing of the February issue on March 2nd and the typing of this ish, we idly discussed means of eliminating the offset on Ramblings via eliminating the dots on the Contents page....as per usual around this place, the idea got lost somewhere between the utterance and the execution.....so as a slight means of revenge, I'll use his typer for my editorial, trying to remember to hit the shift key whenever I need a comma or period, for one of the vagaries of his machine

is this habit of placing a shadow image of dots a row and a half above the desired line.....I hesitate to get in this argument a la conformity, but I would like to state one emphatic opinion - no matter what qualifications in personality or behavior: square, exhibitionist, uninhibited-type, conformist, non-conformist, etc., - in my personal opinion the character who is a non-conformist for the sake of non-conformity, often to his own discomfort, is a bigger square than the most cardboard stereotype of John Doe, average American. Probably a number of readers have encountered this type; the non-conformity is not for the pleasure or ease of living of the performer, but is affected merely for shock-value...than which there is nothing sillier.....I find it works well to have two awareness levels, one for fans and one for most non-fans. This means my non-fan friends have me put down as an mild-mannered eccentric, whereas if I expressed myself as I might at a fan conclave, I would be categorized as mad and liable to investigation for something or other.....Tucker, I unfortunately cannot recall title, author, or much else about the book which was my original source of information regarding the carbon-tet bit, save to remember it was a series of medical detective bits, including sections on rabid bats, children eating aspirin, and other such cases....my too mild endorsement of the chemical was due to the fact that I've known a number of people who blithely clean all sorts of household upholstery, et.al., without what I would consider even the modicum of "adequate ventilation", which led me to believe that certain persons were blessed with the luck of fools or an inborn immunity....of course, there are other bugaboos in the deadly fumes department which I believe are related to old-wives' tales....one of these is the warning to pregnant women to stay strictly away from home painting projects, turpentine, and accompanying fumes, or a miscarriage will immediately ensue....this is muchly belied by the number of women who proudly display kitchenettes, chairs, entire roomsfull of furniture painted "While I was waiting"....my suspicions are that some pregnant women of the miscarriage-prone type would be bothered by such fumes, but the blanket warning is a bit extreme.....But, Terry, I don't think in paragraphs, and in something as personal as an editorial, I'm inclined to write the way I think, which, I'm afraid, is a ramble, pure and very simple. And if we work real fast, we might get the April issue out the first week of April and be back on schedule again.....hah!

JWC





The green color of this issue is for those of you who have requested a change, in honor of the grand and glorious Irish tradition of St. Patrick's Day, and because the office supply store didn't have any yellow paper the last time I went in. Since we buy 10 reams at a time whenever we can afford it, YANDRO will stay green for awhile.

A short warning for those readers who deplore serious fiction, science articles, etc., in fanzines: Do not read the Stenfors article. Unless you have a modicum of interest in, and knowledge of, science, it won't

mean a damned thing to you. Believe it or not, some of our readers do enjoy this sort of thing.

One of life's minor difficulties showed up the other day, in the folds of Mike Deckinger's fanzine, HOCUS. It seems that Mike has a little item of stf definitions in issue #6, and several of them duplicate those of Peter Skeberdis in this YANDRO. Since I already had Pete's items on stencil when HOCUS arrived, I left them, but I thought that I'd better explain that Peter didn't copy from HOCUS; we've had his stfinitions in the files for some months now. A case of brilliant minds thinking alike, or something.

Several people mentioned that SEX & CENSORSHIP was not sold in their area; to date I believe that only Redd Boggs has mentioned seeing it. There really is such a magazine, fellas.

I really should make some mention of the Westercon Progress Reports we've been receiving from Blotto Otto Pfeifer and Wallace Wastebasket Weber. It seems that there is to be a Westercon in Seattle, July 3, 4, and 5 of this year. Write Pfeifer (I guess; it isn't Weber's address) at 4736 40th. NE, Seattle 5, Washington, for news. This con may not have all the attractions of the Worldcon, but I can definitely report that their progress reports are the most entertaining things of the sort I've read in years. Of course, they seldom report much progress, but.....

Hugo ballots in this issue distributed by the Worldcon committee. Envelopes were also enclosed, but these will probably fall out before you get your copy.

George Selthers corrects my review of AMRA. It is not a stf fanzine, he says; it is about swashbuckling fantasy. So much the better.

I mentioned to someone (forget just who, now) that I might just speak my opinion of all the material written about Kent Moomaw since he killed himself. I laid a small bet, I think, that all of these broad-minded, original-thinking, faanish fans would be horrified by the break with tradition. Well, I made a small comment in the last TWIG, and I've already had one irate letter about it. Like anyone else, fans are broad-minded as long as you agree with their own prejudices. Two to one I get more letters before the next issue comes out.

In the meantime, happy April Fool's day to you.

RSC



# The World of Null - F

— A COLUMN BY -- *marion zimmer bradley* —

A few years ago, fan and pro writer Manly Banister said rather bitterly, "I wrote a novel about lesbians, and everyone thought I was a queer. I wrote a story about Satanists and everyone accused me of being a practitioner of the black arts. For obvious reasons, I would not dream of writing a murder mystery."

Since this column will deal exclusively with works on Satanism, maybe I ought to make it clear to all and sundry that I am not a worshipper of the devil, that I regard the devil and all his works with skepticism and disgust mingled, and that -- quite regardless of the truth or falsity of any or all religions -- I have a real loathing for any person, past or present, who would deliberately choose the forces of evil in preference to those of good, whether this meant the choice of Hitler's Nazi theories, or whether it meant deliberate choice of attending a Black Mass rather than some religious service which was at least well intended. I hold no brief, I also ought to make it clear, for religious service in the main; but I believe one should take religion or leave it alone. The deliberate invocation of evil is either completely blasphemous (if one is religious) or completely ineffective and ridiculous (if one is not religious). In either case I consider Satanists as among the least desirable of the citizenry.

So much for that. End of the sermon. Beginning of the lesson.

The literature of Satanism is extensive, and forms the background of much of the finer fantasy writing of our day, and almost all of the horror and weird tradition. Probably the best-written, most extensive and most interesting of all Satanist books (at least of those readily available to the general reader) is the deceptively titled SATANISM AND WITCHCRAFT of Jules Michelet. I say "deceptively titled" because the book is a translation from the French and the original title of the work is La Sorciere, The Sorceress or Witch, which is also much more descriptive.

It is also the only book I know which gives a clear and accurate exposition of what Witchcraft is all about; and precisely how and why the medieval sorceresses and members of witch-cults grew to be what they were. Incidentally, one gathers, reading this, that M. Michelet halfway believes what he writes. (A cheap hardcover edition has





recently been published by Citadel Press: \$2.00. I regard this as the indispensable cornerstone of any collection of works dealing with the lore of Satanism.

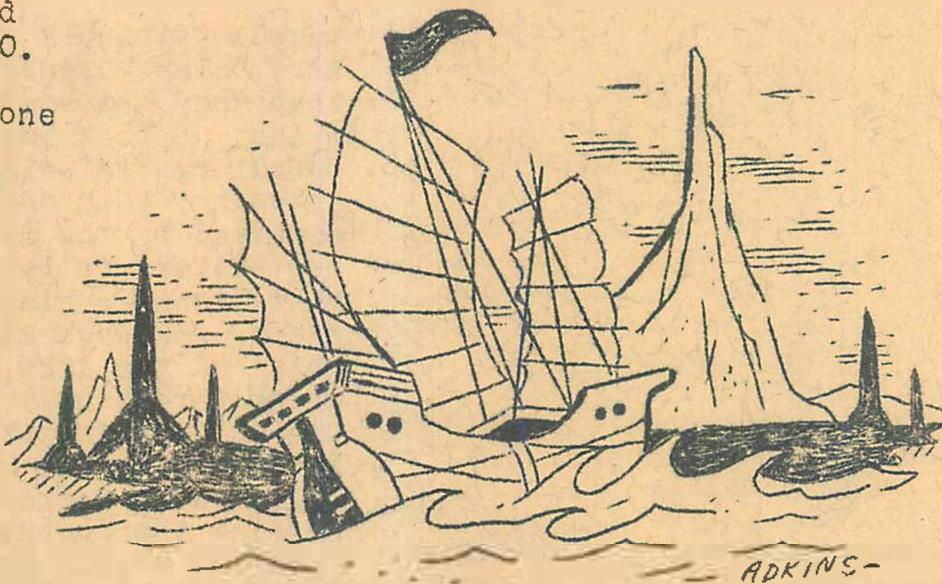
An even more gruesome picture is Montague Summers' *THE HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT*, but this is for serious students only. Summers, a Catholic, evidently speaks with the authority of the Catholic Church; he also writes throughout

with the absolute conviction and horror of the believer (there is a chapter in defense of the Spanish Inquisition which will make most readers bristle with wrath) and quotes at length from a great many medieval sources such as the notable "*Malleus Malificarum*". This book has the largest and best documented bibliography on the subject which I have ever come across. If you can't read Montague Summers' lengthy dissertations on exorcism, torture and the abominations of the Black Mass (and I confess I find it heavy going myself), the Bibliography will suggest the major literature on the subject.

The prime antagonist to Montague Summers is, of course, the noted anthropologist Margaret Murray, whose *WITCH-CULT IN WESTERN EUROPE* is now considered to be the standard and most authentic work on that subject. Unfortunately I do not have Miss Murray's work at hand. To the best of my somewhat fallible memory, she describes the manner in which the ancient pagan rituals were either absorbed by, or suppressed by the Catholic Church in the early days of the new faith, and how their persistent survival in a nucleus of persecuted worshippers gave rise to the thesis of "Satanists". She is at considerable pains to point out that the divinity worshipped by these extinct cults was not the evil genius, the devil, *Satanas Lucifer*; on the contrary, he was their own old God, deposed and dethroned by Christianity and regarded as a devil only by the Christian Church, which flatly called all the old Gods demoniac.

I can absolutely guarantee one thing; if Margaret Murray wrote this book, it is well worth reading; it is entertaining and delightfully readable. (If there is a reader in the audience who has not read Miss Murray's latest book, *MALE AND FEMALE IN A CHANGING WORLD*, may I put in a little plea to you? Go out and read it, for heaven's sake! I would like to make it required reading for every American man, woman and teen-ager.)

One of the most shuddersome and authenticated tales of demoniac possession has been given a modern and literary treatment by Aldous Huxley, author of *BRAVE NEW WORLD* and various works of that ilk. This book is *THE DEVILS OF LOUDON*, and it tells the story of the convent of Ursuline nuns at Loudon who through some peculiar psychological process be-







came unanimously convinced that they were being possessed by the devil, and that they had been "bewitched" by a priest of that locality, one Urbain Grandier. Hysteria of all sorts is catching; when one nun declared herself possessed by the devil, naturally enough her sisters followed suit, and the convent became a nine days wonder of exorcisms, spurious miracles, "diabolic" acts and the like, at the conclusion of which thoroughly unholy proceedings, Urbain Grandier was tortured and solemnly burned at the stake. Huxley details all this in detached and slightly disgusting thoroughness, creating one of the most coldly clinical pictures of mass hysteria ever created. (Incidentally, while Grandier appears to have been a thoroughly bad sort of priest, there is not the slightest evidence that he ever so much as saw any of the nuns he was supposed to have bewitched individually and collectively. One father of two novices in the convent, disgusted with the exorcisms and public displays

of the devil-possessed nuns, took his two daughters away and instead of having them exorcised had them, as he wrote to a friend, "well fed and soundly whipped", whereupon all signs of demon possession vanished.)

For those who are interested in the people who practice magic in this day and age, two books will be of extreme interest. The first is a curious and oddly convincing book entitled PSYCHIC SELF DEFENSE, by "Dion Fortune". Dion Fortune, the pen name of Violet M. Firth, began her career as a practicing psychoanalyst, and wrote a book entitled MACHINERY OF THE MIND which is still in use. During her work she became aware that there seemed a certain psychological validity in the Jungian archetypes of magic, and this study led her to the study of practical occultism and ritual magic. In "Psychic Self Defense" she tells of her own experiences in meeting cases of psychic attack, victims of unscrupulous hypnotists, and the like. I have a little particular interest in this book myself because one of my closest friends knew Dion Fortune well. She described her as a perfectly sincere woman, an expert psychologist, and completely free of all tinge of crackpotism. (Of course there is no answer to those who consider the serious study of the occult as crackpotism per se.) In any case, her book has the matter-of-fact relation and common-sense approach which will breach almost any skepticism. One puts it aside feeling that there are more things in heaven and earth than we dream of in our psychopathology.

(It is also wildly funny in places, as when she speaks of the three stages of interest in occultism. "First he thinks it is all fakery and nonsense. Second, his skepticism having been breached, he will believe



anything. Thirdly...if he ever gets as far as thirdly...he learns to distinguish between the Black Fraternities, the White Fraternities, and the Fatuous Fraternities.")

Dion Fortune was a serious and reasonably sensible investigator of psychic phenomena, in the manner of Huxley and Alexis Carrel. At the opposite pole was the last Aleister Crowley. I have not been fortunate enough to read any of his own works, which are quite rare, but the recent book, *THE MAGIC OF ALEISTER CROWLEY*, by John Symonds, kept me howling with mirth, frowning a little with intellectual curiosity, and generally wanting to race over every page to see what delights the next one held, while at the same time I lingered for fear of missing something. Crowley was the Bad Boy of occultism in England, bearing the same relationship to occultists that Richard Sharpe Shaver's deroes bear to science fiction or George Wetzel to fandom. He called himself "The Great Beast", which is a fair description of what to expect. (And will some unshockable person please volunteer to translate for me some of the Latin passages from Crowley's rituals, which Symonds carefully left to the "decent obscurity of a learned language"? I can read only enough of them to realize that they are probably unprintable in English.)

Crowley himself was a writer of rather poor fantasy, a thoroughly mediocre poet, an unsuccessful explorer and mountain climber, and something of a drug addict (which on the Continent does not mean a criminal, as it does in the USA). The only thing he seems to have taken seriously was his own magic. He seems to have obtained some extraordinary and well-documented results through the exaltation of consciousness by sex and drugs (in a field more recently explored by Huxley in "The Doors Of Perception"), but whether this belongs more properly to the field of magic or psychology is not ascertained. I am inclined to believe that the dividing line between the two becomes rather thin in some places. Incidentally, this book is not for the easily shocked. The accounts of the "Paris Working" will outrage all moralists in the audience, and further than that I cannot specify in a family fanzine.

Incidentally, Crowley was a member of the late lamented "Order of the Golden Dawn" (from all accounts not unlike the Rosicrucians, except that it took itself somewhat more seriously), whose members included such genuine artists of the mystic school as the poet Yeats, the writers A.E.W. Mason and Arthur Edward Waite, and the poet who signed his work AE (G.W. Russell). Dion Fortune also seems to have



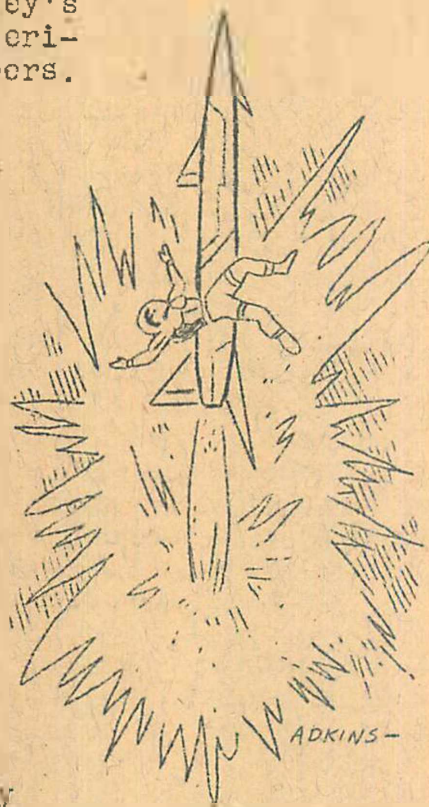
been a member of this society and mentions Crowley's expulsion from the order -- his sex-and-drug experiments were far too much for the high-minded members. It was also of this society that Crowley wrote scathingly that they "swore him to secrecy with frightful oaths...and confided the Hebrew alphabet to his keeping!"

In any case, the book about the "Magic Of Aleister Crowley", though it suffers from the defect of being written by a man who evidently didn't believe a word of all Crowley's depositions and regarded him as a harmless old eccentric, is convincing almost in spite of itself, funny, shocking and in places a little pathetic.

Last on the list of books of interest to those who are curious about magic and Satanism is a big impressive volume called A HISTORY OF MAGIC, by Kurt Seligman. It contains an account of magic as practised from the days of the ancient Egyptians down to the modern societies, skipping over thaumaturgy, necromancy, medieval witchcraft, and the like. The real treasure of this book is the profuse illustrations -- almost five hundred of them -- mostly of medieval woodcuts. Unfortunately I do not like woodcuts, so this book was a waste of my \$4.88 (marked down from something like \$12.50).

And oh, yes. The book I, personally, most enjoy reading of all these has somehow been left off the list. It cost me a dollar and was the most amusing, delightful dollar's worth I ever spent. It is the catalogue of the DeLaurence Company, 180 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. It's almost as thick as a Montgomery Ward catalogue; contains more essays on occultism, Satanism and hypnotism than any other book I ever saw; has almost as many illustrations as the big Seligman book; lists not only a lot of books on magic, but all sorts of articles for the magician, the occultist, and, I presume, for conjurors and illusionists and various other supplies for practising mediums and magicians. I wouldn't take \$12.50 -- the price of the Seligman book -- for my copy. The advertisements for various sorts of magical incense, alone, are worth the price of the entire catalogue; or the detailed instructions for making a magic mirror, or using a crystal ball. Or maybe it takes a peculiar sort of mind to enjoy this sort of thing.

Well, I'm peculiar then, for I love it.




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W. R. Manka, 526 W. Riverside Dr., Jeffersonville, Indiana, is interested in tape corresponding. (free adv.)

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"Joshua, will you put down that blasted trumpet and fight like the rest of us?" .....reprinted without permission from Stanford Univ. magazine, CHAPARRAL



As very few of you undoubtedly know, the editors of YANDRO are preparing a parody of monster magazines for use in a future issue. As part of the preparation, we asked several of the most monstrous fans that we knew for contributions. One of the replies is contained in this

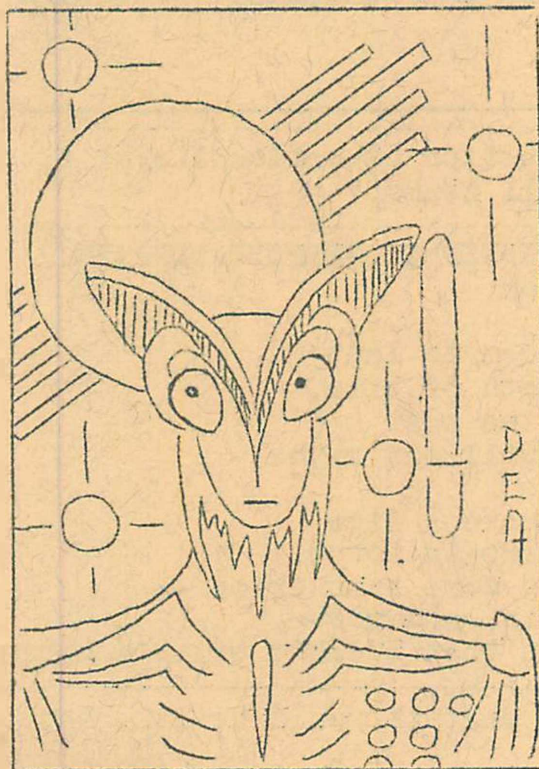
## AN OPEN LETTER from bob tucker

Thank you for your invitation to contribute to your forthcoming monster magazine, but I must decline. It isn't because of lack of time, or anything like that, because I now have plenty of time. The manager of the movie theater caught me turning the crank on a Rex Rotary the other night when I should have been turning the crank on the projector, so I have ample time on my hands.

Nor is it because I have an abundance of egoboo to tide me over. Indeed not -- the opposite prevails. My name hasn't appeared in a fan magazine for nearly two years now, and I fear fandom has forgotten me.

No sir, I must forbear submitting material to a magazine of this nature because of a very personal reason. You surely know that some of my best friends are monsters, and I would not care to offend them. (A few months ago I would have also said that some of my best friends were monster publishers, but it seems that a paper shortage or something has developed in New York.)

Consider my good friend, Robert Bloch. Now, there is a monster. Not



only does he have the heart of a small boy which he keeps in a jar on his desk, he devours cattle and has been known to nibble on Jim Beam. (To Jim's credit, let it be said that he went down noisily.) Bloch has a wife and child whom he keeps hidden in the north woods, only trotting them out like puppets from time to time as visitors drop by. It has been reliably said that they (the wife and child) look hungrily at each visitor, and I leave the interpretation to your astute mind. But you already perceive the reason I must not write for your magazine, as I knew you would. Bloch would not be pleased to find his supposed friend appearing in such a publication, and I feel sure he too will reject your request (if you made such). Each of us, in our way, have sensitive fannish natures, and each of us in our way strive to conceal them.

Another monster of close acquaintance is a chap in Toronto, name of Lyons. At one time he was known as the good fairy of Tor-

onto, but marriage ruined that. And I seem to recall a monster (now nameless, alas) who developed a taste for hair creme while attending conventions. He had a slick technique for subduing unruly ruffians, but his detractors dismissed it as pure balderdash.

One of my dearest friends, a monstrous fellow, is a blurb writer for a New York magazine. This friend has a tremendously exciting job writing one-line blurbs which are published on the contents page, just below the title of each story or article. A man of great wit, he delivers gems such as these:

"Charlie wasn't chicken....but his goose was cooked."

"Ding dong bell....who threw the monsters in the well?"

"The house was deserted, except for assorted zombies."

"You can't tell the monsters without this scorecard."

This fellow's talents did not end on the contents page; he also was allowed to write the introductory blurbs to the articles and stories inside. A sample follows:

"Ding dong bell...look who's in the well...hee hee...all kind of furry little creatures, like rats...and vermin...groundhogs...all very, very hungry...and there are snakes...and the spiders...and dear me, look what else is trapped in the well...I do believe it's a man...a man, hee, hee, hee...a man...trapped in the well with all those...those THINGS...hee, hee, hee...those THINGS..."

Hee hee. The subtle joke, of course, is that there is no water in the well. There simply isn't room for water, so the man need not be afraid. But that's a monster for you. No, I prefer not to write for you. I will instead enclose a few pieces of silver and you may send me a copy of the magazine. You did not tell me the intended price, but if the thirty pieces are too much, please keep the remainder for a subscription to your future publications.

If any.

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Overheard at work: "Maybe New York has a better educational system, but it can't come close to Indiana's basketball teams."

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PHILOSOPHY ON WRITING POETRY: LINES PENNED IN DEEPEST DESPAIR  
by Bennett Gordon

I doubt that I can write a poem to last  
In human thought for any length of time.  
I've tried so very often in the past  
But, woe, the verses simply will not rhyme.

At writing verse I'll never make a dime  
Although creative urge is there in force.  
To keep my talents chained is more than crime ---  
'Tis Sacrilege, of Highest Sin, and worse,  
A sin against the mind of Man that I can't write a verse.

---

Stereo is all right in its way, but think what it would be like to be surrounded by Little Richard.

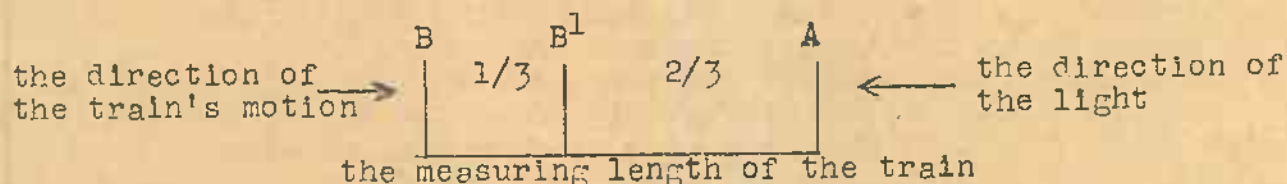


# SOMETHING ABOUT A NATURAL MYSTERY

— BY — *bo stenfors* —  
(DEDICATED TO WILLIAM BREWSTER)

In the year 1881 Michelson and Morley made a classical experiment in Cleveland in order to compute the speed of Earth through space. They measured the speed of light, coming from various directions in space, with an interferometer. Light rays which travel against the Earth's direction of motion, simply must seem to have greater speed than light rays which, so to speak, must catch up with the Earth from behind, they argued. But the experiment showed that light had the same speed from whichever direction of space it came. Later scientists have found out the same thing. But they have also measured the speed of the light coming from double stars, which rotate about a common center. In doing so they have found out that the light from the star moving toward us has the same speed as the light from the star moving away from us. In that way a law of nature was discovered: the speed of light, as we measure it, is independent of the movements of the transmitter and the receiver.

This law is far note-worthier than at a cursory glance it seems to be. To begin with I'm going to illustrate it by giving a concrete example. Thus, we have a train, travelling with half of light's speed over the ground. The ground is - relatively speaking - stationary. When I boarded the train, I took along a measuring-rod, exactly equal to another rod on the ground, and with these measuring-rods the speed of light then is measured, simultaneously on the train and on the ground. We begin with the light that comes in against the direction of the train's motion, and we will get the same results when measuring the speed of light on the train and on the ground:

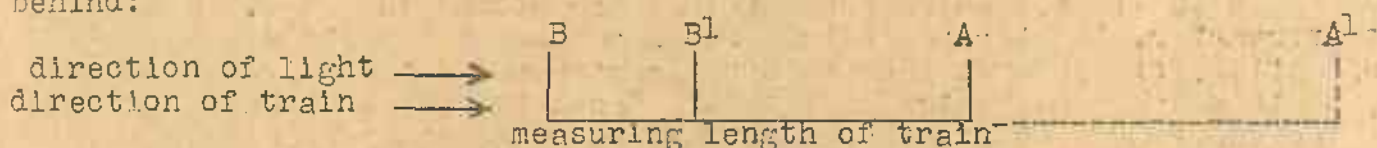


When the light ray reaches the beginning of the measuring-length at the point A, the end of the length is at the point B. Then the length's end and the light ray are meeting each other at the point B¹. Consequently, we actually have only measured the speed of light with the short measuring distance A - B¹. And we have found that the light on the train takes the same length of time to travel the distance A - B¹ as the light on the ground takes to travel the distance A - B.

As far as I can see, there will only be two explanations for this. Either the gauges for time and length distances are for some reason changed on the train, or the light really does go with differing speed on the ground and on the train. Einstein has chosen the first explana-

tion. With his special theory of relativity in the year 1905, Einstein is considered to have solved this nature's mystery. When the train's speed differs from that of the ground, its gauges for time and distance are changed so that the time goes more slowly and the length is contracted in the direction of the train's motion. And it is because of that that we get the same figures for the light's speed all of the time. As is well known, Einstein has made up equations for how the gauges for time and length (and mass) are varying with changed relative speed.

The weaknesses in the theories of Einstein, however, are clear if we take the example that the light is catching up with the train from behind:



Even here, we will get the same speed for the light on the train and on the ground, according to our law of nature. When the light ray reaches the beginning of the measuring length at B we'll have the end of the length at A. But the light ray only catches up with the end of the length only at A¹. We know that the light on the train takes the same length of time to travel the distance B - A¹ as it takes on the ground to go from B to A and, finally as the meeting light into the train takes to go from A to B¹.

We can then, just to complete the example, imagine a light ray within the "closed system" of the train, which ray travels from A to B and from B to A. That ray takes the same time, too.

There certainly is cause for wondering inquiry as to how that changed measuring-rod and that changed conception of duration will be constituted to give the same resulting speed for these varying light rays, travelling the same path through the train.

Moreover - if the measuring-rod contracts in the direction of motion, then in the first example the incoming light ray should go a shorter distance than our A - B¹. And if time goes slower, then light must appear to go much faster through the train.

Changes in the measures for time and length simply cannot explain the constant speed of light. The only remaining explanation - with the devastating effect it may have upon astronomical observations, which are founded on constant lightspeed throughout the universe - is that the speed of light really changes, when the light goes through the train. Light from in front slows down and light from behind increases its speed, coming into the train.

There is, however, no reason for rejecting the theory of Einstein about the change in time and length on account of the above-mentioned. Many physical observations confirm that time and length are changed at high speeds. But Einstein's theories seem to require some lesser revisions. Before I go on, accordingly I will point out in which two important respects the theories will have to be modified.

The first modification concerns Einstein's conception that all speed is relative; that is, only can be measured in relation to other objects' speed. An "absolute" speed through the universe doesn't exist. The consequence of this is, that in our example with the train, to the



train passengers, the ground is rushing past with half of light's speed, at which the ground's time will be seen to go slower than the time on the train, and the ground's length will appear contracted in the direction of motion to the passengers. As Dr. William Brewster of Harvard points out in his speech to the American Rocket Society in New York, scholars have in regard to the Einstein theories misread Einstein and without any theoretical foundation simply presumed that for instance a space ship with the speed of light really gets slower time than Earth's. Actually Einstein's theories imply, as mentioned, that seen from the spaceship the Earth will appear to be moving with the speed of light and getting slower time, etc. There will be relativistic observations both ways. As long as one holds true, that time is affected by the speed of the object and this speed only can be relative, these scholars' opinion of course cannot be right. But Einstein's argumentation seems more to bear reference to the imperfections of our measuring-methods than to an actual state of things. It seems to be very much like an argumentation asserting that we certainly can measure differences between temperatures but cannot know which object is the warmest. As a matter of fact, however, the object which is warmest is the one that holds the most energy. It's the same thing with speed. The "absolute" speed can be measured through the object's content of energy. But speed is a special form of energy. And here my second modification comes in.

Einstein, then, has linked some effects - slower time, shorter length, increasing mass - to the relative speed of an object. I think there he's mistaken. The effects shouldn't be linked to the speed but to the energy. And not to the energy of the moving object only, but to the amount of energy in the space sector where the measuring is done! Einstein's equations should consequently function when making a transition to a system which is richer in energy. Only when you link the time-changing effect to the energy, assuming that this is an absolute and not a relative phenomenon, it will be quite right that in the example just mentioned the space ship gets slower time than the Earth and the space-traveller outlives his earth-bound fellow beings.

After making these two modifications in Einstein's theories, I will try to definitively solve this mystery of nature concerning the constant speed of light, independent of the movements of the transmitter and the receiver. In that respect I will have to present two theories: on one hand my Space-Time-Perspective Theory and on the other my Time-Energy-Spark Theory.

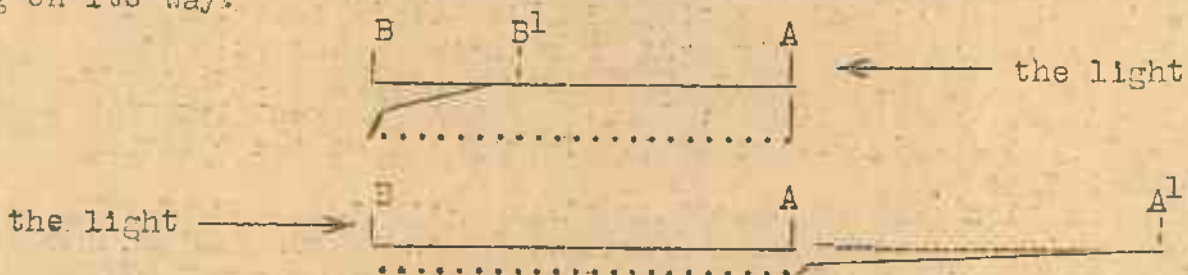
In science fiction one has sometimes played with the thought of what would happen if a person's life-processes began to run faster. This person (let's call him A) would then find the human beings about him standing immobile in frozen motion. A has got faster time. If a normal person (B) wants to beckon to A, he perhaps will have to wave at a rather rapid rate in order to make A discern it. As a matter of fact an object with slower time must move comparatively faster in order that its speed should be seen in a more rapid time. When for instance a space rocket increases its speed, its time is slowing up. For that reason, to a person living in normal faster time the rocket's speed won't seem to increase as swiftly as it in reality is increasing. There will be two concepts of speed concerning the rocket; on one hand its real speed and

on the other its apparent speed! We have two forces, working in opposite directions. When the speed increases, the time slows down, which has the effect that the object to the surrounding universe appears to lose part of the speed-acceleration. And here is the gist of my R-T-P Theory; at the speed of light these two opposite forces counterbalance each other. Surely one can furnish the object with more energy, increasing the real speed, but thereby its time will go correspondently slower, thus absorbing the speed-acceleration, which accordingly won't be noticed by the universe around. In relation to the surrounding universe an object can never attain higher speed than the speed of light. But I call attention to the fact that this is a perspective, and hence it depends on my own speed and level of energy how much of an object's real speed I will see.

I further make the assumption that the real speed of a light ray is always considerably higher than what we call lightspeed. I also assume that it's that real speed that determines the light's frequency. Einstein has shown that light of higher frequency (e.g. ultraviolet) has more energy in its photons than light of lower frequency (e.g. infrared). Light from the stars, moving away from us, has lesser real speed and so we get the displacement towards red in the spectrum.

We now put the question: Why does time go slower when there's more energy in a space sector? According to my T-E-S Theory, this is due to the fact that time doesn't flow along like an even unbroken stream but is happening by leaps, similar to frequent electrical discharges. Every discharge is synonymous with a quantity of motion. If the space sector has a sparse amount of energy, every time-discharge is weak and the sparks very frequent - time goes fast. The more energy that is supplied, the fewer, longer and stronger the time-impulses become. But in order to complete a certain movement, the same number of time-sparks is always needed. Owing to this, the time goes more slowly with increasing energy in the space sector.

We will look at the train example once more. The points under the measuring length A - B represent the energy that the light is encountering on its way:



We measured the speed of light, in the first case, with the distance A - B¹, in the second with the distance B - A¹, and we got the same resulting value on time. The explanation for this lies in the amount of energy in the space sector which the ray passes through. In the first case the energy becomes compressed within the area between A and B¹. By that the time is made slower for the lightparticle (the photon), whose apparent speed consequently is rather strongly reduced (its real speed is of course the same in all examples). In the second case the energy becomes sparingly scattered between B and A¹. Time is made slower this time too but comparatively insignificantly so, and lesser than to a



light ray that is going through the closed system of the train from A to B and is encountering more concentrated energy. The light rays do however travel with increased apparent speed in this second case from B to A<sup>1</sup>.

As is evident, my theories mean that the light has varying apparent speed throughout the universe, depending on the amount of energy in each space sector in accordance with my R-T-P Theory. We therefore will be having to convert all distances in space which previously have been measured with lightspeed as a constant. Important, then, is the exact connection between the light's apparent speed and the energy on the path that the light is travelling.

To conclude this article I perhaps ought to point out that in my example I have assumed that the train and the ground have the same amount of energy per cubic measure (the same matter density and so on). The thing separating the ground from the train has been the speed of the train. This speed actually implies that to a light ray from in front, the train has a greater amount of energy per cubic measure than the ground; to a light ray from the side of the train, the train and ground have the same energy, and to a light ray from the rear the train has lesser energy. The train's speed consequently is equivalent to an aimed energy.

To a passenger on the train, light is travelling just as fast in every direction. Only when one looks into the matter from the ground's angle does it appear that a ray against the train's aimed energy slows down and a ray from behind increases its speed.

When estimating the speed of a light ray through the universe, converted into the space-energy-level of the Earth, we consequently must take both the static energy and the aimed energy in the ray's path into consideration.

The light ray of course has the same real speed all the while. But to the light ray, the speed of time in the surrounding universe seems to vary constantly, according to the amount of energy in each space sector. Each time the light ray comes into a "cloud" of energy, the time of the world around seems to accelerate.

If, then, two parallel light rays start from the same starting point with the same direction and the same real speed, and they travel during the same period, of course they will reach the same point in space. But just the same, the ray which has travelled a path containing lesser energy will reach this point perhaps several years before the other light ray, measured in the time of the universe.

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#### UNDEFINED FAN TERMS

by Peter Francis Skeberdis

TAFF - sweet confection made with salt water

Fan - machine for circulating air (usually hot air)

Sercon - distance around (the sercon of the world is about 25,000 miles)

Prozine - new chemical solvent

Neo - he fiddled while Rome burned

Fmz - sound made by a fly

Con - to swindle

GHU - baby's first word

Beanie - name of tv character

CHURCH - LINDS

GENE DEWEESE, 210 E. King, Kokomo, Indiana

Speaking of religious oddities..... On the way back from Muncie this evening, I got in on wot was apparently an "Assembly of God" program. This starts with the "minister" announcing the winners in last year's contest categories, such as: "Highest average donation per individual", "Greatest per church donation increase", etc. Each winner (the district representative for each district, I guess) gets a hi fi record player.

Following these announcements, Brother Ward announced the text for the sermon, "The love of money is the root of all evil." //It's not that the church loves money, of course; they're just willing to take care of the nasty stuff for you. RSC//

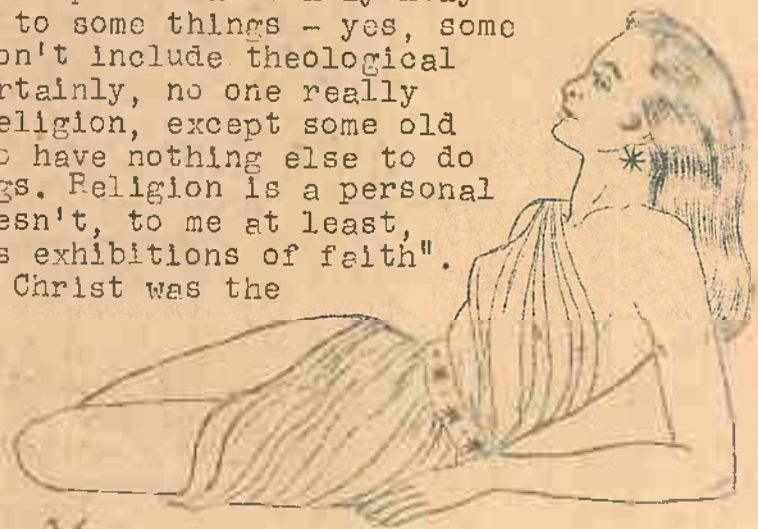
ROBERT N. LAMBECK, 22 Long View Drive, Simsbury, Connecticut

I happen to like comments placed after the part of the letter to which they refer. It does tend to break up the train of thought of the letter, tho..... I've seen some letters with no train of thought at all, however.

Brown has got a point there, but maybe if he combed his hair right it wouldn't show. Seriously, it is, in my opinion, possible to criticise a piece of non-stf on a stf standard, and what's more, it can be correct to do this. But, dammit, you cannot criticise the author merely because he didn't write it for the stand-ard you are criticising from.

GREGG TREND, 20051 Regent Dr., Detroit 5, Michigan

I don't profess any definite theological beliefs, but it is obvious to me that the advance push on Christmas has nothing to do with Catholic or Jewish or whatever factions are blamed for pushing the selling and celebrating end of it. There is nothing "indecent" about advertising and it has nothing to conflict with our universal philosophies - we absorb it all the time without thinking consciously about it. Sure, we're not "pious" and "holy-holy" when it comes to some things - yes, some things that don't include theological concepts. Certainly, no one really lives their religion, except some old hangers-on who have nothing else to do Sunday mornings. Religion is a personal thing that doesn't, to me at least, call for "mass exhibitions of faith". All right, so Christ was the





Saviour - a good man that brought Realization of the Power to his followers - but we are so far removed from the temporal proximity of his influence, physically - physical impressions last a long time, but not that long, that other ideas associated with celebrations have infiltrated naturally into the scheme of events. Everyone is basically atheistic - there is that latent "seeing is believing" aberration in the subconscious of even a True Believer - that appears to be a general frame of mind in the U.S. which, as you say, accounts for pagan-like celebration. But the real underlying factor is advertising - it stimulates, motivates - the people reaction jubilently with glee and flock to the stores to gobble up gifts to give - remember "Giving is the greatest gift a man can receive". I often wonder what shrewd copywriter scribbled that one up.

Wood's continuation of articles is good and does offer just about all the plausible solutions there are to the situation, but none of his solutions would actually solve the problem. Why was "On The Beach" a best-seller? Did the publishers label it science-fiction? No! The readers of mass media, particularly those stimulated by the advances in rocketry and related fields are not interested in science-fiction, but science-faction, you see what I'm driving at? Take Bradbury for instance, why do the literary-type absorbers of mass media read him - because he approaches stf with kid-gloves, while in the process of creating a poetically beautiful "line" thru the whole bit. In this day and age, you can't call science-fiction by its rightful name because...the majority of the general readers of stf in the late Forties and early Fifties were looking forward to a slightly intangible future of rockets and space-travel - now that we are on the brink of that in reality they have lost - "they" in this instance is the general reader - interest in the prediction, or what they thought comprised most of stf, that has already been realized. Publishers should put the label, "Avant-garde" or "Iconoclast", or "Magazine of Dissent" on their mag covers and publish them in a \$1.00 review type format or "American Heritage" book-type format. Buyers of high-class literature are now, as a leading book publisher said in BUSINESS WEEK, "People are now in the market for the arty book, or magazine in book-format...something they can gain prestige with in their libraries or to give to friends", which accounts for the large sales of AH and its new companion HORIZON "a magazine of the arts". Science-fiction as a name is dead, long live "avant-garde literature". //If the day ever comes when choices in science fiction are reduced to "On The Beach", THE BRADBURY REVIEW and TRUE SCIENCE STORIES -- that is the day science fiction and I part company. It's a horrible future you predict, friend. RSC//

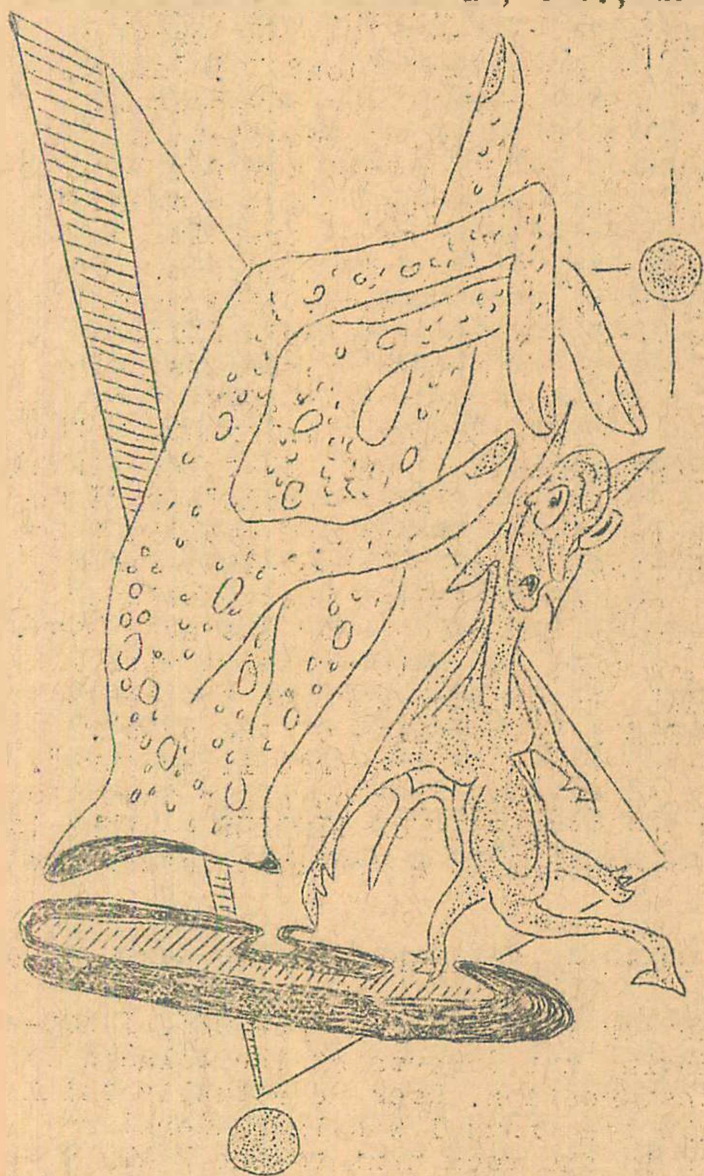
ALEX BRATMON, 201 Norton St., Long Beach 5, California //You never have sent your army address, Alex...//

Looking over Colin Cameron's letter in Grumblings // #70 //, I notice a few differences of opinion. Having met Cameron at the Solacon I find myself in a little bit of a consternation. Does he actually think of himself as beat? I doubt it. While the group I was in wandered up and down skid row, played the bongos in the room next to the Ball, wore old leather jackets, jeans, etc., George Metzger even had a beard, CC in



an atrocious sports jacket, dress pants, tie even, put out a one-shot. This I consider very fannish, but beat it is not.

Friend Cameron might also like to know that I do have a general for a friend, but all that is beside the point. Colin also states that the "Beat Generation" did not start in France. In '54, when I was still going to college, I met a French student who I used to discuss things with. He and I were talking with a group of friends when he happened to mention existentialism. Momentarily I confused it with extentialism, but this was corrected by him, and we used to talk about what happened in France. The method of the treatment of life and the philosophy of this is very similar in beatness and existentialism. Assuredly there is a difference in the way that Kerouac and J.P. Sartre treat things. But the similarities are much more important than the differences. In fact, there is more differences in the way Sartre does things and the other existentialists such as Heineman, etc., do things.



BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois

I feel the itch to communicate a piece of my vast knowledge.

Both Juanita and Uncle Alan (in the 73rd issue) commented on the lethal properties of carbon-tetrachloride; and her viewpoint is the correct one although a mite on the mild side.

I had thought (and still do) that carbon-tet is lethal, no matter what. From time to time the newspapers will carry an item detailing the deaths of workmen who were using the stuff in an improperly ventilated room; and still more infrequently, an item reporting the death of someone who has tested it.

William F. Boos, in "The Poison Trail" says that carbon-tet is poisonous, but that it may be safely handled by knowledgeable people who are working in ventilated rooms which have a force draft air-conditioning system; furthermore, they should be wearing some sort of protective hood (or mask). And I've read one mystery in which the villain accomplished his sinister purpose by forcing a tablespoon of carbon-tet down his victim's throat. It would be a nice suicide weapon to those in the know. And it should



be a reasonably safe murder weapon, for it is so uncommon that authorities are apt to look upon it as an "accidental death" due to ignorance of the field.

F.M. BUSBY, 2852 14th. West, Seattle 99, Washington

I have no idea as to my reading speed, by wpm. Probably your speed and mine are roughly in the same range. Anyhow, upon consideration I rather doubt that reading speed has too much to do with my distaste for GMC-type butchering of letters with inserts (I think you were the one who brought speed into it, by conjecturing that slow reading might be my trouble); it strikes me that I enjoy the writing of several fans who cannot be read rapidly without missing much of the savor.

A short summary on #72: dug the editorials and the Null-A takeoff. Undug the s-f-art piece and Dainis' shaggydog, and the spade hit hard clay just a couple of inches below the surface of the RonSmith item, and failed to penetrate. Dodd is much, much better when (as now) he has not been recently exposed to the cinema. (I think I hate movie reviews worse than you hate ConReports, Buck -- wanna bet? If so, how do we evaluate our individual loathings in comparable terms?)

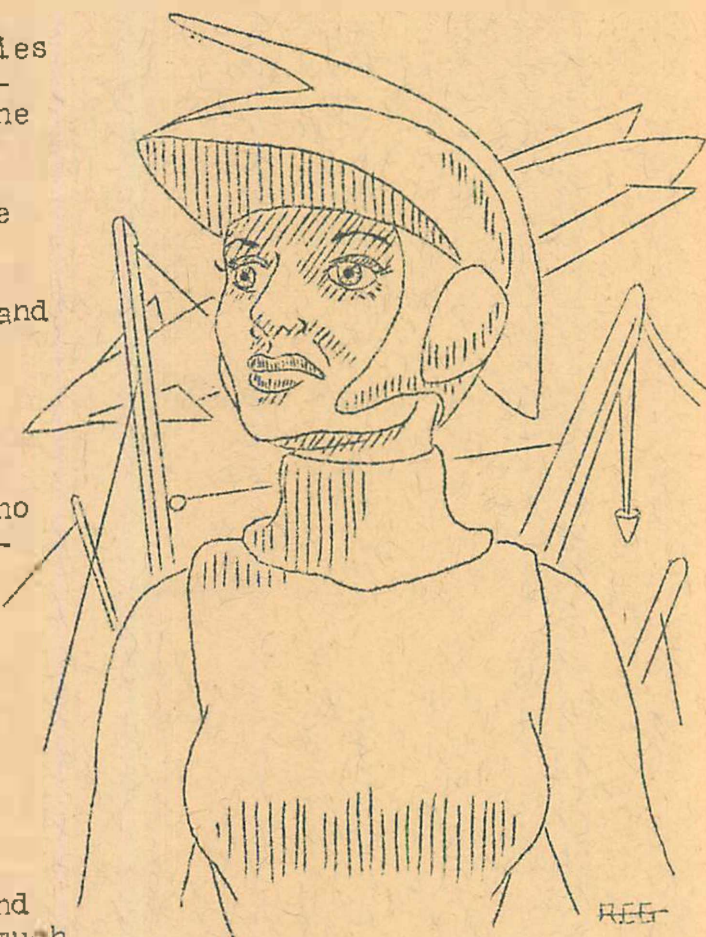
Campbell counts covers in his pagecount; Gold counts covers; Lown-des counts covers; Ziff-Davis counts ~~books~~ covers. Rinehart & Co. don't use page-numbers, and everything else is too far down The Stack to check upon; I guess you're a persecuted minority, Buck.

Did Geo Scithers really have the lovely redhead "looking noble and indomitable", or was this merely a Typo That Made Good? It's a word with possibilities.....

Leman drops me in my tracks; that man is dangerous; don't let him get away.

//I plead to a bit of Gemcarring as regards the reading speed; I didn't really think that you were a slow reader, but the remark was so apt that I couldn't pass it up. (And at least I admitted at the time that it was a snide comment, unlike the average actifan.) I still refuse to count covers; it is a sneaky, underhanded, dirty pro tactic. "Indomitable" was typed exactly as received; whether Scithers meant it intentionally or not I couldn't say, but I thought it was cute and left it as it.

This has been, not only a short letter column, but a short issue. Next issue will be larger, I think. Definitely more letters. RSC//





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