

Viper 6



Harness



VENOM

by
Bill Donaho

I am of course pleased with my showing on the Egoboo Poll and thanks for your points and all that; however my main reaction is a feeling that it is a pity that the Poll is part of the constitution so that it can't quietly be laid away in a corner or something. But on the other hand I think the Poll is basically a good idea and maybe eventually enough OMPAns will participate to make it a Worthwhile Thing. As it is not enough people vote to make the results at all meaningful and "joke" votes, etc. upset the standings too much. Oh well.....

Alva Rogers becomes a member this mailing. This is a very Worthwhile Thing. Alva already is art editor of VIPER and this and his series on ASTOUNDING have been the principal cause of VIPER's popularity. Now Alva's own zine will show just how talented and versatile the man is. I still ~~hope~~ plan to get many articles out of Alva, but it's nice to have his zine too. Welcome, Alva. It's good to have you with us.

I'm sorry I missed the last mailing. Everything fell on me at once. But not only OMPA got neglected. During the same period I was supposed to edit TIGHTBEAM, the NFFF letterzine, but couldn't manage to get it out. I had to pass the letters on to NFFF President, Art Rapp--a horrible mess to dump on him at the beginning of his term of office. But things have eased up somewhat now and I have more free time. However, I expect that in the future OMPA will see more ASPS than VIPERS.

LIFE IN BERKELEY Early in May Sandy Cutrell came through on his way to Portland. He had fallen into a very good deal. A friend of his—a sort of con man—had managed to wangle a three-year lease, ABSOLUTELY RENT FREE, on a 12-acre farm within the city limits of Portland. Among other things the farm was almost completely surrounded by city parks and in an ideal location, just about 12 miles from the center of town. It seems that the place had been unrented for about 18 months and vandels were tearing it apart. The con man persuaded the owner that it would be better to have the place occupied and got the rent-free lease. Danny was very intrigued by all this. He's a city boy—born and raised in New York—and had a hankering to try country life, so he went on to Portland with Sandy.

Danny never writes and there was utter silence from Portland. Finally, in July I saw Buz and Elinor at the Westercon and found out that Danny is in Seattle. The con man left town—as con men are wont to do—and the deal fell through. Danny looked for work in Portland for awhile, but he says that it is practically a ghost town. No employment ads—except for salesmen—in the papers. And houses, etc. for sale all over the place. Danny went on up to Seattle. He's planning on working till September, going to the con in Chicago, on to New York for awhile, and then back to Berkeley. We'll see.

In the meantime Jim Caughran has moved in with me for the summer before departing for graduate school in Michigan this fall. Incidentally Jim says that as soon as he gets out of grad school and settled in a job, he'll rejoin OMPA; he just doesn't have time for it now. And Dick Ellington says he and Pat will rejoin just as soon as they have some spare time. Real Soon Now.

But things have been pretty quiet in Berkeley the past six months. The Little Men have revived RHODO (RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST), Al haLevy, editor, as a regular quarterly zine, and the first issue is out. Pretty good too. And most of us went down to L.A. for the Westercon; Alva got drunk or something and persuaded us to not only take the 1963 Westercon, but to make a real serious bid for the 1964 Worldcon. (Our flyer should be in this mailing.)

Litt Men and GGFS meetings, picnics, parties and poker games go on as of yore, but nothing exciting has happened. We're waiting for Willis and Ethel to come liven things up.

FRIDAY THE 13TH Friday, July 13th was a black day. John Champion was driving his roommate's pick-up (a small truck) on Route 101 near King City, California when another truck swerved across the road into John's lane and hit him head on. John was killed instantly.

I didn't know John too well, but what I had seen of him I liked very much. I first met him at the Solacon and have corresponded with him—off and on—ever since. He's stayed with me here in Berkeley a couple of times and we've done a lot of talking at conventions. At the Westercon—two weeks before his death—we sat up and talked until 8:00 o'clock Monday morning, and then staggered to bed, the last tired remnants of the convention.

John said he would be coming up to Berkeley in a couple of weeks. He was pretty definite about it and I wondered what had happened to him. Then I found out. I couldn't believe it—I called Al Lewis in L.A. to check. Automobile accidents happen all the time—but not to fans. I believe this is the first one to involve a fan fatality.

John Champion was a good man. Hail and farwell and all that jazz.

WESTERCON XV The Westercon was held Friday, June 29 and Sunday June 30 in the Solacon's Alexandria, unfortunately not this year "officially" a part of Southgate. The con had around 230 memberships and about 150 attendees. Fifty fans booked rooms and 104 attended the banquet. It was a very good convention.

Like the Solacon the Westercon was primarily a bar convention. Most of the gatherings were held there and the bar was the first place you looked if you wanted to find someone. The cry "Down at the bar" was again heard throughout the land. Perhaps it was the head start that this gave things, but several fans described this as the most drunken convention they have ever attended; never before had they seen so many fans so drunk. I must confess however that I was in no condition to observe this situation myself.

Things got off to a slow start Friday as more and more fans checked in and committee members dashed around harriedly. Down at the bar it got later and later and people began wondering where the parties were. We knew the filkkniks were holding forth in Poul and Karen Anderson's room, but we wanted a party. Finally I volunteered to brave the sounds of room 582 and find out if any of the filkers knew of a party. Several people followed me up but stayed well out of the danger zone as I inquired. I found there was a party in Avram Davidson's room and off we went. People swirled around madly there for awhile, with a hot discussion of the merits of Asimov's science writings filling up the gaps. Poul was sleepy too so he called Karen and told her to kick the filkkniks out. HaLevy volunteered his room, so we started there, unfortunately running into the evicted filkkniks who joined us and continued filking in Al's room. This sort of scattered things out resulting in small parties all over.

I wound up in Perdue's room with Buz, Burbee, Caughran and Champion where we had a convivial gathering that went on till 5:30 or so. Perhaps it was a mite too convivial as Burbee staggered off to bed and didn't appear at all on Saturday. Finally about Saturday midnight Elmer and Buz took him beer and sandwiches and Burbee appeared at the bar bright and early Sunday morning.

Saturday's program was fairly good. Tony Boucher gave a review of the science fiction books of 1961 and Ed Clinton moderated a panel, "What Science Fiction Market?" with Anderson, Clifton and van Vogt, which was interesting in many spots. Ray Bradbury read a chapter from his new novel and talked about his theory of writing. People either thought this was wonderful or very dull; there didn't seem to be any middle ground. A coffee and cake session--"Meet Your Favorite Author" was also scheduled. However most of us were engaged in meeting our favorite authors down at the bar, so the session wasn't too well attended--particularly by favorite authors.

At the banquet Saturday evening there was a futuristic style show for femme fans and others who care for that sort of thing. Jack Vance, the Guest of Honor, gave a very witty and amusing speech which was unfortunately marred by a very bad delivery, and Tony Boucher, toastmaster, kept things moving entertainingly along. The best thing on the program was Fan Guest of Honor, Alva Roger's speech, which will be reprinted in a forthcoming SHAGGY. Alva said that in days of yore he had been as hot as Laney against the theory that Fandom Is A Way of Life, but that mature reflection had convinced him that any hobby that fills most of your free time and determines most of your activities and friends damn well is a way of life, no matter how much you might like to call it something else. The illustrations he gave brought down the house--in spite of the fears of some of the mossbacks that the newer fans wouldn't understand them.

And also Harlan Ellison gave a speech--that is he told jokes. Those of you who attended the Seacon heard most of them in Harlan's speech there. In fact some fans claimed that they have heard of them at least six times. However, throughout the years Harlan has polished up his delivery and grown really expert at telling them. A fine performance.



SCOTT

evening they got very drunk and one of them tried to throw the TV out of the window. They also brought a guitar and so overwhelmed the filkers that the filkers didn't even try to compete, but merely glowered from a distance and begged someone, anyone, to throw these aliens out. It was entertaining in a sickening sort of way.

The convention gradually petered out about 8:00 A.M. as John Champion and I staggered wearily to bed. There was nothing at all doing on Monday, in sharp contrast to the Baycon last year which went on for 5 days--it wasn't so concentrated or intense. But the Westercon was a fine, enjoyable con and the committee deserves a great deal of credit for a job well done.

HOW WE GOT STUCK One problem common to the Westercon and all conventions is to determine who the hell is going to put on the next one. We've been worrying about the '63 Westercon for some time now. Several months ago when John, Bjo and other L.A. fans were through here we discussed the question. L.A. had it this year; they didn't want it in '63, particularly as they were bidding for it in '64 so they could combine it with the worldcon which they were bidding for and expected to get. If they had it in '63 also, that would make three years in a row--entirely too much. Berkeley had it last year and we didn't want it again, particularly as some of the dust from that one hadn't settled yet. There were rumors that Seattle might want it. We decided that if Seattle wanted it, they could have it; but what we were chiefly interested in was holding one midway between San Francisco and L.A. at some convenient motel. And with the Schulteises doing all the dirty work. Unfortunately the Schulteises couldn't be conned into it and Seattle came to its senses and decided not to bid. Ted Johnstone was putting in a bid for San Diego, but we weren't too happy with that.....

Then Alva got drunk or something and drunk or something and decided it would be a wonderful idea if the Little Men put it on. Ben Stark and Al HaLevy also caught the disease and they generated such a head of enthusiasm that they decided not only to take the Westercon, but to put in a serious bid for the '64 worldcon. I was horrified. However on Saturday both Alva and Al cornered me at the bar and before I knew it I had not only agreed to serve on the committee, I was enthusiastic for the idea. I must have been drunk or something. But it all sounded so convincing.

For the '63 Westercon we plan to try to get a motel with swimming pool somewhere near San Francisco. It'll be a four day affair: July 4-5-6-7 (Thursday thru Sunday) with a minimal amount of program, a relaxed, fan-oriented gathering with no non-fan-directed publicity and no recruiting purposes. A four-day party for mutual friends and acquaintances with just enough program to provide change of pace and to provoke interest. If we get the '64 Worldcon, we'll put on exactly the same thing--on a larger scale. It'll have to be somewhat more formal and have somewhat more program, but we'll try to have the same sort of convention. And exactly the same committee will put them both on.

L.A. will most likely get the '64 Westercon. If they get the Worldcon, they'll combine it with the Westercon. If we get the Worldcon, L.A. will put on a small, two-day, programless, completely Midwestcon-type of affair. But L.A. seems to have lost much of its convention enthusiasm. As of now anyhow, John, Bjo, Ron and Al Lewis will not serve on the committee and the Outlanders aren't too enthusiastic, leaving most of the convention spirit with the A.R.B.M.--Pelz, Johnstone and Harriess. The other L.A. fans of course support the A.R.B.M. in their bid and may change their minds and serve on the committee--as '64 draws nigh.

So it will be a real, pitched battle between the forces of good and the forces of Mordor. But a friendly battle, like unto that between Detroit and Chicago for the '59 con. '64 FRISCO OR FIGHT!

DRAFT DODGING Joe and Robbie Gibson were over the other Sunday evening. (Yes, the Joe Gibson Who; don't believe everything you read in fanzines.) The Church of the Brotherhood of the Way was supposed to be having a joint meeting with the Channing Club (Unitarian group), but I didn't make it. I guess I don't take my religious duties as seriously as I should. Anyhow we got a swinging party going. All sorts of other people dropped in. I played the bagpipe records and Robbie danced the Highland Fling and various other Scottish dances. This sort of wore her out and Joe had to take her home around midnight, but the party swirled on. I am told that about 3:00 A.M. I was dancing in the streets. I don't remember doing any such thing, and it sounds grossly improbable to me. But it was a fine party. And the next day was H*E*L*L*I*S*H. I made it to work on time and by after I decided that I would live after all, but I wasn't sure I wanted to. That home brew is potent stuff.

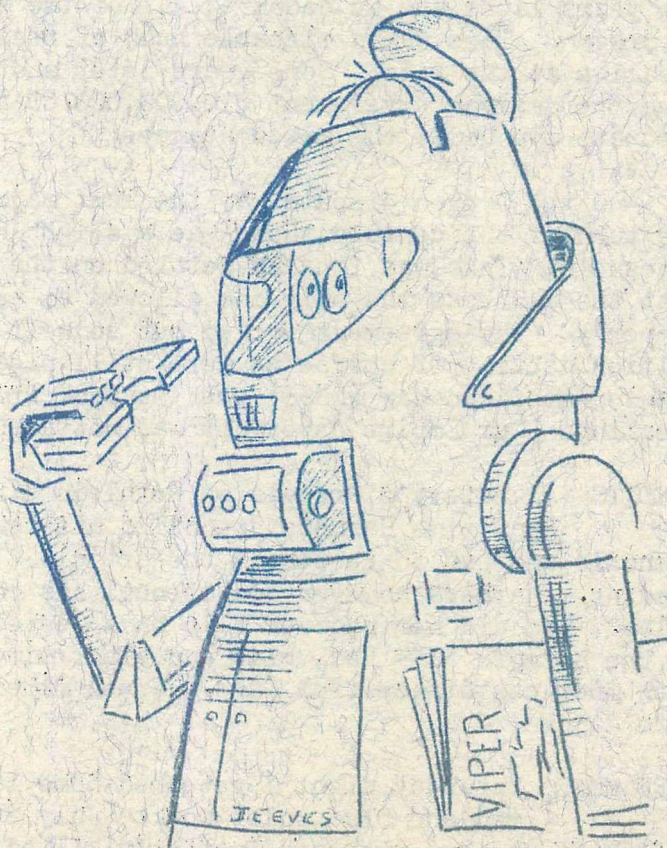
During the course of the evening Joe started telling his ~~happy happy~~ whoary old war stories. Joe was a combat squad leader--with long months up at the front--so his stories are really pretty interesting. Then somehow or other the discussion shifted to draft dodging. Now I don't know any genuine, simon-pure draft dodgers, but I do know a lot of guys who pulled psychiatric 4-Fs. In fact I don't know anyone who tried to get out of the draft who didn't. I find it difficult to believe that they all put one over on the examining psychiatrists. It's equally difficult to believe that they all "deserved" their 4-F classification. I suspect that the army knew what they were doing, but let them get away with it, figuring they wouldn't fit in anyhow.

I mentioned this theory to Joe and he thought it had merit. He further pointed out that it took guts and initiative to try something like this, and that the army probably figured that guys with guts and initiative who were willing to go to some trouble to avoid the draft, would be natural trouble-makers and disrupt things completely if they were drafted. But of course they would be drafted in any real state of emergency.

But Joe went on further. He said that if he were again leading a combat team at the front, he would want in his squad this guys with guts and initiative, not the ones who were now permitting themselves to be drafted.

Hmmmmnnn.....So draft dodgers make the best combat soldiers. You know it actually sounds reasonable.....

But I'm not quite sure where all this fits in with Cheats, Frauds, Whores and Moochers. But then it's a commonplace of stf that they make the best pioneers, so I guess it figures.



'64 FRISCO OR FIGHT! It occurs to me that you Britishers might not know the derivation of the slogan "64 FRISCO OR FIGHT!" As a fannish slogan for Berkeley's bidding for the 1964 Worldcon it was originated by Terry Carr last year. At that time of course we didn't have the slightest intention of making a serious bid, but were just going to pretend we did to play a joke on L.A. But it was pointed out that if L.A. took us seriously, they would do a lot of work and spend a lot of money on their campaign that they wouldn't otherwise do, and that this was carrying a joke too far. So we called the whole scheme off. Now of course we've changed our minds and seriously want the Worldcon.

"64 FRISCO OR FIGHT!" is based on the mundane political slogan "54' 40° or fight!" Back in the middle of the Nineteenth Century when the Americans and Canadians were madly settling the West, the Oregon Territory was opened up. Both American and Canadian settlers were scattered all through it and there was a terrific dispute about the border. In 1844 James Polk campaigned for President with the slogan "54' 40° or fight!" He promised that if a settlement wasn't reached which gave us that boundary—and this took in nearly all of the disputed area—we would go to war with Canada and England. He was overwhelmingly elected.

Once he got safely in office, he welched on his promise. He figured it would be easier, safer and more profitable to go to war with Mexico. So he worked out a mutually-satisfactory compromise with England that not only settled the Oregon question but the entire boundary between the U.S. and Canada. (It was in some dispute from the Great Lakes on west.) Then Polk turned to Mexico. Mexico was still smarting from the Texas business and from the nibbles the U.S. was taking out of California. Polk managed to egg Mexico into creating some border incidents and lead the U.S. into war. It was a summer picnic. For all the opposition the Mexican army offered the U.S., it might as well have been a troop of boy scouts. But the U.S. army officers gained valuable experience which served both the Union and the Confederacy well a few years later and we acquired all of the Mexican territory west of Texas and south of Oregon. This was a sizeable hunk of real estate and all we considered worth stealing at the time. Some years later another administration got guilt feelings and gave the Mexican government \$10,000,000.00 as a sop to its conscience. Hardly an adequate sop under the circumstances.

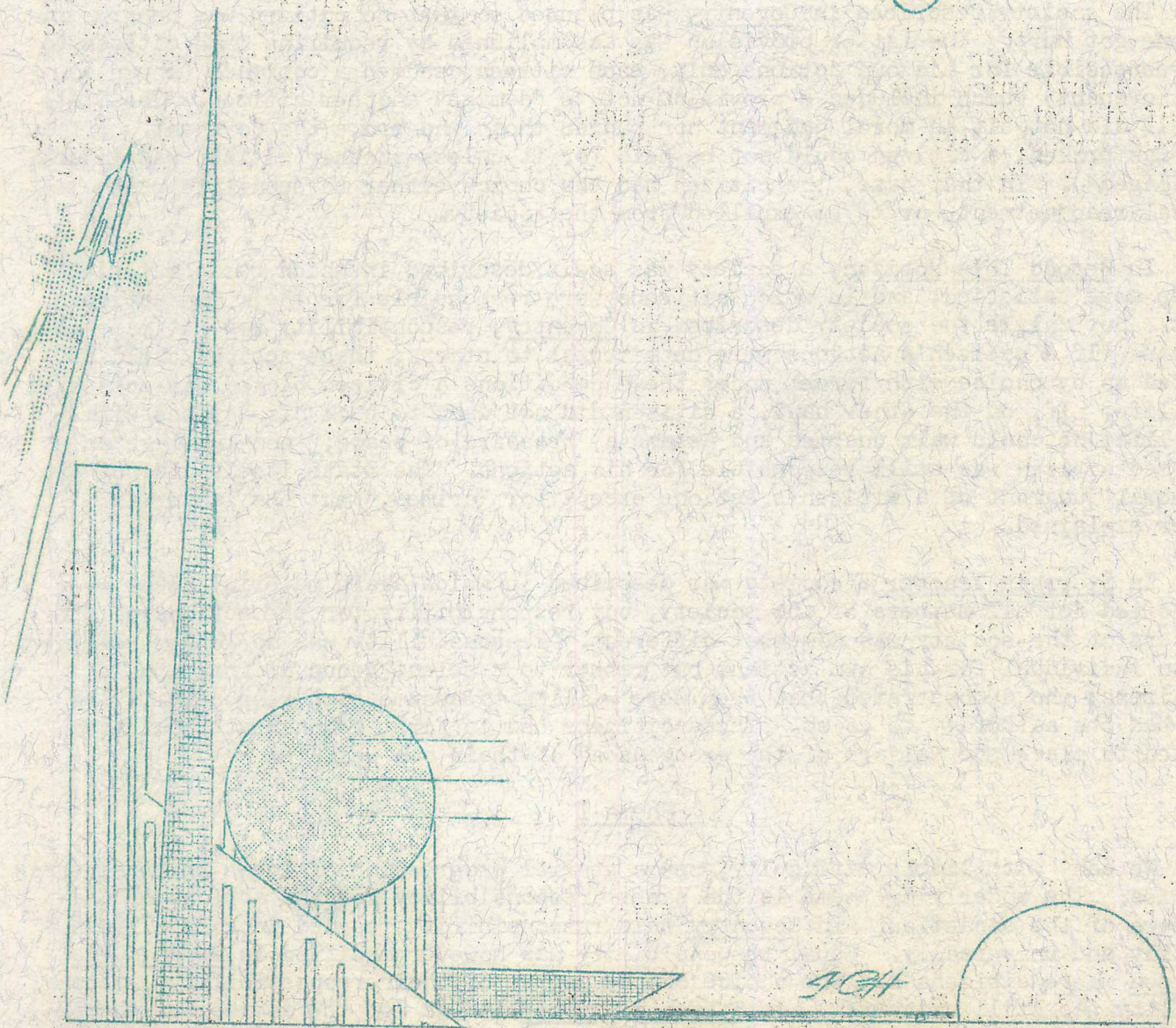
And the Oregon dispute was the last major argument we had with England. Around the turn of the century there was a slight huffiness over who was going to exploit Venezuela. This was finally settled on the basis that we both would exploit her, but that the U.S. was the only one allowed to send marines and warships down to do it properly. The agreement worked out so well that we even sent ships down to collect British debts. Of course we were still pleased about the British backing us in the Spanish-American War (1898) when we took from Spain all she had left that was worth stealing. Our Empire certainly was not acquired in any fit of absent-mindedness.

CREDITS Al Halevy's article on Heinlein first appeared in the 4th IPSO mailing. At that time Harness stenciled his heading for it. Unfortunately I lost the stencils and had to restencil the article. This time around Alva stenciled Jack's heading. Harness however did stencil his cover illo. Brian Donahue stenciled his illos. Bjo did her bacover illo on a Gestetner brush stencil. Alva cut all the rest of the artwork. *** Red, blue and black mimeography was done on the Rike Gestetner with much assistance from Dave. Green mimeography was done by Bill Rickhardt on the Iron Maiden.

MUFF MUFF Saturday night I returned home late from Rike's after having run off the red and blue color work. (July 27th.) Twenty minutes before I got in Muff Muff was run over and instantly killed. I refused to even look at her and got Vince to bury her for me. I'm still somewhat broken up about it. She was a beautiful, sweet and s-a-xy little beast and I miss her a great deal. Unfortunately I gave away all the kittens from her last litter, but her daughter Haunt just had some and I'll get one or two from that litter. But they won't replace Muff.

THE UTOPIAN NOVELS OF ROBERT HEINLEIN

Al ha Levy



Robert Heinlein has sometimes been called "the dean of American science fiction writers," and justly so. For breadth of story, detail of background, and sharply defined characters, there is no one to best Heinlein in modern science fiction. But little or no attention has been paid to Heinlein's sometimes daring philosophical and sociological themes in several of his more "epical" stories. Granted that Starship Trooper evoked a great deal of comment regarding what appeared on the surface as a fascist state, yet few people saw in this story a growth and development of ideas stated in his earlier stories. It is the purpose of this article to compare and analyze the philosophical and sociological framework of three of Heinlein's most detailed descriptions of "utopian" societies in order to bring out the relationships among them, and to gain a better understanding of the ideas of Heinlein. These three societies are described in Coventry, Beyond This Horizon, and Starship Trooper. I hope later to analyze Heinlein's philosophical framework in Stranger in a Strange Land, which I consider a most significant novel, but that must remain for the future.

The Societies

The society described in Coventry was planned so that no citizen was hungry and no one got hurt. The latter provision was accomplished by requiring each citizen to be responsible for his own actions only; each citizen assumed a contract (known as the Covenant) which included a provision not to "damage" another citizen. The State itself did not sit in moral judgment nor punish those who broke the Covenant. If a law was broken, a citizen could not be held for it unless another citizen was injured ("damaged"). In that case, the citizen had the choice either to submit to psychological readjustment, or to be expelled from the society.

In Beyond This Horizon, a society was again described in which basic material needs were satisfied, and in which citizens were responsible for their own actions only. But unlike the society described in Coventry, responsibility was not made absolute. If a citizen's actions were detrimental to others, these actions could be backed up by choice with force; under these conditions a citizen backed his acts with his life. If, on the other hand, a citizen did not want to back his actions with his life, he could walk unarmed and assume a "brassard of peace;" non-the-less an unarmed citizen was still responsible for his actions. The State itself did not sit in moral judgment of a citizen's actions except for "crimes," but the latter is never explained.

In Starship Trooper a society was described in which again material needs were satisfied for all members of the society, but responsibility for the actions of the members of the society was somewhat different. Responsibility was no longer relegated to an individual for his own actions but rather to a select group of individuals (citizens) who demonstrated that they were willing to assume such responsibilities and had the authority to do so. These citizens had to first demonstrate that they wanted to place the welfare of the group ahead of their own welfare.

Theme I

We can, with little difficulty, see a general progression of ideas in these three stories. The underlying theme is the same: responsibility for the actions of the members of the societies. In Coventry this responsibility resided in each citizen equally and universally. Equal responsibility was however modified in Beyond This Horizon where citizens had the choice of the degree of their responsibility; responsibility was still universal. In Starship Trooper it was not the degree but the extent of responsibility which was altered. Responsibility was not universal, but was a matter of choice. Thus the individuals (citizens) who did assume responsibility for the well-being of themselves also had to assume responsibility for those who did

not want to do so. Although each citizen was not responsible to the same degree on an absolute scale, he was responsible to the same degree on a relative scale (relative to ability); the State could not deny citizenship to anyone who wanted it except those who were mentally incompetent to understand citizenship, that is, take the oath of citizenship.

It is important to realize here that the fact that there were two classes of individuals living in the societies of Beyond This Horizon and Starship Trooper was a consequence of the fact that responsibility was either not universal or not equal. Since the citizens of the society described in Coventry were equally and universally responsible for their society, no politically or sociologically differentiated classes could arise, but only classes based on differences of interest. But in Beyond This Horizon where responsibility was unequal, at least socially-differentiated classes could arise, and did. And when responsibility was not universal, as in the society of Starship Trooper, we find a society in which all individuals were no longer politically equal; thus do we get a differentiation between citizens and non-citizens.

Note however that the differentiations were not a result of some arbitrary static idea, but the result of the conscious volition of each individual born into the described society; the classes were not self-perpetuating. In Coventry, the simplest of the three societies, each man was said to be born free and did not have to demonstrate this except by being responsible. Freedom to be responsible for himself (agreeing to the Covenant) was the "right of common social heritage." In Beyond This Horizon, each person was also said to be born free and could choose for himself the degree of his responsibility, that is, he could choose to which class he wished to belong. Freedom itself did not have to be earned—it was a right. The government could only advise for "the private life and free action of each individual must be scrupulously respected."

Once again, in Starship Trooper, the choice was left up to the individual, for each person who reached the age of 18 could freely choose whether he wished to be responsible for the society, and the government could not turn down anyone for any reason except mental incompetency. It was constitutionally stated that "everybodyshall have his born right to pay his service and assume citizenship." Freedom was not a right—it was a privilege and had to be earned. Each person had the right to earn it, but it still had to be earned. Heinlein made this idea the central issue for he quoted Thomas Paine and other writers that freedom is a value which must be earned: "What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly....it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated" and "....nothing of value is free....it must be earned--this includes democracy."

Competition

There is thus a sharp break between the conception of freedom described in the two earlier stories and that expressed in Starship Trooper. The reason for this discontinuity depends almost wholly upon the geographical (for want of a better term) environment of the three societies. In both Coventry and Beyond This Horizon, little or nothing was mentioned about other societies which might exist and which might compete or threaten the "utopian" societies. Rather it was implied that these "utopian" societies were universal or were isolated from other societies. In Coventry, this was made explicit, for any citizen who broke the Covenant and was not willing to submit to psychological readjustment was expelled into an isolated community. Thus in his early stories Heinlein tried to work out societies in isolation—one might say he was experimenting with "utopias". These two stories were written at the beginning of WWII when people could be very idealistic and talk about a united and free world—a world in which poverty and need could be banished, and

war and competition in the physical sense be abolished. After all, that was the idea behind the United Nations. But Starship Trooper was written in the heart of the Cold War, a war of competition between two "great" ideas. Communism, the enemy was and is not something to be sneered at—it is an idea which may yet conquer the world. Heinlein wrote his story with this in mind, for the enemy in Starship Trooper, the Bugs, is described in such a way as to leave no doubt in anyone's mind that what Heinlein was really talking about was the Communists. In a mood of pessimism, and incidentally realism, derived partly at least from the Cold War, Heinlein saw the possibility that a utopia might have to compete with another society, and one which could be ruthless in its competition.

Competition therefore meant that the values of the "utopian society would have to be protected against the attacks of the enemy, that is, against its competition. Freedom was therefore not given (that is, a right), but had to be earned, for a ruthless competitor could destroy such a freedom. And not only the State had to earn this freedom, but each individual born into the society also had to demonstrate that he considered this of sufficient importance and that he would be responsible to protect the State. This point is entirely consistent with Heinlein's view expressed in his earlier stories in which emphasis was placed on individual responsibility. Without this competition, the "utopian society of Starship Trooper would be radically altered. This is well expressed by the father of Juan Rico: "We've outgrown wars....So what is this so-called 'Federal Service?' Parasitism, pure and simple." Parasitism because in a society in which competition is not a factor, the idea of earning individual freedom has no meaning, for it is not necessary and thus can only damage the society. It is parasitism, pure and simple.

The fact that the societies of Coventry and Beyond This Horizon were without competition is very crucial. The whole concept of the Covenant and of Coventry in which those who do not fit into the "utopian" society were isolated. In Beyond This Horizon, not only was a competitor not isolated, but the society did not protect itself against a potential competitor. "The police of a state should never be stronger or better armed than the citizenry. An armed citizenry, willing to fight, is the foundation of civil freedom....If the rebellion is successful, notwithstanding an armed citizenry, then it has justified itself—biologically." Thus any competitor, even an alien race, could justify itself.

Theme II

If it is first assumed that a society can be attacked from the outside, then the issue of civil freedom may become a minor problem compared to that of race survival. For there is a second theme which runs through the three stories under consideration: man is a product of an evolution which puts a premium on competition and "survival of the fittest," and man cannot forget this inheritance. In Starship Trooper and Beyond This Horizon, this point was made time and again, and the societies described owe much of their philosophical rationale to this theme. No explicit mention is made of this theme in Coventry, but as we shall see below, it does play a small but significant implicit role.

In Beyond This Horizon, this theme was used as a rationale for the armed society. It was stated that the "fighting spirit" of man is biologically useful, that combativeness was a survival characteristic which all men shared because "the fighters survived. That is the final test. Natural selection goes on always regardless of conscious selection.... (and) works automatically to preserve survival values in a race by the simple, brutal killing off of those strains poor in survival characteristics." When speaking of the idea of an armed society, one of the characters (Mordan) said that "gun fighting has a

strong biological use. We do not have enough things to kill off the weak and the stupid these days."

Note that "natural selection goes on always regardless of conscious selection." "Conscious selection" can only be the result of morals; Heinlein is thus saying here that natural selection or "survival of the fittest" operates independently of morals. He had little more to say on this point in Beyond This Horizon, but in Starship Trooper he carried on the argument.

From Starship Trooper: "Man is what he is, a wild animal with the will to survive and the ability, against all competition. Unless you accept that, anything you say about morals, war, politics—you name it—is necessarily nonsense. Correct morals arise from knowing what Man is—not what do-gooders and well-meaning old Aunt Nellies would like him to be."

If anything you say about morals is nonsense unless you accept that man is a wild animal with the will to survive, then the results of the "will to survive" (which is the inheritance of evolution) operate independently of morals. If man is only a product of an evolution which puts a premium on competition and this inheritance is the basic motivation which determines man's accomplishments, then "...all correct moral rules (must) derive from the instinct to survive; moral behavior (must be) survival behavior raised above the individual level..."

Everything else that Heinlein states in Beyond This Horizon and particularly in Starship Trooper is a consequence of this argument. Not only does correct morals derive from the instinct to survive, but also war: "All wars arise from population pressure....But population pressure is a direct result of the physical process of surviving through others. Therefore war, which results from population pressure, derives from the same inherited instinct which produces all moral rules suitable for human beings." Heinlein then adds that the "doctrine 'violence never settles anything' is untrue and immoral. Naked force has settled more issues in history than any other factor, and contrary opinion is wishful thinking at its worse." The doctrine is immoral because correct morals derive from the instinct to survive, and so does naked force. (Incidentally, in If This Goes On, Heinlein presents a similar idea when he says that murder and violence are themselves not bad, that is, are not derived from morals.)

Heinlein argues that not only can man not forget this inheritance, but even more important, he cannot attempt to alleviate the results. If man were to practice birth control"...just right to fit (his) own planets, and thereby becomes peaceful,...the Bugs (will) move in, kill off this breed which 'ain't gonna study war no more' and the universe forget (him). Which still may happen. Either (man) spreads out and wipes out the Bugs, or they spread and wipe (man) out—because both races are tough and smart and want the same real estate." Thus the theme of biological survival becomes the rational of the genocidal war described in Starship Trooper. Birth control could be and was used in a society which was not threatened by a competitor (in Beyond This Horizon).

Heinlein's preoccupation with the evolutionary concept also explains his preoccupation with mutation and genetics, for the concept of evolution entails genetics. And genetics, as Heinlein used it, was not a matter for the individual, but for the race of man. Thus in Beyond This Horizon, though genetic control was purely voluntary, it was also said that a person did not own the life of his body—it belonged to the race. Yet even though genetic control was voluntary and the State could only advise, pressure was still put upon Hamilton, the chief protagonist of the story to submit to genetic control for the race. Compare this to the following from Starship Trooper: "Citizenship is a state of mind, an emotional conviction that the whole is greater than the part...and that the part should be humbly proud to sacrifice itself that the whole may live."

In Starship Trooper Heinlein made it clear that he held to the belief that man could only evolve and compete in the presence of mutations. Since he believed that mutations were caused by radiation, he said of Sanctuary that "it does not enjoy Earth's high level of natural radiation," and that "genetic improvishment of distant generations through lack of radiation is something most people are incapable of worrying about."

To sum up, we see here with Theme II, as we did with Theme I, a general progression of thought starting with Coventry and working through Beyond This Horizon to Starship Trooper. In Coventry, explicit mention of the theme is missing. But the underlying assumption of the society was the exact opposite of the following two, viz. correct morals did not arise from knowing what man was—they arose from the do-gooders and well-meaning old Aunt Nellies. In Beyond This Horizon, the theme was stated and worked out to some degree, but it did not determine the nature of the society politically nor did it entail the same violent measures found in Starship Trooper. The society found in the latter story, based as it was on the idea of a race competing with man, allowed Heinlein to explore the consequences of this theme to a fuller degree.

The theme of man's biological nature is directly related to the theme of responsibility. In Starship Trooper, it was said that "social responsibility requires....all the so-called higher virtues"; as we have seen, these "higher virtues" (morals) are derived from a consideration of man's biological nature. Just as a species must fight for its existence, so a society must fight for its existence. This is true even in the absence of alien competition, for competition (rebellion) may come from within the society. Thus society must be armed with responsible individuals to a greater or lesser extent depending upon the nature of the competition. In Beyond This Horizon, it was the individual and his actions which were stressed, and not the State or the race, while in Starship Trooper, it was the other way around. In a real sense Heinlein considered the theme of man's biological nature the more important because an evaluation of it leads to the idea of responsibility.

Heinlein also used this theme as a rational for the continuance of the type of society described. In Starship Trooper: "The practical reason for continuing our system is the same as the practical reason for continuing anything: it works out satisfactorily." This is a pragmatic rational, and directly stems from the "survival of the fittest" doctrine which is itself a pragmatic statement. In Beyond This Horizon this was stated as: "If the rebellion is successful, it has justified itself." If the rebellion is not successful, then the society continues as before, for pragmatic reasons. And finally, even in Coventry: "The Covenant is not a superstition, but a simple contract entered into....for pragmatic reasons."

The analysis of ideas presented in this article cannot really be considered finished until Heinlein's most recent novel, Stranger in a Strange Land, is also considered in the light of the above discussion. However, this latter novel is very complex and introduces a number of new ideas not previously found in the three stories considered here. Yet much of what is presented in Stranger is but a re-statement of the two themes which have preoccupied Heinlein's thinking for the past twenty years. I hope this article has proved at least one thing: that the science fiction of Robert Heinlein is not just entertaining, but also full of complex and deep philosophical meaning. It would be foolhardy for the science fiction reader to merely write Heinlein off as a good writer with some strange ideas, for it seems to me that he is struggling with ideas which are important for both him and me and the world we live in. Although I do not agree with Heinlein's ideas completely (and let me say here that I tried in this article to present Heinlein's ideas, not mine), I still feel a great deal of respect for him and his thinking. So much of science fiction today is meaningless.



Glockenspiel!

by
George
Locke

EGG AND CRUMPET DEPARTMENT Most columnists when they're stuck for a subject of worldshaking importance or have no one in which to stick their needles, turn to reviews. It may be a book by their favorite author, returned to the fold after ten years' desertion to mainstream fiction. It may be a story by that hack who seems to crop up everywhere, and whose prose is only matched by the cesspool of his imagination. It may be a film which so sent them into raptures that they use reams of paper transferring the whirring of their souls to the whirring propellers of their readers' beanies. It may be a play.

For me, it was a pantomime. I'd never been to one of these, and when a friend of mine--the pharmacist who works at the British Military Hospital--obtained some buckshee tickets, I thought I'd give it a try. I'd heard somewhere--Berry I believe--that most of the important parts were played by girls.

The pantomine was produced by the Nakuru Players, was presented at the Nairobi National Theatre, and was a localised version of that old favorite HUMPTY DUMPTY. It was an excellent production, with plenty of theatricals for the kids, a very nice-looking egg—and some very smart bits of crumpet to admire.

But while the eyes were kept busy exploring the delightfully revealed lines of the leading boy, the ears had themselves a field day with the spoken lines. The writer of the script, who played the part of the Queen Qwenda, had a genius for the subtle—and not so subtle—political innuendo, and the whole was as successful a satire as many of the acclaimed masterpieces. Of course, you had to know Kenya at least a little in order to get the jokes...

The rulers of the land where Humpty Dumpty maintained a precarious perch atop a convenient wall, were called King Kuja and Queen Qwenda. Kuja and Swenda are Swahili for, respectively, "come" and "go". There were many political digs during the pantomime—covering such diverse but very African subjects as United Nations policies in the Congo and the inevitable Good Old Days in Nairobi...

"Remember those days at the Norfolk?" And Queen Qwenda rolls her eyes as though she's still suffering the effects of the last one.

The funniest sequence, however, was where the characters try to get the audience to participate in the hilarity. Queen Qwenda—whom you may suspect stole most of the honors save the visual ones (she was a bag, which isn't surprising considering her first name was Kenneth)—and her sidekicks decided that Max Bygraves' stupid but oddly catching "When you come to the End of the Lollipop" would most suit the mood of the audience. The audience apparently tried to convince itself that it was above the mental age limit for singing that song. It was completely unresponsive.

"Looks like I'll have to extend my versatility to directing," said Ken Louis, playing the old queen. He glared menacingly round the audience, which being composed of hard Kenya types with low-slung holsters and skins hammered by the weather into an Atom-blasted brick wall, glared back. "Looks like you're about evenly split up into two groups: the Government Officials and the Farmers." Big cheers, and the throwing into the air of smart black bowler hats from one side of the hall, and battered old bush hats from the other. "You can each sing a bit of the song, if the whole thing is too much for you."

The Government Officials and the Farmers whet their whistles, in the latter case with copious draughts from their hip flasks. "We'll start the ball rolling," Louis went on. He was having himself a ball. "Then, when we get to the bit where it says: 'Gilly Oh Golly, how I love my lolly,' the Government Officials can join in. And when we get to '...and all we have left is the stick,' the Farmers can get off of their hind legs and make like Mario Lanza."

But then, I like puns and snide cracks at Civil Servants' liking for money. The fate of the European Farmers in Kenya when the Africans get Uhuru, or Independence, rings a bit too close to the truth to be too amusing, when you think about it.

A pantomine—for children, officially. But, like most good children's works, from Gulliver through the original Humpty Dumpty (which concerned fence-sitting politicians) to Louis Carrol, social satire at its sharpest.

I'M STILL STUCK FOR A SUBJECT DEPARTMENT At least, Bill has paved the way for me to write about cards, having spent a couple of fascinating pages on the subject. On reading his article, it appears that we have surprising similarity in tastes. However, while I've found Canasta a fascinating game

the few times I've played it (in Belfast when I was visiting Walt Willis and John Berry) I've not had the opportunity (i.e., found other players) to take it up.

Therefore, I'm afraid I must put at the top of my list of favorite card games, Solo Whist. Do you play that game in America? I was looking through a copy of Hoyle some time ago searching for it, but there was no trace. It is, I'm told, the most popular card game in England, save perhaps for the ubiquitous Pontoon for those with more money than intelligence. (Pontoon is similar to, if not identical with, blackjack. I detest the game, for the same reasons as Bill.)

Solo whist is one of the whist family, and originated in France, if the calls are anything to go by. Played by four players, it differs from whist and bridge in that there are no partners, save with the lowest call, which few schools play.

Thirteen cards are dealt out, in batches of three and four, and trumps go round in rotation with the dealers. The players sweat blood over their calls, and they can make any one of certain calls. The lowest is Prop and Cop, and it is the only partnership call. The partners have to get eight tricks with the trump suit as declared, and since anybody can accept the Proposal--i.e., can "cop" it, they aren't necessarily opposite each other. This can make for some very interesting games, and it's a pity it's so rarely played.

The next call up is Solo, where a single player undertakes to win five tricks, again on the trumps as declared. The next one is Misere, where you try to lose the lot, in spite of your opponents' efforts to make you win a trick. There are no trumps. (As an aside, this call enables any good solo player to hold his own in a Hearts' school.)

After this, the calls get harder, though some people regard a Misere as harder to get than an Abundance, which is the next call up. This entails trying to get nine of the thirteen tricks. You can choose your own trumps, but you don't declare them until after the first trick has been played, during which of course the previously declared trumps stand. You then try and win your nine on the trumps you declare--and if you have been very unlucky, you might have found that somebody led a card of that suit when another suit was trumps--and found it trumped!

After that comes Misere Ouverte (Open Misery, to be over-accurate.) You again have to lose all the tricks, but the difference this time is that, after the first trick has been played, you have to lay your cards out on the table, sweating it out while the other three players try to figure out how to catch you.

It's an amazing game--and I'm surprised it's never caught on in America. You can be sitting with an Open Misere with a couple of very vulnerable cards, yet you win because the bloke who has others of that suit to lead to you can't get the lead!



The top call is Abondance Declares, or a Grand Slam. You get the lot, there are no trumps, and it's your own lead for the only call of the game. Declared hands usually have eleven or twelve certain tricks, with a dicey one which gets by only if everyone has discarded everything of that suit by the time you come to lead it. They've been won on twelve cards to the Ace and a bare deuce.

The calling can be as fantastic as the game. I remember one occasion when four of us were playing in Kuwait. The RSM had the first call, then it was my turn, then a Sgt. called Owsley, then a Cpl. Hynam. I sat there with a dead certain Bundle (English for Abondance) and I was ready to lay them down. The RSM, however, called a Bundle, so I had to either pass or go one higher. I had a long suit with a deuce, and the other suits weren't too disastrous, so I thought I'd push a Misere Ouverte....

"You bastard," said Owsley. I've got an absolutely certain Misere Ouverte.... I think I can try the lot, though. It's dodgy—a push, but...Yes, I'll try it."

Poor old Corporal Hynam. That was the finish for him. He couldn't put a hand right after that call. He couldn't go above Owsley's call...and he was sitting with all thirteen spades!

As I mentioned before the dealing is done in packets of three or four, and the reason for this is to give quite often hands in the higher levels of calling. Also, many schools have very rigid rules about stacking the cards in order in your hand, also to ensure good calls coming round quite often. It is a game of strategy, and wins over Bridge, in my opinion, in that it is such a versatile game. It takes as long to become good at Solo as it does at Bridge. I'm afraid I don't aspire to any heights at it, but I love it.

They're an ignorant lot at our mess—we can never get a Solo school going. The last time I played was at the Gliding Club—and I didn't leave the place until midnight. The CO was waiting when I returned.

Ron Bennett, by the way, is also a Solo fiend, and he used to play with Colin Freeman, editor of SCRIBBLE, at the hospital every Sunday.

Next below Solo on my list is Hearts—and yes, Bill, we play hearts a lot in England. It's not usually called Hearts, though, and when going somewhere new, I always have to go through an explanation of the game, before somebody's eyes widen and they exclaim: "Oh, you mean Calamity Jane." Some of the names given to it are Mary Ann, Black Lady, Black Maria, Calamity Jane, Chase the Lady, and—my favorite—Scabby Maggie.

The scoring varies in many of these, but the version I first learned and have stubbornly stuck to ever since is where the Queen herself counts fifty against you, and the hearts their pip value; the court cards are ten and the Ace knocks you back for eleven.

Oddly enough, I prefer the three-handed game—and there is no game so vicious as the three-handed game. The element of luck is reduced to a minimum, you have to count every damned card, and even if you quickly find out where the queen is, that's very little help. I've also not found a single school save the one I originally learned in where it is permissible to pass the fizzer along to your neighbor as one of your discards. Is this the case in America? Most players regard as sacrilege the notion of passing the queen to your left, bleating, "Then it exposes its position to two players." I disagree. Sure, you know where it is because you gave it to him. But since it is in the next hand to yours, it leaves you the person most vulnerable to picking it up—and where it hurts most: in a trick.

Try the three-handed game some day, Bill. You'll find it most absorbing--and even more vicious than the fourhanded one.

Two-handed games? I agree, there are none to beat Cribbage, but recently I came across another two-handed game which is promising. They call it Canadian Whist, and I'm not sure I can explain it with mere words. It's one of those games best explained by demonstration. Let's see, now...

You have twenty-six cards each, and they are dealt so that you end up with six cards in your hand, visible to you only. Your opponent, of course, as six as well. Ten of the cards are laid face down in front of each of you and neither of you knows what they are. Then, another ten are laid on top of the first ten, face up, so that you both see them. You choose trumps alternately. The only basis for choosing your trumps of course is what you can see in your hand and the exposed part of your opponents'. The play is as in whist: highest takes, and trumping is as usual. When one of the face-up cards is used, the concealed card under it is revealed. It sounds complicated, and I don't pretend to have coped with the explanation as well as I might had I been more familiar with the game--but it is very interesting--probably more interesting than Crib. It may even approach, in a unique way, the appeal of Hearts and Solo.

One of the poker dice games that I'm very fond of is called Liar Dice...but I think I ought to change the subject. Maybe if anybody is interested in this game where patten counts as much as the fall of the poker dice, I'll touch on it next week. Seems I'm more sinful than I thought.

THE GOLDEN AGE DEPARTMENT I am impelled to say that the most fascinating article I've read in the fanzines ever since they started to flow through my letter box is the reminiscence of my colleague in this zine, Alva Rogers. Not only is it a most valuable piece of bibliography, but it manages to evoke for me those elements that made the Golden Age, sneered at by present-day fans, so wonderful. No, there was never science fiction like it, either before or since. Perhaps today the writing is much smoother and more literary--though looking at some of the stuff being printed I doubt that last--but it has lost immeasurably in other directions.

How can I put it in the proverbial nutshell, those few short years of the forties? The Roaring Forties? I think I'll let somebody else say it. Quote:
 "...and I'm having the polar bear mounted. Make a wonderful rug for you, Ron. Or should I save it till Jenny and I set up housekeeping? Which by the way, Joe. Beautiful idea hit me. What happens if you mount a werewolf skin as a rug? Does it keep changing so you ever so often look down and find you're treading on human parchment..."

Where did the quotation come from? Who is it speaking? It's the finest piece of fan fiction ever written, using "fan fiction" in its widest sense to be fiction written around fans. Or even wider--fiction written around the world of science fiction. It's ROCKET TO THE MORGUE by Anthony Boucher, which succeeds also in being a really excellent detective story. In spite of its being centered around the world of pros at the beginning of the war--the first years of the Golden Age--it is a pure detective story, with no fantasy element, for all there seeming to be plenty at first.

It concerns itself with the attempted murder of an unpopular literary executive. The main characters are mostly science fiction writers--and Tucker wasn't the first to use existing fans or pros in his stories. Many of the writers in the story are recognizable--Don Stuart as Campbell, Austin Carter as Heinlein, D. Vance Wimpole as L. Ron Hubbard--the man with the electric typewriter. Joe Henderson is probably Edmond Hamilton. There are fans too, and talk of conventions. The Manana Literary Society

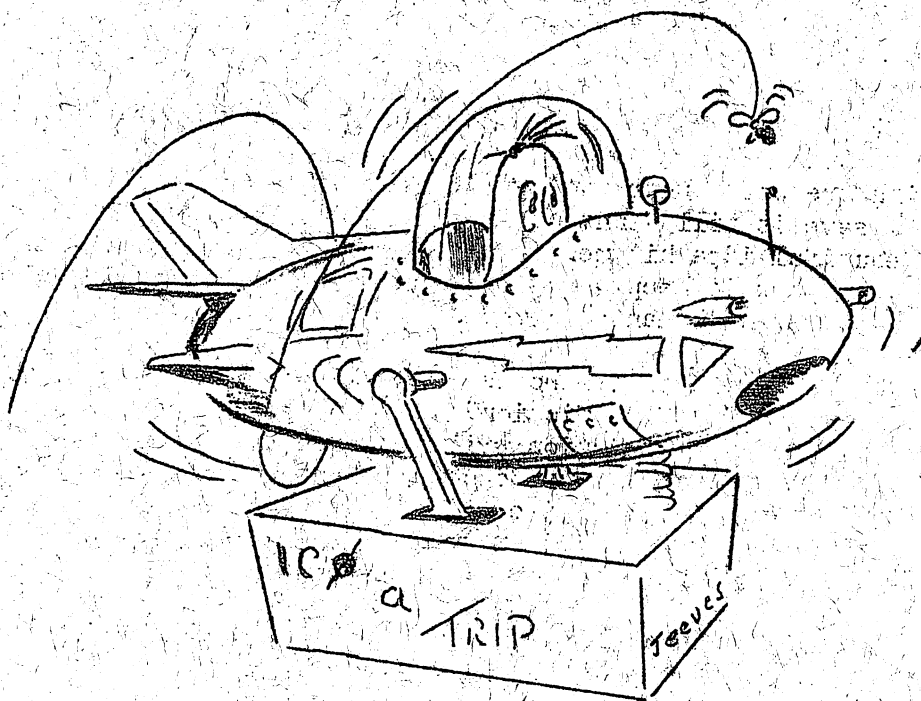
appears—and there is as concise a statement as to what science fiction is—science fiction as it is in the Golden Age—as you'll find anywhere.

The quoted passage was tossed out by D. Vance Wimpole in the book—and I don't know if that idea was ever used in UNKNOWN. I fancy it must have been—and Boucher was the logical one to do it. But if it wasn't, I for one would like a crack at hacking it out.

But that one passage I think explains what fantasy and science fiction was in those days. Ideas were flooding in—ideas of the variety "what would happen if" ...a werewolf skin was converted into a rug...And to take a sample of the plots outlined in Requiem for Astounding: If a calculator were inhabited by a manic depressive ghost; if a man invented the perfect paint; alibis built up by a man who could travel time.

I won't go into the plot of ROCKET TO THE MORGUE, except to say that it is an extremely clever and highly entertaining detective story made especially appealing by the setting. You don't hear much about this classic these days. It's a shame that it's been so forgotten. If some of our present s-f writers were to read it, it might shame them into trying to write better science fiction.

It was first published in 1942 and reprinted in the early fifties by Dell Books. I wonder if it has been printed more recently. If not—do your best to try and dig up a copy. I went all the way to Mombasa to find it, alongside a van Vogt, THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL, and an old Doc Savage book, THE MAN OF BRONZE. These three constituted a more interesting buy than all the modern s-f I've been reading in Nairobi.





A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING

by Alva Rogers

Part V: THE GOLDEN AGE - Final Phase

The final phase of the Golden Age commenced with the year 1944 and lasted until.... This has always seemed to me to be a most difficult period to ascribe limits to. The overall quality of the magazine was quite high for a considerable number of years, but this factor alone doesn't determine whether or not a certain group of years should be regarded as part of the Golden Age. As far as I'm concerned the period that I like to think of as the Golden Age reached its peak in the years 1941-43 dropped off in 1944, rose again in 1945, and continued for some time until it finally petered out towards the end of the decade. There is no clear-cut dividing line between the final years of the Golden Age and the age that developed out of it; after 1943 there was no particular year where one could say, "Up to this point we have had the Golden Age, but from this point on the stories deteriorate and the Golden Age is at an end." But for the purposes of this history I'm going to put an extreme limit to the fade out of the Golden Age at 1950. And from my own viewpoint this is an extreme limit. One of the distinguishing characteristics of the Golden Age was the originality of the science fiction presented in ASTOUNDING during this time. Not necessarily originality of plot, although there was that, but originality of treatment of ideas whether old or new, which added new dimensions to a literature that needed it badly. This originality has been notably lacking in ASTOUNDING since 1950, and the late forties had only a few glittering exceptions.

By 1944 ASTOUNDING was beginning to show signs of becoming somewhat selfconsciously impressed with its own significance in terms of its self-designated vanguard position in the field of scientific thinking. This was evidenced largely by Campbell's occasional mention of the fact that ASTOUNDING was read by more and more scientists and engineers and was attracting writing talent from these fields. Whether or not this was actually true, I don't know--nor did I particularly care. The story oriented around engineering themes and problems such as Clement and George O. Smith were writing at this time, had a strong following, but to me they always seemed to be merely the updating of the approach to science fiction that Gernsback and T. O'Connor Sloane had in the AMAZING of the twenties--that the ideal science fiction story is one that is related to known scientific facts and extrapolates from there. This was great for those who liked it, but fortunately (for me, at any rate) there was enough of the truly imaginative science fiction to offset this more technical form and keep the Golden Age alive to some extent for a number of years. Campbell--to give him his due--continued to give us as many outstanding and original stories as he was able to get and seemed as delighted as the next fan when a really good story appeared.

From this point on the coverage of the remaining years of ASTOUNDING will be done by the year rather than the month, and as a consequence many favorite stories will not be mentioned. What remains will be a few of the highpoints of the year, my own personal favorites, or stories which for some reason or other deserve to be discussed. I regret that I'll be unable to devote as much space to individual issues as I've done for the preceding four years, but quite frankly my enthusiasm for science fiction became less intense from this period on and the closer the years under discussion come to the present the less nostalgic I become. This decreasing enthusiasm for science fiction was not a sudden thing, of course, and was not particularly apparant to me at the time. It is only now as I look back that I realize how greatly my interest in science fiction had changed as the years plodded on, particularly after 1950. Oh, well--as I said earlier--a sense of wonder can't last forever.

1944

The first thing to mention about this year, I think, is that this was the first year of the digest size ASTOUNDING, a size it has retained to date with minor variations in dimensions. I've always felt that ASTOUNDING lost an intangible aura that surrounded the larger sizes when it made this change. As noted earlier, the paper used in these first few years of the digest size was a rather coarse and bulky pulp--a far cry from the almost slick paper used in today's ANALOG.

The biggest disappointment in 1944 was the paucity of good serials to see print. In 1943 we had The Weapon Makers, Gather, Darkness!, and Judgment Night--each a classic. In 1944 we had only two complete serials--in May, The Winged Man by E. Mayne Hull, a two-parter that didn't even cop a cover and Renaissance by Raymond F. Jones, a four-part serial starting in July. (Nomad by Wesley Long ((George O. Smith)) started in December and will be discussed later.)

The Winged Man was a moderately interesting story of a US submarine being whisked through time a million years from 1945. In this far distant future they find that the earth has been completely covered by a new flood which has forced the survivors to develop two new races of man--the winged man and the submarine man. These two races were fighting a total war of destruction to see who would be top dog in the future when the waters had receded, and the winged men, who had the advantage of a time apparatus, were plucking potential allies from the past. The Problem confronting the sub crew was which of two equally brilliant races should they help to destroy the other--and what were the chances of returning to the 20th Century. Hull always impressed me as being a second-rate writer, and this short novel didn't materially change that impression.

Renaissance, Raymond F. Jones' great novel, bore out the promise that had been implicit in his first story, Test of the Gods. Renaissance was a marvelously rich and imaginative tale of two planets, Earth and Kronweld, linked together in a unique and vitally important fashion, and the conflicting forces at work to either increase the tenuous contact between the two worlds or sever it completely. Jones peopled his novel with a fine assortment of characters who performed their roles in lovingly detailed scenes set against a colorful and complex background.

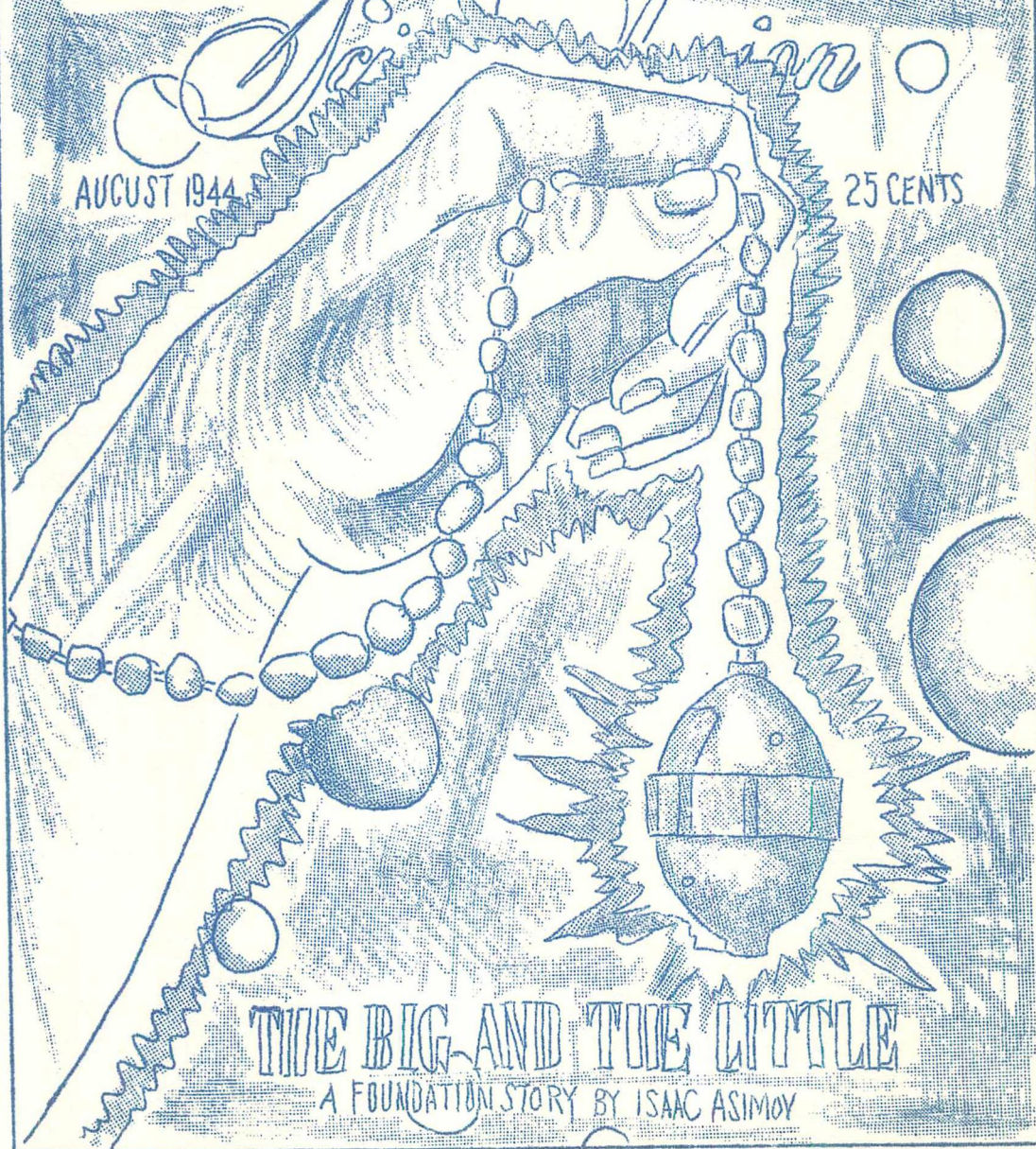
If the number of novels was scant this year, not so the number of good, and in some cases, outstanding novelettes. There was A. E. van Vogt's The Changeling which appeared in April and which was probably one of his first important stories revolving around a character with remarkable, unexplained powers gradually realized, who is impelled into action for unknown reasons and by forces of which he has no knowledge. It was a taut story told with van Vogt's blend of action and bewildering complexity, but certainly not one of his classics. Frederic Brown's Arena in the

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

ASTOUNDING

AUGUST 1944

25 CENTS



THE BIG AND THE LITTLE

A FOUNDATION STORY BY ISAAC ASIMOV



June issue took up the problem of Earth's space forces facing an impending clash with an invading fleet of extra-galactic "Outsiders" who threaten to destroy man totally and take over this galaxy. At the intercession of a dispassionate and disembodied entity who wishes to prevent either side from enjoying a pyrrhic victory because of the evenly balanced nature of the confronting forces, and who at the same time insists that one side must totally destroy the other to insure the proper development of the remaining culture, a champion is chosen from each side by this entity and placed in an "arena" on a barren planet in another space-time continuum, there to decide by single mortal combat which side will prevail over the other. The idea of an inter-galactic war being settled by single combat in the old chivalric tradition is an interesting one and Brown handled it quite well, notably in the combat scenes; and his handling of the alien champion was exceptionally well done.

One of the feature attractions of the year for me was the presence in the August issue of another of Isaac Asimov's "Foundation" stories, The Big and the Little. This was the third of Hari Seldon's "crises", which found the planet Terminus and the Foundation maintaining a precarious existence on the Rim of the dying Empire, forced to protect itself against the Korellian Republic, a cluster of some half-dozen stellar systems and a republic in name only. The Korellian Republic is aided by the Empire in the form of massive spaceships and massive atomic generators, and feels confident in being able to destroy the Foundation planet with its greater might. Against this power the Foundation pits its own atomic technology which is based on miniaturization, and the shrewdness of master trader Hober Mallow of Smyrno, an Outlander who eventually becomes Mayor and in the end defeats the Korellian Republic, beginning, as a result, a reign of plutocracy backed by traders and money barons. A fine story in a continuing series that would become a science fiction classic when completed.

Less cosmically scaled than Asimov's novelette was C. L. Moore's superb classic, No Woman Born. Although the plot was not new (a human being, horribly mangled or disfigured by some catastrophe, is given new life with a metal body.), Miss Moore relates the story of the lovely dancer, Deirdre (hopelessly disfigured in a fire, she is given a body of metal and goes on to remount the heights as a dancer) with such insight into character and an understanding of the drives that motivate an artist that any lack of originality of plot was of no importance. The almost poetic prose that one had long ago come to associate with Miss Moore was an important factor in elevating this story to the level of greatness it so rightly deserves.

November was distinguished by two outstanding novelettes. The first of these, When the Bough Breaks, by Lewis Padgett, could be considered a companion piece to the same authors' earlier Mimsey Were the Borogroves. Alexander is a normal eighteen months old son of a normal couple until four gnomelike characters present themselves and announce that they are from five-hundred years in the future where it seems this same Alexander is still alive, the first of a new race of homo superior. The gnome-like characters are here at the future Alexander's instructions to give the infant Alexander advanced training so he can get a head start on the future...and the results of this training are tragic and catastrophic. I think the story suffered, perhaps unjustly, by an unavoidable comparison with its illustrious predecessor, but in spite of any comparison, it was still a marvellous story.

The second novelette was the classic Killdozer by Theodore Sturgeon. Sturgeon's last story in ASTOUNDING had been Medusa, a less than memorable short in the February 1942 issue. Killdozer was up to the par of his classic 1941 novelette, Microcosmic God, and is, perhaps, his greatest story of his early period of science fiction writing. (It, from UNKNOWN, I consider to be the greatest thing he ever wrote, including More Than Human, but this little gem was an out-and-out horror story and I don't think it's fair to compare his science fiction stories with it.)

In its own way, *Killdozer!*, the story of a giant bulldozer on a Pacific atoll during WWII that is brought to terrifying life by a malevolent alien intelligence—raising merry hell in the process—is as much a horror story as *It*. The picture of an utilitarian piece of machinery such as a bulldozer, without human guidance operating with deadly purpose, was very unsettling, to say the least.

Clifford D. Simak, one of the best craftsmen in the science fiction field and one of the handful of old pros who had smoothly managed the transition from the thud and blunder of the thirties to Campbellian science fiction of the middle forties, began in May a series that would eventually bring him "The International Fantasy Award" when all the stories in the series were combined into a book. The story of course was *City*, which told from the viewpoint of the Webster family, of the breakup of the urban complex and the return to a more pastoral existence brought about by automation, inexpensive and fast transportation, etc. This novelette was quickly followed by *Huddling Place*, a short in the July issue and *Census*, the cover story for September. *Huddling Place* examined the phenomenon of man, served by robots, surrounded by labor-saving devices and in instant face-to-face communication with any point in the world, being psychologically unable to face the prospect of leaving his home. *Census* was concerned with the need to determine the probable number of non-human mutants who could take over and keep the dreams of man alive when man eventually vanished from the Earth. The dogs of course were the ones who would fill the bill. A fine series that deserved every bit of acclaim it got.

Perhaps the most sensational story of the year was a novelette in the March issue by Cleve Cartmill, *Deadline*. This story was not sensational literarily, but literally. Briefly, the story dealt with the development, and imminent use of an atomic bomb in a world war with probable catastrophic results, and the efforts of an intelligence agent to get to the bomb before its detonation and pull its teeth. Not a particularly original idea, nor a story that excited much comment from the knowing science fiction reader. However, it did excite certain persons in government into action with ludicrous results. Campbell has published his version of the *affaire Deadline*, and I think it might be interesting to hear Cartmill's. In a personal letter Cleve had this to say:

"*Deadline*, that stinker, came about when John Campbell or I suggested to one or the other that I do a yarn about an atomic bomb. I'm not sure we called it that in our correspondence—we were thinking in terms of U-235 and critical mass. Our correspondence took place in early August, 1943. My file shows that I mailed it to ASTOUNDING Sept. 8, received the check Sept. 20. John wasn't too happy with the story, but he knew I was hungry.

"He published it early in March 1944 and a week or two later a Brooks-Brothered young man from Military Intelligence came to see me at my home in Manhattan Beach. We spent about five or six hours together, mostly in my answering questions. I had the file of Cartmill-Campbell correspondence about the story, and he borrowed this for copying. Upshot: I was in the clear, but violated personal security which every American should etc., etc., etc. Just how I violated any kind of security wasn't clear then; all the facts contained in the story were matters of public record.

"What they were afraid of was that I—or John—had had access one way or another to information supposedly confined to the Manhattan Project. The similarity of names: Manhattan-Manhattan Beach were purely coincidental and half a continent apart.

"They also put John through the question mill. He told me at our first meeting—Westercon, LA—some fifteen years after that they had tried to

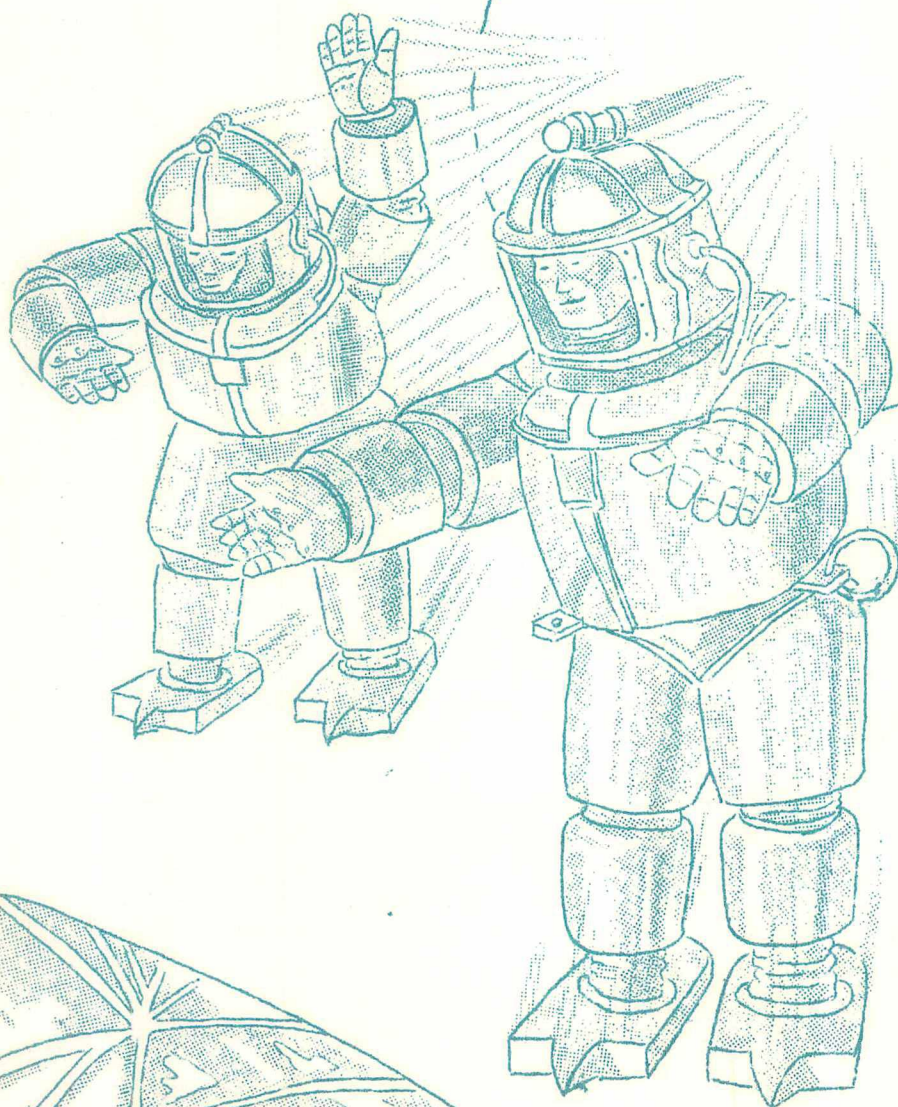
A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

ASTOUNDING

STORIES

FEB
1934

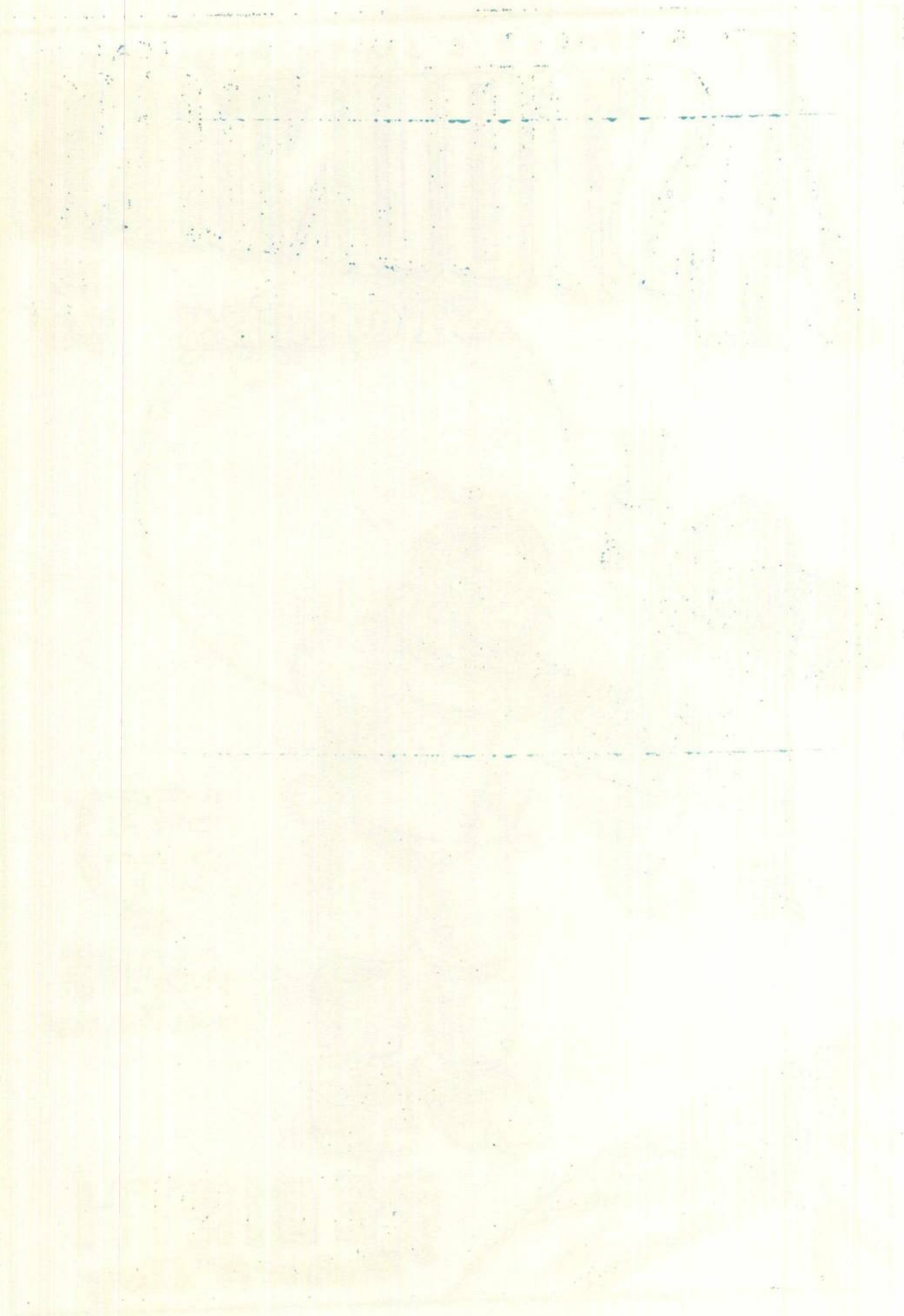
20¢



LOST
CITY
of
MARS
by
HARL VINCENT

REBIRTH
By Thomas M'Clary

1431



extract a promise that he would publish nothing more concerning nuclear fission and he told them to go fly their atoms.

"Well, the various stories released in later years had everything from the FBI to foreign spies in the act. But I saw of Mata Hari(s) neither hide nor hari, dammit."

I'm sure that Campbell was immensely pleased by the furor the story created in Washington—it was proof positive that science fiction, particularly the ASTOUNDING brand, was important enough to warrant serious scrutiny by learned heads in the government, and by inference from this fact, by others in the scientific community. No longer did science fiction deal with childish and improbable Buck Rogers adventures, but dealt instead—in many instances—with serious scientific problems. And (I must admit) most fans felt pretty much the same pride in their favorite form of literature when the facts concerning Deadline and ASTOUNDING'S involment with atomic bomb security became known. For a while it was a devastating weapon used in refuting any sneering asperions cast at science fiction by its critics.

There are several good novelettes and short stories that I've failed to discuss, but there are limits as to how exhaustive a survey of this type can be. The few stories that I've discussed are to me among the best and most memorable (with the exception of The Winged Man) of the years output. As I continue through the coming years it will become quite evident that my preferences in science fiction run to the longer stories—and all things being equal, the longer the story the better. I'm not putting down short stories as such—I'm well aware that many exceptional and classic stories have been printed in that form; but, in a broad survey of a magazine that has seen almost without interruption, monthly publication for over thirty years, attention should be directed towards those stories—usually the longer ones—which had the greatest significance in the development of the magazine, indicated editorial trends, or simply pleased the reader (in this case, me) the most.

At this point I think I should mention the department "Probability Zero" which appeared occasionally from April 1942 until its last appearance in December 1944. The department was composed of short-shorts—five hundred to seven hundred and fifty words—which were science fiction stories that sounded almost possible, but were impossible by reason of known scientific law or by definition. Many of the pros contributed to "Probability Zero", as well as a number of fans: Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, Jr., Jack Speer, Roscoe E. Wright, Poul Anderson. It was kind of fun, but it always seemed to me that the space could have been better utilized, and so I was not too unhappy when the department quietly folded.

Of all the years commonly considered Golden, 1944 seems to me to be the least memorable; and the outstanding stories that were published only pointed up the disappointing quality of the bulk of what was left. In some respects 1944 can be regarded as a bridge between two peaks—the peak '40 to '43 years, and the peak '45 to '50 years. At any rate, the slump was short lived and things began to pick up considerably from 1945 on.

1945

This was one of the good years. The wealth of great stories published during 1945 more than made up for the small number in the preceding year. The outstanding attraction of the year was A. E. van Vogt's ambitious novel based on general semantics, The World of A. Pressing it for top honors were such choice items as Fritz Leiber Jr.'s novel Destiny Times Three, the first novel in Isaac Asimov's "Foundation" series, The Mule, Murray Leinster's memorable novelette, First Contact, and the "Baldy" series of Lewis Padgett.

I've also included for discussion in this year Wesley Long's three-part novel, Nomad, which began in the December issue of 1944. This was a long novel, and although perhaps not a great one, it was a fast moving, fairly complex, and engrossing story. Guy Maynard, an up-and-coming junior officer in the Terran Space Patrol gets himself kidnapped by Martians, rescued by Ertinians (inhabitants of an undetected nomadic planet that is approaching the solar system, human, and possessors of scientific knowledge unknown to Earth or Mars), eventually returns to Earth....and from there experiences a succession of adventures that ultimately ends with his assumption of the role of Emperor of the Solar System, the purpose being to provide a focus for the hatred of the three planets (Ertene had by this time become an addition to the solar system) which would relieve the pressures leading to wars between the three, and eventually lead to greater cooperation and true peace between them. Long (actually George O. Smith) handled this story well, peopled it with reasonably believable characters, and enough high adventure and flashing space battles to please almost anyone. I enjoyed the story very much.

The Mixed Men by van Vogt, the cover story for January, was the concluding story in the "Dellian Robot" series which included Concealment (Oct 1943) and The Storm (Nov 1943) and concerned the efforts of Captain Maltby, hereditary leader of the Mixed Men, to resolve the differences between the Dellian robots, the non-Dellians and Earth. This was the best of the series, I thought, with a fine blend of van Vogtian action, color, and wheels-within-wheels intrigue.

Universe by Heinlein is undisputably the greatest of the universe within a space-ship theme stories; but a story by a relatively new author in the October issue, Giant Killer by A. Bertram Chandler, succeeded quite admirably in holding its own with it. Chandler took the essence of the Universe idea, i.e., a mutated race growing up within the confines of the ship and unaware of any other world but the world of the ship, gave it a nice twist, embellished it with some excellent writing, and came up with a near perfect story. The giant killer was Shrick, the shrewd, fearless leader of the People, and the implacable hunter and destroyer of the Giants, those monstrous creatures who inhabited the Inner World and threatened the very existence of all the Peoples. The giants obviously were the crew of the space ship; and the People, it developed, were highly intelligent mutated rats. Chandler presented the People with such sympathy and understanding that one couldn't help rooting for them as they fought the giants for the right to live and grow. A wonderful story.

The problem confronting a star ship's commander when he meets for the first time an alien ship, deep in interstellar space is one that has been dealt with in a dozen different ways by a dozen different authors. One of the best is Murray Leinster's First Contact, the featured novelette in the May issue and the subject of what was perhaps Timmins' best cover of the year. The spaceship Llanvabon was on an exploring mission into the Crab Nubula where it discovered a large black ship also on the same mission...but not from Earth. After the initial palaver was out of the way and it was realized that each side genuinely liked the other as individuals, the doubt remained as to whether either side could trust the other as representatives of their government...if one ship were to leave first, wouldn't the other feel bound by duty and a sense of security to follow it to its home planet? The only solution it seemed to both captains, was to fight--the winner thereby protecting the secret of the location of his home planet. This really appealed to no one, but there seemed to be no alternative until Tommy Dort, the navigator of the Llanvabon, came up with the solution...why not swap ships after first removing all star maps and records that might give a clue to the ships home planet? This met with instant approval, and, after a few additional points were agreed upon, the swap was made and both sides departed for home, each richer than when they started by the possession of the other's ship and its contents, and happy that a unique and sensitive problem had been disposed of in a civilized and intelligent manner.

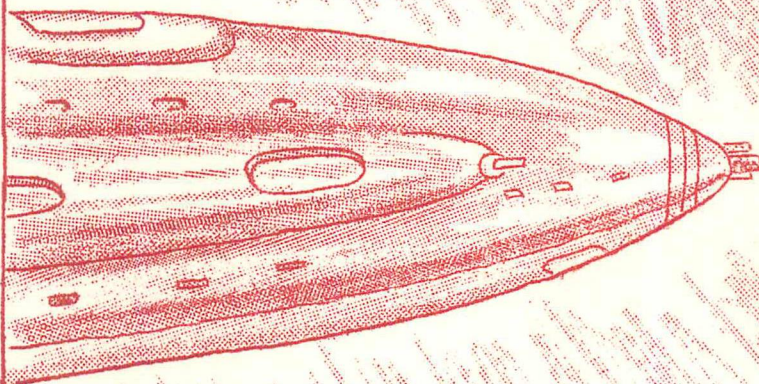
A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

ASTOUNDING

Science-fiction

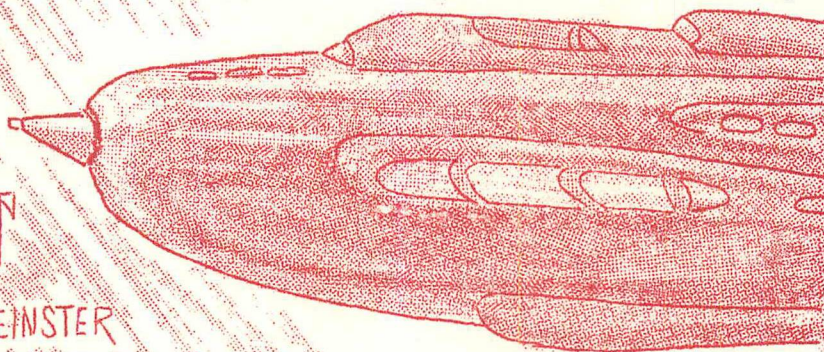
MAY 1945

25 CENTS



FIRST
CONTACT

BY MURRAY LEINSTER



An interesting feature in this same issue was an article by Willy Ley titled V2--Rocket Cargo Ship in which he took what information was available at that time on the V2, plus his first-hand knowledge of German rocket scientists and experimenters, and came up with some intriguing speculations on the development of Peenemünde, V2 rocket fuel, and the immediate future of the V2 after the war.

The "Baldy" series of Lewis Padgett, all of which appeared in 1945, was one of the highpoints of the year. The Baldies were human mutations resulting from radiation exposure during an atomic war, who were able to breed true, and were distinguished from man in general by a total lack of hair and the possession of ESP. The Baldies were faced with two problems, both critical: maintaining a precarious, at the most acceptance by non-telepathic society...working, creating and raising families in that society. And secondly, fighting a desperate, hidden battle with the Paranoids, those Baldies who felt they were homo superior and thereby entitled to dominate and rule over non-telepathic man. The history of the Baldies was told in four smoothly written, sophisticated and action-packed novelettes: The Piper's Son (February), Three Blind Mice (June), The Lion and the Unicorn (July), and Beggars in Velvet (December).

Two of the most important contributions to the "Foundation" series were presented by Isaac Asimov this year, a long novelette in April, Dead Hand, and a two-part serial, The Mule, in the November-December issues. In the former, the Foundation (in spite of weak and ineffectual leaders) wins out over a still powerful Empire ruled over by a shrewd and ruthless Emperor, and the Empire's most brilliant and dangerous general who leads the attack on the Foundation. It is obvious to the leaders of the Foundation, at the conclusion of hostilities, that the Foundation has built-in safeguards that protect it from any external danger...except possibly (at some far date) from the Second Foundation "at the other end of the Galaxy", or from internal enemies.

In The Mule Asimov introduces a threat to the Foundation that is neither of these, a threat which was unforeseen by Hari Seldon, and which shows every prospect of walloping the daylights out of the Foundation. This threat was the Mule, a mutant, an unknown who becomes a great leader and military genius with a vision of dominating the galaxy. This novel formed the central part of the "Foundation" saga--up to this point the Foundation was concerned primarily with fighting off threats to its continued existence with not too much thought given to the Second Foundation "at the other end of the galaxy". But from now on the problem of what to do about the Second Foundation, and efforts to locate it, would be paramount.

Fritz Leiber, Jr., who scored a tremendous triumph with his classic 1943 novel, Gather, Darkness!, was less successful with his second novel for ASTOUNDING, Destiny Times Three, a two-part serial beginning in March. This was a complex and involved story of three-alternate worlds and the intertwined destinies of their inhabitants--and the dangers inherent in playing around with time-probability. This was a very fine story, written by a master, but not up to the master's first great classic.

The most momentous event of 1945 was the publication of A. E. van Vogt's one hundred thousand word classic, World of A in the August, September and October issues of ASTOUNDING. From the first few paragraphs in which Gilbert Gosseyn is found participating in the games of the Game Machine, through his numerous deaths and rejuvenations, to the stunning climax when Gosseyn finds out what the hell it's all about, the magazine was almost impossible to put down. Van Vogt is probably unequalled by any other science fiction writer in the use of the narrative hook, and this novel was a prime example of his skill. Also, his use of general semantics as the underlying theme contributed greatly to the general interest. Many fans of my acquaintance around this time were hipped on Korzybski, and a reading acquaintance with and possession of SCIENCE AND SANITY amounted almost to a status symbol; consequently, some of

the discussions stimulated by van Vogt's projection of general semantics into the future tended to get a little heated. As for me, I just gave myself up to van Vogt's magic and let the experts, literary and semantic, argue the finer points of the novel.

In July a one-page In Memoriam announced the sad fact that Malcolm Jameson had died on April 16, at the age of 54, of cancer of the throat. Jameson had been, since the appearance of his first story in 1938, one of the most reliable of Campbell's stable of writers. Although he wasn't in the same class with Heinlein, van Vogt, Leiber, Sturgeon, Simak, Kuttner, et al, he wrote the type of good, readable fiction that forms the backbone of any good magazine. Possibly the best thing he ever wrote—at any rate, the most popular—was Admiral's Inspection, in the April 1940 ASTOUNDING, the first of the Bullard of the Space Patrol series. His most ambitious effort had been a three-part novel in ASTONISHING (Oct., Dec., 1940, Feb. 1941), Quicksands of Youthwardness, a forgotten minor classic, today. Malcolm Jameson would be missed.

The science fiction nut came into his own with the dropping of the atomic bomb which ended the war in August. As Campbell said in his editorial for November, "The science fictioners were suddenly recognized by their neighbors as not quite such wild-eyed dreamers as they had been thought, and in many soul-satisfying cases became the neighborhood experts." In December Campbell printed a long excerpt from the Smyth Report, The Making of the Bomb, which dealt with the last stages of the problem of producing the atomic bomb. In the editor's blurb he pointed out that the essential principles employed in the bomb were described as the arming mechanism of the atomic bomb in Cartmill's Deadline—which was what caused the security flap when the story was published a year and a half earlier.

As was to be expected, the December Brass Tacks was devoted almost entirely to letters about the bomb and atomic energy. And, as was to be expected, Campbell got a bit carried away in his predictions in answering a couple of letters: To one letter writer who thought, "We'll be on the Moon before 1960," he replied: "Personally, I think you are over conservative. I'd say we should reach the Moon by 1950." To another, he said: "First sale of ASTOUNDING on the Moon by 1955, I'm betting!" Also in Brass Tacks was a letter from Theodore Sturgeon in the form of a Norman Corwin style script titled AUGUST SIXTH 1945, which asked the questions, "Who buys this crap?"... "Who writes this crap?"... "Why do you read this crap?"... and answers them in heroic measure. It's rather pretentious, but really not bad when you consider the heady excitement the science fiction editor, writer, and fan was experiencing in those first days following the disclosure that man had finally unleashed atomic energy.

1946

This year got off to a good start with the first installment in January of Lewis Padgett's two-part serial The Fairy Chessmen, which presented a picture of America, dug into underground cities protected by force shields, in a long stalemated war with the Falangists, an European nation. The Falangists had at long last developed a bomb that could penetrate the force-shield, and it was essential that American technicians solve the equation that gave the bombs their special properties. These technicians were all trained along orthodox lines, but the equation they were trying to solve was based on variable truth, and this eventually drove any technician attempting to solve the equation insane. This is just the beginning of a fascinating novel that deals with war, time, psychometrics and fairy chess, told in the smooth, mature style that was the Padgett trademark.

Appearing also in the January issue was Philip Latham's (R. S. Richardson) classic short story, N Day, which gave a chillingly believable account of the end of the world on January 29, 1949.

A. E. van Vogt was on hand with another serial this year, The Chronicler, in two parts beginning in October, a story of a man with three eyes in his skull and the strange world this additional eye allows him to enter. This was an improbable, nightmarish story—a story that one felt only van Vogt could pull off. In May, a short story by van Vogt served as the introduction of a new series that was to become one of his most popular... the story was A Son is Born, the first in the "Clane" series. This was followed by Child of the Gods, a novelette, in August, and by another novelette, Home of the Gods, in December. This series told of an age where atomic energy was old, but science forgotten, remembered only in religious ritual. Clane, a son of the ruling house of Linn, was a mutant as a result of his mother's exposure to atomic radiation in the temple, and is hidden away and held in contempt by nearly everyone. The general parallel between Clane's development and rise to power and that of the Roman Emperor Claudius was apparant to anyone familiar with Roman history or who had read Robert Graves' "Claudius" novels; but this fact didn't in the least detract from the series' interest, as far as I was concerned.

There were two other novels published this year, neither of which was particularly memorable. The first was a three-part serial beginning in March, Pattern for Conquest by George O. Smith, a fast-moving, action-filled novel of galactic invasion...a competent, readable novel, but not on the same level as his earlier novel, Nomad. The second was a two-part potboiler by old-timer Arthur Leo Zagat starting in August called Slaves of the Lamp, about a future of city states wherein peace is maintained by means of "Hoskins Lamps" which record the emotional content of the various city states and indicate any imbalance in that content which might be a potential threat to peace.

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The story of the "Webster Family", which began with City in 1944, was taken up again in Paradise, a short story in June, which told of a strange and wonderful life available to man on the planet Jupiter—if men were willing to relinquish their human identities; and continued with Hobbies, a novelette in November, which was about the twilight of man's existence on Earth, with all the cities but one deserted, and the dogs and robots about to come into their own as masters of the Earth.

In April a short story about a short-lived war between Earth and Mars called Loophole served as a rather inauspicious introduction of one Arthur C. Clarke to the Science Fiction field. This was followed the next month by a much better story, a novelette titled Rescue Party, a taut account of the efforts of the Galactic Union to rescue the doomed inhabitants of Earth, whose sun is soon to go nova, only to discover after a fruitless search of the planet, that the primitive race inhabiting the planet had dared to launch a vast rocket-powered fleet into space on a centuries long migration to the stars. This was a powerful story that remains one of the best of Clarke's many fine stories.

One of the most remarkable articles ever printed in ASTOUNDING was Meihem in Ce Klasrum by Dolton Edwards. This was an amusing and relentlessly logical exposition of how the English language could be improved by a gradual and systematic simplification of its spelling. This fine article appeared in the September issue, the issue that featured Raymond F. Jones' The Toymaker on the cover—the story of the Toymaker who made the shapeless toys called Imaginos, wonderful toys that delighted children, but puzzled adults...and proved to be supremely important in the cause of peace. Also in this same issue was one of the Kuttners' finest stories of the year, Vintage Season, with the by-line of Lawrence O'Donnell, a powerful tale of an old house that had a strange and compelling attraction for two exotic groups of people who vied with each other to gain possession of it during the vintage season of May.

Special Knowledge by A. Bertram Chandler, the cover story for February, was a long (72 pages) novelette about a switch in personalities--and time--between a science fiction writer-merchant marine officer on leave in England after a convoy run from New York during WWII, and the second officer of the space liner Martian Maid, which had blown an engine and was drifting out of control towards unexplored Venus. The special knowledge possessed by George Whitely, the Englishman, came in right handy after the spaceship crashed-landed on the watery world of Venus. Chandler's first hand knowledge of ships and the problems encountered during a disaster was obvious and well told, and added greatly to the interest of the story. Chandler, like Jameson and Heinlein, was adept in translating the atmosphere and routines of modern ships into spaceships of the future and making it believable.

Eric Frank Russell's very fine novelette, Metamorphosite, which depicted the changes that might be expected in man's physical structure--and also in his attitudes towards empires and non-humans--over a span of millenia, was featured on the cover of the December issue.

Theodore Sturgeon, an infrequent contributor of late, copped the cover of the November issue with Mewhu's Jet, a novelette about a quaint little character from some far off solar system stranded on present-day Earth, and the childlike trust and faith he had in his few found friends. And finally, Hal Clement's Cold Front, a story of the application of advanced meteorology coupled with trade in the opening up of new frontiers in space, was the cover story for July...and with Clement's novelette as a capper I think this just about covers what I consider to have been the best of what was a better than average year. This was Year I of the Atomic Age, and this fact was beginning to be reflected in a few stories which attempted to probe some of the problems confronting man in the near future; a theme that was to become one of the dominant ones of the next few years in ASTOUNDING.

There were three notable changes this year in the outward appearance of the magazine that marked a departure from the past. The first change occurred in August, and it was a relatively slight one...a change in the cover logo in which the ASTOUNDING was reduced to half its former size, with the familiar Science-Fiction becoming more prominent. Over the next two months the ASTOUNDING was reduced even further, and, then in November the logo took the form it was to retain until January 1953: a very small Astounding in the upper left corner and SCIENCE FICTION in large block letters beneath it running the full width of the magazine. The third change was a change in cover artists. Timmins had been the cover artist for every issue (except for July 1944 and July 1945) of ASTOUNDING from December 1942 until November 1946. Up to this date Timmins had more covers on ASTOUNDING than any other artist. Wesso, who did all the Clayton ASTOUNDING's plus a few in the later thirties, had a total of 40; Brown, who did most of the covers from January 1934 through 1938 had 50; and Rogers, the greatest of them all, had only 34 between the appearance of his first cover on the February 1939 issue and the August 1942 issue, his last cover to date. Timmins had 49 with his November 1946 cover (actually one less than Brown), but by the time his last cover appeared in 1950 he had a grand total of 54--second only to Rogers final total in total quantity.

This, I think, is remarkable. Because of the four artists who so far had been preeminently identified as ASTOUNDING cover artists in the sixteen years of its existence, Timmins was by all odds the least distinguished as a SCIENCE FICTION artist. He was a competent artist, I'll grant you, but a very mediocre science fiction artist who contributed nothing outstanding to the memorabilia of ASTOUNDING'S past.

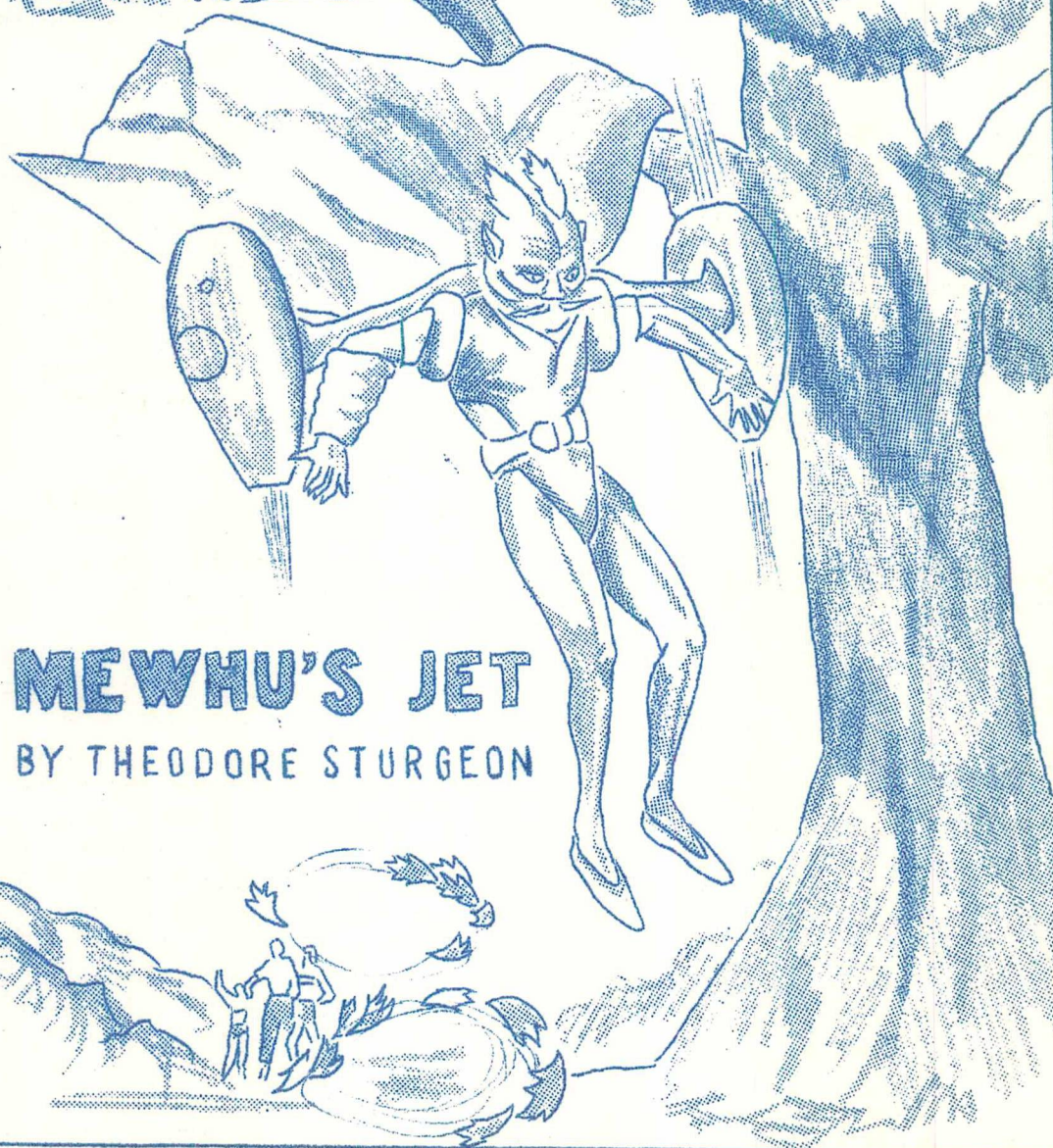
The artist making his initial appearance on the December cover was one Alejandro, an artist who was very popular with many fans, but one who failed to impress me over much with his symbolical covers.

Amazing

SCIENCE FICTION

NOVEMBER 1946

25 CENTS

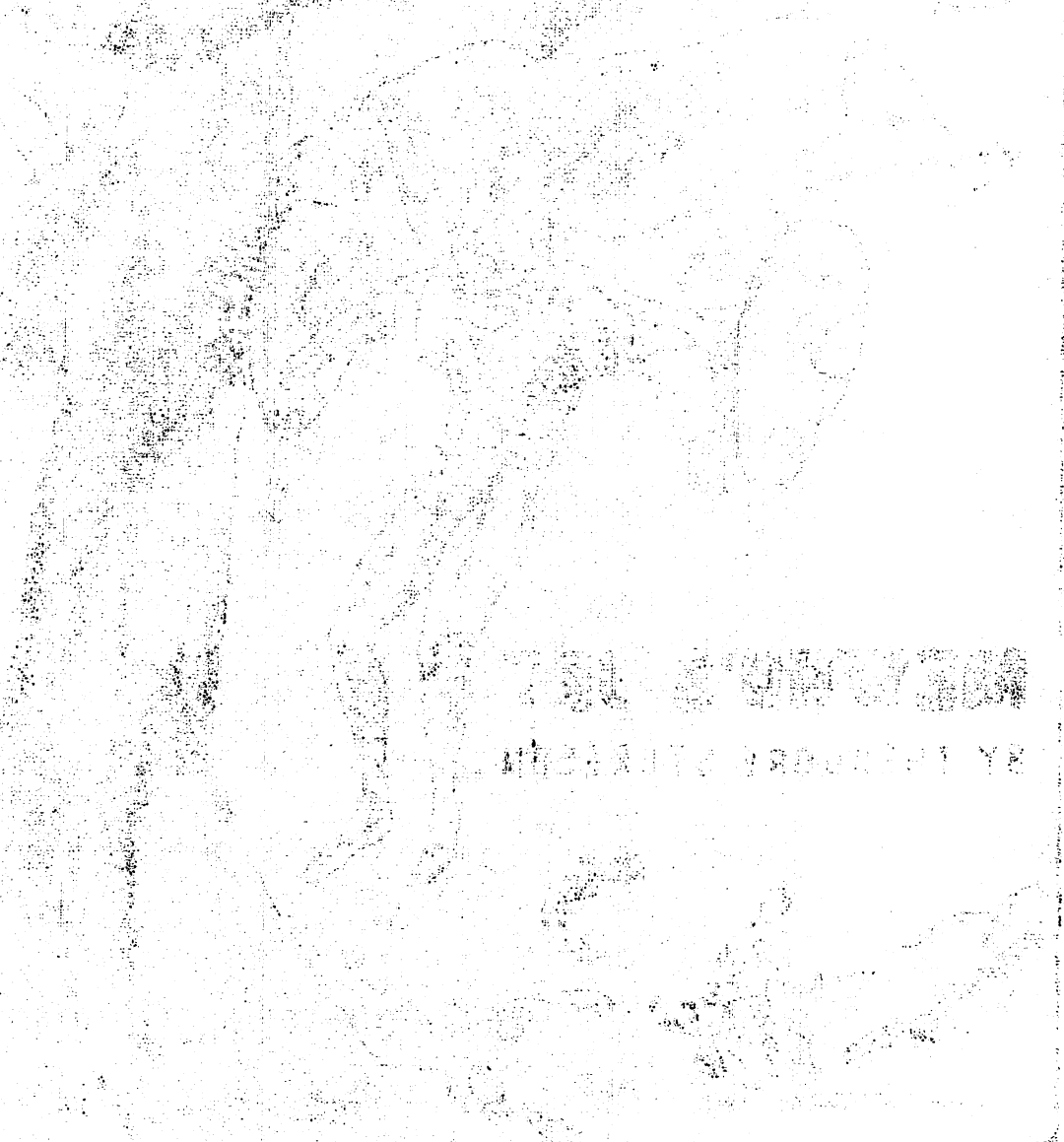


MEWHU'S JET

BY THEODORE STURGEON

COMMERCIAL STANDARD

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I have the feeling--after some thought--that 1946 really marked the beginning of what Harry Warner has so aptly called the Silver Age, the period that developed out of the Golden Age; and perhaps my placing the end of the Golden Age at mid-century was overstretching it a bit. However, whether the remaining years of the decade are part of the Golden Age, or part of the Silver Age, is not really too important I guess... let those who wish to regard them as a part of the Golden Age do so, and those who don't can call them anything they want to...I'll go along with Harry Warner.

1947

As good as 1946 was, 1947 was even better. There were a number of reasons why this was so, and in order to do justice to this year I think I will exercise my authorial authority and return for this one year (I hope!) to a month by month assessment of the magazine.

January

Lewist Padgett started off the year with the first part of a two-part serial, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, which presented a rather grim picture of the world in the year 2051, a world controlled by the GPC--Global Peace Commission--which had taken over following the short-lived WWII and still controlled the world's atomic energy, and attempted to maintain world peace by enforcing a strict status quo, limiting original research, etc. The only way to break loose from the strictures of the status quo, it seems to a dedicated underground, is to detonate Uranium Pile Number One which is buried deep in the heart of the great sunken ziggurat under a Pacific island, thus creating the chaos (or even war) that would shatter the power of the GPC and release man from stasis, allowing progress to once more take over. Figuring significantly in this excellent story were mutants (the key mutant being remarkably similar to the baby in the Hogben stories), alternate worlds, and a host of other details--including a real punch ending--that added up to one of the better stories in the "what will the world be like after Hiroshima?" school.

The cover was once again by Timmins, the first of the three he would have this year; and also in the art department was the welcome return of Ed Cartier, the inimitable illustrator of so many UNKNOWN stories who had been absent from the field since the demise of that magazine.

February

For the first time since becoming editor, John W. Campbell, Jr.'s name appeared on the cover as an author. Not as the author of a story, however, but of an article, Atomic Power Plant, an investigation of how an atomic power plant can efficiently use all its waste products for peaceful purposes. The cover illustrating Campbell's article was by one "Sniffen"--honestly.

The most important item in this issue was Maturity, Theodore Sturgeon's novellette about Robin English who, through a series of injections, is accelerated towards maturity, becomes a fabulously gifted and productive artist, and in the end discovers what true maturity means. According to Sturgeon, he was dissatisfied with the story as he wrote it for ASTOUNDING, and virtually rewrote it completely for its inclusion in his first hardcover collection, Without Sorcery, published by Prime Press in 1948.

With this issue the magazine took on a vastly improved appearance. The bulky type pulp that had been used for years by ASTOUNDING gave way to a semi-slick paper that reduced the thickness of the magazine almost exactly by half. This made it much more flexible and durable--the magazine could be opened and folded back without fear of cracking the spine and losing half the pages. It also allowed for a much better quality of illustration reproduction, as evidenced by Orban's woodcut style drawings in this issue.

March

February 18, 1947 (the day the March ASTOUNDING hit the stands) dawned bright and beautiful; and later that day as I almost ran up the street from where I worked to the drugstore, my heart beat is triple time. The reason for this euphoria was the knowledge (as announced in the last issue) that this month's cover would be by the Master himself--Hubert Rogers. After five years of relative mediocre covers ASTOUNDING was once more to blaze forth in its old glory from the news stands with a Rogers cover. And to compound the pleasure, it would illustrate a novelette by another old favorite returning after many years, Jack Williamson with The Equalizer.

Although the cover was not one of Roger's best, it was still such a welcome sight, and so far superior to anything by Timmins, that all I could do when I finally laid my hands on a copy was to stand there and admire it. I know my admiration for Hubert Rogers is puzzling to quite a number of people--but I always have, and always will, consider Rogers the best artist that ever illustrated science fiction.

Williamson's novelette was an excellent example of the modern type of science fiction he'd been writing before the war caught up with him--stories like Breakdown, Collision Orbit, Minus Sign, and Opposites--React! The Equalizer showed how a small, portable atomic converter which could transmute almost any element and could be put in the hands of all citizens at virtually no cost would make governments, power blocks and their cities as useless as tits on a boar hog.

The second novelette in this issue marked the first appearance in a science fiction magazine of Poul Anderson, one of the most accomplished of the modern authors writing in the field. (To forestall any arguments, I should point out that his actual first appearance was in "Probability Zero" for September 1944 with A Matter of Relativity, but I don't consider "Probability Zero" stories by fans--and Poul was just a fan at that time--to be a true pro appearance.) Tomorrow's Children--written in collaboration with F. N. Waldrop--was concerned with the genetic effect of radiation and fallout on the survivors of the next war. With the United States--and the rest of the world--reduced almost to anarchy, a handful of grimly determined men constitute themselves the de facto government of the United States and attempt to restore order out of the chaos. Hugh Drummond, a colonel in the airforce, is assigned by General Robinson, the acting President, to make a census of the country and attempt to determine the extent of mutations in babies born in the three or so years since the war ended. Drummond finds that the birth rate is a little over half that of pre-war, and that about seventy-five percent of all births are mutant, and that about two-third of these are viable and presumably fertile; and because of the high level of contamination of the atmosphere and the earth this can be expected to be the order of things into the indefinite future. It will therefore become necessary, Drummond argued, for man to become psychologically mature and to regard all men as human without regard to their apparent differences in form. This was a surprisingly forceful and mature story for one as young as was Anderson when he wrote it; it was altogether an admirable story--and for a first one, even more so.

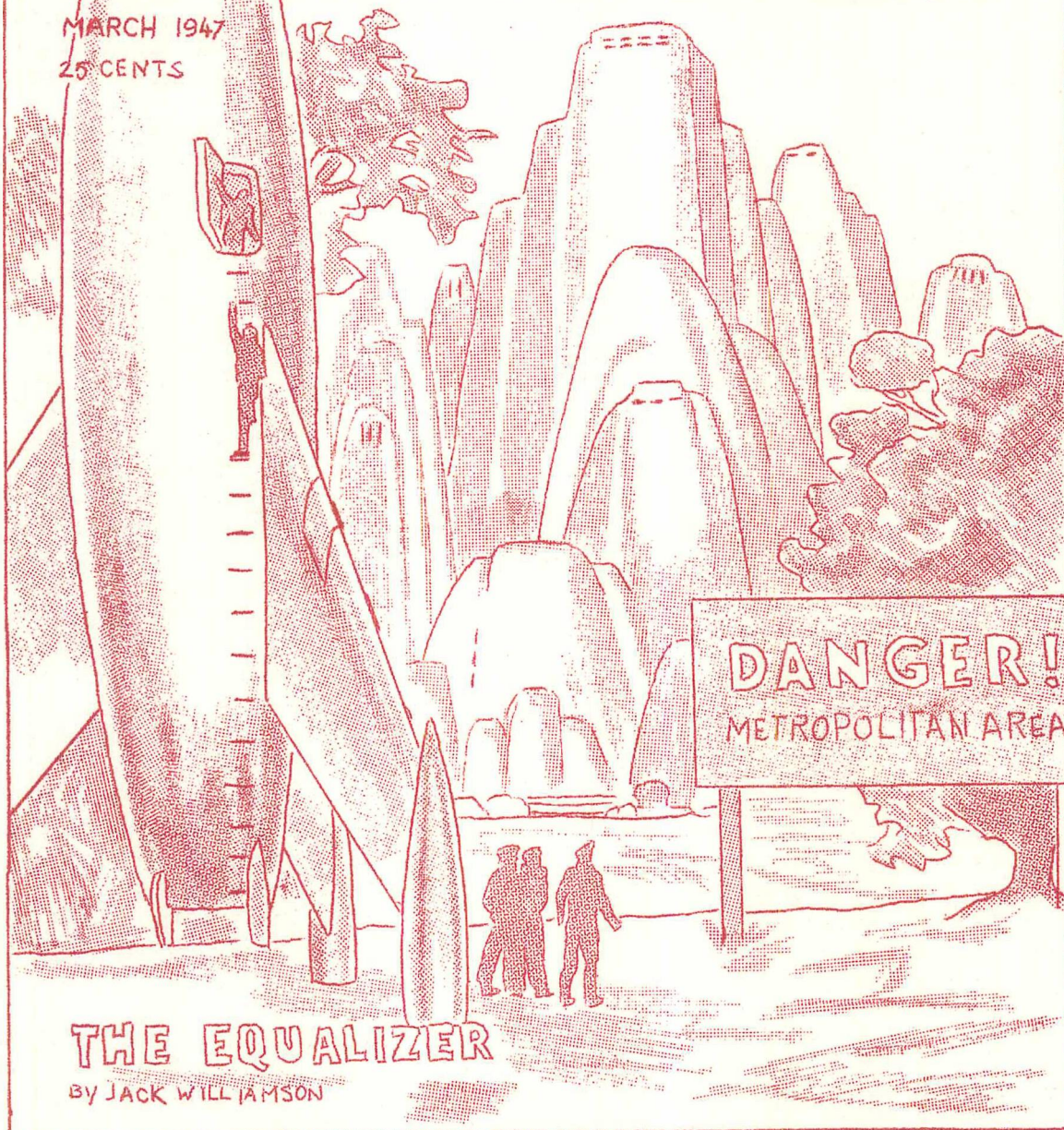
The third story of note in this issue was William Tenn's second published story, Child's Play. (His first had been Alexander the Bait, a short in the May 1946 ASTOUNDING.) Child's Play, the story of the "Bild-A-Man" set that arrived on Sam Weber's doorstep one morning with a card attached saying "Merry Christmas, 2153" started out on a light note, but ended in as chilling a manner as possible. Also in this issue was another of Isaac Asimov's robot stories, Little Lost Robot--a good story, but a lot of fans were wishing Asimov would write more "Foundation" stories instead of so many "Robot" ones.

Attorounding

SCIENCE FICTION

MARCH 1947

25 CENTS



THE EQUALIZER

BY JACK WILLIAMSON

April

Featured on the cover for April was Home of the Gods by E. A. (sic) Van Vogt, another in the series of "Linn" which found the Lord Clane, now a young man of twenty-five, figuring decisively in the military action on Venus. The transposition of van Vogt's initials on the cover would have gone unnoticed by most people I think, if Campbell hadn't printed a small notice at the end of the story assuring everyone that van Vogt hadn't changed his name.

A first story, and a short story at that, accomplished the relatively rare feat of taking first place in the "Analytical Laboratory" for this month. Time and Time Again by H. Beam Piper was a Time story in which Allan Hartley, chemist, author of several highly successful novels, and currently a Captain in Chemical Research, is severely wounded during the siege of Buffalo during World War III, is given a heavy narcotic shot for his pain, goes to sleep--and wakes up to find he has returned in time thirty years to August 7, 1945, and is occupying his own thirteen year-old body with all of his adult knowledge intact. The story was a good one, but I remember being somewhat surprised at its rating in the "An Lab", personally favoring Home of the Gods. The cover, incidently was a so-so job by Timmins.

May

I believe this month's cover by Rogers is possibly one of the very finest he's ever turned out for ASTOUNDING. It is quietly colorful, beautifully composed, and wonderfully illustrative. The story it illustrated was Lawrence O'Donnell's Fury, his three-part sequel to Clash by Night. The story takes place in the undersea Keeps of Venus, some years after the events related in Clash by Night, and revolves around the character of Sam Reed, who is actually (although he is unaware of it) Sam Harker, the grandson of Zachariah Harker and the heir of the great Harker family. Sam's mother had died in giving birth to him, and his father, Blaze Harker, in blind, insensate hatred had had Sam endocrinologically manipulated so that when he grew up he possessed none of the physical characteristics of the Immortals--to whom he belonged.

Sam grew up a stocky, muscular, ugly man, totally bald; he was wise in the ways of the underworld. He becomes involved with the Harker Family and also a scheme to colonize topside on Venus; he eventually becomes top dog on the planet, only to be overthrown in the end, but not before having more than his share of (I can't say hair-raising, can I?) adventures. I've always considered this one of Kuttner's finest novels, colorful, intricately plotted and with excellent characterization.

Sturgeon was back with another fine story, Tiny and the Monster, about Tiny, a Great Dane, who acted as an intermediary sensitive between a benign "monstrous" visitor from outer space who was stranded on Earth with a vital part of his ship broken and in need of replacement, and a girl metallurgist who had been chosen by the Monster to design the gadget it needed.

One of the minor classics of time travel appeared in this issue, E for Effort, by a new writer, T. L. Sherred. A device is invented by an ex-army radar technician by which he can view any period in past time anywhere on Earth and project a solidograph of the scene. He teams up with an idealistic drifter and the two of them start making super-epic historical movies by photographing appropriate scenes from the past...Alexander the Great, the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, etc. After making a pot of money and a world-wide reputation they reveal their real plans for the use of the time viewer--to prevent future wars. With the time viewer in the hands of the people of the world, secret treaties and aggressive war plans by governments would be impossible. In the end this idealistic pair earns an "E for Effort"--which would be small consolation to them were they around to receive it.

June

The "Universe", or the generations long interstellar voyage, has always been a challenging theme for a science fiction writer. It allows him to set up a situation in a closed environment in which he can develop religions, governments, or simply problems involving people under exaggerated conditions. He has a world in microcosm with which he can do as he wishes. Heinlein's Universe is the classic example against which all similar stories are compared. One of the best of these was A. E. van Vogt's Centaurus II, which chronicled the degeneration of character and the gradual disintegration of command over four generations on the Centaurus II, whose mission was to try to determine the fate of the first expedition to Alpha Centauri, check the system for habitable planets, then explore the systems of Sirius and Procyon before returning to Earth.

Unlike Universe, the purpose of the trip was never forgotten despite mutinies, murders and changes of command; but as the distances between the ship lengthened in both space and time the mission became a secondary concern of most of the people on board, with the ship itself—and maneuverings for power and command—becoming primary. The story was quite naturally compared to Universe, but, except for the basic plot idea, there really was no comparison. Although it was not as epic in scope as Universe, Centaurus II remains a classic, as far as I'm concerned, because of its sheer interest as a story and because of van Vogt's fine handling of the characters and atmosphere.

Schneeman's cover (his first in seven-and-a-half years) was his fifth and best. His cover for Nat Schachner's Worlds Don't Care (April 1939), a view of Saturn as seen from Japetus, is generally considered to be his best—and a very lovely astronomical painting it was too. But I think the real proof of Schneeman's talent rested with his cover for Centaurus II which was a colorful, dramatic, and accurate illustration of the story, and leads me to believe that Schneeman could have been the best of all ASTOUNDING cover artists if he had had more covers to his credit. His interior illustrations, needless to say, were superb.

(In checking the statistics on Schneeman in Donald Day's Index I came across an omission that Day failed to catch and correct in "Errata and Addenda." In the listing of Schneeman's cover credits in the Index by Authors section, page 59, the cover for June 1947 is missing, although it is properly listed in the CHECKLIST of MAGAZINES indexed.)

July

With Folded Hands by Jack Williamson was additional proof—if any were needed—that he is one of the greatest writers in the science fiction genre. The story of the arrival of the Rhodomagnetic Humanoids on Earth, with their resistless and solicitous Prime Directive, "To Serve and Obey, and Guard Men from Harm;" and the futile efforts of an old and broken man, Mr. Sledge, to destroy what he had built by blasting the Central on the far planet of Wing IV with a rhodomagnetic beam and thus relieve all of mankind of the oppressive benevolence of the Humanoids, was an almost flawless example of Williamson's growth as a skillful and sensitive writer.

Poul Anderson, who had made such a telling impression with his first story, Tomorrow's Children, returned—alone, this time—with a sequel to that story, Logic. In the former story Colonel Hugh Drummond, serving as the representative of the Acting-President, had flown around the country to make some sort of census of the survivors of WWII and at the same time try and get some idea of the seriousness and extent of human mutations. After finding that mutations would be extensive, viable and fertile, Drummond pleaded that a radical change in the attitudes of non-mutant humans would be absolutely essential if the human race were to survive—in any form.

Logic takes us several years along in time when Drummond has become President, and the country has become slightly stabilized following the period of almost total anarchy of the post-war years, and takes a close look at a mutant child, Alaric Wayne, the son of normal parents. These two stories—with no detectable rewriting or revisions—form the first half of Anderson's novel, Twilight World, published in 1961 by Dodd, Mead and Company. The fact that fourteen years after his first two stories were written, Poul Anderson—who had matured into a brilliant and skillful writer—felt they were good enough to stand on their own merits in company with completely new material, speaks highly for these first two efforts of one of the modern giants of science fiction.

August

One of the most looked-forward-to returns from the war was that of L. Ron Hubbard. Hubbard's science fiction reputation has been made and nailed down for all time with his incomparable classic, Final Blackout; but his overall reputation was based on such novels for UNKNOWN as: Fear, Death's Deputy, Slaves of Sleep, The Case of the Friendly Corpse, The Ghoul, and others.

I think most fans hoped for Hubbard to return to the pages of ASTOUNDING with something on the order of Final Blackout. What they got instead was The End is Not Yet, a three-part serial. This novel concerned the efforts of an idealist, Paul Martel, to prevent Jules Fabrecken, an international industrialist, from starting an atomic war between the United States and Russia, which were the only two powers capable of opposing his dream of a fascist empire. This really wasn't a bad story, but it didn't even begin to challenge Final Blackout. Rogers' cover was not too good, but his interior illustrations were excellent.

September

In Mechanistra (January 1942) and Symbiotica (October 1943) Eric Frank Russell wrote two stories of planets with exotic, specialized life forms which gave Jay Score and the rest of the crew of the "Upsydaisy" several anxious moments before resolving their difficulties. Hobbyist another story of a planet with weird flora and fauna, involved only one man, stranded on a planet without fuel for his ship, who is puzzled to find on landing that every living thing on the planet—vegetable, animal, insect, and a strange crystalline object he finds in a field some distance from his landing site—is one of a kind with no duplications. He ultimately learns that everything on the planet is the end result of an unusual hobby by an incomprehensibly alien hobbyist. This little gem of Eric Frank Russell's is livened by the presence of an interesting fellow crewman of the protagonist—a macaw.

The cover was the first of Alejandro's purely symbolical paintings on which his fame rests. It was an attractive painting of a blue-skinned man sailing through a multi-colored, cloudy space, stretching to reach a star in the upper right corner, a ring of fire encircling his body. For some reason I was never overly fond of Alejandro's covers, even though they were well done and decorative.

October

October marked two firsts for ASTOUNDING—the first Bonestell cover, and the first of the "Ole Doc Methuselah" stories of Rene Lafayette (L. Ron Hubbard). Bonestell's cover (SUN...Mercury in Transit) failed to supplant Schneeman's Saturn cover as the best astronomical cover so far appearing on an ASTOUNDING cover.

Ole Doc Methuselah, and the other stories in this series, concerned the adventures of Ole Doc, a Soldier of Light, who travels around the universe in his golden

spaceship dispensing his medical services where needed. According to the code of the Universal Medical Council, a Soldier of Light is not supposed to interfere in local politics, petty quarrels, involve himself with law, etc. But, Ole Doc, accompanied by his devoted slave, Hippocrates, always seemed to get himself involved in something or other that he shouldn't, in spite of the code. Ole Doc incidently received his medical degree from Johns Hopkins in 1946—seven hundred years before the time of these stories. I enjoyed the "Ole Doc Methuselah" stories immensely; there was nothing pretentious about them; they were full of rousing action, colorful characters, spiced with wit, and yet, underneath it all, had some serious speculative ideas about one possible course organized medicine might take in the future—and a picture of medical advances that was very intriguing.

November

For all loyal E. E. Smith fans October seemed an interminably long month; but finally, at long last, October 21st rolled around, and with it the long awaited beginning of the climax to the "Lensman" saga, Children of the Lens. Almost six years had elapsed since the conclusion of Second Stage Lensmen in the February 1942 issue with its stunning disclosure that the apparent guiding genius of Boskone was actually a demented, renegade Arisian. To those of us who cared (and despite a growing chorus of nit-picking criticism of Smith's writings heard in some quarters, there were still a goodly number of us who hadn't abandoned the good doctor.) it seemed that Doc had written himself right out of a series; and I, for one, was quite curious to see how he would top what I considered to be untoppable.

Before going any further I'd like to correct an error made in the first part of this history. In my comments on Galactic Patrol I said that it was not until the publication—in hard covers—of the rewritten Triplanetary and the brand new First Lensman "that Smith revealed the Eddorians to be the power behind the forces of Boskone and the Arisians as their ages-old enemies." It's true the Eddorians are revealed for what they are at the beginning of the revised Triplanetary; and if one's only acquaintance with the "Lensman" saga is by way of the hardcover reprints, then the reader is aware of Eddore from the very beginning. However, the Eddorians were first revealed in all their hideous glory in the magazine version in Children of the Lens, and are not mentioned any time prior to that...for this reason I prefer the magazine version.

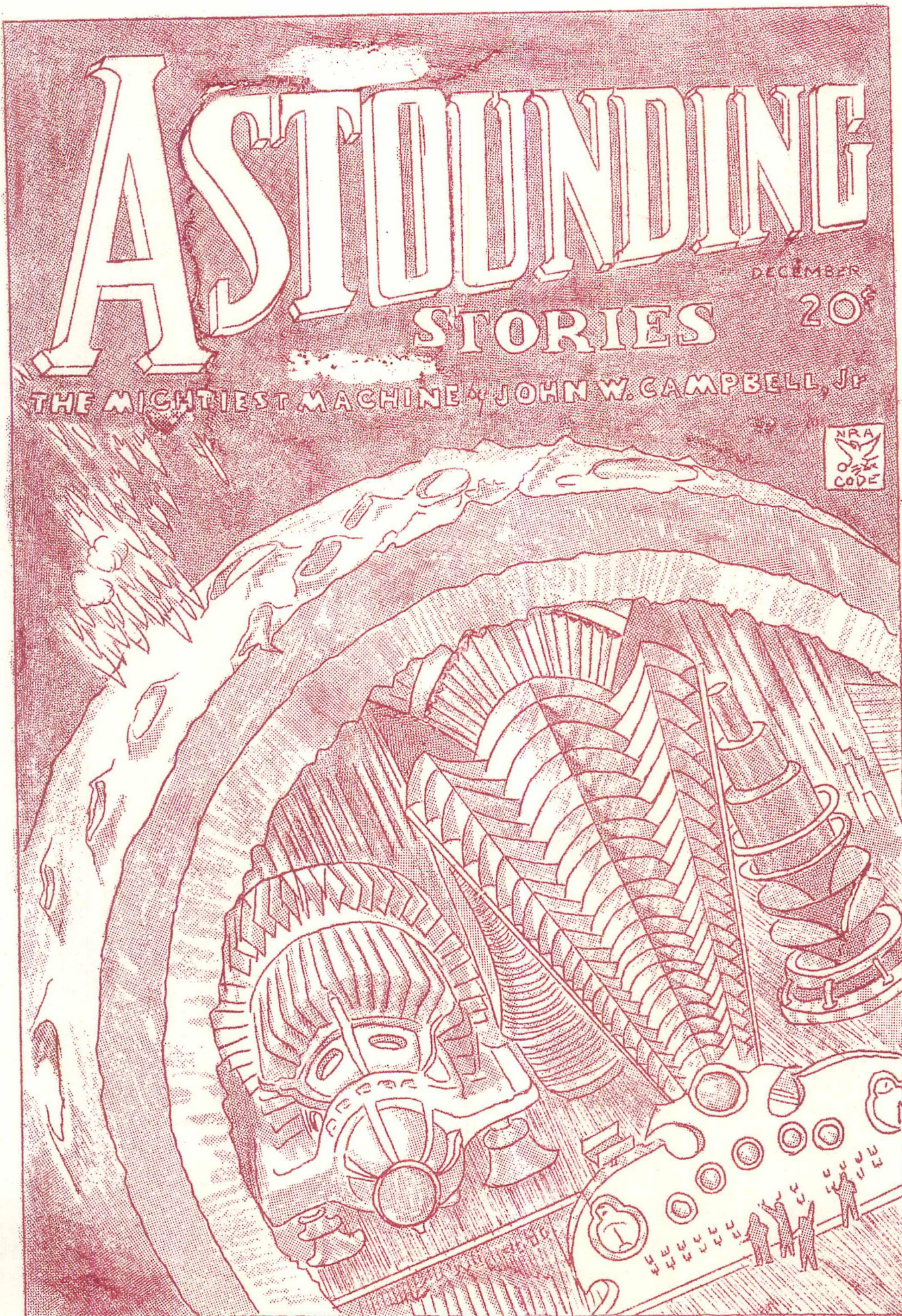
In my comments concerning Second Stage Lensmen I said that I thought Smith had fully intended ending the Lensman series with that novel, and that Children of the Lens was more or less of an afterthought. Some months ago I had the opportunity of talking at some length with Doc Smith and I put the question to him. Not so, he informed me. The entire saga, from Galactic Patrol through Children of the Lens was completely thought out and outlined before he even started writing Galactic Patrol. He also said that Children of the Lens was the story he originally had in mind, and that Galactic Patrol, Grey Lensman, and Second Stage Lensmen were merely prologue providing background for the introduction of the children of Kimball Kinnison. (Triplanetary, as originally written for magazine publication, was an independent story, not connected with the series until E. E. Evans—and others—suggested that with a little rewriting Triplanetary would make an admirable beginning for the "Lensman" series. Smith did this by writing in a long introduction which traces the Eddorian-Arisian conflict from its inception to the time of the story, and at the same time follows the Kinnison and MacDougall family trees from the pre-dawn of history to the time of Triplanetary. First Lensman covers the forming of the Galactic Patrol, the invention of the Bergenholm inertialess drive, the first contact with Arisia, and the bestowal of the Lens on the Galactic Patrol. Although these two books were published after Children of the Lens appeared in ASTOUNDING, parts of the significant matter contained in them was mentioned in Kit Kinnison's introduction to the final novel.)

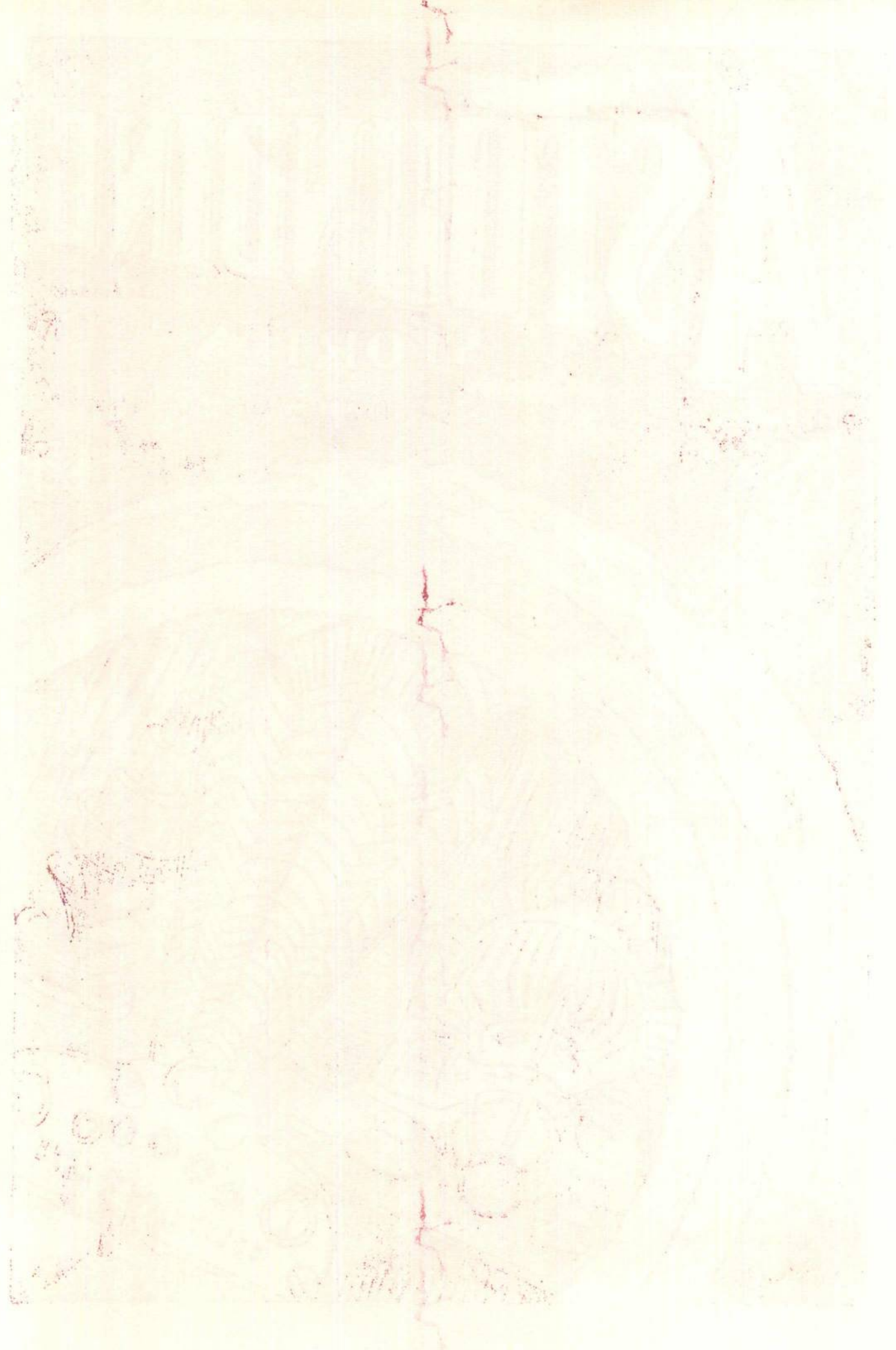
ASTOUNDING STORIES

DECEMBER

20¢

THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE by JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.





The action of Children of the Lens takes place twenty years after the events related in Second Stage Lensmen. Kinnison, believing the Boskonian threat to Civilization finished following his destruction of Fossten, the mad Arisian, settled on the planet Klovvia, a former stronghold of Boskone, and assumed the duties of Galactic Co-ordinator. There, in time, he and Clarissa raised to young adulthood five children, a boy and four girls, two sets of twins. The children are L3's, as far superior mentally to Kimball Kinnison as the Gray Lensman was to the average human. In fact, it turns out that they are superior even to the Airisians who had spent eons manipulating their bloodlines to insure their arrival on the scene in time to bail the Arisians--and Civilization--out of their troubles with the Eddorians. Some comment was occasioned by the disclosure at the end of the story that, in order to get the new race of super-beings of which the Children are the first off to a good start, it would be necessary for Kit Kinnison to enter into a polygamous incestuous relationship with his four sisters. A mighty blow against the wall of taboos surrounding science fiction, and the pulp magazine field generally.

I've had young fans tell me that they can't understand the high regard old moss-backs like me hold for Doc Smith. Usually, the first--and sometimes the only--Smith novel they've read is Children of the Lens, which depends too much on the preceding novels to be fully appreciated on its own. Perhaps the way I feel about the early works of E. E. Smith is simply a state of mind arising out of a deep nostalgia for the irretrievable past. If so, any small praise I give to Doc Smith can't begin to express my appreciation for the great part he had in making that science fictional past so vibrantly nostalgic. Doc Smith has fulfilled, many times over, his prime purpose as a story-teller....he has entertained.

Theodore Sturgeon added another classic to his growing list of memorable stories, Thunder and Roses, one of the finest anti-bomb stories ever written. The United States has been completely and utterly destroyed by a simultaneous attack from both the East and the West, but has failed to retaliate even though it has more missiles armed, aimed, and ready, than the total number used by its enemies. The survival of man all over the world is highly problematical due to the intensity of the contamination of the world's atmosphere with carbon fourteen. It is the decision of the United States government to strike one last blow for humanity by not lashing back in senseless hate purely for vengeance, thus giving mankind one slim chance to survive. The struggle between hate and humanity is focused in one man, an Army sergeant, who has accidentally discovered the location of the master control that can automatically launch all of the remaining ready missiles in the country. Sturgeon's eloquent plea against the concept of massive retaliation against the enemy, even though mortally wounded, where such retaliation against the enemy would serve no sane purpose, but only that of vengeance, was a plea for sanity and humanity in this atomic age; but how much more urgent is the need for such a plea in this age of megatonnage hydrogen bombs and overkill. Thunder and Roses could bear frequent re-reading by a lot of people.

Hubert Rogers' cover for Children of the Lens was even poorer than his Second Stage Lensmen cover; it was, in fact, the poorest of the five covers illustrating "Lensman" stories that Rogers did.

December

Simak's chronicles of the "Webster Family" made its final ASTOUNDING appearance in this issue with Aesop, the cover novelette, and perhaps the best story of the series. The theme around which this story revolved was the ineradicable nature of the killing instinct in man. Jenkins, the ancient and revered robot who had remained on Earth after man's departure so he could help the animals on their upward climb, had after several thousand years pretty well eliminated the concept of killing from the

society of the animals. But, not too unexpectedly, violent death returned to Earth by the hands of a webster (as the handful of man's descendants were known to the animals) who thoughtlessly killed a robin with a crude bow and arrow he'd built. Jenkins realized that if the websters were allowed to remain on Earth their innate aggressiveness would eventually lead to their dominance over the animals and the end of the dream of a peaceful world of gentle animals. But, Jenkins felt, his websters deserved a chance to make a better world than their ancestors had; and this chance he gave them by leading them to an alternate Earth, virgin and uninhabited--leaving the dogs and other animals at last on their own, to make of their world what they would.

This was a truly fine series told with great skill and imagination. The idea of animals supplanting man was not a new one, but Simak took this old idea and imbued it with new stature and meaning. I particularly believe that Simak's handling of the interrelationship between men (personified by the succeeding generations of one family--the Websters), robots (in the person of Jenkins), and the dogs and other animals, was brilliantly carried off. This series was unquestionably one of the best examples of the type of mature science fiction that Campbell was striving for in ASTOUNDING. Much better, I might add, than many modern so-called mature and sophisticated science fiction stories written by less skillful and sensitive writers than Simak.

A. E. van Vogt added another novelette to his "Child of the Gods" series with The Barbarian, which told of the attempted invasion of the Empire of Linn by Czinczar, leader of the barbarians from Jupiter's moon, Europa, and of his eventual defeat by Clane. I enjoyed this series very much, not only because, as I mentioned earlier, I'm a rabid admirer of Robert Graves' Claudian romances which were the apparent inspiration for this series, but because van Vogt seemed to me to have devoted considerable thought to his construction of his future "Roman" Empire--Linn. Although the parallel was obvious in a broad sense, the details were strictly van Vogt, and the characters--particularly Clane--were reasonably true products of their civilization and not mere cardboard projections of their historical models.

The balance of the issue was made up of two short stories, Age of Unreason, by Alfred Coppel, Jr., and The Dreamers, by Michael Yamin; an article by John W. Abrams, White Dwarf Stars, and the second installment of Children of the Lens. And finally, the cover was a quiet and rather striking one by Alejandro, illustrating Aesop.

I've dealt at length with the year 1947 because it has always seemed to me to be a pivotal year; within this year are memories of the past and harbingers of the future. Stories like Children of the Lens, the "Webster Family" series, Williamson's The Equalizer, even Hubbard's The End is Not Yet, are stories which seem to have the feel of the earlier forties. But more importantly, I think, this year marked the beginning of the modern era with Poul Anderson, H. Beam Piper, the Williamson of With Folded Hands..., Sturgeon's Maturity, Kuttner's Fury, and others. A reminder of the past was the return to the covers of ASTOUNDING of Hubert Rogers which leant an illusion of the revival of the great years of the 1939 to 1943 period--but it was just that, an illusion. For despite Rogers, Williamson, Smith and others, the Golden Age was irrevocably over and nothing could extend it or restore it.

This year marked the tenth anniversary of Campbell's editorship of ASTOUNDING, ten eventful and revolutionary years for science fiction. Even allowing for the relatively lackluster quality of 1944 to 1946, these ten years are perhaps the most significant years in the entire history of science fiction, and are certainly the most important in the history of ASTOUNDING. Campbell has never been content to

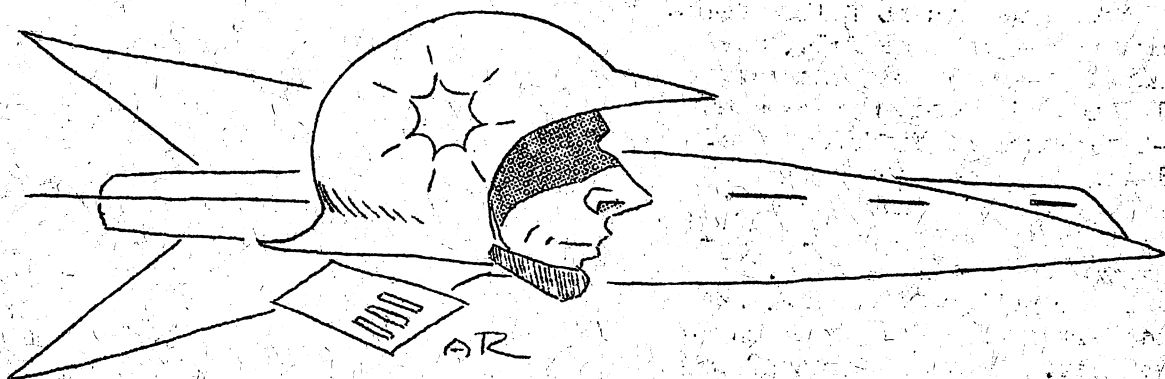
sit back and rest on his laurels, or to take the cautious approach in new ideas. He has always tried to keep science fiction in a state of flux, constantly moving to keep pacing the field, to keep ahead of the accelerating advances in the world of scientific thought, knowing that complacency in editorial attitudes would inevitably lead to a static science fiction which would reduce or eliminate any value it might have in the world of ideas. This, of course, has led him into some questionable by-paths and has brought the wrath of articulate fans down upon his uncaring head at times.

1947 was a big step up from the preceding three years as far as story content was concerned, and left me with the hope that a new era in ASTOUNDING might be upon us—one possibly as memorable as the first three years of the decade. Although I never fully accepted the digest size and continued to hope for a return to the larger, or book size, it was quite apparent that Campbell had no intentions of changing the size of the magazine. In all other physical respects the magazine was a vast improvement over the years just past. The new paper, the new cover log, the return of Rogers, Schneeman, and Gartier all contributed to its greater elegance. Even so, I couldn't fully convince myself that this new era could be as great as I'd like it to be, no matter how much I wished to see it happen.

From this year on I found myself devoting less and less time and thought to science fiction; although I continued to buy all the magazines as they appeared, it might be some time before I'd get around to reading anything in them—this applied as much to ASTOUNDING as to the others. Already I was beginning to feel stirrings of nostalgia for the great days of the thirties and early forties. In my reading of ASTOUNDING I became less omnivorous and more selective, concentrating on the longer stories and favorite authors, finding it increasingly more difficult to recapture the Sense of Wonder of yore.

Somewhere along about this time I came to the sad realization that ASTOUNDING had lost much of its magical power to seize my imagination and hold it for any length of time in the way that only the old magazine could; that the magazine's growing sophistication was matched by my own, and that with this increasing sophistication on both hands, a precious wide-eyed naivete and exuberant enthusiasm had somehow gotten lost in the shufflings of a changing time.

But, like a confirmed drug addict who has long lost the original kick of joy popping but stays on the junk because he's hopelessly hooked, science fiction—particularly ASTOUNDING—was in my blood, a literary monkey on my back that couldn't be shaken off, probably staying there to my dying day, no matter what form it takes—a thirty year habit is hard to shake.



Vituperations

by
Bill Donaho

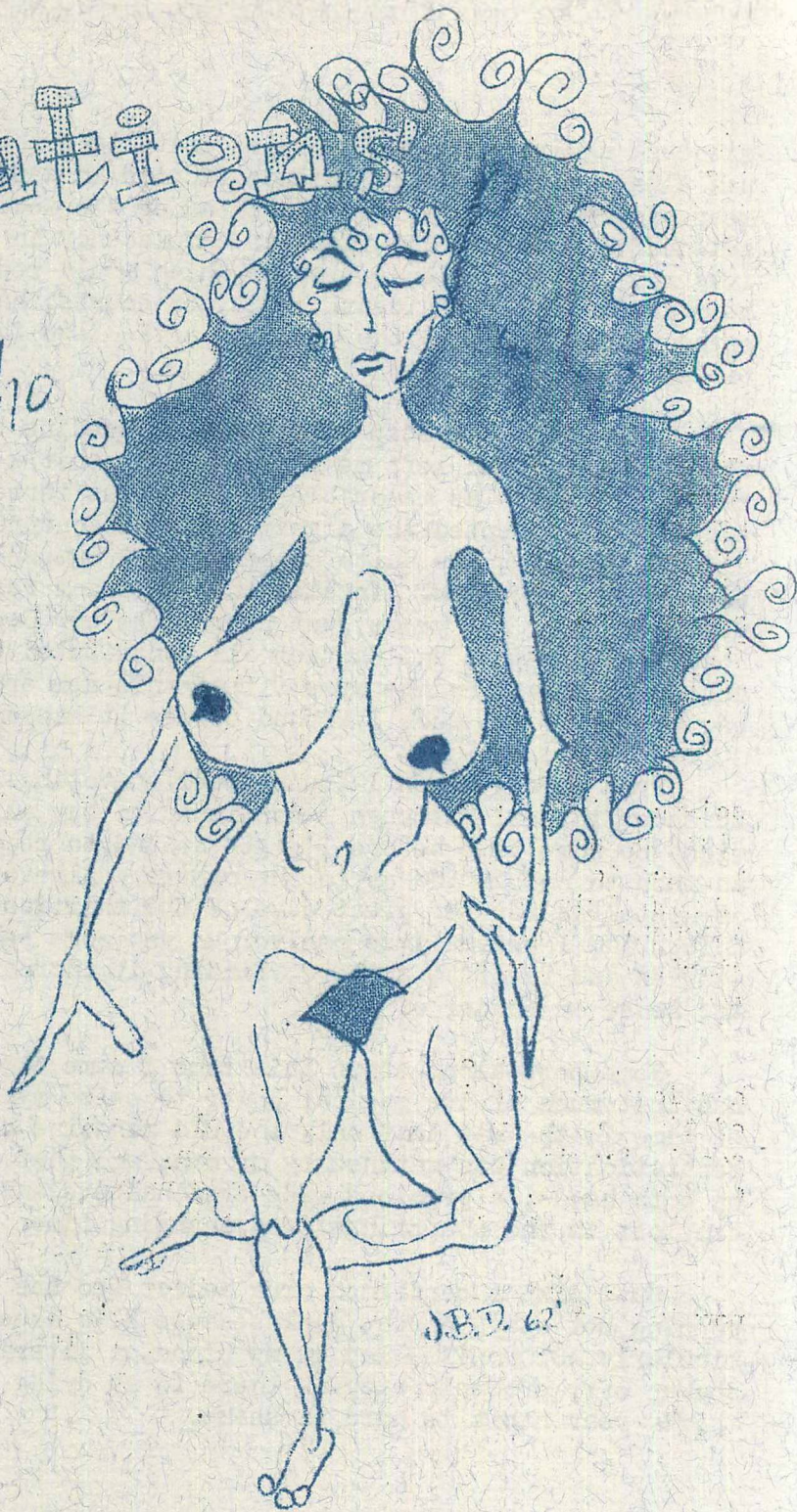
A quick run through of the March 1962 mailing.....

AMBLE -- Mercer Alva has promised a series on UNKNOWN when he finishes up with ASTOUNDING, but I've promised him a rest inbetween.

Your autobiography continues to be interesting--fascinating even; I hope it goes on for a long time.

SOUFFLE - Baxter Your comments on Catcher in the Rye are about the best I've seen. You present a better case for the book than did Terry Carr in our various arguments about it. And now I see even more clearly why I don't like it and why I don't think it is a very good book.

I'm not very interested in adolescents. Even when I like them they tend to bore me. I didn't read Catcher until I was an adult and had no fellow feeling for Holden Caulfield, nor much empathy since I was not at all like him when an adolescent--I had much ly different problems. I agree that he is "A living squirming adolescent," but I don't really care. Salinger never makes me care. I feel for Holden of course, but not very much. He has no universality. There is none of the



feeling "There but for the grace of God go I". Perhaps Salinger has caught extremely accurately "the peculiar relationship between adults and children." If so, he has done it entirely from the child's point of view. I think his work would be much more meaningful if he brought in also the adult point of view, adult emotions. He has deliberately limited himself to one small corner of life and thus considerably reduced the significance of his work.

ERG - Jeeves I didn't care much for John Rackham's article—I thought it was far too elementary. But I liked Ted Tubb's. Reading his predictions on the future of Africa made me wonder what he thinks of Mack Reynolds current series of stories—mostly serials too—in ANALOG on the same subject. It would be very interesting to have Ted review them. Hint. Hint.

CONVERSATION - Lynn Hickman I recently reread ERB's The Mad King. What an unBurroughs-like book. A perfect Graustark-type romance however. Have you read the Graustark books by George Barr McCutcheon (I'm not sure about the spelling of his last name)? If you liked The Mad King, you'll probably like them.

POOKA - Don Ford I hope that your job troubles are over by now and that you are happy selling insurance. I tried it once, but decided that I just wasn't cut out to be a salesman—I don't have the temperament or something.

One thing puzzles me about you, Don. Several times you have referred to your labor background and the fact that you were a shop steward; you seem a firm supporter of unions. Yet this doesn't seem—to me anyway—to fit with with other things you have said about your political philosophy. Would you give a brief run-down on just where you stand politically and your opinions on various issues?

SON OF THE FANALITIC EYE - Jhim Linwood The "Tidbits from the Cult" were thought-provoking. More? *** I was surprised to learn that you are only 21. I had thought you three or four years older.

ENVOY #4 - Ken Cheslin Your mailing comments tend to annoy me, Ken. They are very good; they have possibilities of being the best in OMPA, but the speed at which you dash them off leads to all sorts of absurd mistakes and confusions. If you'd only think things out before you stencil them.

Goliad was another outpost in the way of Santa ana's army. It was garrisoned by fire-breathing Southerners, The New Orleans Greys, who had volunteered to come and help Texas get it's "Independence". They surrendered because their fortifications weren't as good as those of the Alamo; the Alamo had just fallen with its resisting garrison being all killed; they figured to surrender and have their lives spared. Boy did they get fooled! Of course they were all complete amateurs—including the officers—who had never been under fire.

I enjoy your mailing comments—even when they annoy me.

PACKRAT - Groves Scientists who have investigated that spot in Oregon where gravity acts up say that it doesn't, that it's all optical illusion due to peculiar terrain. I can believe it. Even when driving through the mountains on the freeways I've noticed—by the sound of the motor's laboring or idling—that what looked to me to be downhill was actually uphill and vice versa.

BINARY - Joe Patrizio "Old Temple's Almanack" was highly amusing—a chuckle every line. *** Are you people actually serious about objecting to the use of the word "Scotch". I thought it was an elaborate joke. Well, it damn well should be!

44
CHICKEN-WAGON Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon Or is it true that now you have sold a story to F&SF and become a PRO and all that you are dropping the "Biff"? Sic gloria mundia and all that.

CHICKEN-WAGON was good, but not up to *SKOAN* or even FUN WEEKLY (what do I mean even?). You have a fine style and I dig your sense of humor immensely, but I'm sort of curious to see how you'd write if you weren't trying to be funny.

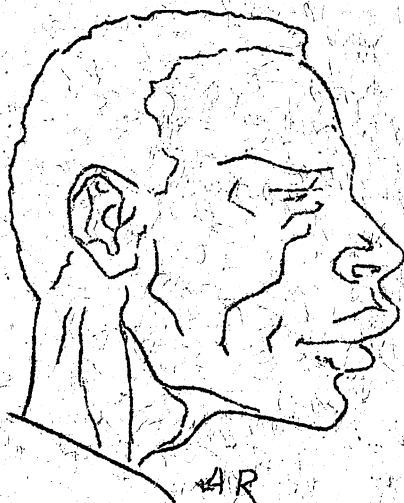
ZOUNDS - Bob Lichtman The best item this time was Nelson's cover. Your ditto seems to be improving, but I'm nevertheless glad to hear that you've seen the light and are "going mimeo". *** You've got a good set of mailing comments too. They were always fairly good and they seem to be getting better with every issue.

QUARTERING - Don Fitch My ghod! What excellent duplication! It makes me drool. I'm fascinated by the fact that you make your living growing tropical foliage plants.....details please. *** It's going to be nice having you in OMPA.

OLLA PODRIDA - Walter Breen I am croggled that you think violence an important ingredient of the Oz books. What violence that is there is totally unreal, except perhaps for the deaths of the two wicked witches in the first book. Just contrast the Oz books with the Grimm and Anderson fairy tales which you mention. They are full of scary violence. The Oz books are full of adventure. There is a difference. As for your remarks on the ineptitude of the plotting and characterization, I think you must be judging them from an adult point of view. Children just don't dig the same sort of plot and characterization that adults do. Or at least they do very rarely. I agree with you however that the books have no real masculinity.

"When I said: 'Almost always if you notice the ideas in a novel or story, insofar as you notice the ideas, that story is a failure as a work of art' I didn't mean that stories don't have ideas. Obviously not. And of course great ideas are a big help in making great stories. However on first reading the reader is not aware of these ideas qua ideas. He is absorbing a story to which these ideas are background, motivation, etc. Most readers are never aware of them--even intelligent readers. They do absorb them of course, but when/if they seep into the conscious mind, they are not associated with the story(s) they came from.

They may even be assumed to be original thought. Of course not all readers are like this. I'm sure you are not. And of course anyone can train himself to look for the ideas behind a book. Most critics do of course. But the general reader--even the highly intelligent general reader--doesn't.



You list Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, the author of the Book of Job, Dostoevsky, Sartre, Kafka, Orwell and Paul Goodman as exceptions to this rule. I think you're wrong. I particularly surprised at your listing the Greeks since being a Greek buff and all you should know that they didn't think of their work that way. I will grant the author of the Book of Job as a partial exception. The others--most readers

would notice the story and the emotional impact of the ideas, not the ideas themselves. Except for Paul Goodman's works, and those I do consider failures as works of fiction --interesting, stimulating and valuable though his ideas may be. And of course slow readers probably notice ideas in a work the first time they read it--but most educated readers are not slow readers.

OUTPOST Fred Hunter The cover is very striking; it must have been a tremendous amount of work. *** Fortunately I managed to avoid seeing "Our Vines have Tender Grapes". Never could stand Margaret O'Brien. *** You have a fine first issue there.

SCOTTISHE - Ethel Lindsay We play the card game Cheat over here too, only I know it as I Doubt It. I've only played it once or twice since a tad, but I see that in the right company it could be a whale of a game.

Willis' account of his ill-fated con report of the British Convention of 1951 made the best "Warblings" in my time in OMPA.

I enjoyed your natterings as usual. Your account of your nursing career is very fine stuff. This time around I found myself disagreeing with almost all of your judgments of books, but I don't feel strongly enough about any of them to discuss them with you.

And SCOTTISHE is "Top of the Mailing" again.

SIZAR - Bruce Burn The "tender poems" were at least poems, which leaves you totally without competition in the poetry category. *** The glimpse of your childhood was fascinating. Maybe you too should give us your autobiography.

DOLPHIN - Elinor Busby Running boards on cars were great things. I remember riding on them also; but it's been years. '39 or '40 models were the last cars to have them. Sigh..... On Nostalgia!

Muff Muff's last litter was from a yellow tom, only she didn't have calico kittens. She had four and one of them had faint markings of calico, but that was all. Next time, however, we are going to mate her with Deuteronomy who is not only an orange tom, but also her son, so we think the kittens probably will be calico. Want one?

UL - Norm Metcalf The Fletcher-Munson compensation curves can be used to good effect; a loudness control can be better than just turning down the volume. But it's not the same as playing the high fi at a decent level, and I doubt that even Fletcher would claim that it was.

Yes, I was guilty of gross oversimplification in my high fi discussion. And naturally if everything else is assumed equal, more power means more output. But that's just the point. Everything else isn't equal. However you do have a valid point that the more expensive amplifiers are the ones with highest power, but that they may be better because they are also designed better, not because they have higher power.

I think you are wrong about ERB and other writers who have glaring errors when you say that you assume because of those errors the writer could hardly be bothered writing the book. He just didn't give a damn about the particular type of error he was making, but he still could be intensely interested in his book. I think that ERB "lived" his books, that they were vicarious adventure for him too; he enjoyed writing them and worked at it. But he wasn't at all interested in science.

MORPH - John Roles My favorite Haggard is that African trilogy, the one that starts out with Marie and finishes up--appropriately enough with Finished. But most of Haggard, though I liked it very much on first reading, I just can't wade through again.

This reminds me that the movie "King Solomon's Mines" is going the rounds again--the technicolor one with Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr. Glorious photography and scenes of Africa anyhow. But back in the middle thirties I saw another version in black and white which stimulated my sense of wonder mightily. I don't recall who the stars were, but it didn't even stick as closely to the book as does the current version. Did anyone else see it?

I've never known anyone who actually plays Auction Bridge today, but books on it are still published and ever now and then I see an obscure reference to it as if it were a living thing.

Our states do have mixed-up laws. The same crime can get you six months in one state and twenty years in another. Lawyers, doctors, dentists, etc. have to pass State Boards' in each state they practice in. Liquor and drinking laws are notoriously different; it's a real hodge podge. And then we have things like California's refusing to allow any fruits, vegetables or produce to be shipped into the state. Every vehicle--except planes of course--is stopped at the California border and searched.

The Lolita letters looked vaguely interesting, but the effect of the small type and bad repro was such that I didn't read them.

VAGARY - Bobbie Gray The Little Men managed to get a prior showing of "The Day the Earth Caught Fire." Most of us enjoyed it very much. Apart from the stiffish aspects, I thought the love story was very well done indeed.

I wouldn't say that our youngsters are harried into sex before they are ready for it. After all the strongest sexual drive in a male occurs during the ages 16 to 19 and that's when most American boys have their first sex experience. We do of course let the sexes mingle and let "nature take its course", but that's not pushing. In fact there is much pushing in the opposite direction. Of course the practice of dating is being taken up younger and younger, but American dating is really more a social phenomena than a sexual one. But of course it does provide opportunity. And there are some absurd excesses nowadays. Formal parties complete with tuxedos and evening gowns--not to mention full orchestra--for 9 & 10 year olds. That is pushing. They aren't ready for it until puberty at least.

I figured that the guy telling me the story about the easiness of British girls was misstating the case more than a trifle, but I thought I'd repeat it to see what reaction it would get.

Bill's witchcraft articles were interesting, but I wish he had gone deeper into the subject. Perhaps later?

Have you seen the movie they made from Fritz Leiber's Conjure Wife? They called it "Burn, Witch Burn". It's quite good I think; one of the best fantasy films I've seen. The graveyard scene was spine chilling. Of course they too strongly implied that it was all psychological, but that's the movies for you.

I recently saw an article in BUSINESS WEEK about how Shakespeare festivals are good business. Not only do the theaters rake in the dough, the festivals bring in hoards of people who spend money all over the place. I have a sinking feeling that all sorts of ill-prepared and ill-present Shakespeare is going to spring out from nowhere.

And a quicker run through the June Mailing....

AMBLE - Mercer Yes, the minutemen got mention in Heinlein's "Heirs of Patrick Henry" broadside. He said something like, "Who are the heirs of the minutemen?" and lo and behold it turns out to be those like Heinlein who are willing to risk death and destruction in preference to slavery. He probably has a point too.

OUTPOST - Hunter Glad to see you hitting every mailing--you have a fine zine. Both your matherings and mailing comments are extremely readable. In fact they're damn good.

Harness stenciled his illo on the cover of ASP, but Dave Rike did the lettering guide work. But you are right--Harness does know what he is doing.

A FOLIO OF PHILBY - John Baxter Philby has something. Don't know what it is, but it's something. Keep him drawing.

ERG - Jeeves The more I learn about British hotels the more I wonder what their philosophy towards their guests is. They certainly don't seem strong on service; they seem to have an attitude of "Well, here's the room, Mac; take it or leave it."



What brought all this to mind was the fact that the convention was billed for rooms booked, but not taken. And this seems to be a normal practice. I recall mention of something similar at the '57 worldcon, but then I vaguely thought that was a special circumstance due to guaranteeing a minimum number of rooms, etc. In the U.S. if you reserve a room (we "reserve" rooms or "make a reservation", not "book" them), you don't pay if you don't take the room. Of course they might not hold the room too long for you if you don't make a deposit and you forfeit the deposit if you don't show up, but a reservation is not a definite agreement to take the room.

The treatise on blind flying was a gas.

UL - Metcalf The British attitude towards the constitution seems peculiar to me too. It seems to be anyhow to be roughly: "It does make any difference what the constitution says, we'll do what seems best at any given moment. If so, why have a constitution? But I'm sort of prejudiced to the American point of view which is either you have no rules and make the officer(s) absolute dictators (and elect officers you can trust--every year) or you spell out everything in considerable detail--nit-picking all the time to be sure it's spelled out right, and then obey the letter of the law--even if it means throwing out your best friends and/or most valuable members.

I wonder just how FAPA would have handled the Bennett situation, having the treasurer being due to be tossed out for lack of activity. It certainly would have resulted in pages upon pages of correspondence amongst all the officers and probably several emergency official postmailings. Undoubtedly the British way is simpler, but I still feel some qualms about the poor, bleeding constitution.

PHENOTYPE - Eney Well I see that the Eney/White feud is in OMPA in spite of dismay and all that. A word of advice to all non-combatants: ignore it. It won't go away, but if you don't ignore it, you'll carry away some dandy scars for suveniors and all that. Both Eney and White are strong and stubborn men; they swing a mean battle axe, not to mention, knives, clumbs, mombs, one shots, con reports, broadsides, etc. This thing has gone on so long and at such intensity that neither one is even capable of being rational about the other, much less willing to try.

Don't even try to settle specific arguments or anything: you'll wind up a lackey of the side you appear to support--in the other's eyes of course. Why recently poor Norman Metcalf tried to say that he was a disinterested observer, but on this one particular point Ted White seemed to have some rationality on his side. The roof fell in on him. And poor Norm was quite bewildered. As he said, "I'd known and disliked Ted White for years before I even heard of Dick Eney."

And of course if you try to say that Dick is right about something, why you're just plain stupid and don't see what Evial ol' Evial Eney is up to.

But on to PHENOTYPE. That Krenkel on the cover of your term paper looks very like a J. Allen St. John illustration for The Son of Tarzan. Different composition though. The paper itself was interesting; think I'll read some of the sources. I didn't know that Indians didn't have type B blood. Don't know why I find facts like that fascinating, but I do.

PFOOT #1 Spencer Though short it was delightfully Spencerish. Glad you decided to stay George.

ENVOY #7 - Schultz People aren't getting anywhere trying to supress the American Church (is that the new name, by the way? I'd heard they changed it from the Native American Christian Church, but not the new name.). It has more ties to Christianity than you say. It's every bit as Christian as the Unitarians say. And of course peyote eating has been an essential part of their rites from the beginning; they never made any bones about it, so they weren't exactly "found" doing it. And the Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional state laws which make it illegal for them to obtain or use peyote.

DARK STAR - Carr Well here we have nasty, bitching ol' Ted White--not to mention nasty, bitching ol' Terry Carr. I suppose in Terry's case we can lay the blame on the New York atmosphere, but I seem to remember that Ted was that way before he went there.

I suspect, Terry, that the British are taught that run-on sentences are bad, but that it isn't quite the heinous crime it is here. I know that in my high school this error was spoken of as the C*O*M*M*A B*L*U*N*D*E*R. An English paper could be otherwise perfect and be a jewel of wit or even a significant contribution to knowledge, but if it contained one C*O*M*M*A B*L*U*N*D*E*R, it received an automatic F. I also thought this was grossly unfair as I thought I might have one by accident or something. However I never did.

I still remember the burning indignation I felt because one of my papers was knocked off a whole grade point because I had a sentence of 100 words or so in it. The teacher admitted that it was a perfectly correct, logical and coherent sentence, but "No sentence should be that long". To add insult to injury he further admitted that the sentence was well enough constructed so that he hadn't realized it was so long the first time he read my paper. But he still knocked me off for it.

It's a pity you caught your error about being wrong when you said that Walter was incorrect in saying "You and I"--I was all set to "kindly" point it out to you. Pity. I think this confusion about when to say "X and I" or "X and me" is the error most educated people are prone to make. It seems to be the only error that many people habitually make. In my case I know it's the only kind of construction that I ever stop and think about. (Of course I frequently make errors--I'm careless, and sometimes I adopt an "incorrect" usage because I think it's more effective and/or attention-getting.) But I have to think about the I or me problem. I even have a couple of tricks for dealing with it. (1) I drop out the "X and"--mentally--and this solves a lot of problems. (2) I insert--mentally--the understood words of the sentence which are omitted. In Walter's sentence they would have been "You and I are beardlings."

SOUFFLE - Baxter You undoubtedly agree with Robert M. Hutchins--a noted American educator--who said, "Whenever I feel the urge to exercise, I lie down till it goes away."

I haven't read Gentleman Junkie yet, mainly because I refuse to buy it and so give Harlan royalties--even the penny or so for a paperback. Sooner or later though I'll have to borrow it and read it--I hear his portrayal of me is most unflattering. But then Harlan and I simply do not get along.

I disagree with most of your comments about the Egoboo Poll categories. I would be in favor of dropping the "Best Poet" category though and combining "Best Editor" and "Best zine" as people do tend to vote for them interchangeably. The logic behind the original split between the two was on the one hand to have more points in the accumulative totals for a good zine and on the other that you might vote an all mailing comment zine like UL or an all wacky zine like CHICKEN-WAGON as "Best Zine" you really couldn't vote for their editors as best editors.

Incidentally there is no category "Best Writer"; I think you must have been thinking about "Best naterings writer". I think that category should be left in to encourage people to write them. And I think fiction writing and article writing are two distinctly different skills or talents. It is rare for the same person to be equally skilled at both. And both are desirable. I think there should be two categories.

And many a good zine has damn poor layout or reproduction. But I really wouldn't object too strenuously to dropping that category too.

SALLY-PORT & ENVOY #6 - Cheslin I agree with you about A Case of Conscience. I thought it vastly overrated. I liked the original novelette in IF, but didn't care for all the tack-ed on material used to compete it. I don't mind theology, but I'm not very interested in it. And there isn't much to ACOC if you don't find those theological points vital and all that.

You mean E. R. James is still alive?

You do exasperate me. I like and am interested in what you say, but the horrible difficulty of puzzling it out. My reading speed slows down to about 1/4th of its normal rate and I still have to come to many dead stops while I try to puzzle it out. Your meaning, that is. Not to mention having to reread and reread. And finally just to plain old deduce what the hell you are talking about. Not to mention, guess. Why can't you be a little clearer? Or duller, so I won't want to bother? Of course I exaggerate, but not too much.

Anyhow, that was the con report to end all con reports. Sort of funny too.

MAILING COMMENTS - Jhim Linwood There is a new wrinkle on prejudice in the U.S. which in some respects is wryly amusing. Hillbillies from the Appalachian Mountain states are moving by droves into midwestern cities: Chicago, Detroit, etc. (The same people who preserved the English and Scottish folk songs.) They are meeting with a very cool reception as they are not too fond of work, have drunken brawls all over the place, are loud, dirty and have an entirely different order of morals. So, they are discriminated against. This means that we now have a persecuted minority group of white, anglo-saxon protestants of pure English and Scottish descent! It's phenomenal.

VAGARY - Gray I shall have to reread Kingsley's Westard Ho! I've come across all sorts of references recently, praising both it and The Cloister and the Hearth. I didn't like them very much when I first read them, but I was quite young. I might now.

We've had some trouble here in S.F. that points out some ridiculous aspects of some attitudes towards discrimination. As part of their graduating exercises a high school was putting on a musical made from Huckleberry Finn. It was written, directed, produced, etc. by students, and naturally students were playing all the parts. One of the main characters, of course, is Jim the runaway slave and there were other parts for slaves. Negro students in the school were cast in these parts. Now this school has never had racial troubles before, even though 1/3 of the students are Negro. When the father of the boy who was playing Jim found out about it, he raised the N.A.A.C.P. (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People--an extremely effective pressure group.) And he yanked his son out of the play. There was great furor in all the newspapers, pickets all over the place, etc. The boy's father, a Negro minister, the N.A.A.C.P., and most of the Negroes around objected to the portrayal of Negroes as slaves! They say with all the racial tension, discrimination, etc. now going on, some happier aspect of Negro life should be portrayed.

Things were really humming for awhile. Finally when it was pointed out to "Jim's" father that things were so far along that if he withdrew his son he would sabotage the play, he allowed him to appear "to fulfill his obligation". However, the performance was picketed and almost all Negroes boycotted it. The critics said it was a very good play and quite faithful to the book, Huckleberry Finn, which as you know is very anti-slavery, treats Negroes as human beings, etc.

I always enjoy your mailing comments and this time is no exception. They are lively, interesting and meaty. I agree with a lot of your opinions and attitudes and disagree violently with others--several of these I've argued with you about--but it's always a pleasure to read them.

I thought that Bill dealt quite adequately with the main points about reincarnation. I would like to believe in it myself, but consider it very doubtful. One idea I've toyed with is: assuming that reincarnation is true, what happens as Earth's population gets higher and higher? Do individuals "rest" for a shorter time between reincarnations? Are individuals who were non-human in previous lives get promoted--or degraded? And just think, some time towards the turn of the century--assuming present trends and birth rate--there are going to be more people alive than have previously lived in the entire history of mankind! That should have some effect on the system!

You mean that people still take seriously the difference between the white rose and the red rose? That fight isn't dead yet?

MORPH - Roles Which Haggard books do you think could be called great? And which dozen or so would you classify as first-class? *** While we probably have numerous political differences, I would describe my political attitude about as you did yours: "I'm a conservative Fabian Anarchist. i.e. with the principles of Anarchism as preached by that school, but with Fabian overtones, i.e. Not in Our Time & conservative in Pohl and Pohl and Kornbluth's sense."

I suspect that if it is true that English boys are 4 or 5 years behind American boys in social development (and not only relations with girls was meant here, but poise, self-confidence, independence, ability to talk and socialize, etc.) and American boys are 4 or 5 years behind English boys in education that this is not a coincidence. There is only so much time, and one thing has to be developed at the expense of another.....

And to quibble a little....a high divorce rate seems chiefly a function of how easy it is to get a divorce. It seems that where divorce is quick, easy and financially painless; almost all marriages not involving children break up in three or four years (unless religion forbids). Those that don't tend to be people in their thirties or over.

A couple of years ago I picked up 11 volumes--at 25¢ apiece--of a 12 volume complete works of Captain Marryat. I've read about half of them and Mr. Midshipman Easy three times. I wonder if Walter is familiar with his Olla Podrida? But I imagine his choice of that for a fanzine title was because of the term's American usage. It means a conglomeration of all sorts of diverse things.

SCOTTISHE - Ethel Lindsay In the U.S. the term "graduate student" means one who has graduated, i.e. has his B.A. or B.S., but is still a student, studying for a higher degree.

Ian Peters article was very fine. I must plead guilty to sloppy use of the term "British". Even in school "British" and "English" are used as interchangeable terms--mostly--so it's difficult for me to be precise with them even though I know the correct meanings. One thing I am a wee bit doubtful about though is: Is it correct to call Canadians, Australians, etc. British?

(Reminds me of the difficulties with the term "American". Canadians get vilely upset if you call them Americans (particularly New Zealand Canadians) "Damn it! Canada is a separate country!" And Mexicans, etc. get very upset if you don't call them Americans. "Carrumba! Mexico is in America too!")

I must confess that my sentence "Of course it was England who gave Scotland the peace, tranquility, etc. so that the clan leaders didn't need the protection of an armed band that enabled them to do so" was most provocative in intent. Would that all provocation produced as fine a result as Ian's article.

I am surprised that I had my facts so straight--you see most of my knowledge of the subject comes from anti-Scotch remarks dropped in passing by Josephine Tey and John Dickson Carr. Where I was evidently wrong was about the clans. I knew they were blood kin, savage tribes, etc., but I didn't know they were that united...

But when it comes to interpretation of the facts! Of course I don't know how seriously you people take your Scotch nationalism, but to me it's an amusing pose or a fine hobby, but it's sad to see anyone take it seriously. Like, what's the point? Independence? Ridiculous. The proverbial snowball in hell and all. Preserving a separate Scotch culture? Not a chance with modern communications--radio,

movies, TV--not to speak of increasing ease of transportation. In a hundred years, even the brogue will be gone and what Scottish culture that remains today completely absorbed....except that part kept alive for its quaintness. For ghod's sake, give the poor culture a decent burial, don't try to keep it alive and make it a mockery and travesty of what it was.

Ian compared the clans to certain Indian tribes. A statement made years ago by an old Indian warrior always impressed me greatly: "The Great Spirit gives each people a cup from which to drink the waters of life. The cup is their attitudes, their beliefs, their ways of looking at the world. Our cup is broken now. My people must drink from your cup or go thirsty."

The Scotch cup has been broken for some time and stubbornly insisting on retaining differences and insular peculiarities that still exist isn't going to put it back together again. For all practical purposes you're using the English cup and maintaining pride by insisting that this or that unimportant difference makes it a different cup. After all, Scottish is just an English dialect. Whether you admit it or not.

Are you still speaking to me, Ethel?

As for the period covered in Ian's article, naturally England put down armed rebellion with some severity; what did the rebels expect? And naturally England broke up a social system that was a danger to her holding Scotland. She would have been singularly foolish if she hadn't--irrespective of the merits of the social system. However by the standards of the times she was extraordinary lenient. Scotland wasn't treated like a conquered province, but like a part of England. (Of course the Scotch didn't want to be treated as a part of England, but they wouldn't have cared for the way we treated the Indians either. They were lucky, those old Scots.)

Of course it must be obvious that I have some more knowledge of the subject that that gleamed from Tey and Carr--I was striking a pose and then changed horses in midstream. But of course the American melting pot is very effective and we are mostly brought up to be pro-English. My Scotch, Irish, German and Dutch ancestry rather overshadows my English so I'm hardly of pro-English stock, but that's the way I was brought up. (Come to think of it--I may not have any English blood at all--isn't Hamilton a Scottish name?)

And too, in school we are presented with a dewey-eyed picture of both American and English history. However as far as American history is concerned corrective information is readily available, so in American history I know where the bodies are buried. Not so much for English.

One thing about Ian's article surprised me. In several places he seemed to imply that there is anti-Scottish sentiment around. Really? It seems incredible... Of course I can see that people might get annoyed at people carrying chips on their shoulder and objecting to perfectly proper words like "Scotch" and all....After all, some prejudices are reasonable.....

Help! I surrender!

What affect has the N. H. S. had on the death rate in Britain? What's the birth rate like? What's the N. H. S. policy on birth control information?

Glad you're coming over, Ethel. Hope I see you before you read this.

BINARY - Patrizio Anne's article was very well written. It is a pity that all the relief and charitable organizations are doing to help the world's Need is but a drop in the bucket. Fortunately in lots of places the situation is better than it was, although things are still desperate in Africa.

I am thankful that I'm not old enough to live until the time where the present birth rate increases the world's population to the point where world resources are physically inadequate to feed it, so a large number of people must starve to death in order that the rest may live. Of course birth control could solve the problem--but it's highly unlikely. It's much more like that we'll all be blown up.

Most American doctors do a lot of charity work, and, as has been pointed out, they compensation under the King-Anderson bill would actually be greater than it is now. They object to the auxiliary features of the bill--the controls and supervision that the government wants to set up over their activities.

Have you heard about the doctor's strike in Saskatchewan? The province passed a sort of national health service and something like 90% of the doctors there are either moving away or refusing to treat any patients--except emergency treatment--unless it is repealed. If they don't weaken--out of plain old human compassion or something--there is nothing the government can do but give in. They have the support of the large majority of the medical profession in Canada and the U.S. And again, it's not a question of fees, their total compensation would be higher. It's the government control they object to. Not all doctors go along with the majority; some say that the good of the program outweighs the evils of the controls. Nevertheless I suspect that the image of a doctor is going to be highly tarnished from now on.

DOLPHIN - Elinor Busby It's very odd, but when I have teeth pulled under novacain I never have the slightest pain afterwards--except for one wisdom tooth where they really had to dig to get the roots out and even then I felt only minor twinges.

I don't know who Bill Terry is. Lichtman wouldn't tell me.

One good thing about American society: however conformist it may be, it's relatively to "drop out" and form your own society within it--as long as you conform on the surface.

MAINIAC - Main I see that you have the California drivers' syndrome. You confuse courtesy with competence. By the standards of the rest of the U.S. (not just the east, the rest of the West too) California drivers are extremely courteous, but mostly incompetent. Competence in driving consists of (1) Physical ability to control, maneuver and handle the car and (2) Ability to react to other traffic on the road and/or emergency situations. California drivers fall down most sorely on this last point and the nature/style of California driving is such that they never get a chance to learn some of the finer points of driving.

Perhaps it's because California has so many freeways--even in the cities, but California driving seems to be predicated on the idea that nothing should ever disturb the smooth, ordinary flow of traffic and that if a driver has the right of way, that settles the matter. Elsewhere the right of way just gives you a superior position from which to bluff and any driver who depended very much on the smooth, ordinary flow of traffic wouldn't live very long.

The Eastern driver has the assumption that the drivers of other cars are alert, that they see him and are aware of what he is doing. He heads for a stream of traffic expecting the oncoming cars to slow down and/or put on the brakes. They do. They don't get mad; this is the way the game is played. When an Eastern driver tries this

in California, the California drivers probably don't see him until they hit him. And California drivers get slaughtered in the rest of the country when they drive there. They just aren't alert. Awhile back in FAPA Bob Leman told about a Wyoming legislator who introduced a bill in the legislature requiring all California cars entering the state to carry a large flag so people could watch out for them. They're dangerous. The legislature didn't pass the law, but all of Wyoming had a good laugh. It seems that most of the automobile accidents in Wyoming involved California cars.

And of course there is the other type of California driver--the one who expects the other drivers on the road to be predictable and weave in and out of traffic in a very irresponsible manner. They get away with it after a fashion in California--they ~~sure~~ couldn't in other states.

But even in California emergencies occur and because the California drivers are not used to the unexpected happening, they usually can't adequately deal with them.

Of course the best solution is to be a courteous driver and to still be alert, but possibly it's difficult to maintain alertness unless it is constantly necessary. And certainly it seems impossible to develop this alertness except in situations where it's necessary.

At the opposite extreme from California is New York City--where the computations and permutations get quite complicated and a dented fender is all in the days work. This is why N. Y. C. insurance is so very high. As far as injuries and death are concerned the New York record per auto mile driven is very good indeed. And almost all New York drivers are very good--they have to be.

I sincerely believe that the California coddling of pedestrians is very dangerous--to the pedestrian. They have the right of way and casually step out into the stream of traffic expecting cars to stop for them. They mostly do as California drivers are alert for pedestrians--if not for other cars--but with the general California non-alertness and the wild and woolly drivers pedestrians get hit all the time. New York's safety record for pedestrians is better, and in N. Y. the pedestrian is expected to watch out for himself.

In New York if a pedestrian is still in the cross-walk when the light changes, you start up anyhow. If he doesn't leap for safety, he gets hit. He knows this and leaps. (Of course special consideration is given the old, children, etc.--but it would be unwise for them to depend too much on it.) When I first moved to New York a friend warned me, "It's safer to cross against the light, rather than with it. When you cross with it, you'll lulled into a false sense of security." That isn't too much of an exaggeration.

You say that "Speeding, lane straddling, no signaling, pulling out in front of traffic, not watching for pedestrians, etc....characterize the Eastern Driver." Two of these are not characteristic: lane straddling and not signaling. You probably just had bad luck with the lane straddling; as for the not signaling, Eastern Drivers almost always signal. However even during the day they don't use hand signals, they use the light signals. California law requires that during the day hand signals be used, but I believe that it is the only state that so requires and certainly it is the only place I have driven--since light signals became universal--where they are used to any great extent. Being used to California driving you probably do not watch out for and do not see the light signals. Eastern Drivers do.

But California drivers sure are nice and friendly and courteous. Too bad they can't drive.

THE ELIZABETH ST. BUGLE - Kearney I don't know how it is in Britain, but here the movies most definitely take a back seat to TV. Movie theatres by the thousands have been forced to close and quite a few studios have gone bankrupt or ceased producing films. And of course the level of TV is generally lower than that of the movies ever was. It's Gresham's law operating I suppose. (The Bad always drives out the Good.)

A fine first issue, but I see you've broken the pattern and not told us too much about yourself. How old are you? What do you do? (Besides work at Swan's Tours).

SIZAR - Burn I liked "Coeur d'Lion". The ending was very well-handled, but the beginning was a trifle slow. Your dialogue was in general quite good, but it sounded a trifle awkward in a couple of places. I didn't care for the passages where you related Patty's thoughts; they didn't come across well to me.

INERTIA - Fekete I sort of feel that as long as we are mostly ignoring the constitution anyway, we might have let B. Joseph stay in. INERTIA does show interest and all that.....and it seems as if he would be an asset.

I liked your editorial, Joe, and sympathize with you in your trials and tribulations—you seem to have a particularly virulent case of parent trouble. But there are those who can write well about themselves, using the third person, and there are those who can't. You are one of the ones who can't. Stick to the first person.

I'm afraid I skimmed through the articles. Have you ever read Terry Carr or Dick Lupoff on some of the articles in KIPPLE?

I don't think you've quite caught the trick—or the idea—of mailing comments yet, but it's nice to see you in there plugging.

Postmailings to the 31st Mailing

RACKHAMART - Buckmaster I'm very sorry that you have dropped out, Daphne. I hope it was all a mistake and you'll be back with us soon. ***
Rackham has a good technique and obviously gets down on paper/stencil pretty much what he wants to. However he doesn't know as much about art as he seems to think he does and he is very vulnerable to criticism on the type of thing he chooses to put down.

CYRILLE - Evans Unfortunately this got misplaced—the common fate of postmailings. But I enjoyed reading it, and I'm very glad that you decided to stay in OMPA, Bill. I hope you'll soon have time to hit almost every mailing again.

My God! Was I long winded.....And this was supposed to be a "brief run through."
Oh well.....

contents

Cover.	Jack Harness	1
Venom.	Bill Donaho	3
The Utopian Novels of Robert Heinlein	Al haLevy	11
Glockenspiel	George Locke	17
A Requiem for ASTOUNDING .	Alva Rogers	23
Vituperations.	Bill Donaho	42
Bacover.	Bjo	58

Lars Bourne, page 8
J. Brian Donahue, pages 3, 17, 42, 56
Jack Harness, page 11
Terry Jeeves, pages 9, 22
George Metzger, page 19
Pat Scott, page 6
Alva Rogers, pages 23, 41, 44, 47

ASTOUNDING Covers, between pages 24-25,
26-27, 28-29, 32-33, 34-35, 38-39

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