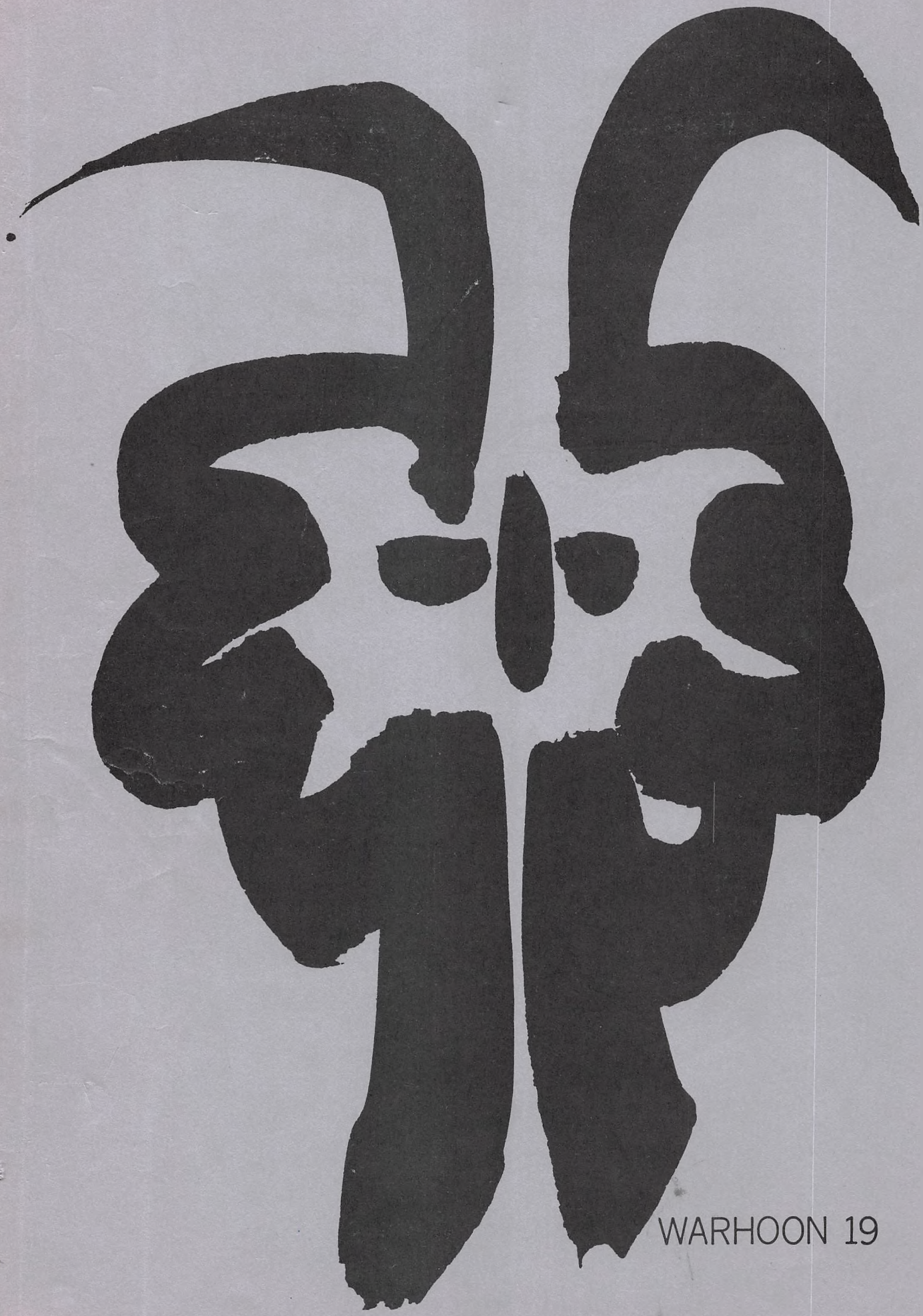


WARHOON 19

WARHOON

Warhoon is edited and published quarterly by Richard Bergeron at 333 East 69th Street, New York City 21, New York. This is issue number 19, dated February 1964. It is available to contributors, writers of letters, in trade for your publication, or for 20¢ per copy or 5 issues for $1. All material is created by the editor, unless otherwise credited, and represents his opinions and viewpoints. Material that is credited expresses the opinions of the contributor. All letters will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified.

The fact that last issue's editorial started off with "Do you love me?" and that issue was over a year ago are completely coincidental. Maybe if the majority of you had answered in the negative I would have continued publishing just to win you over. Maybe. But the truth is, it's just that I've had a full year.

You may or may not recall that this issue is scheduled to appear in April 1963. I don't think it's going to make it. And apparently it missed the July and October deadlines as well. If they're needed I have a list of excuses as long as that period but inspite of them there's still a feeling of guilt for having neglected Wrhn for so long. My ambitions for the magazine seem to have pretty much fullfilled themselves but a number of special issues and shocks are contemplated for the immediate future. I hope some of them materialize.

The reason this carnival closed down for repairs was that since April a trio of ambitions in other areas were themselves fulfilled and left me with as little interest as time for Wrhn. Around the end of March I moved to my present address and settled into much more spacious quarters. July saw me leave for Europe and a motor trip that took me from Paris to San Tropez via Geneva, Venice, Florence, Rome and Nice. (One of the ironies of this junket was that I left a large envelope of letters and egoboo for Walt Willis with the girl who took care of the apartment while I was away. It seemed that I'd given her inadequate postage and it didn't occur to her to make up the difference. When I returned I had to mail them myself. You know, of course, what the first stop the plane made on the way over was? Shannon, Ireland.) On returning from Europe I resumed the quiet job hunting I'd been nibbling at half heartedly before leaving and promptly landed a position at the one place I've been trying to get into for the past 5 years.

So it has been a remarkable 12 months. If the fates intend to top themselves in the coming year, I can't imagine what they can possibly come up with. Unless it's membership in FAPA.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ANATOMY OF FANAC

"Ted, we wouldn't dream of cutting a first-rate item to make it come out on the bottom of the page of CRY. But I will frankly confess that not everything printed in CRY rates this tender consideration. For example, your column on Mrs. Shirley Camper really delighted us, and we printed it strictly intact. The last column we received from you, however, we thought quite ordinary and eminently cuttable. If you were really unhappy about my cutting it, I don't quite know what to say. But I'll tell you this much Ted: any time you send us material that we think is really first-rate, we'll print every word if we have to run it in installments. If you send us material that we don't think is first-rate, we'll make it come out even at the bottom of the page if we have to cut off your punch-line. So now you know. The difficulty would be if you sent material that you considered first-rate and we didn't. The answer would probably be to send back anything we'd be tempted to cut -- however that might run into more work

than I'd care to take on at this time. (I'm not putting you down, Ted -- but if we sent back your stuff we'd have to do it for all our contributors)." -- Elinor Busby in SALUD #15, January 1963.

"I do very little editing of material in Wrhn other than in my own writing -- and that shouldn't count since it comes under my duties as a writer more than an editor. I doubt that I've cut or altered more than 30 lines in all 18 issues. This is a result of my feeling that a writer has to satisfy himself with his work and the perhaps too optimistic belief that a writer isn't going to all that work just to produce something that he isn't satisfied with -- unless someone pays him for it. I assume, then, that the contributor is satisfied with his work and am accordingly hesitant about intruding in such a personal area as telling him how he could improve something he already likes. In any event, I could only suggest changes from a personal standpoint and am not convinced that that standpoint is any more valid than the contributor's. Consequently my number of outright rejections is much much higher than my stack of alterations. ... The contributor is always happier to see something published the way he wrote it (and inasmuch as he always receives the credit or blame for it, I see no reason why he should be credited with the results of an imposition on my part)." --Richard Bergeron in Wrhn #18, January 1963.

A LAST LOOK AT SAPS

Several months ago my membership in the Spectator Amateur Press Society came to an abrupt halt with a sheet of paper bearing my signature and these words: "This is my resignation from SAPS" Unfortunately I do not keep carbon copies of illegible scrawls and can not quote exactly. It was a lightly taken decision -- as everything about SAPS should be. Since then a few sapszines have arrived from time to time and I've been amazed with the curiously dis-oriented feeling they leave me with. Out of context they seem like one half of an overheard telephone conversation or a few pages from some huge round robin letter. It's a rare sapszine that's complete by itself.

However, I'm not entirely finished with the organization. My final mailing contains a few skeletons I want to rattle and I know you timebinders will have no trouble imagining yourselves au courant with the 63rd SAPS mailing.

One of the things I've been waiting to record is my appreciation for Gordon Eklund's spirited defense of my editorial functions. You may recall that I launched an attack against myself as an editor in the last issue.(I was at a lost for someone I hadn't already challenged in SAPS.) Well, instead of calling me a liar Gordon went to the trouble of composing a wonderful paragraph and I must bow to his merciless logic. Gordon obviously failed his fansmanship course -- he should know that anyone would be delighted to be refuted with praise. Praise of course, is irrefutable.) It would have been so easy for him to put me in my place by quoting from the sentence that begins every issue wherein I claim to have not only published but "edited" the thing. But that's not how fascinating mailing comments are written and Gordon, if the evidence of his fanzine is to be believed, knows it. :: Elsewhere Mr. Eklund wrote about the advisability of leaving the country for a few months to see if the absence will result in his appreciating it more when he returns. It doesn't take months. There were many small things refreshing and precious to me after only five weeks. Among them, subway posters for Levy's bread, water you could drink deeply and confidently without asking for "gaseurs", newspapers and magazines you could read, cheeseburgers with healthy looking meat in them, and milk

Walter Breen unfortunately commented on my paragraph about editing (almost entirely reprinted in the preceding editorial section). I doubted "I've cut or altered more than 30 lines in all 18 issues" but Walt revealed "Sorry to disagree, Dick, but you

cut more than 30 lines out of my conreport", which seems to put a neat hole through my pretentions of editing by not editing. I say "unfortunately" because I now must confess that "Our Fan In Chicago" was the one piece, because of its great length and because of the amount of time in which I had to stencil it, that I was forced to make an exception of. I have to claim that 30 line estimate in defense of my position: a count of the blue penciled areas of your manuscript, Walt, tallys exactly 30 full lines though when I say "about 30" I mean to include a few more parenthesises which I seem to recall deleting while stenciling. (However, I did say "I do very little editing" which indicates that I retain at least minor discretionary powers. Thirty lines from a manuscript of some 2408 lines out of 18 issues hardly indicates that I make a habit of editing with a blue pencil.) The only other alterations I can recall making were for a columnist who sent a letter along with the instalment discussing some revision he had in mind and leaving the matter up to me and one word I changed in several places in Willis' first Wrhn Harp (what I thought was his error turned out to be mine). And I often automatically transpose British spelling to American. I'm sorry that there wasn't time to enter into negotiations on the disputed passages, but I hope you wouldn't have wanted me to reject the entire 45 pages for a few lines -- as I most certainly would have had it been a 3 or 4 page article. I would never have removed them from a piece of normal length. Lest the reader begin to assume that I excerpted the core of your convention report let him recall the unbelieveable detail of it as I identify the missing parts as the fannish "japery" written on a Howard Johnson suggestion card, and some skits, songs and jokes indulged in on the way to the convention -- including sexually suggestive comments about nuns.

In my role as agent provocateur I made a few comments last issue designed to inspire reaction to Wrhn as a fanzine rather than a collection of bits and pieces. Taking as my cue Dick Lupoff's reaction to a plea that he devote a page or so to an analysis of Wrhn ("Yeah, real soon now.") I decided that if a reviewer who was conducting (at the time) a regular column of criticism was so adverse to tackling it that a more circuitous means would have to be found for taking the temperature of fandom on the subject of Wrhn. So I asked if you loved me. It was long enough that discussion of world issues and casual pats and pans had been accepted in lieu of evaluation of the magazine. I knew if I asked for a frankly emotional response that fans, being the contrary creatures they are, would naturally respond intellectually. There was a red herring thrown in with that Spanish Fly... and the fannish nibbling at the Spanish Fly was the price I paid for my herring. It was worth it. Don Fitch produced the most detailed reaction and I want to quote the entire piece here so it can become part of the file so the magazine itself will contain its most searching piece of criticism:

"There is probably a Proper and Correct word or grammatical term for the idea I trying to think of now, but a piece of doggerel keeps getting in the way and I recall it. The definition, however, is "the use of the container for the thing contained". That's what I had in mind when I said that I find Whrn difficult to love. One assumes as axiomatic that a fanzine contains or is an extension of the editor's personality. What I meant, therefore, was that Richard Bergeron, as he presents himself in Wrhn, is a difficult person to get to know and love.

"Perhaps I should hasten to quote the current local catch-phrase "This is not the old LASFS", and make it clear that I'm using the word "love" to cover a large spectrum of emotion and feeling from the moderate liking one feels towards a more-than-casual acquaintance, through friendship in varying degrees, to the deep love which makes one consider another person more important than himself. Your remark about an aphrodisiac indicates that you ~~were~~ ~~a~~ ~~direct~~ ~~were~~ were ascribing a sexual connotation to this word which I had not intended. In short, it is a passion a la Plato I have for the not too informal informal and personal publications which I like best (or love most)in fandom.

"There are little glimpses, here and there in the editor-written material in Wrhn, of Richard Bergeron the Person (as distinct from R.B. the Intellect, who appears frequently, but these are tantalizingly small bits, and in the sum total of issues I've seen (about 8) there isn't enough to let me begin to see and know him as a person on the level I know my friends. There is just enough, however, to make me aware of the fact that he is a person I'd like to know better and account as a friend, even in the rather distant sort of meaning of that word which applys in fandom. There is a certain quality about Wrhn/RB which makes it difficult for me to extend much friendship/affection/love (call it what you will) to him -- a degree of formality amounting almost to standoffishness, which may be exemplified in R.B.'s well-known disinclination to associate with fans, who are, after all, mostly rather bohemian in habits. I visualize meeting R.B. (if I were ever to meet him) at a formal party, dressed if not in white tie and tails, at least in white shirt and a tie and business suit. I can imagine him conducting a long and interesting discussion on some serious topic of current interest, with flashes of humor and wit. But I cannot quite imagine sitting down at the kitchen table with him and drinking beer or coffee and talking the whole night through about those matters (largely personal) which are closest to our hearts, as I can imagine doing (and sometimes actually do) with my friends.

"Normally I'd think nothing of this, and wouldn't even mention it, because there are some people who are friends and some who are not, but R.B. is an anomaly; there are little flashes here and there in his fanzines which strike fire in me, and I keep thinking "Damn! This is someone I'd like to know better". But he doesn't give off these revelations of his inner self very often; most of the time he's formal or at least highly reserved. There's nothing wrong with this, either in a fanzine or in person, and it would be highly presumptious of me to suggest that an individual or a publication change his or its orientation merely to satisfy a purely personal and subjective preference on my part. I really wasn't expressing a strong desire to see Wrhn or R.B. change, I was merely noting what they seemed to me to be, and indicating that they were rather removed from the sort of thing which strikes closest to my heart.

"Regardless of this, I do have a sort of intellectual affection (which is different from an emotional one) for Wrhn, even though I'm not a movie-goer or an art lover or critic. This blue monster is daunting and overwhelming and highly stimulating; it is one of the few fanzines which I read at least twice while current and which is kept filed handy for future re-reading."

Strangely, as searching as this comment is, it misses two fundamental points: (a) everything in Wrhn is of necessity an expression of the personality of the person who put it there and (b) this is quite inadvertant since Wrhn is not designed as a substitute for social contact but as a vehicle for intellectual fireworks. It just isn't possible to get as many reactions to the things I want to say and want to hear about by simply talking. In order to get that I'd have to say the same thing some 200 times and would probably have been locked up long as a nut who goes around repeating the same thing innumerable times. But I will maintain, at the risk of wholesale contradiction, that there is a well defined personality reflected in the pages of Wrhn -- as exemplifed by the varying styles of treatment I've used and the subjects covered starting with the early political themes, moving to fandom, then movies, and most recently art. Perhaps this doesn't convey as complete a picture of a person as the details of what I'm wearing (not a tuxedo,be assured.), drinking habits, or what I feel like after an all night party, but at least you are awake to read the picture that is presented. (As a matter of fact, the perceptive reader ought to be able to draw a profile from this paragraph alone.) The trouble with much fanzine material is not that it is too personal but that it is too picayune. One gets lost in a maze of reports from smoke filled rooms, one is smoothered in itemizations of publishing equipment -- this passes for "personality" in fandom. Doubtless the publishers of

these confessionals have interesting attitudes and opinions that would illustrate their personalities much more definitively but apparently not the confidence or interest to give them to us. (Understand, I'm not attacking subject matter here -- a Willis or a Shaw or a Tucker can make even these dreary subjects come to life but less gifted of us have to be careful to flag interest with content rather than art.) Now then, what "revelations of inner self"? Wrhn is full of adrenalin, which can only be triggered by the deepest promptings of the inner self, and must surely be more revealing than any wardrobe or catalog of activities could hope to be. Be this not so?

RB's "well-known disinclination to associate with fans" is not an exemplification of his standoffishness (which is really his disinclination to tell you things he cannot say entertainingly) but is a coldly calculated decision to take from fandom what is most worthwhile in it for him. I move in many circles but none of them offer a unique experience like publishing a fanzine. The social whirl of fandom is not unique, however. I have associated with fans enough to see that prolonged association would be damaging to my primary interest -- I'm a lazy person and I can talk myself out much easier than I can write myself out. I'm reminded of a dinner I had with Larry and Noreen Shaw at which I discussed at length my feelings on "Operation Abolition". The result was that I was never able to reorganize them onto paper and got only as far as examing Bob Leman's reaction to the film...which was really a fresh facet. Now this is not to say that the Shaws weren't entertaining and rewarding people. The trouble is that they were. I felt I'd stated my position and couldn't face the work of restating it on paper. But if the article had been written, I'd still have had the attention of those charming people plus some liklihood that less liberally inclined eyes would be able to find flaws which didn't occur to the Shaws. This may be an unusual reaction to judge from the publishing activity in such fan centers as Los Angeles and Seattle but it's one that has been noted before -- in the third installment (I think) of Willis' "The Immortal Teacup" and, more recently, in Gregg Calkins' THE RAMBLING FAP where, if memory serves, Gregg confesses that a powerful impetus for OOPSIA! was his fannish isolation. Well, Don, I can drink and kill time and enjoy it as effortlessly as the next fellow but fandom isn't the place for it. I know myself well enough to know that once I started that and got past my initial shyness I wouldn't have time for much else. No, Jim Blish, I still don't drink beer, but you should see me pack away the Courvoisier (neat, please).

A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT

"Boston March 4 (AP) A lightweight Laser rifle, which shoots a destructive ray instead of bullets, has been developed by Maser Optics, Inc. and turned over to the Army. :: The weapon, lighter than the M-1 rifle and powered by a back pack of batteries weighing less than 25 pounds, has been delivered to Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia. :: The rifle's ray, the firm said yesterday, is not enough to inflict serious bodily harm but could set fire to a soldier's clothes. It could also blind someone at ranges of up to a mile. :: The weapon can fire at least one burst of light every 10 seconds and has a lifetime capability of 10,000 pulses or flashes."

RUMBLINGS AT RANDOM.

. It was in one of those fits of purposefulness which occasionally overtakes the gafiated editor that I resolved to produce an unexpected and unusual issue of Wrhn in the later part of last year. I penned a note to Walter Breen, who has been telling us that his FANNISH is completely on stencil and only awaits the cash to publish it, offering to produce it as a special issue of Wrhn. The only reply I had to this note was that it was returned to me bound in a copy of KIPPLE bearing the postmark of Ted Pauls' home state. I know that Ted has some sort of connection with the supernatural but I doubt that even his influence can prevent this message from finally reaching Breen. Are you there, Walter?

AUFGEKNÖPFT

By Robert A. W. Lowndes

There are none that are righteous.

A very common error with both typists and compositors is that which happens when the eye leaves the copy then returns and lights upon the word it left -- only it turns out to be the same word or series of words repeated a line or so below, and thus a bit of copy is inadvertently omitted. This is most insidious when a quick glance at what has transcribed seems to make sense.

Thus, in transcribing "Fellini's Inferno", the typist's glance traveled from a "(1)" in the first paragraph to start on page two of the original manuscript to a "(1)" in the following paragraph. The original copy read:

"There are two further questions: (1) Does looking at this film from this point of view add anything to one's possible experience? (2) Is there any reason for assuming that Fellini planned the film from this angel?

"To answer; (1)..."

What we actually have in the published version is: "There are two further questions: (1) ..." but what follows the "(1)" are the answers. Fortunately, the questions can easily be inferred from the answers, or at least so it seems to me. On the other hand, the transcriber is in no way responsible for the absence of the words "His Grace, the Most Reverend" before the name "Michael Ramsey" in the footnote on page 6; this error was made by the author himself transcribing penciled emendations on the draft into the final copy.

At this typing, I have not seen any comments on the article, and do not know whether I am anticipating any actual flaw-pointing or not. The flaws are there, nonetheless, and ought to be mentioned. The idea for this article came to me shortly after my first two viewings of the film, and I wanted very much to see it a third time before writing, in order to check on details. The Ballantine book was helpful, but misleading at points. The record was helpful, too, but also misleading, as the order in which the selections appear on the record is not the order in which you hear these pieces in the film, at all times. (In some places, unless you have heard the record often enough to be familiar with the music, you may not hear them at all when seeing the film. One of my favorites, "La Bella Melancolia" is just barely audible; the orchestra is playing it in the night club while Papa Rubini is reminiscing about his younger days.)

Knowing how easily the memory can trick one, particularly when one thinks one has a plausible pattern on hand -- can subtly distort recollections so that they seem to fit into the pattern one wants, while data which does not fit somehow drops out of the memory, knowing all these things I held off writing the article for a number of months, trying to get to see the picture again, first. Eventually, it came to the point were I had to make a hard choice: postpone the writing indefinitely, or go ahead with what I had, hoping that a few people I knew, who had seen the film, could correct any disastrous blunders. My time is so filled that the only chance in 1962 was during my fall vacation, and I'd just missed a showing of the movie a day or two before that. So several mornings were occupied with the first draft. Revisions, after I had shown the draft to preliminary critics Pat Constantinos and the Blishes, could be fitted in on weekends.

So ... it seemed generally satisfactory to me until, a few weeks after I received Warhoon #18, I did get to see "La Dolce Vita" again.

Alas!

On the whole, I feel that the article is sound, but there are a few very irritating inaccuracies which could have been avoided.

I was gratified to find that,for me, the movie held up very well on a third viewing, although now the opening half seems to move very slowly, while the last half (starting with the party at Steiner's) goes swiftly. It takes the first half to build up the momentum, and I do not feel that anything could be cut without injury. However, to get to the boners:

When I first mentioned the "jangling theme of the Balinese dancers" to Jim, he looked puzzled then confessed that he'd forgotten it. He hadn't. There is no theme of the Balinese dancers! The central of the three figures just wails. However, what my memory confused with the Balinese dancers is a pseudo-oriental Kettelby-like variation on the middle section of the "La Dolce Vita" tune; you'll hear it on side one of the record, introduced by cymbals. And this variation is audible underneath the sound of the bells when Sylvia and Marcello are climbing the stairs of St. Peters's. It made me think of the dancers -- thus "remember" it as a non-existant dancers' theme. It is also there, underneath the roar of the surf, at the very ending.

The nun who hands Marcello the telephone (disdainfully, by the way, is a very subjective interpretation -- you might think so, you might not) is not the same nun who paces up and down at a parallel to him. The one incident takes place before he goes in to see Emma, the other after he comes out. My fallible memory had telescoped two incidents and two people.

And I was disappointed to find my memory completely false in two other points, which did not, however, affect the article. There is actually very little background music. That was the first surprise and every time I'd heard the record, and we came to the final, very slow blues section, (side two),I'd think "Nadia's strip-tease". Uh-uh. She doesn't strip to the blues; she strips to "Patricia" which goes faster. ("Patricia", by the way, is on the record, side one. I cannot say I care much for the tune; it sounds like a quick rewrite of "All I Do The Whole Day Through Is Dream Of You", which I never greatly cared for,either.)

Virgina Blish thought the article was quite poetic in spots. Could be. But I greatly fear that these were just the places where details should be most suspect. Looking at it coldly and objectively, I could not, today describe the party walking in the woods the morning after as "looking like stuffed animals." It may be true spiritually, but I fixed my eyes on the film that third time, looking for places where the objective reality did not clearly confirm my subjective interpretations -- and this was definitely a place. And the monster has two eyes, not just one, as the article indicates. (You see two, then a close-up of one. And that second close-up of one is the still you'll find in the Ballantine Book.) ... "Put not thy trust in Ballantine," cried Lowndes as he was led away.

Further flaws I leave to Warhoon readers, and doubt not that they will be uncovered.

I WONDER HOW MANY TIMES I HAVE BEEN ACCUSED, and perhaps I have accused others, of lying when I encountered inaccuracies of similar genesis -- failures of memory, the words misheard, or unintentionally distorted into their opposite. One sees so much,

hears so much, what one expects to see and hear -- rather than what was actually there. Sam Moskowitz declares that he did not invent the phrase "sense of wonder" and Walter Breen reports just the opposite. If Breen expected Sam to take credit for the phrase, perhaps he heard the opposite, even though the tape discloses what Sam actually said. Was Breen lying?

What is a liar? A person who makes a statement that is false? Hardly. Our ignorance, even with the most learned of us, is such that we make innumerable statements that are false to the facts -- totally wrong, wrong enough to give a false impression, part-truths which distort -- every day. Lying then would be so commonplace that it would mean no more to say that a person is a liar than that a person is a breather. Besides which, one can lie very effectively without stating a single false fact. No ... a lie is a statement the falsity of which the speaker is aware of at the time, which is made with the intent to deceive. Most lies are false to the facts: that is --what is explicitly stated can be proven false; but many lies are composed entirely or in part of elements which can be proven to be correct. (Vide "how To Lie With Statistics": a method of perpetrating deceit without using a single statement that you cannot prove.)

But we have to have the intent to deceive. A person who tells me something false without realizing himself that it is false, is not lying. It may be ignorance, or temporary failure of memory. It may come from mis-reading, mis-hearing, etc., like Sam's own charges against Damon Knight in relation to "Bradbury's influences". The charges are false, Damon was talking about subject-matter, not style, but was Sam aware of this fact at the time he made his reply?

It is easier to pin a lie than a liar. The person who retells a lie, believing it true, is not a liar. In order to nail the liar, you have to prove beyond reasonable doubt that (a) the accused knew that the statement was false at the time he made them -- five minutes before, five minutes later won't do; a lifetime of memories and recollections can drop out of the consciousness in five minutes; (b) that knowing this the accused then deliberately made the statement with the intent to deceive. -- if he did not think that anyone would believe him, and did not want to be believed, then he's no liar. The liar expects and intends to be believed.

Liars can be spotlighted, but not by any means so easily or so often as is commonly thought. There are always more lies than liars around, anyway. And the only sure method, really, is when the accused liar confesses guilt. (And then... can you believe him?)

LARRY JANIFER SEEMS TO THINK that to say that Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto #1 is not in the upper division of serious music is to attack Tchaikovsky. I do not think so, any more than I would consider a similar statement from Janifer about Beethoven's Piano Quarter Op. 16 an attack on Beethoven. If this had been preceded by a statement that I consider Tchaikovsky's works bad in toto, then it would be different -- but I made no such statement. Nor would I, as I regard the final three symphonies, and "Manfred" very highly -- to mention just a few of Tchaikovsky's other works. But I do not believe that the Piano Concerto is really of such substance to require close attention (which was my stated criterion for the category of "serious music"), but rather that its substance is of such a nature as not to require close attention, although close attention might not prove entirely unrewarding. That is, one can make sense of it and enjoy it, I think pretty well as background music -- there is not really very much more there to be obtained by close attention. And I would say the same thing of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto.

Of course, any music at all can be listened to as light music in the background, and God knows there are enough people who listen to all music that way, if you can say they listen at all. The point I was trying to make is that, with what we can call "light music", one can listen participatively with half an ear; however, there is more subtle substance actually there if you want to make the effort of really paying attention. With serious music, you just can't get it all without concentration upon it -- at least until you are thoroughly familiar with a particular work. People who listen for the tunes might just as well forget it and turn to arrangements of the tunes for dancing.

Larry also objected to my dismissing all arrangements of popular songs as neither requiring nor wanting close attention -- the category I call "just barely" music. He cites several examples which he feels do have enough substance to reward close attention. I have not had occasion to hear these particular examples; but I agree in principle because, now that the point has been raised, I can think of examples myself. These, then, would fall into my category of "light" music. (I'm ready to match tastes with the worst.) Rather than look up esoteric arrangements, I'll cite the score of "La Dolce Vita", which includes arrangements of some popular songs, as what is, for me, an example of light music.

I suspect that it is in this area, the separation of light from just barely music, where the most numerous and least reconcilable arguments will arise. And perhaps, in the long wrong, the least useful.

There are none that are righteous. --Robert A. W. Lowndes

.....

MAIL WARP -- CONCLUSION: so tentatively. One is the fact that Heinlein devoted the central part of his life to being a professional soldier (or navy man). Another is the consistent stacking of the arguments one way (Shakespeare doesn't do that). Another is the motivation that has been suggested, that Heinlein must have boiled at the many anti-militarist stories that were coming out. Without having read "Stranger in a Strange Land", I'd guess that he was there more playing around with ideas without necessarily endorsing them. :: Larry McCombs: Perhaps your variety of pacifist has achieved such inner peace that he doesn't want to be protected. Does he care what happens to his children? :: It is possible that intelligent aliens will be as little concerned with what we do as we are concerned with what the porpoises do.

Wrhn 16: I think Price is wrong in saying that liberals tend to see domestic Communists as at least having their hearts in the right place. The main reason liberals oppose the HUAC and other anti-Communist crusaders is that the anti-Communists are also anti-liberals. In any issue of Christian Crusade, for example, you are likely to find statements that liberals are a greater danger to America than are the committed Communists. And HUAC has always lent itself to blurring distinctions on the left.

RICK SNEARY revisited: Baxter again comes through with a crashing good column. I've not read the story in question, but John's treatment of it was clear and to the point... It is strange that while Blish is one of our field's best writers, and an even better critic of the art, he has been repeatedly guilty of some of the more major violations of our code (unwritten), as well as a few other things. He calls for better stories and turns out clinkers (which he doesn't admit as such -- the code you know says acknowledge your bastards),.. And I blanched at his gall to criticize Fritz Lieber's story of last summer "The Secret Song", as not having anything to do with sf. When only the month before he'd had "Who's in Charge Here" published in the same magazine...which didn't even mention stf or fantasy... But still, he has written the fine old "Okie" series, and does good book reviews... A very mixed man.

.....

THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE
By Walter Willis

RANK AND RANCOR The Eskimoes, it is said, can distinguish fourteen varieties of snow. Certain Polynesian tribes, on the other hand, have only three numerals -- one, two and plenty. All this proves is that the Eskimoes have a lot of snow and the Polynesians a lot of everything else. It would be an arrogant Eskimo who would accuse the Polynesians of being stupid, because if he's so smart why isn't he living on a South Sea island?

So it is with humble perplexity, like a Polynesian in a blizzard, rather than with derision that I point an enquiring finger at the plaque awarded to Fred Pohl at last year's Lunacon. (Fanac 87, which has just made its way to these shores on the back of a sea-going turtle.) It read:

> TO FREDERICK POHL
> WHOSE RISE FROM THE RANK OF SCIENCE FICTION FAN
> TO RENOWNED AUTHOR AND ACCLAIMED ANTHOLOGIST
> AND EDITOR OF SCIENCE FICTION, HAS PROVED INSPIRATIONAL
> --THE LUNARIANS, LUNACON 1962.

I realize it's quite a new departure in literary criticism to start reviewing inscriptions on plaques, an artform which has unfortunately much in common with epitaphs. But any words etched into metal and nailed to a plaque must be assumed to have been carefully weighed, so I take it that this inscription represents a considered view of fandom. It's one well worth examining.

Lunarian-type fandom, it would seem, consists of unpublished authors, frustrated prozine editors and unacclaimed anthologists. Desperately we strive, with the meagre talents at our disposal, to make ourselves worthy of higher spheres of activity, and every now and then one of us attains the dizzy heights of the Great Professional World. Immediately he becomes apotheosised, filling the fans still grubbing round his feet with fresh inspiration to continue their struggle.

Well, I'm sure there are at least fourteen varieties of fandom, and that somewhere there is a variety in which the members really regard fandom as a "training ground for the pros" -- that catchphrase used by people trying to justify a hobby which needs justification to people incapable of understanding the truth. The truth, of course, is that we are amateurs. Amateurs, from the Latin amare, to love. We are not frustrated professionals, any more than an affectionate wife is a frustrated gold-digger. We are in fandom for love of science fiction and the friends we have made through it.

In any field of activity the term amateur is as proud a title as professional, or prouder. It is just an unfortunate historical accident, and not the only thing we have Gernsback to blame for, that we happen to be called fans. We are not fans in the popular sense of fawning acolytes, however disappointing this fact may be to Randall Garrett. Moreover any adulation we do show is, I suggest, largely misplaced. It is all right to admire Ted Sturgeon if you like his writing, just as you may admire Dean Grennell for his. But only for the writing itself and to the extent you admire it, not because one gets paid for it and the other doesn't. I would go further and say that of those honored at the last Chicon the best fanzine editor was more to be admired than the best prozine editor, because the former is at least as good at his hobby as the latter at his job.

If it were generally accepted outside our microcosm that it is an admirable thing to give up a successful mundane occupation and an enjoyable hobby to become an underpaid hack, we should see more plaques on the lines of that awarded by the Lunarians. By some sports association, for instance...

TO JOHN KENNEDY
WHOSE RISE FROM THE RANK OF POLITICIAN
TO RENOWNED PROFESSIONAL TOUCH-FOOTBALLER
HAS PROVED INSPIRATIONAL.

BOB'S YOUR CARBUNCLE Robert Bloch, who plays a role in contemporary fandom strongly reminiscent of that of Yorick in Hamlet, was seen by many at the Chicon last year, and only narrowly avoided by many others. Among the former were Madeleine and myself as you will have noticed from his references to us, complimentary and otherwise, in the last Warhoon.

Last issue I wrote about some of the things America can be proud of. To give a balanced picture, perhaps I should now say something about Robert Bloch, as I saw him.

Someone had removed the sharpened popsicle stick I had driven through his heart in 1952, the only stake I could find small enough, but apart from that he hadn't changed. In fact I don't think he had even been to bed. (I hear he is now travelling everywhere by Greyhound, as the only hope of losing the bags under his eyes.) However it wasn't only because of his appearance that he was required by the Convention Committee to do his turn in the dark even to monster fans. The fact is that he is quite proficient at the magic lantern lecture as an art form, having been a lodger in Frieze-Greene's house in London when the latter invented the camera. It was he, in fact, who plunged the Daguerre into his host's back. Leaving Frieze as dead as a dado he absconded to Soho with the housekeeping money and the kitchen knife.

This proficiency later made him eagerly sought after by producers of horror pictures eager to cut expenses. It is not generally realized, for instance, that the film Psycho is not a film at all, but 14,735 magic latern slides. Bloch and Tucker travel about the country from cinema to cinema changing the slides in the projection booth with a bewildering speed acquired through years of dealing off the bottom of the deck at poker. So much for the clever cutting acclaimed by some critics and unnoticed by others. All that happened was that Bloch or Tucker lost his place.

However those of you who were at Chicago will know Old Lantern Jaw Bloch as he appears at Midwest Conventions, the original Missing Lincoln. What I want to tell you about is Western Bloch, the new slim. Fatty Arbuckle, the Idle of the Movie Colony.

California is a very arid State, and it is possible to drive about in it indefinitely without finding the Pacific Ocean. This is because most of it has been cut into little chunks and put in people's back yards. In the movie colony these swimming pools are cut into odd shapes to symbolize how the star in question made his money, Liberace's being in the shape of a grand piano, and so on. Robert Bloch's pool is book shaped.

Not knowing about this pool, it was some time before I realized that the only reason we had been invited to Bloch's house was so that he could see Madeleine in her black bikini. We spent some time in the house itself first, admiring the various objets d'art which littered the place. I would have said they were priceless, if it had not been for the presence of price tages on each one, with sterling equivalents hastily added in pencil. There was also a type-writer, in which was a half page of

typing. I was too much of a gentleman to peer at a fellow author's half finished manuscript, though I knew it would probably be published that way, so I tactfully ignored it. Madeleine, however, I am glad to say, is no gentleman, and when after some time she realized the piece of paper was too big for a price tag, she went over and read it. It turned out to be a Hitchcock Murder Drama featuring two characters called Walter Willis and Gertrude Carr. Since I came back home I have been glued to my screen, but it has not so far appeared.

One thing I learned from this script was the reason for Bloch's using those very long cigarette holders. When he is typing, the burning cigarette end is dragged along the paper, this accounting for his reputation among editors of writing searing prose.

The true personality of Robert Bloch the Man, however, emerged when he offered us a drink. We asked for orange juice, and after an intensive search he produced a can from the refrigerator and opened it with a beer can opener, which he had no difficulty in finding at all. He then produced a jug and inverted the can over it. Nothing happened. Frowning perplexedly, Bloch offered the can rather timorously to a terrifying machine affixed to the wall, which deftly removed the lid to reveal an unbroken surface of yellow ice. Bloch held the can upside down, shook it frantically, slapped it on the bottom, and tried to pry out the contents with a knife. All this was to no avail, and he finally just stood there jabbing plaintively at the solid ice with a tea spoon.

The spectacle was too much for Madeleine's warm heart and dry throat. She took the can from him, held it under the warm water tap for a moment, and inverted it over the jug. A cylinder of orange juice clattered out and we left the laws of thermodynamics to complete the operation.

As we went out to the pool, though, I felt I had been vouchsafed a glimpse of the real Bloch behind that sophisticated exterior, a simple child of nature lost in the complexity of modern civilization. Behind that cigarette holder was still the barefoot backwoods boy from Weyauwega.

The afternoon at the pool was pleasant and uneventful, except that Bloch tried to drown me, and the chemicals he had introduced into the water did not dissolve Madeleine's bikini.Undaunted, he waited until we had dressed again and offered to drive her to dinner in his red convertible. This is a large vulgar vehicle, commonplace among Arabian oil sheiks , but rarely seen in Ireland because of our innate good taste, narrow roads and 700 years of exploitation by foreigners. It was obviously Bloch's hope that this flamboyant automobile would turn the head of a simple Irish girl, and it had not been for the Incident of the Orange Juice I would indeed have been at a loss to cope with the situation. As it was, however, I merely asked him if the hood came up automatically. Drunk with power, Bloch pushed a button and the hood rose over the car in what I had to admit was an eerily impressive manner. However as I had surmised, the resources of Detroit did not extend to automatically fastening it in front, and the attempts of Bloch to cope with the complex arrangement of levers and catches were pitiable in the extreme. Once again the thin veneer of sophistication cracked and fell away, to reveal once more Weyeuwega, Wisconsin. After this it was hopeless for him to try and impress Madeleine with even the most glamourous artifacts of California, such as the Hollywood Bowl and the LASFS Clubroom. We had witnessed the Decline of the West. -- Walter A. Willis.

.....

"The enjoyment of a beautiful thought is nothing to the joy of giving it expression."

.....

THE EDITOR'S READING LIST: Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer", "Tropic of Capricorn", "Sexus", "Nexus", "Plexus", "The World of Sex", "The Colossus of Maroussi" and "Durrell and Miller"(letters). Well, I said it was quite a year, didn't I?

THE FIFTH COLUMN

By Walter Breen

I. Non-Euclidean Parallels

Ever since Lowndes's original "In Contrary Motion" in Wrhn 13, the exploration of putative stances of parallelism between stories has become a frequent topic in and out of this magazine: my essay demonstrating previously unsuspected common ground between Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land" and Sturgeon's "Venus Plus X"; Ted White's and others' insights into Dickson's "Naked to the Stars" as in quasi reply to"Starship Troopers"; Kevin Langdon's discovery that Howard Fast's "The First Men"was in contrary motion to "Odd John." It is probably a commoner process among writers than these examples would suggest and it may or may not be fully deliberate. A writer reads a book and sooner or later his own mind starts working in more or less the channels of "now how would I have gone about it, had I been using that theme?" And so, months or years later, his own story may appear, showing plain use of the same themes, similar events and details of process. This may in some few instances be a deliberate attempt to answer the earlier author's disagreed-with views, a kind of kicked-upstairs debate; but more often, perhaps, it is a contrasting working-out of ideas passed along from one author to another in published stories. This is not to say that every pair of stories about telepaths or humanoids or galactic observers or group-minds must be considered as being in contrary motion. That term seems best used to describe stories which deal with the same theme and which present contrasting treatments where one author seems to answer the other; the parallels in such stories are numerous and detailed enough to make their chance occurrence very improbable.

A previously undiscussed instance of such contrary motion is that between H. Bean Piper's "Little Fuzzy" and Vercor's "You Shall Know Them" (1953), both being to some extent in answer to Karel Capek's "War withthe Newts" (1936). "You Shall Know Them" was lately reprinted in pb as "The Murder of the Missing Link";its author 'Vercors' was a soldier in the French Resistance, formerly known as Jean Bruller. The fundamental theme common to all three is that of sapience (Piper's convenient term for evolutionary advancement to roughly human level). Each book in its own way attempts to answer, among others, the questions: What is the boundary between human and subhuman? What are our responsibilities towards life-forms which come close to, or may pass over, that boundary? The importance of these questions is difficult to exaggerate, since the scientific consensus is fairly clear that we or our descendants will eventually encounter sapient or nearly sapient beings of humanoid form or otherwise-- whether on earth or on or from other planets. Weizsäcker's conclusion that there are probably millions of sapient species, on sheer probability grounds, must not be laughed off.

I shall not try to claim that either Vercors or Piper was deliberately trying to answer each other or Capek, though in fact a case could be made for both positions. Much more important is what can be learned from their varying explorations of the above three fundamental questions. Nevertheless, the parallelism is marked, in themes and structure, and the summary to follow should be useful even to those who have read the books. (If you haven't, please do so: the Capek book is an all-time SF classic and a work of fine literature, probably the best thing ever written by the man who gave the world the term "robot"; and Vercor's book is top-grade SF -- why the same people refused it a Hugo is a mystery. "Little Fuzzy" is a current Hugo contender despite its having suffered somewhat from overcutting, and its humanoids are among the most appealing ever created.)

In "War with the Newts" an old seacaptain, on the hunt for pearls, discovers an isolated colony of big-brained lizardlike newts (Andrias scheuchzeri), gets into a seemingly favorable relationship with them, communicates with them by gesture and later by teaching them human language, aids them by giving them knives with which to open oyster shells and eventually to kill their natural enemies the sharks. Later, newts trade pearls to him for more knives, and attempt to make similar trades with others . In "You Shall Know Them" a scientific expedition discovers the apemen afterwards known as tropis, and the priest member of it manages to establish some slight degree of communication with them through gesture and learning the meanings of some of their cries, teaching them a few words of English, making friends with them by giving them ham. They use chipped stones -- hand-axes, etc. In "Little Fuzzy" an old sunstone prospector discovers a little humanoid, immediately makes friends with him, gives him Extee Three -- a food for which the species manifests a strange craving, perhaps because it satisfies a vitamin deficiency, -- and makes tools for him and later for the rest of the Fuzzy family, trading the new tools for their own native-made implements. These implements include chipped and otherwise edged stones. Little Fuzzy uses one principal tool -- chisel-like, with a knife edge -- for killing his natural prey; and he uses a collection of brightly colored stones for what seem to be aesthetic purposes.

In "War with the Newts", the newts become of economic importance when they are discovered to have a natural knack for underwater construction and various other kinds of manual labor. Capt. van Touch's practice of supplying them with knives (weapons against their natural enemies) results in their proliferating; after some newts escape to still more favorable parts of the ocean their numbers increase to millions and eventually billions, with important ecological consequences. They become an enormous market for food (the natual diet proving insufficient), tools, etc., paying for these in labor. Eventually they are bred, trained, sold and exploited as slaves on a no-work-no-eat basis. In "You Shall Know Them", the tropies become of economic importance when they are discovered to have a natural knack for doing repetitive menial labor. A wool tycoon finds his development corporation in legal ownership of all the tropis of the area, and proposes to exploit them as slave labor. This project could destroy the British wool market and can be stopped only if the tropis are recognized as human and therefore unenslaveable. Were they bred in vast quantities as planned, they would also provide an important market for food, etc. In "Little Fuzzy", the fuzzies become of economic importance when the question of their sapience arises. The planet is systematically exploited by the chartered Zarathustra Company, which owns it outright under terms of a charter granting it full use of a Class III Uninhabited planet (evidently one with mammalian life but no sapient life-forms). Some of the Company's operations such as swamp drainage are having vast ecological consequences -- decrease in rainfall, proliferation of some species(such as the destructive land-prawns) at the expenses of others. Discovery of a sapient life-form would automatically reclassify the planet as Class IV Inhabited, annulling the Company's charter and stopping it from further exploitation of the planet's resources. The Federation's Colonial government would promptly take over. Of course the question of enslaving the fuzzies cannot arise, under the circumstances, but the Company officials -- partly as a blind -- set up a bounty on them as fur-bearers, the real object being to exterminate them and avoid facing the question of their putative sapience.

In"War with the Newts", the sapience of the newts is tacitly established (without much fuss, and of course without the question of their "humanity" ever arising) by their functional use of tools and their learning to speak and read English. In addition, they prove to have a religion described as a "Moloch cult." In "You Shall Know Them, the sapience (and therefore the humanity) of the tropis is established -- against opposition -- by their adherence to a taboo amounting to a kind of fire-worship. In "Little Fuzzy", the sapience of the fuzzies is established, to the

satisfaction of the constabulary and of some experts, by observation of the ceremonial burial of the dead, chisel tool side by side with the corpse. Legal tests --speech and use of fire -- are only met later on, though in the meantime abundant evidence of their symbol using capacity has appeared.

In all three books, the prerequisites for sapience are given as the use of hind-limbs for locomotion, freeing the forelimbs for manipulation, the presence of relatively big brains; stereoscopic vision; and capacity for meaningful vocalization. These pre-requisites are at least tacitly accepted in many other SF books dealing with humanoids, but they are not often made either so explicit or so central to the books' themes.

II. Anatomy is Destiny

An issue underlying the question of our responsibilities towards other intelligent -- sapient or quasi-sapient -- life-forms is how our relationship to any other species is affected by the latter's body form. This is basically an ecological matter, naturally modified by psychology (our automatic reaction to a species based on its resemblence to more familiar ones) and ethics (our responsibility to any other life-form),

Ecology, in the popular understanding of the term, refers to the balance of nature--the way in which proliferation or decrease in one species affects the populations (and often the habitat and behavior of other species. And in fact both "War with the Newts" and "Little Fuzzy" bring up this issue. But in a more general sense ecology is the field having to do with relationships among species, not restricted to the matter of predator and prey, parasite and host. Certain important relationships of this kind can be ordered on a scale having the following stages: mutual destruction -- Predation--parasitism -- competition -- competition -- commensality -- symbiosis -- independence. This scale may well be continuous, as intermediate stages are also known. Since several of the terms are not self-explanatory, definitions are in order and they are most easily given by example. Mutual destruction is usually an expected result of a new encounter between two species -- as when an animal eats some unfamiliar plant and dies of the poison elaborated by the latter. The strains of tuberculosis that used to kill off their hosts in a short time have presumably themselves died out, leaving only the less virulent ones (and strains of humans more resistant thanks to this natural selection process). Predation usually suggests such things as man-eating tigers, and other large and fierce mammals, but man preys on fish, on many species of mammals, and on birds, as well as on even domesticated plants. Parasitism seems confined to highly specialized forms of life, with such doubtful and definition-stretching exceptions as man on some domesticated plants when his consumption of them does not entail their death, but only their weakening without compensatory help to them. In general, a predator is indifferent as to whether his prey lives or dies, but usually the prey dies from his attack, while a parasite nourishes itself from the living host and in the long run prefers hosts which will not die at least until the parasite has managed to release at least the beginning of the following generation. Some parasites' onslaught is so vigorous as to cause quick death to the hosts, others are tolerated indefinitely. Competition, as I use the term above, is in the sense of one species trying to displace another from the same habitat. Commensality means sharing the same food supply,etc,but neither in competition nor in symbiosis; eg, harmless intestinal microbes which are not known to supply any human needs. Symbiosis, of course, is the relationship where each species is beneficial to the other,each supply something the other needs -- eg, man and some fruit trees, man and the types of intestinal bacteria which elaborate vitamins he needs, etc. Independence is obvious enough. Most of the above can be under some circumstances facultative (voluntary, arbitrary) or compulsive, except that mutual destruction is accidental, some predators have become too specialized and need the particular kind of prey in their diet, and as

a rule parasites are no longer capable of free life, being dependent on their hosts. There are some instances where symbiosis is also compulsive -- the outstanding and perhaps regrettable one being that between termites and the flagellate protozoa which digest wood for them; either starves without the other. The point of these definitions is that this terminology will help show how body forms affect the relationship between humans and these other more or less sapient species.

In fact, relationships between homo sap and other species are conditioned principally by economic considerations (as food producers or labor savers), ecological facts (as predators or parasites, etc.), religious taboos, resemblance in body form to more familiar species. In general, the more alien to mammalian forms a species is, the less empathy and the less responsibility or moral obligation (at least in this culture) humans tend to feel for its members. There seems in general to be more affinity for some thing warmblooded than for something coldblooded ;more for something furry or feathered than for something scaly, spiny,carapace-bearing or otherwise armored; something land-inhabiting than something aquatic or amphibious; something not too much smaller than a child or larger than an adult man, than something many orders of magnitude larger or smaller; something fairly predictable than something either totally predictable (stereotyped) or totally unpredictable (alien); something capable of seemingly affectionate contact (nuzzling, cuddling, etc.) than something unwilling or incapable of it. Some of these preferences seem to be based on analogies to domesticated animals. But of course the relationship differs if the species in question consists of animals used for food; in the latter event one dare not allow too much affection to grow. And at another end, there seems to be much less affection, and more ambivalence, for primates than for other mammals. Monkeys and apes, in particular, appear as uncomfortably close or grotesque parodies of human beings; and humans seem uncertain whether to behave toward them as toward other animals, or as toward inferior versions of themselves. To be sure, monkeys and young chimpanzees bring a great deal of laughter and, to children, fun; but affection? In the same way it is doubtful if many humans in this culture could bring themselves to eat primate meat; it comes too near to the taboo on cannibalism. Vercors spells this out in having his hero ask a scientist if she "could eat a tropi and think no more of it" -- only to receive the reply "Douglas, you're beastly!"

All three writers evidently had some such considerations of analogy in mind in choosing the particular body-forms for their quasi sapient species. Capek deliberately chose something repellent, something that could not be identified with :cold-blooded, clammy-skinned, raucous-voiced, smelly lizards (perhaps touching on ancestral fears of dragons, ie, of dinosaurs?). And his newts, to make it worse, indulged in a totally alien kind of sexual behavior, the parental nature being even more illusory than among frogs or other familiar amphibians. Moreover, they were without known capacity for affection. As one would expect, the relationship between man and newts went from curiosity to exploitation to hatred in strictly logical stages. Economic exploitation (even as, in former times, with horses and oxen) was to be expected; but the wanton cruelty joined to it reflects the absence of empathy between man and such an alien species. Nor was there much guilt or public discomfort about it, as after all these creatures were so obviously unhuman, devoid of souls (even the Church said so), and insensitive to pain (even the scientists said so).

Vecors played on the known human abvivalence toward apes by choosing an unequivocally apelike species and making not only the hero's life but vast economic consequences depend on the question: advanced animal or low-grade human? This choice was doubtless motivated by his concern with racial discrimination (Vercors fought in the French Resistance). And so he has his hero risk death to prove that even this limited and unappealing species of ape-man is human and therefore entitled to the same legal right as other human beings -- and therefore, a fortiori, so are

Australian aborigines, Veddas, pygmies, Hottentots, Bushmen, all other kinds of negroes, Jews, and all other races and peoples regardless of accomplishment or lack of it. He even brings up the question explicitly in having various characters debate on whether the tropis have souls (and how tell if they do), and whether sapience is a difference in kind or only in degree from mere animality.

Piper stacked the cards on his side by choosing for his test-case a humanoid species about as delightful in outward appearance and behavior as imaginable: obviously intelligent, spontaneously affectionalte, not offensively naked, modest -- even fastidious, covered with attractive silky golden fur, of proper size for the role of cuddly pet, and performing a service of obvious value to humanity on Zarathustra: preying on the justly hated land-prawns. This would amount to symbiosis, in that the humans' role would be to provide the fuzzies with Extee Three, offsetting some dietary dificiency. In addition, the fuzzies, being of low fertility, provided no ecological threat to humans.

For a putatively sapient species, then, the following possible roles with respect to man are defined in the three books: slaves, competitors, opponents (predators), legally incompetent cultural pensioners like other oborigines, cuddly pets, or symbionts. John C. Lilly suggests an additional pair of alternatives should dolphins prove to be sapient: independent mutual respect, or -- god forbid -- electroide-conditioned information-gatherer for military purposes. This is not much different from slavery of course. It is not easy to imagine additional distinctively different roles for sapient species, so long as we leave aside the frightening possibility of mutual destruction of more advanced extraterrestrial species putting homo sap into one of the above mentioned roles.

III. 'Honi Soit' And Then Some

Closely tied up with the particular role adopted by, or forced on, a sapient or nearly sapient species with respect to man, is the aggregate of social and legal changes entailed by this event. It is the nature of these changes which makes a decision of sapience important. A decision that the newts were enslaveable without violation of extant laws of church or state worked fundamental changes in the economic system, in addition to providing an outlet for surplus production of many kinds of consumer goods; an economy of scarcity became an economy of abundance and leisure, but with the consequence that the slave species itself became vastly over populated and eventually dissatisfied enough to make war for Lebenstraum. A decision that the tropis were enslaveable would not only have had drastic effects on British textile mills (and possibly other kinds of factories as well) but would also have reopened the question of racial discrimination and enslavement of negroes and other peoples. In addition, breeding them for economic purposes would have eventually brought about a situation roughly analogous to that of the newts. A decision that the fuzzies were sapient voided the Zarathustra Company's charter and changed the entire governmental organization of a planet. In additon, it entailed legal protection of the fuzzies, as they could no longer be hunted for their fur nor captured indiscriminately for sale as valuable pets.

A brief excursus on the subject of pets is in order, particularly about the cuddlier kind. As nearly as I can see it, the relationship between master and pet is somewhere between that of commensals and that of facultative symbionts. Certainly there is a kind of symbiosis between a man and his lapdog, kitten, or Fuzzy fuzzy holloway -- or, in another sense, between a farmer or hunter and his trained dogs, but right now the economic and utilitarian role is less important than the kind represented by the kitten or the fuzzy. The human being provides food for which the pet does not have to hunt or otherwise make great effort; shelter, warmth, and other services

as needed, together with rewards for services rendered. The pet provides specialized technical services of economic importance in a few instances (watchdogs, farmers' trained dogs), but more often his part of the bargain is to act as a focus of interest and concern (often as a substitute for a child) and to provide what is interpreted as spontaneous affection and a specific kind of contact--- cuddling, snuggling -- which is usually associated with one's children or one's sexual partners, and which in this culture is found almost nowhere else (leaving aside weird enclaves such as Berkeley fandom). A question sidestepped by Piper is whether this cuddling between man and fuzzies would have continued as a safe outlet for these impulses, or been frowned down, after the fuzzies were declared sapient. The parallel among humans is found in parental remarks like "Get down off my lap -- you're too big for that."

Piper also sidesteps the question of whether sexual contact between humans whether teenagers or adults) and fuzzies would have been proscribed as bestiality, once the fuzzies were declared sapient. I bring this issue up because Kinsey, Clellan Ford and others have spelled out in detail how a great deal of the sex play between farm boys and animals arises from the growth of genuine affection between them. Horse play, cuddling and sexual contact are seen as effectively three points on a continuous scale rather than as totally distinct kinds of behavior. And one might well expect something of the kind to take place between youngsters on Zarathustra and their fuzzies, sooner or later. I know only one SF story where this issue even indirectly arises. This is Ray Nelson's novel "The Great Cosmic Doughnut" (to be published shortly); in one of the Heinleinesque Nests, one of the spouses in an otherwise human group is a little pink Martian Globbly -- warmblooded, telepathic and probably sapient. The Globbly's property of being rendered acutely miserable by esping any disaffection in the Nest is dramatically important in the story; it takes on the role of peacemaker and healer of any such disaffection among its fellow lovers and Nestmates. Though Ray does not go into physiological details, there is no particular doubt that it takes some part in the growing-closer...and nobody in the Nest is described as retaining any guilts over the inter-species contact involved.

Clearly, legal decisions on this matter may be forthcoming -- the more so if the sapient species is distinctly humanoid. Vercors has his priest become intolerably upset over the project of crosses -- whether by sexual intereourse or artificial insemination -- between humans and tropis, regardless of whether the tropis are or are not in the meantime legally declared human. Moreover, any such legislation can have only theological or economic motives for forbidding such contact, and if made against (ie, "in protection of") a sapient species, it will amount to anti-miscegenation laws, whether or not such intercourse could produce fertile crosses. In having the cross produced by artificial insemination, Vercors sidestepped an additional hazard for his hero-- namely that of being jailed for many years for bestiality should the tropis be declared subhuman.

Which brings us back to the question of racial discrimination. Though it is central to Capek and Vercors, it appears only briefly and peripherally in the Piper book. (When the hotel wishes to evict Pappy Jack because of his harboring Baby Fuzzy, his lawyer threatens to slap a racial discrimination suit on the management. This is, of course, over and above the main question of sapience and its economic effect on the Zarathustran social system.) This value-saturated issue could easily have occasioned enough anti-racist propaganda to ruin all these books. I have already indicated in DISCORD and Wrhn and elsewhere how propaganda content frequently founders a work of fiction or art; Daumier and the Picasso of the Guernica are the rare exceptions. Fortunately, Capek's anti-totalitarian (and specifically anti-Nazi, anti-racist) propaganda is not permitted to distract from the major values in his classic. And Vercors is content to state the problem -- and the alternatives, with reasoning on both sides -- allowing the reader to draw his own conclusions. Possibly the presence

of humor as such a marked element in both books functions as an additinnal safeguard against the propaganda hazard. The books I have mentioned elsewhere as being impaired by their grim and terrifying propaganda burden -- "1984, "Atlas Shrugged", etc., and even the later stories in "Children of the Atom" -- are singularly humorless. On the other hand, "Venus Plus X" has enough humor even in the seemingly exaggerated suburbia episodes (eg, the rock and roll singer and some of the slogan-making and man's-work scenes) to make its points without straining or shouting. And the Czech Capek has enough humorous detachment from his subject to poke fun even at Czech nationalism (in the face of Hitler yet!!) side by side with his more savage satires on scientific papers, Hollywood, educational practices and ideals, the clergy, newspapermen, diplomats, anti-intellectual worshipers of the Noble Savage, and so forth. Vercors -- apparently recalling Capek's barbs at the churchly debates on whether the Newts have Immortal Souls and can or should be baptized and required to observe churchly laws -- has his Father Dillighan torturing himself with similar questions anent the tropis, questions seeming ludicrous to anyone but a fundamentalist or a Catholic -- even to recalling Anatole France's hilarious "Penguin Island." He also treats, with that combination of lightness and seriousness found in much of the best humor from Aristophanes to Dean Grennell and Bloch, the matter of 'cannibalism' -- a subject touched on also by Capek. In Bloch's words: "Am I my brother's kipper?" Poul Anderson briefly glances at this issue in "Brain Wave" when men have to butcher sheep, cattle, etc., which have achieved human intelligence and presumably human-level capacity to suffer. One could have wished for a thorough exploration of the morality of such continued use of these animals as food.

All these, of course, constitute a series of specific aspects of the more general question: that of our moral obligation, if any, to other species (against our immediate culturally conditioned reactions). It is tacitly taken for granted that such obligations exist on the human level regardless of the degree of intelligence, accomplishment, etc., manifested by the particular individuals. It is also taken for granted that human beings have less obligation -- if any at all -- to infrahuman species, primate or otherwise, leaving aside the taboos surrounding particular species (eg., cattle in India, etc.). It is also tacitly assumed that any moral obligation to subhuman animals is gratuitously assumed. (This is independent of whether morality is relative to culture or a hypothetical absolute.)

Rationalizations -- let alone compelling reasons -- for such moral obligations are few and not particularly convincing. The obligation we have to fellow human beings was not universal prior to 1937, when slavery was finally abolished in Liberia, nor is it completely unanimous even now; murder and even torture are still tacitly condoned under particular circumstances in many quarters. Such obligations as are unanimously accepted are based on nothing more than the ancient belief that human beings have immortal souls. In the absence of such belief, laws enforce the obligations, but the basis is ultimately theological, as a study of the history of law quickly makes manifest. Despite the eventual abandonment of theological support for such obligations, the feeling persists that they continue to be obligations. In the absence of any other support for them, the only explanations commonly found appeal to fellow-feeling, putting oneself in the place of the other party, and applying something like the golden rule. In some more reckless quarters, however, one finds the stupid rationalization "all men are created equal..." -- a shibboleth rather than a declaration of fact. I confess myself unable to arrive at any better basis than the empathetic one -- "put yourself in the other fellow's place and see how it feels." Possibly no other one is needed, as this serves as a sufficient sanction against most abuses. The agonizing consequence of a refusal to put oneself in the other fellow's place are spelled out in "Now Let Us Sleep", a poignant story by our infinitely compassionate Lore-Master, Avram Davidson; it's in "Or All the Seas with Oysters." The story needs no commentary; "the rest is silence."

Vercors's insistence on the need to decide whether sapience is a qualitative or a quantitative difference -- whether, in short, a definite line of demarcation exists or only a gradient -- evidently is related to the tacit assumption that this decision will also settle the matter of the degree and kind of moral obligation to the tropis. (He would say humanity, not sapience, but the statement of the moral problem in the other two books indicates that the more general term sapience is the word needed.) It is here, of course, that the racial discrimination problem enters in its full ugliness. If there is no indisputable line of demarcation, but only a gradient of degree of sapience, by what right do we award human legal entitlements to Ceylonese Veddas -- with their simian brow-ridges and their minute vocabularies -- or Bushmen or Australian aborigines? If not to these, why to negroes of any other origin? If we must draw a line arbitrarily, why here rather than there? why not at chimpanzees? why include feeble-minded, or even borderline cases? Any basis at all for drawing an aribitrary line raises more problems than it solves -- whether ancestry, skin color, intelligence, accomplishment, capacity to manipulate words, or anything else. Taking, say, the negrillo or the Vedda as an arbitrary minimum in number of brain connections or degree of accomplishment necessary to be legally certified as human, and using this to exclude some later-investigated group from legal protections accorded to human beings, is begging the question.

On the other hand, if a threshold of sapience actually exists rather than merely acquires the subsistence accorded to legal fictions, where is it, and how define it noncircularly? If there is anything corresponding to the christian concept of "soul", how tell its presence or absence? Is there any universal property common to all sapient folk and no subhuman ones? In particular, is this diagnostic trait to be identified in the nature of language rather than its mere presence? Is it in the realm of art? If so, how can one define art? Are the chimpanzee's fingerpaintings art? And what if some tribe in remotest Africa or Oceania is found to be without art? Is the diagnostic trait to be found in music? If so, is a definition of music possible which will include the most stereotyped folksongs and ritual chants and exclude birds' songs? Is the key to be found in problem solving techniques? If so, how exclude apes' use of tools and of even such sophisticated human inventions as money? Is it perhaps in religion or the presence of taboos? Rituals? Curiosity about other things than those immediately affecting his comfort? Ability to distinguish between fas and nefas, between permissible acts and those impermissible by some standard other than biological utility? And how many exceptions serve to destroy the validity of any universal so claimed? Or must we seek the latter in sexual deviation or some other violation of common animal practice?

IV. Taboo Or Not Taboo

As one would expect, the three authors provide three different approaches to this problem. And fortunately, they are aware enough of the implications to be reasonably free of anthropocentrism. Capek quietly indicates that his newts, over and above their demonstrated capacity for sapient behavior in other directions, (1) have a Moloch cult for an indigenous religion, and (2) earlier than that, indulge in periodic dances to the full moon which are not directly connected with courtship. Insofar as these dances constitute either an aesthetic or a religious act, and one evidently affecting consciousness in some way (ie., inducing ecstasy), Capek suggests that this behavior --a counterpart of human aesthetic and or religious practices -- may be the sought for demarcation between sapience and nonsapience. He does not, however, describe any newt taboos. By implication, than, taboos are not, for Capek, a necessary part of the distinction between sapient and nonsapient behavior.

Vercors probes the question far more deeply, as is logical from his basic premisses. The judge's wife specifically asks if the tropis have any jujus -- irrational

practices construable as taboos, fetishes, automatic concern with something outside their immediate biosocial needs. The judge speculates on whether taboos themselves are the long-sought universal. In the meantime, others have asked all the questions summarized in the last paragraph of the preceding section. The judge finally arrives at the tentative formulation that humanity -- ie. sapience -- involves a departure from nature, expressed in the form of taboos or the like. Animal curiosity is always purely functional, whereas the specific form of curiosity found among sapient beings is "metaphysical" -- ie. concerned with causes (or even Causes) outside the biosocial immediacy of daily life, and leading to gods, myths, or superstitions to explain the mysterious unexplained. The test for this in a species whose language we do not completely understand is, of course, the presence of taboos, which constitute a kind of acting-out of such superstitions or other concerns with powers beyond. Immediate corollaries: so-called civilized man is just as much ruled by taboos as his distant relatives in Tierra del Fuego; and the taboos expressed in human laws represent a specific breaking-away from animal nature, interpreted as an attempt to transcend the latter. It is for this reason that "justice",however defined, is in general opposed to welfare in one way or another. Any lesser criterion of sapience is insufficient. And so, not too surprisingly, the "Summer Committee" arrived at a difinition of man, ie, of sapience, in terms of the specific kind of departure from animal nature found in "the spirit of religion" -- ie, faith, science, art in any form, philosophy, ritual or taboo of any kind -- even cannibalism.

But even Vercors made no attempt to answer the critique of the view which Capek put into the mouth of his neo-Spenglerian philosopher Wolf Meynert: namely that the renunciation of nature leads to an existential and incurable unhappiness. In fact, the judge (before the trial which was to decide whether the tropis were or were not human) went so far as to find the specific virtue of the legal system in its breaking away from nature. This immediately leads to the conclusion that a tragic life-view (specifically the one assoiciated with the French existentialists) is the one most tenable for our times.

And right here is one of the most important insights in the Piper book. Piper's fuzzies are nothing less than a sapient species which has not renounced nature. They are, to be sure, concerned with the welfare of their Terran human friends (or so I read the final passage in the book), but this does not involve them in any system of taboos. They are not described as having any religious practice save the ceremonial burial of their dead. This of course leaves open the question of whether taboos inevitably arise with still more highly developed nervous systems; Fuzzies are so much smaller than men that one may question whether they are of comparable advancement simply on the basis of brain size. (But a possible answer may be found in the size of cell bodies of neurons; smaller cell bodies might be consistent with equal lengths of axons andequal complexity of interconnections. This question is not even brought up in "Little Fuzzy", however.)

It is significant, in this light, that the test of sapience in colonial law in "Little Fuzzy" is the ability of at least some members of a species to talk and build a fire; nothing whatever said of religion, ritual, taboo, etc., nothing of renunciation of nature. Similarly, the definition of sapience arrived at by Lt. Ybarra of the Federation Navy and spelled out at the trial says much of connected thought sequences, of abstration without limit, of creation, and of devising and use of symbols -- but nothing of taboos or the like.

The conflict between these definitions is not something readily resoluble by showing that one leads to contradictions not entailed by the other. It is, rather, a conflict between two opposed life-views. That of Vercors is essentially tragic; to it, man exists as man (rather than as mere animal) only in that he renounced nature, but

this breakaway is of necessity both incomplete and an automatic ground for conflict, for suffering. The other view -- represented by Piper, and hinted at by Capek -- is the Aristotelian view, the one reappearing in the thought of the Enlightenment, the Founding Fathers, and American SF. And it is chronically optimistic; to it, man is an animal capable of reason, capable of solving his problems by taking thought about them. "Like so many other sapient beings, Little Fuzzy had a beautiful dream; like a fortunate few, he made it real."

Without attempting for the moment to decide between these life-views, let me suggest that the Vercors view, the tragic view, is perhaps nearer to being anthropocentric than the other one, and that it is in fact conditioned less by the whole million-year history of man than by the experience of civilized man beset by power-seekers and others with a vested interest in misery and enslavement. And in particular that it is conditioned by the experience of western Europe under alien patriarchal Christendom, nationalism, Hitler and World War II. Small surprise, then, to find that at the basis of Vercors' definition of sapience is a confrontation with the irrational and the absurd -- and the automatic development of irrational behavior (viz. taboos) in its presence. He makes a strong case, at that.

But there is no a priori reason to assume that taboos are central regardless of the exposure (or lack of it) to patriarchal religion, etc. Taboos, historically, seem to have begun as some kind of propitiatory measure, probably as the result of erroneous assumptions as to cause and effect. Ritual associated with various kinds of activity may have been around for generations or even millennia before then. Nor does ritual automatically entail taboo. The "fire-worship" behavior of the tropis might as easily constitute ritual as taboo; as Vercors describes it, it is quite equivocal. Taboos involve magical thinking not inherent in ritual. The magical thinking is much the same today as it was in the Paleolithic, and examples are easily found. Take for instance the stringent laws having to do with the use of four-letter words rather than their clinical circumlocutions in books, magazines, etc. When a word is proscribed as "obscene" and its euphemistic paraphrase is not, then clearly magical thinking, focused on some obscure property of the four-letter word, is present. No other explanation can account for the persistence, let alone the ferocity of enforcement, of the related laws. Much the same can be said for the British laws that penalized with death anal intercourse between husband and wife. These laws were in effect until well into the nineteenth century, and their American counerparts still in many states prescribe many years in prison for the same act.

Ritual, on the other hand, does not automatically embody irrationality or magical thinking. In some instances, at least, it simpley reflects an attitude; certain acts are assigned a symbolic meaning, which they retain in context. Marion Zimmer Bradley had wise words on the subject in a private letter: "Anything done with intention is a ritual; and its psychological effect is to focus consciousness. ... The writer who starts each day's work by sharpening six pencils and placing his favorite cushion under his rump and brand of beer, wine, green tea or cigarettes at his elbow, is creating, through small acts meaningless in themselves, a climate of intention to work. The cases of insomnia and night terrors in children, which have been cured by comforting bedtime ritual, are too numerous to mention. The couple who exchange solemn vows before witnesses are creating a climate of intention for mutual devotion. ..."

It may be that a decision on whether ritual or taboo is more fundamental, found lower down in the evolutionary scale, or more nearly universal among putatively sapient species, will have to await further research with dolphins.

V. SF In Practice.

At this very moment mankind is on the verge of having to put to practical test

the solutions proposed in these three books, the insights into sapience, the suggestions about inter-species realtionships, and the choice of life-views thus entailed. And the very nearness to current events, therefore, renders these books and these questions unexpectedly important. The species which is forcing on mankind the practical test is the bottle-nosed dolphin, Tursiops truncatus, common in oceanaria such as Marineland of the Pacific.

Recent researches of Dr. John C. Lilly -- described in his "Man and Dolphin," and others subsequently begun but not yet published -- have established the following conclusions: (1) Communication with members of a non-human sapient species is definitely in our future. (2) The species may be extraterestrial, but more probably will be marine. (3) Methods usable with marine sapient species may be applicable in some measure to subsequent contact with extraterrestrials, whether on their visits to earth, or our visits to other planets. (4) The contact may be a force for peace, or a further aid to warfare, but its most important application will be to pure science; and it will have important social consequences. (5) The most likely candidates are species with brains of size and complexity comparable to those of homo sapiens.

The last of these conclusions needs immediate amplification. Species with brains much smaller than humans have not been able to learn enough of any human language to make connected discourse, nor does their own set of vocalizations seem to admit of the possibility. This rules out any of the known primates with the dubious exception of the yeti. Species with much larger brains -- giant squid, elephants, larger types of whales -- offer enormous difficulties of access and prolonged enough contact to learn their language or teach them ours; in addition, their thought processes may well be to too alien for any degree of mutual understanding to be possible. This leaves, among known species, only the smaller cetaceans.

For various practical reasons Lilly decided to work with the bottle-nosed dolphin, a species easily available off the southern California and Florida coasts, and around the Virgin Islands, where his laboratory is now situated.At latest report, he has managed to achieve a limited degree of communication, the first yet recorded with a non-human species. Dolphins, long known as unequivocally friendly to man (alone among wild species), proved co-operative in Lilly's experiments. The evidence is accumulating that, like the fuzzies, the dolphins have an intra-species language with a range well into the ultrasonic. They also have vocalizations within the range of human ears (the "whistle-and-snort" language), with an extremely wide range of what seem to be phonemes. They have also been heard to imitate English phrases, though for obvious anatomical reasons the "whistle-and-snort" vocalizations are easier to them.(Their blow holes are quite unlike our larynxes.) Lilly has learned several hundred "words" of this language albeit with obvious difficulties in correctly reproducing the sounds, and now uses them in rudimentary conversations with various members of his dolphin colony, now numbering 16. The conversations are not illusory; Lilly, for instance, can direct a dolphin's attention to something, or ask it to do someting or vice versa, and the appropriate responses follow. I have this from an eyewitness to such communications -- John Klempner, of the Center for the Study of the Gifted Child, in San Francisco.

We have departed from sf and speculation; the above results are factual and represent a major break-through. And they immediately raise the question of the dolphins sapience, together with the social, ethical, philosophical, and legal problems which will follow an affirmative answer. It is as yet not too clear just how intellectually advanced dolphins are -- whether they are comparable to some extinct species of man below the level of homo sapiens, or comparable to a modern child, or to an educated adult. But it is only a matter of time -- at most a few years -- before even this question receives a definitive answer. The decision will then be up to humanity

whether or not to admit dolphins to the human community; the burden will be on us to empathize with these creatures, and to devise meaningful criteria of sapience. Lilly's tentative criterion that a species is sapient if some of its individual members can communicate with human beings, whether by connected discourse in their own language or by learning some human language, using it similarly, and teaching it to other members.

The problem of empathizing with dolphins is more difficult than it seems; certainly more difficult by several orders of magnitude than empathizing with, say, Australian aborigines. As alien as the Arunta may seem, with painted and scarified body, subincised, and living on life-forms an American would never dream of eating, nevertheless he is human; he has roughly similar biological needs to our own, and therefore at least the rudiments of a similar scale of values. But dolphin culture, being based on a thoroughly alien set of biological needs, has far less in common with us than has the arunta -- or even the chimpanzee. Dolphins, after all, are ocean-dwellers, sleeping only very briefly, and having no need for shelter or means of storing food; their economy is one of automatic perpetual abundance, their society one of mutual aid and interdependence; if they have any aesthetic side at all, it is presumably expressed in poetry, song, or dance, rather than in anything that is recorded and studied at length. And what analogies they do have with humans are not of a kind much prized by intellectuals: they are playful, hungry for admiration and petting. True enough, they are monogamous and possessive about their mates, but this is small comfort even to those to whom sexual possessiveness is regarded as good rather than as something to be outgrown.

Are the criteria of sapience set up in "War with the Newts", "You Shall Know Them", or "Little Fuzzy" applicable to the dolphin test-case? Clearly, the "talk and build a fire" rule in "Little Fuzzy" will not do for any aquatic species. The presence of native art will be difficult to establish unless we can observe indigenous dances or songs and recognize them as such. "Metaphysical" curiosity, poetry, folklore or other evidence of Korzybskian timebinding will have to wait until we know enough of dolphinese to translate even their overheard private (ultrasonic) conversation. The distinction between fas and nefas may be applicable if the friendly co-operation among dolphins is in fact learned rather than instinctual. (Presumably it would be passed down from parent to child, constituting another instance of timebinding.) In this case the implicit moral code is likely to be something analogous to the golden rule. Rituals? Unknown. Taboos? Unknown. The question has to be left open of whether the dolphins are, like fuzzies, a sapient species that has refused to break away from nature. Lilly's own criterion -- ability to learn, use and transmit a human language -- is not yet satisfied but he has excellent grounds for belief that it can and will be.

Should dolphins prove sapient by any of these criteria, then the previously agreed-on prerequisites for sapience have to be revised. Specifically, a sapient aquatic species might not need to do complex manipulations with forelimbs. (And might not an elephant's trunk be a good substitute for manipulatory forelimbs in a land-based species?) Lilly's prerequisites are somewhat more precise, though they too may have to be revised: big brain (over 100 grams in the adult animal),proper living conditions for individual well-being continuing long enough for effective exposure to language and for learning and storing its contents, together with suitable access channels to the environment. These criteria are barely possibly applicable to tropis (their brains must have weighed 900 to 950 grams if they were, as Vercors described, between Sinanthropus ("Java Man") and Neanderthal), less clearly applicable to newts, still less clearly to fuzzies; but the unclarity is solely a matter of the minimum brain weight necessary for the devolopment of language, and the discovery of sapient individuals using language on a fully human level with lower brain weight would force a downward revision. Lilly arrived at the empirical minimum of 1000 grams brain

weight -- that of a modern 18-month-old child, between Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon adult levels -- on the basis of comparative psychology and informed guesswork; there is no compelling theoretical reason for this minimum.

Lilly has likewise summarized some of the social (specifically legal) problems that would follow upon recognition of the sapience of dolphins (and, by extension, of any other marine species). At present, dolphins seem to be covered by wild-animal protective laws, though no court cases are known to have involved them. It is certain that English-speaking dolphins will be exploited in much the same way as their present-day trick-performing brethren in Marineland of the Pacific, but in greater numbers. Their trainers have enough respect and empathy for them so that the dolphins are unlikely to be harmed now or later. However, pressure will probably be put on owners and managers of such exhibitions to end exhibitions, this pressure coming from do-gooding ladies' aid groups and the like.

Should the dolphins, with further training, prove to have intellectual capacity comparable to human children or adult morons, the problems will naturally be more serious. Anti-vivisectionists will begin to make loud noises, and very likely protective laws will be pushed through a bewildered congress, possibly hampering scientific research (except in the military) for decades.

Should they prove to have capacities comparable to those of adult humans, the social changes engendered by release of this information will be very marked and not entirely predictable. Protective laws are a certainty. Further experiments will most likely be proscribed, though they will be carried on clandestinely under wraps of military secrecy. Legal opininns and possibly court decisions will extend to dolphins the protection of some laws affecting humans; in particular killing a dolphin will be punishable as equivalent to homicide, though possibly without the foofaraw of the test case which decided that the tropis were human. There will be pressure exerted to give a human-type education to as many dolphins as can be induced to come in for it. Further exploitation of them in oceanaria for the entertainment of visitors will possibly be forbidden as contrary to the anti-slavery laws. (Congress has done many more fuggheaded things than that.) Whether the legal protection of them can be construed as extending to them the franchise is moot, though the outrageous possibilities should make excellent material for science-fictional satires. Their legal and social position will be roughly comparable to that of the negro races in Africa trying to become westernized, ie, a good deal higher than that of the tropis.

Scientifically, in that event, they will be of very great usefulness to humanity; the problem will be to prevent such use from being legally interdicted or restricted to the military. Lilly has spelled out a few of the ways in which they can be of help in peaceful contexts: rescuing human survivors of plane crashes and shipwrecks; in the meantime, protecting them from sharks, providing them with food, etc.; retrieving nose cones, satellites, etc.; furnishing information about marine biology such as migratory courses of fish, behavior of little-studied life forms, even bringing in specimens of unfamiliar species; adding enormously to our knowledge of oceanography -- surface currents, temperatures, salinities, etc. The benefit to linguistics is obvious as well; and Lilly suggests that there will also be benefits to neuroanatomy, neurophysiology and other sciences dealing with the brain. I have already mentioned the applicability of inter-species communication methods to dealing with extraterrestrial sapients.

International disputes will probably ensue over property rights in dolphins, but any decisions will prove difficult to enforce because dolphins (being ocean-centered rather than continent-centered)will remain world travelers. Possibly a genuinely international institute for dolphin studies will be set up, though as long as dolphins

(Concluded on page 32.)

THE VIEW FROM DOWN UNDER
By John Baxter

"Admit it" said the SUNDAY TIMES reviewer, "Fleming's books are nothing but bloods". And "Yes" he answered himself, "but blue bloods surely. Bloods springing from a sensational imagination, but informed by style, zest and -- above all -- knowledge."

Style - zest - knowledge; these are undoubtedly the vital ingredients of the "James Bond" novels, a series of unparalleled popularity in the history of thriller fiction. The field of popular fiction is full of hacks, men who create book after book with a kind of rubber-stamp system, each story a near-identical duplicate of its predecessors. Most of them are as irritating as the reiteration of a single off-key note, but very occasionally, there appears among the muck a writer, a character and a series that deserves more serious attention and a deeper critical analysis than is usually accorded them. One such series is that written by British journalist Ian Fleming dealing with the adventures of James Bond, Secret Service Agent 007.

At the time of writing, there are ten books in the series, all of which were originally published by Jonathan Cape; London. Those marked (x) in the following list have also appeared in paper-backed editions from Pan Books; London. Listed in order of publication, the books are:

1953.	CASINO ROYALE	(x)
1954.	LIVE AND LET DIE	(x)
1955.	MOONRAKER	(x)
1956.	DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER	(x)
1957.	FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE	(x)
1958.	DOCTOR NO	(x)
1959.	GOLDFINGER	(x)
1960.	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY	(x)
1961.	THUNDERBALL	(x)
1962.	THE SPY WHO LOVED ME	

Each book averages 60,000 words, and all are novels except "For Yours Eyes Only", a collection of five short novelettes. In general, the stories deal with a Russian counter-espionage group called "Smersh" (a contraction of the Russian phrase "Smert Spionam", ie "Death to Spies") and Bond's periodic conflicts with this organization in pursuance of his job as a British spy. However, in "Thunderball" and "The Spy Who Loved Me", Smersh is replaced by Spectre, The SPecial Executive for Counterespionage, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion, a group of private hobbyists devoted to the accumulation of money in the largest possible quantities. All the stories have been set in "the present", although much of the background on criminal and espionage matters seems to be based on a nostalgic and somewhat imperfect recollection of Capone's Chicago and Buchan's Middle East. Fleming's grasp of the facts of intrigue has a journalist's accuracy, but where imagination is required, he tends to be more fanciful than is strictly necessary.

There is no better place to start in this analysis of the Bond stories than with the character of James Bond himself, one of the most distinctive to emerge from English popular fiction. He is a typical wish-fulfillment figure, carefully engineered by Fleming to appeal to the average adult male reader who is interested more in "a good yarn" than deathless prose. Bond is not a "deep" character - his motivations are unsubtle and his actions direct. He is "refined" in the sense that an interest in and appreciation of the pleasures of life is the keystone of his character,

but when you get right down to it, all he likes is eating, drinking, fornicating and fighting. This blunt, even aggressive masculinity is Bond's most vital feature. Without it, he would be just another spy, no more memorable than hundreds of others in less popular thrillers. By making Bond an unlikely combination of the mythical English Gentleman and the Renaissance Full Man, Fleming has offered his readers everything they could possibly want. From the English Gentleman, he took an abiding interest in food and wine, willing women and ways of pleasing them (and himself), boats, houses, cars,shooting, gold, cards and so on. From the more philosophical ideal of the Italians, he included a rather cold objectivity about life and death, an appreciation of the best in art and literature, a rigid sense of honour (which he shares with the English Gentleman - some things just Aren't Done, even by a spy), patriotism and a rational philosophy. The combination is one which most men find irresistable as a vehicle for their personal fantasies.

Bond began working for British Intelligence in 1939 (Vide "From Russia With Love") which would indicate that he is present in his middle or late 40s. I suspect, however, that Fleming erred in mentioning this particular fact, as it seems unlikely that a man nearing 50 could be expected to drink, fight and wench with the sort of gust exhibited by Bond in all his adventures. Perhaps 35 is a more accurate estimate. Bond is not a handsome man, having many scars and a rather craggy face to begin with. This, incidentally, is an interestisng example of the connecting threads which run through all "thrillers". A hero is seldom handsome, it being assumed that a man is more favoured by women if he is bestial in both appearance and approach. A Freudian might here see some intriquing parallels with the deep-seated male psychological image of the dentate vagina, but this is an area best left to the mediaal mind.

There are no personal attachments of any real strength in Bond's life. He is the complete lone wolf, and Fleming is careful to forge no relationships which cannot be conveniently broken off before a new novel is commenced. Thus Bond has no wife, no permanent mistress, no "buddy". He may seduce a woman, perhaps even live with her for a while, but in some way the affair is always doomed from the outset. On two occasions, his bed companions have turned out to be foreign agents, a number of others have tired of him and gone off to marry men in less dangerous employment, while in "Goldfinger" Fleming disposes of the feminine element by having the hapless girl discover Lesbian tendencies in herself, and finally desert Bond for a homosexual gang leader! Later, clearly trapped by his own ingenuity, Fleming finds himself without a girl to round off the plot, so he has the gang-leader renounce her Lesbianism and fall in love with the hero! This whole sometimes-laughable game is presumably intended to support Bond's lone wolf image, but I feel it could be handled with rather more intelligence than is displayed in "Goldfinger." The writer's habit of killing off Bond's assistants is also irritating, mainly because such characters - Darko Kerim in "From Russia, with Love," and the Jamaican Quarrel in "Doctor No" and "Live and Let Die" - are often interesting, colourful, realistic people who enliven the action immensely.

Flaws like the above typify Fleming's approach to writing. He is a man with little innate literary taste essentially a "gimmick" writer who has not learned to use restraint in his treatment of a story or its characters. He clutters his plots with a multitude of eye-catching people who, through their very colour and grotesqueness, actually distract one from the story. Fleming cannot resist the temptation to put everybody into fancy dress. One eye is always better than two (especially if he is able to cover the blank socket with a patch); a girl is always better if she is precognative ("Live And Let Die"), homosexual ("Goldfinger") or deformed ("Doctor No"), and of course the women must have names which positively leap at the reader's throat - Domino, Vesper, Honeychile, Solitaire, Tiffany and the like. The villain of the piece is also drawn in the most uncompromisingly evil terms, with a lavish helping of the

characteristic Fleming "colour". Doctor Julius No is half German and half Chinese, six foot six inches tall, bald and handless. He wears metal pincers on the stumps of his arms and also affects coloured contact lenses which make him appear blind. The sight of this gaunt creature clad in the long flowing robes of the Chinese mandarin is one that, even in Fleming's fantasy world, is a little too bizarre to be reasonable. In "Moonraker", we meet Sir Hugo Drax, a most unlikely knight who has protruding teeth, shaggy red hair and "a tissue of puckered skin that covered most of the right side of his face". As if this were not enough, Drax also has ears which do not match and a right eye which Bond deems to be a "a surgical failure". The man is also a rabid Nazi we discover later in the book, and it is his avowed intention to blow London off the map with an ICBM, but this is something of an anticlimax. Auric Goldfinger is obsessed with gold to the extent that he carries tons of it around as armour for his Rolls Royce and sometimes, for entertainment, paints naked girls with gold paint and watches them suffocate. It is rather amusing to note that both Drax and Goldfinger, Fleming's most evil villains, share a common vice: cheating at cards and, in the case of Goldfinger, also golf. To an English Gentleman like James Bond, murder, rape, pillage, torture and general brigandage is permissible, even admirable if carried out with dash and taste, but dishonesty at games - abominable!

The similarity between all of the Bond books goes deeper than repetition of scenes, characters and method of plot development. The very situation in each story is identical with the others. Invariably, each book finds Bond despatched on a case which appears, on the surface, no more difficult or hazardous than usual. Sometimes his unpreparedness goes as far as not even knowing that there is a mystery involved, as in "Moonraker" and "Goldfinger", where friends ask him to investigate what appears to be a simple case of cheating at cards. (Needless to say, Bond is an expert card-sharp and often supplements his meagre service pay with winnings at the gaming tables.) However, when he enters the case, Bond finds that there is more to it than meets the eye. By the fourth chapter he is clinging doggedly to a tiger's tail and trying desperately not to be flung off. He is tortured, shot, stabbed, drugged, slugged and fed to the fish but somehow he survives and in the final passages manages with a deft if despairing blow to crush the enemy and save himself. By relying on the law of averages, Bond triumphs over adversity, a decidedly chancy and dangerous method but one which accounts for a great deal of his charm. Bond is larger than life in his qualities, but he is also more than humanly vulnerable. The reader never presumes that Bond will live through his latest adventure, as one is able to do in other thrillers. Bond could die at any time, it seems. It would not surprise any Fleming fan to pick up a new Bond novel and find their hero extinguished in the last chapter. This, somehow, seems the inevitable end of Fleming's brainchild and the readers are momentarily expecting it, a fact which, in some ghoulish way, accounts for a great deal of the series' popularity.

This grisly attraction does not account for all Bond's popularity, of course. Fleming has engineered his books to appeal to the popular taste on as many levels as possible, one of the most controversial of these aspects being the overt sex and sadism which is present in all the novels. A great many of the stories are borderline pornography and only the extreme popularity and public acceptance of Fleming's work could account for their publication. Fleming knows the theory and practice of erotica. He handles it with more than the usual skill and perception, gauging the public taste and catering for it in as many original and ingenious ways as possible. A mere seduction or rape would not be in keeping with the exotic nature of Bond's adventures nor be a pleasing condiment for the relatively mild meat of the story itself. There must be perversion, inversion, a general atmosphere of sin to stimulate the reader's jaded palate. Bond seduces his women on the floor, in trains, on the beach, in a double sleeping bag, but seldom in bed. (On one of the few occasions where he does take a girl to bed, the entire scene is being photographed from above by Russian

agents. This is voyeurism with a modern and intriguing twist.) Whenever possible, the women in Bond's life are given to at least partial stripping as soon as the door closes behind them, so that the stories are strewn with semi-nude girls lounging in the attitudes of casual abandon so beloved of the pornographer. Tatiana Romanova of "From Russia, With Love," goes one better by appearing in Bond's bedroom in black silk stockings and a velvet ribbon around her throat. An erotic commonplace, this, but no less interesting because of that. "The Spy Who Loved Me" represents the extreme to which Fleming's experiments with the erotic are likely to take him. It is a first person narrative, told from the point of view of a girl who, in the closing chapters, shares Bond's bed for a few nights. There is a little action, but most of the 220 pages is concerned with the girl's early sexual experiences (she's seduced on the floor of a movie theatre while the show is in progress! Admittedly, she was in a private box, but...), including a couple of unhapppy though minutely described affaires, and a final orgy of sex and sadism as the plaything of two Chicago hoodlums, an uncomfortable situation from which she is rescued by Bond. To have an extremely male adventure story narrated by a woman, and to include large slices of her sex life in that story must surely count as the ultimate in voyeurism. Not too surprisingly, the book didn't sell very well, and was banned in a few countries, including Australia, so it seems likely that 1963 will see a return to the Bond novels that we know better.

The sadistic element shows an equal amount of skill, so that it is difficult to avoid a flinch or squirm when reading the relevant passages. The sequence in "Casino Royale" where Bond is stripped, tied into a bottomless chair and beaten about the genitals with a cane is so sickening that one wonders how Fleming could have written it, let alone had it published. Bond's inevitable injuries are often a result of torture like this. In "Live And Let Die," the villain casually breaks a finger as a warning to stay away from the mob, while later in the same book, Bond and the heroine are barely saved from being dragged naked across a coral reef. "Doctor No" has a girl staked out naked to be eaten by crabs. In "The Hildebrand Rarity", one of the novelettes in "For Your Eyes Only," a girl is periodically flogged with the dried tail of a manta ray, although she eventually avenges herself by stuffing a spiny fish down her torturer's throat. There are many more examples, averaging about four to each book, so squeamish persons are best advised to stay away.

These are arguments generally considered beneath the reviewer in search of literary quality, accounting as they do for popularity and nothing more. To find the real merit of Fleming's work, we must go to the writing itself, which is swift, brittle and exciting. He can chronicle continuous action without becoming reiterative or resorting to "cliff-hanging". His ability to describe mundane situtations -- a bridge game, a drive through the French countryside, a meal -- is so capable that even the dullest events become fascinating glimpses of another world. The crooked bridge game in "Moonraker" and an equally rigged golf match in "Goldfinger" are tours de force of narrative writing. According to Raymond Chandler, Fleming's grasp of American life and his way of incorporating it into his novels is second to none. His scene-setting in countries other than America -- Istanbul, for instance, in "From Russia With Love" -- is equally authentic. It is in this type of writing that Fleming makes up for his many lapses in taste.

In the final analysis, Fleming's books are, as the most popular criticism runs, "sex, sadism and snobbery". But is this really a condemnation? No writer, especially one who produces "escape fiction", can hope to ignore the very real and potent attraction of erotism in any of its forms, nor can he avoid being "snobbish". All fiction is basically snobbish in that it offers the reader the benefit of a particular point of view which is not universally recognized or approved. The so-called "critical" novel flatters the reader by inferring that he shares a unique insight into the frailties of mankind, just as the humourous writer throws down a challenge to the reader to

appreciate the wit in his story and so prove his superiority over the reader who does not laugh. Admittedly the snobbery we are offered in Fleming's novels is a weak obvious thing, nothing more than a challenge to identify with a figure created in a composite of our own images, real and imagined, and therefore an easy mark for even the dullest reader, but it is nevertheless a snob appeal of the type offered by every novel.

Judged by the traditional criteria, these books are poorly written and conceived, but there is in them a brute power and energy that has provided the mainspring of popular fiction throughout history. They have the rugged rapport with popular taste which distinguished the legends of the ancient world from their less bawdy contemporaries, and which has preserved them while other more sensitive works have gone to oblivion. Fleming writes epic fantasy in its most blatant form, catering to the popular taste and creating books, which though harsh and unfeeling, make a strong impression on a large number of people. Perhaps, when other more deserving works are forgotten, Fleming's writing will live on. In spirit and approach, he is one with the masters, with Homer and the myth-makers who came before. -- John Baxter.

(RB: The above article is reprinted and slightly revised from THRU' THE PORTHOLE #4 with the kind permission of the editor, John Foyster.)

.....

THE FIFTH COLUMN -- CONCLUSION: are of putative military importance this is perhaps too much to hope for.

Social changes among humans would be marked, though perhaps not so drastic as those following exploitation of the newts or those following invasion by extraterrestrials. Education would necessarily become less anthropocentric, many fields of study in time incorporating data brought in by dolphins. And as Lilly puts it, "Any other species that could talk with us on our own level will give us a perspective of which we can only be dimly aware at the present time. Our own communication among ourselves will be enhanced and improved by such contact. Our own views of one another will change radically under the influence of interspecies communication."

In particular, should dolphins prove to be devoid of taboos, the consequences for philosophy, psychology, anthropology and related fields would be extensive indeed. In particular, the view espoused by Vercors, that a species becomes sapient by renouncing nature, would have to be abandoned or profoundly modified. Similarly, apologists for the church would have to change their tune in interpreting Genesis 1:28, since in no sense would man "have dominion" over dolphins; man's supremacy as the only sapient species would be successfully challenged. This fact by itself at once shakes up complacency, and forces re-examination of the old question of how we differ from the animals. Disputes would ensue from the Vatican to the most backward Mississippi sunday-schools over wheither dolphins have Immortal Souls. (Attention, Walter Miller jr.: Are they in the sinless state of primal blessedness, and have they the preternatural gifts supposedly accorded to Adam and Eve before the episode with the tree of knowledge? And if not, why not?)

But perhaps most important of all, such events will prepare the public, in a way that SF has not yet been able to do, for eventual contact with extraterrestrial sapients. -- Walter Breen.

.....

Henry Miller

.....

MAIL WARP

JAMES BLISH: No, I don't love Warhoon. As I keep telling my children, I love only those entities which are capable of loving me back, like John Baxter, Betty Page and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. But I read every blue word of Wrhn, ut moveat, ut delictit, ut doceat, and if I asked more I would be demanding beer in my egg.

Bob Lowndes' analysis of the Fellini film is the finest piece of dissection I have ever seen from his pen, which is saying a good deal. I can only hope that Wrhn's readers will see that the article is only initially about "La Dolce Vita. I suspect they will.... Willis has done it again. "The Age of Indestructible Garbage" is so perfect a characterization of the times that -- despite the flowers he offers my country, which is enormously ahead of the rest of the world in garbage -- I am at a loss to understand why there should be any succeeding age at all. His example -- the CRT -- is also a perfect summary of poisonous garbage, including the radioactive kind. To this category I would add only Elvis Presley's Third Golden LP Record. Yes, there is a vacancy, Virginia.

John Baxter's discussion of "A Life For The Stars" is spectacular, and certainly could never have been printed in the letter columns of a science fiction magazine; but it is just the kind of thing I have been lobbying for. I have what I hope will be only a few comments, mostly,I think his strictures on the current model of s-f juvenile are well taken -- I only wish I knew how one would go about demolishing the model. At the beginning, for instance, he blames writers as well as editors for palming off juveniles on an adult audience, but I can't see how a writer can hope to prevent this. It was none of my doing that Avon sold "The Star Dwellers," and Campbell "A Life For The Stars," without any notice that these books were written for teen-agers; and I have made a point of saying that both were juveniles at every possible opportunity. Putnam's was honest about it too, and so was Faber & Faber; but I can't see how a writer can be held responsible for how publishers merchandise what he offers them. I have spent a large part of my writing time protesting editorial changes, title changes, and so on, until I now have a reputation among publishers and editors as something of a snob and more than something of a sorehead -- but there is a limit to the amount of this kind of fighting one can conduct and still get anything written. The practice needs to be changed, I agree, but I am not sure that the primary responsibility rests on the writer. He doesn't write blurbs or design jackets or in most other ways try to sell things for what they are not.

In defense of the Okies themselves, let me say that John distorts the series a little in order to wield the flaming sword more effectively. To begin with, he arranges the novels in the wrong order, which bears upon his criticism of the structure of the series. The order of publishing of "Cities in Flight" is an accident over which I could have had no control; I won't bore John, or you, with my long and fruitless battle to get the project into print the way I wanted to see it. The order in which the story is told is: "They Shall Have Stars," "A Life for the Stars," "Earthman, Come Home," and "A Clash of Cymbals" ("The Triumph of Time" in the US).

I raise this apparently mechanical point because it has a good deal of bearing on John's critical language. He complains, for instance, that all the characters in the juvenile ring false when compared to their appearances in the final two books; but as the whole work is conceived, LIFE is the first appearance of Amalfi, Anderson, Dulany and deFord himself, and was written to show what they changed from, not what they changed to. Chris is, as John notes, not a great success as the city's first manager, and LIFE shows, in embryo, why this should be so. The Amalfi of "Earthman, Come Home" is held back in LIFE until the last chapter, and is a younger and less certain man than he becomes in EARTHMAN; in the last book he has grown old, as have all the characters but two newly introduced children. I think the Amalfi of the last chapter of LIFE can't fairly be regarded as an afterthought, but as an entrance; and so with the rest.

Similarly, John says that the "kindly old astronomer...fulfills his part in the farce by going to sleep in public places whenever the opportunity offers." This is a flaming-sword kind of description of something that in fact only happens once, and it does not make a fool of the character involved; he is forced to wait in line for a long time, and finding himself sitting down, sensibly sneaks in a nap. I didn't intend this to be comic; experience shows that much wheeling and dealing deserves nothing better than being napped at until the demonstration is over, provided that one is rich enough in experience, and tranquil enough, to fail to give a damn if other people see you napping. It is Baxter who has made a fool of my astronomer, not me... I will cite just one more instance of this flaming-sword kind of exaggeration. John says that Chris has "picked up the rudiments of descriptive astronomy from his father." This is not what the book says. Chris picked up the rudiments of descriptive astronomy -- a very easy subject -- all by himself. He pretends, for survival, that his father was an astronomer, but in fact his father was a historian -- and it is this paternal gift that starts Chris along the course that makes him the City's first manager. The questions about astronomy that Frank Lutz asks Chris early on are questions that any sf fan, or any child of the space age, ought to be able to answer in his sleep, and Lutz quite properly suspects this.

Now let's abandon the Okies and go back to the general subject of juveniles. John would have it that juveniles like Heinlein's and del Rey's (which I have been imitating) are addressed to the children bracketed by the age-group that is specified by the blurbs; and he says, "When a doting aunt wants to buy a book for her scientifically inclined nephew, she wouldn't choose science fiction..." This may be true down where doting aunts carry their nephews in pouches, but it isn't true in the United States. Up here, what the trade calls "juvenile" or "teen-age" sf is almost entirely bought by parents and libraries; the teen-agers who are interested in sf have already been reading ANALOG etc for years, and leave the Andre Norton kind of juvenile to the inexplicable enthusiasms of P. Schuyler Miller, and other people who think they know better than the kids do what the kids actually like. Writers of sf juveniles, as Heinlein has known from the beginning, are always writing primarily for an adult audience, and if their books contain propaganda -- as mine always do -- this propaganda is directed to the parents and the librarians who buy the books, not the youngsters who read them.I am not so witless as to direct propaganda toward obviously barren ground; my remarks about education -- in all my juveniles, not just the one John is attacking here -- are addressed to him, not to his children.

I'm delighted to see AgBob mixing into the musical part of the argument. I agree readily that I like masterworks with good libretti much better than I like masterworks with nonsensical ones, but I will still maintain that there are so many great operas that match both descriptions that it's difficult to divide them in any rational way. This whole argument began, Bob, you will remember, with Breen's contention that Heinlein's dismissal of all opera might have emerged from the impatience of a born story-teller for the nonsensical stories of some operas. I entered the lists as a man committed to many operas which I thought to be nonsensical, and to dispute any rationalistic view of what might consititute a great opera, including Breen's/Heinlein's, which derives or might be derived from the amount of sense the book might make. Your stereotype of me -- "The coldly rational mind of Jim Blish" -- is a much more suitable descritpion of Breen's wholly speculative notion of why Heinlein might not like opera, than it could possible be of anything I have ever said in comment on Breen's free-floating speculation. I am deeply involved; and it was not I who said that a Sears-Roebuck catalogue is a more important cultural achievement than any opera ever written; nor was it I who suggested that a competent fiction-writer has to hate opera because many opera plots are nonsense. For that matter, Heinlein never said so either -- Breen put it into his mouth.

About the music itself: Agreed that Mozart could set anything and come up with a masterwork. Agreed also that all Mozart operas are equal. The coldly rational mind of Jim Blish nevertheless finds Zauberflöte, which has a libretto only slightly superior to MIKE MARS ON MARS, to be the only Mozart opera that's as moving and worthy of the composer as Don Giovanni; Figaro, which is -- contrary to Bob's view of the book -- also nonsense, is a lovely piece of work but not nearly as interesting and intricate as Rossini's sequel. The coldly rational mind also finds itself deeply moved by Zauberflöte's successors -- all irrational -- such as Parsifal and Die Frau ohne Schatten. (I think Pelleas also belongs in this group. A case could also be made for adding Turandot. These are irrational, almost nonsensical operas, which nevertheless provoked from the composers involved the most beautiful music they knew how to turn out.

And then there is Verdi, which is a world in itself. Of course Otello and Falstaff are masterpieces, and the books for them make a great contribution; Boito was a poet of substance. But -- Bob -- go back, if you will, to La Forza del Destino. Is it possible to imagine music more pointed, more direct, more voluptuous then this outpouring of genius, -- wedded to what might be the world's silliest play? And then there is "The Masked Ball" -- an explosion of incredibly beautiful music, wedded to a play nobody but LMJanifer could think kindly of for ten seconds. No, I don't like Traviata as a book; but La Forza del Destino is also monsense, and yet I can hear very little of it before I find myself in tears, I think Bob knows why this happens. The great oath scene in this opera crops up again in Othello, not very much transformed, and without any real reference to the libretto. Pace, pace, mio dio becomes Salce, salce in Otello. The libretto has changed from nonsense to Shakespeare: but what Verdi had in mind has not changed at all, and it is, as always the composer who is in charge. This is as it should be. (New York)

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP: George Price's arguments in favor of an unfettered capitalism (and let's not use question-begging terms like "free-enterprise system" or "free market economic system") are beguiling. But, before we hand him the marbles, let's ask him what he would do to cure certain faults of capitalism. And let's not fall for claims that these faults are temporary and adventitious; that they are all the fault of the First World War or of governmental interference or something. There have always been wars, so an economic system had better be constructed on the theory that war from time to time is a normal state if it is to be any good. And these faults obtained through the nineteenth century, when the governments of leading industrial nations in general gave their capitalists almost complete freedom from regulation. The faults are:

(1) Inequality of opportunity. Despite the great rise in working-class living standards in the last quarter-century, the child of upper-class parents still has a far better chance of getting through college than one of working-class parents, given absolute equality of ability.

(2) Temporal instability; that is, boom-or-bust. Apologists for capitalism take the line that the boom is "normal" but the subsequent bust is "abnormal" and can therefore be cured by some gimmick. Keynes thought governments ought to save in boom times and spend beyond their incomes in bad; a neat theory that ignores the political reality: that political pressures always make it impossible for governments to save in boom times, so the spending program is strictly a one-way street. As far as the evidence of the last two centuries goes, alternations of booms and depressions are as natural as the alternation of birth and death. When we can cure death, maybe we shall also be able to cure depressions.

(3) Chronic unemployment. This, too, seems to be "normal" even in "normal" times; "full employment," as in the Second World War, is decidedly unusual. I'm not talking about frictional unemployment or the hard core of unemployables, either, but

about a situation like the present and comparatively prosperous 1960s. If the Communists are wrong in prophesying that unemployment will increase indefinitely, the pro-Capitalists seem likewise wrong in assuming that it will automatically go away. In part, chronic unemploymnet seems an inevitable consequence of technological progress; but without technological progress we should still be living as the Sumerians did. So what to do?

These questions are not asked in any hostile spirit; after all, I can't complain much about the treatment that capitalism has accorded me personally. For that matter, I should like not only Price's formula for curing these faults without governmental action, but also those of some of his Liberal opponents on how to cure them with governmental action. All the methods proposed so far, when analyzed, basically come down to a progressive depreciation of the currency by ever-expanding debt; in other words, infinite inflation. This has been resorted to by many governments, ever since paper money came into existence in China under the Sung Dynasty, as a means of coping with desperate situations, and the cure has usually turned out to be worse than the disease.

And while he's about it, suppose George tells us what he proposes to do with all the millions of strong backs and weak minds who will be made unemployable by the ever-increasing mechanization and automation of industry?

JOHN BAXTER: Love you? Of course I love you, you mad impetuous fool you! Do you think I would sit here, slaving like a navy over a letter of comment on your magazine if I didn't love you? There has to be an explanation for it, and when I slouch here at 3am with my mouth like the armpit of a gorilla and my eyes like Oedipus Rex, with twitching fingers and frozen joints, I am unable to think of any other save that I indeed have a guilty passion for you that shows itself in these fevered outpourings. In view of this, I hope that all my letters will, according to custom, be wrapped in blue ribbon, drenched in cheap scent and secreted in an attic trunk.

So I love you -- but I don't love your fanzine. There are times when I don't even like it. (In this, it seems I am at variance with Pound and his "What thou lovest well remains/The rest is dross", as it seems I am able to embrace one part of the Bergeron complex and toss the remainder to the fish. Perhaps Jim Blish was right when he said "What is poetry, after all, but a highly organised form of lying?"). However, despite my apparent lack of emotion towards Wrhn, I would find it hard to adjust to life without it. Over the years, Wrhn has worked itself into the position of an old friend who one neither loves nor likes, but is merely adjusted to. It's nice to have Wrhn around, but if I had to analyse my emotions about the magazine, I would fall back on words like "trust" and "familiarity". I can depend on it for certain things, and because it is dependable, like an old friend I use and abuse it mercilessly. I write in the margins and lend copies to my friends and generally consign parts of it to a watery grave with violent letters. How can you connote this sort of behaviour with love, even with like? You can't, any more than you can single out any special description of my attitude to Wrhn. It just is, and I act accordingly. If the misery of the above depresses you, however, be cheered by the news that, when I saw you write that you were thinking of giving up the magazine, I felt shocked and sad. I've never felt that way about any magazine before.

You have the problem that faces all hobbyists sooner or later -- that of finding time for everything. I'm only surprised it hasn't hit you earlier than this. There isn't any answer to it -- you just have to drop something here and something there until the day holds enough hours to fit everything in. In your case, it seems most logical to cut down on the size of Wrhn until it balances with your etching, your job and your social life. This wouldn't necessarily involve any real sacrifices, except

on the part of your contributors (who would be required to write a little less, always a painful process), and your readers (who would be required to satisfy themselves with less, an equally agonizing thing, especially where Walt Willis is concerned). It may be painful, but it would be far better than not reading or writing at all.

I hope you'll forgive me if I don't comment on the Lowndes article. I'm fed up to here with stuff about this film. It's been analyzed out of all proportion to its real importance, with the result that the mystique has become more complex and popular than the work itself. I think this is ridiculous. For all its qualities, "La Dolce Vita" is far from the masterpiece that many reviewers seem to think it. There are flaws in most aspects of the film and, while they don't outweigh its qualities, I think it's ridiculous that most writers, in Wrhn at least, should ignore them completely. I'm inclined to think this has something to do with my theory, expounded in the lettercol some months back, that the writers have seen too few good films to put LDV in proper perspective. The history of European cinema is full of false starts at the sort of overall morality play that makes up the bulk of this film. Some directors have even succeeded better than Fellini in pointing out the hopelessness of contemporary society, though on a smaller scale. For instance, Michaelangelo Antonioni's "L'Avventura" and "La Notte" seem to me to be, because of their more limited scope, far more complete and penetrating works of art than "La Dolce Vita". Perhaps, behind its complexity, Resnais' "L'Annee Derniere A Marienbad" is better than all of these, just as his earlier "Hiroshima Mon Amour" outshone everything else that had ever been done in this style previously. Perhaps...I wouldn't say for certain. But I think the idea is worth considering, and most writers have failed to do so, because they, quite frankly, have not seen enough films.

As for the "real meaning" of LDV, you might be interested to hear Fellini's own personal explanation. Here it is. "It was not my intention to cause civil war in Italy. I simply wanted to tell a story, a very autobiographical story, that would reflect something of the helpless chaos in which we are all of us living today. I wanted to tell the adventures -- private and professional -- of a journalist who carries around with him his sense of melancholy, his frustrations, his fears, his attitudes towards good and evil through a series of contradictory and disturbing encounters which are the signs of a society without passions obliged to live from day to day. Certainly I didn't expect such contradictory and violent reactions. But there is a satisfaction in observing that the film has hit its target -- everybody has had an individual reaction. Whether it is a reaction of approval or indignation is the same. The important thing is that the film has made people react."

This seems to make sense. We all reacted to the film in different ways -- what then is the point of each of us chronicling our reaction if it's such a personal and unique thing? I know the basis of fiction is a person's private attitude to an event or situation, but endless theorizing about an infinitesimal part of our everyday life seems to me to be idle. And let's face it -- despite its length, LDV is no more than a drop in the artistic bucket.

Walt Willis is beautiful beautiful beautiful...at least, his writing is. I don't know anything about his personal physiology (outside of information gleaned from some fuzzy ten-year-old photos in QUANDRY) although I'm sure it is of surpassing beauty also. But as I was saying, The Harp is, as always,a joy to read. No, Walt -- of course you didn't goof this time. I'm starting to believe that this is impossible.

On consideration, I think Walt has a point when he says it is impossible to appreciate the size of America at a glance, though this doesn't necessarily invalidate what Fitzgerald said. The country has changed a great deal since the Dutch sailors he spoke of took their first look. Its complete emptiness must have been almost

impossible to adjust to after the overcrowded towns of Europe. Admittedly they couldn't possibly have known the size of the continent, but just to come across a land that was completely unknown must have been a shattering experience. These days, America is far from empty -- the original impact has been dulled by civilization. Roads and houses everywhere, industrialization carried even into the centre of the country. Even in the national parks, the only places where the real original America seems to exist, there must always be the feeling that civilization is hiding behind a tree somewhere, just waiting to jump out if required. But, back in the 17th century, who knows what it looked like? Personally, I have the feeling that just to see it looming up out of the dark would have scared me silly.

Walt seems to be the latest in a long list of writers who have fallen under the spell of the American highway system. Nothing so aptly symbolizes the American way of life as an eight-lane freeway -- the enormity of it, the complete disregard of natural obstacles, even the liquid name; (freeway, turnpike...why are the nicest names reserved for automobiles and the objects that sustain them, while the best you can find for architecture is "skyscraper", "automat" etc?) all these are integral parts of the American way of life, don't you think? Among others, Vladimir Nabokov and Jack Kerouac have thought so, and written novels accordingly. "Lolita" is set either on or beside American roads for most of its length (and the connecting theme of the road was used brilliantly by Stanley Kubrick when he filmed the book), while "On The Road" is a sort of love-poem to the highway system. And now Walt Willis has fallen under the spell, with a vengeance. His is not a mere love. One need only think of the symbolism behind a mast soaring upwards and crowned with the glowing word YES to realize this is a grand passion.

Breen's column I found much more enjoyable this time than on previous occasions, perhaps because this time he stuck to his home ground and eschewed the Upanishads. His comment on the blending of mainstream and sf techniques is well-taken. However, I am not so sure about his statement that the techniques of "Venus Plus X", "Rogue Moon" and "Canticle For Leibowitz" are "frankly experimental". There seems to be very little that is experimental about any of these novels. In fact, two of them -- "Rogue Moon" is a possible exception -- are downright old-fashioned. The word "experimental" is, I think, thrown about far too generously these days in sf. Of course, there is experimental sf, but the sf stories that are honestly avant garde and original in approach can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The best of them is probably Jim Blish's "Testament of Andros," a piece that, despite having been described by Damon Knight as "possibly the most complex short story in the English language", is almost unknown to most readers. Kingsley Amis's "Something Strange" is another little-appreciated story with a great deal of meat to it. Another story -- this time a novel -- that few fans have encountered is Anthony Burgesss's "A Clockwork Orange," The first essay into sf by a well-known English novelist. This is a real eye-popper. Burgess has set out to transfer James Joyce's rhythmic approach to language into something that can be understood by ordinary readers of fiction. To do this, he has written a novel that purports to be the diary of a juvenile delinquent in a London of the future, told in the boy's own oddly cadenced slang. The story is quite intelligible once you get the knack of unravelling the language, and it carries one along on a wave of almost jazz-like rhythm. Not a consistent beat, of course, but a sort of flowing springy rhythm that is is highly effective when used correctly. "A Clockwork Orange" is a sort of "Finnegan's Wake" without puns, and one of the few really experimental pieces of sf I have read.

All this is just personal opinion, of course, but there is one incident which indicates quite strongly that the sf fan's appreciation of the experimental is feeble. Back in 1926, Robert Coates, a now well-known American author and journalist, wrote a novel called "The Eater of Darkness." It was sf -- there was a wacky scientist and a

mysterious machine that apparently acted as a sort of remote-control tv. At the time, it was avant garde literature of the most extreme kind. Critics classed it as the first of the surrealist novels, and it sold well for a while. However, as usually happens with experiments, other writers learned from the book and soon there were dozens of surrealist novels on sale. Eventually, the tide of progress swept over Coates and picked up Joyce, Wolfe and the rest of the 30s literary giants. "The Eater of Darkness" was forgotten, and though one of the egghead pb firms picked it up in the 50s and reprinted it as a curiousity, it remains an almost unknown book to the majority of sf fans.

However, in 1960, Kurt Vonnegut jr wrote a novel called "The Sirens of Titan." It got the big build-up from fandom -- a really mature experimental novel, they said. Something fresh and original. Lots of people just couldn't understand it, always a good indication of quality as far as the critics are concerned. To fandom, this was an experimental novel -- yet in technique, style and approach it was almost a copy of "The Eater of Darkness." It seems to me we have a long way to go before any sf story can be said with any confidence to be "experimental."

Walt's mention of Shiras' "Children of the Atom" reminds of a little point that has always amused me in connection with this book. Remember how the genius children, looking for something to keep them occupied, decide to write a play in the style of Shakespeare? They settle for one based on the story of Cataline, because it seemed to be a real Shakespeare plot. Of course, it is a roaring success, and nobody discovers the play is a forgery. With a little more research, Miss Shiras would have realized that Shakespeare would never have written a play about Cataline, because his drinking mate and fellow dramatist Ben Jonson based one of his most successful plays on this particular incident. What Jonson would have had to say if Shakespeare, with his superior talent, had written up one of his cherished plots is obvious.

"Mail Warp" this issue opens with two of the best letters you've ever published. But what else could you expect from Bloch and Silverberg? It's a pity you had to spoil your record by printing after them this tirade by Moskowitz. After reading his comments, I was immediately reminded of something John Jay Chapman said about Theodore Roosevelt. "His genius" he said,"was to flash a light, put someone down a well, raise a howl to heaven about honesty, and move onto the next thing." Apposite? The rest of the remark is nearly as good. "Such a genius for publicity as never was - and our people being boy-minded and extremely stupid found him lovely. His feeblemess of intellect appears in his writings - which are dull and bombastic - and I doubt that he will go down as a great man. He's more like a figure out of Dumas."

As for the business of prozine lettercols, Moskowitz' remarks indicate only that he has not written to sf magazines very much of late. Agreed, most magazines don't have enough good letters to make up a column each month - but what do you expect when it is patently obvious that the editors carry only those letters that praise the magazine or raise critical points that can be dismissed in a few words? A reasoned appraisal of a story gets no attention at all, presumably because the editor is not prepared to admit that an intelligent reader could find one of his stories wanting.
(Australia)

WALTER BREEN writes "an open letter to Sam Moskowitz": My major regret is that you should have shown yourself incapable of distinguishing between an occasional minor lapse (honest errors for which I herewith apologize, and of which most have already been corrected in publications whose existence you do not acknowledge) and a kind of dishonesty to which I would not stoop. The differences between my account of the Seacon fan panel and the tape transcript you kindly provided do not, I think, "convincingly prove" that I am "capable of neither" "honest reporting" nor "honest opinion". I challenge you to produce as many as five members of FAPA who will agree with your

claim -- implicit in DIFFERENT, explicit and verbatim in Wrhn 18 -- that "the truth is so antipodal to Breen's reporting". I will not expect you to believe anything Ted White might say on the subject, but you might begin by reading the unsolicited comment in the 101st (FAPA) mailing by Elinor Busby, who was an eyewitness to the occasion under dispute. Under the circumstances, if you cannot produce a substantial number to agree with your condemnatory views, I suggest that the burden of a gentlemanly apology is upon you. (California)

DEAN GRENNELL: The finest lines in W'hoon 18 were WAW's:"The other afternoon, as I was throwing a cathode ray tube down a mineshaft, ..." Gads, but I wish I had said that. Personally, I wish I had a few defunct cathode ray tubes. I would back off fifty yards or so and dab them a crafty one with the .44 Magnum. (Milwaukee 1, Wis.)

HARRY WARNER: I hope the mood with which you wrote the editorial has moderated by now and that the failure of an April issue to come into the world really did derive from your change of address and job and not from more dismal reasons concerned with dissatisfaction with publishing. Sometimes fandom exasperates me and never more so than when members of it complain that "Warhoon seems somehow to take so long to read". All the complaints that I've seen about its effect on some readers are simply the cause and effect type: it takes long to read because it contains many words, and fanzines with few illustrations are so scarce these days that some fans forget that a lot of pictures speed up page turning and they attribute their slow progress from cover to cover to your editing. I could never love any fanzine in the sense that I love certain things in nature, certain individuals, and much music. A fanzine impresses me as a medium rather than as a thing, a container for the thoughts and emotions of the people who contribute to it, and I would never save the bathwater, no matter how careful I was not to throw out the baby after the ablutions. But even if I refuse to love Wrhn I think it's the finest fanzine appearing today and I hope that you become the first fan to possess stereo hugos.

Walt Willis' column means much more to me than all the oratory on Memorial Day, advertisements in Fortune, and press releases from the National Park Service jammed together in one lump. I suppose that I should criticize his depreciation of Europe, which he probably hasn't seen as thoroughly and as closely as North America, but I'm not exactly a first-hand observer of the continent so I'll keep quiet about that. As for dumps, the principal problem around here is that dump sites sometimes become highly desirable for other purposes and then the town or other political subdivision that owns them has a terrible time finding a new site. One about a dozen miles from Hagerstown is doomed for extinction because the State of Maryland has suddenly decided that this is the only location that will satisfy for construction of a lake. Legend says that one of Hagerstown's hills is nothing more than a monumental pile of garbage over which streets were paved and lawns were sown when the population growth caused the town to expand in that direction.

I'm afraid that Bob Silverberg is arguing from untenable premises in his letter about librettos. He seems to imply that the operas he considers great owe at least part of their merits to words drawn from "mythology or from a specific literary work". But this is true of the great majority of successful, once-successful, and almost-successful operas of the past couple of centuries. Traviata is close to a Dumas novel, Trovatore to Guittierez' play, and the early and middle period Verdi operas in general are remarkable for the consistency with which they come from really great works: two from Schiller plays, another from Shakespierre, Rigoletto from Hugo, ditto Ernani, and so on. It's extreme to call Fanciulla and Butterfly absurd as drama, when both were operized from wildly successful stage pla s and stuck pretty closely to the models: the plays would seem old-fashioned today, but Fiorello! will seem old-fashioned if the world lasts long enough to reach 2010. :: Ted White's letter about

music makes me wonder how much preoccupation with jazz and extremely modern serious music is simply another fannish manifestation of revolt against parental ideals and customs? :: The Moskowitz rhapsody over Fred Pohl caused me to wonder briefly if I really was well enough to be in that convalescent home. Eventually I decided that I really did understand what I was reading and needn't return to the hospital, and I can be forgiven for this self-doubt because there was a time when Sam himself wouldn't have believed he could ever find these good things to say about one of his old sparring partners. :: More and more, I'm coming to suspect that the failure of committees to tell all about Hugo voting is based on nothing more mysterious or dreadful than shame that fandom should know how few people really vote. (Maryland)

JOHN B MICHEL: I want to thank you for sending me a copy of Wrhn 18. I assume that Doc Lowndes mentioned my name to you, and it was through that mention that I received a copy. :: The magazine was quite a surprise. I had, of course, been originally associated with the founding of the FAPA, but that was so many years ago that I thought the FAPA extinct. And now to find it not only going but a rival of the Spectator APA! As I wrote to Doc, these APAs are infinitely superior to the avante garde, both in subject matter and in clarity and quality of writing. I have always found that Stf-fans have a breadth of mind which is much greater than that of any other group. :: And now to find that Wrhn 18 is part of the 62nd mailing of the SAPA! How much have I not seen! How much is forever beyond me, now. :: But it was most interesting reading (especially Doc Lowndes' piece on La Dolce Vita) and gratifying to note the names of old friends mentioned in letters by and about themselves. Brought back old memories. (Box 544, Greenwood Lake, New York)

BRIAN VARLEY: Walt's observations on America were the first fannish writings to give me, an Englishman, a basis for comprehending the vastness of the USA. Statistics, the length and breadth, the square-milage of the Union, give nothing to the imagination, but Walt's whole piece brought realization with a sense of awe, a sense of awe only possible to one whose entire land can be crossed in less than a two-day train journey, and the breadth of which can be coped with in a one-day drive. It's almost enough to give me claustrophobia! (England)

RICHARD KYLE: "The Harp That Once Or Twice" was excellent. I enjoyed it very much. And yet, back in my head, I could not help thinking: "Willis has written one too many drafts of this column." Somehow, quite irrationally I'll grant you, it seemed too smooth, too easy, as if the skill with which it had been written infinitesimally exceeded the value of the content. :: One thing that arrested my attention was the mention of the Gipsies. It seems strange that an island as small as England should still have Gipsies, and yet English novels speak of them, too, from time to time. We have Gipsies, but they're almost never written about. Perhaps they make the point Willis was speaking of earlier. Perhaps Gipsies lose their glamour, and even their reason for existence, in a society as mobile and vast as ours.

In these days, when good sf is almost impossible to come by and bad sf is fought over by the editors the way the "classics" of yesterday once were, I find it hard to support John Baxter's accusation of Campbell's immorality. True, "A Life for the Stars" was an awful story, but it is painful to think of what might have occupied that space in Analog if Blish's novel had not. ... What appalled me was not the story -- it was no worse than a dozen, or a hundred, sf stories published recently -- it was the Message he brought to his readers, and especially to his intended, juvenile, readers. The message that the coat-holders shall inherit the earth.:: Crispin deFord, the hero, in the crisis of the story, proves his heroism by hiding in a hole while other men fight for freedom -- a fight he has urged them to. :: This message was evident in "The Star Dwellers", but it was nowhere near as baldly put. There, there was some excuse for the hero, if there was not for the writer. In "The Star Dwellers"

the hero remained behind while his companions ventured out into the universe, and from his vantage point in the rear guard, he was able to make contact with the Star Dwellers, negotiate a treaty with them, rescue his foolhardy commander and his teenage aide from the folly of acting, rather than waiting for good fortune, and return home to -- ultimately -- a hero's welcome. In Dwellers it all had a makeshift plausibility, and it was impossible to be completely certain of Blish's intent. :: In "A Life for the Stars" one can be certain. The go-between, the coat-holder, the "diplomat" is the man to admire, the man who shapes the world. :: I wonder what Churchill, deGaulle, Stalin, Washington, Hitler, Lincoln, the Roosevelts, Khrushchev, and virtually every important leader the world has ever known would think of that? I know what I think. :: Writers write what they do because they can write nothing else. One of the reasons they cannot is their own convictions and beliefs. I wish -- truly -- that Blish would re-examine his. He is a man of talent, one of the every few in sf, and I am sure the mechanism of these stories cannot reflect his real beliefs. The epitome of man must be something more than a creature with educated hands who can hold two coats at once without wrinkling either.

Walter Breen's column was excellent. I wonder, though, if mainstream literature has so much absorbed sf's techniques as it has its gimmicks. I suspect that the introduction of science fictional devices in the mainstream is acceptable because they are so familiar to the reader and writer that they've become part of "reality." "On The Beach" would have been bald sf, back in 1945. It is no longer because the world of "On The Beach" has become "real" (that is, wholly and completely possible in the mind of the world.)

The letter column was about the right length, I thought. Sometimes, it's so long, with so many people examining and re-examining the same thing, that I develop a kind of nightmarish sensation that the world is being split into atoms right before my eyes. (2126 Earl Ave., Long Beach 6, California)

RICK SNEARY: I'm not pleased for your sake, that the response to #17 was low, but I did tell you so. So much material, and about which one could say so little. But now you talk about whether fans love Wrhn.Which I rather think is asking for it. There are no doubt a few fire-hearted fans who can not only love Wrhn but the Scientific American and Harpers. But I am not one of them. :: Please do not cast my letter and address card into the fire just yet. I admire and enjoy Wrhn, and agree that it is the best amateur magazine of our day. I'm not sure it is the best fanzine. Partly for the same reasons I've given you for not being sure you are really a fan. But it is also that Wrhn is just a little to good to be loved. To much of the material is, frankly, over my head. I am interested in and informed by reading it, but don't look forward to the sheer joy of reading it that I do with Hyphen or Neolithic. The difference between siting down with an admired educator and a good friend. :: And, least you point out that there are plenty of light and friendly touches in Wrhn, both by yourself, Willis, and others, I can only say that a fanzine has a personality which is greater than it's parts... Void is not all editorial chitter-chatter, but it may well be remembered that way. :: As for my loving any fanzine... I'm not sure. I don't use the word "love" very much. I tell myself that this is not because I'm less loving than others, but that I'm more careful of my terms. To me "love" is a rather special kind of feeling, that is not lightly or easily given;hard to explain; and harder still to take back. My feeling of love is hard to explain, and not well reasoned. Some people "love" movies, or "love"to come and visit. I've loved about a dozen people and a dog I once had... No, as yet I've never loved a fanzine. (2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.)

HARRY WARNER on Wrhn 17: The Breen report made up for most of the loss I felt at missing the Chicon (and the sense of loss wasn't particularly great about the conven-

tion, but I did want to meet the Willises and Ethel Lindsay). I imagine that this is the longest conreport in history and it is definitely one of the best for its wealth of anecdotes and the explanations about matters that many fanzine writers would assume the audience already knows. It solves one proplem for me, that of my inability to get the tabulation of how Hugo balloting has gone. The next Horizons will request this information on a page that was stenciled before I discovered in this way that it's a deliberate secret, not my lack of research skill. Apparently the only thing that Walter omitted was something that he couldn't have known. I didn't really fail any firm obligation when I didn't show for the panel. I was asked to take part in it a couple of days before the program booklet went to press. I told Earl that my prospects for attending were very doubtful, that I'd take part if I got there, but couldn't be counted on. :: To reply to one of your remarks in the SAPS comments section, the fan history will not be the encyclopedia that a couple of fans suggested. It will be roughly chronological, although there must be backing and filling from time to time to permit treatment of long-lasting phenomena in one place. The writing will not be done chronologically, however, and the publication will also probably jump around quite a bit. It is more difficult to locate information about some of the older things. If I write the history and it appears in serial form in the proper order, it will undergo some long waits for vital information. So I plan to write first the chapters on which my notes are already adequate and try to get them into print soon, then take care of the others when I'm convinced that I've exhausted all the wellsprings of fannish lore. In fact, I wrote about one-half of the first page of a chapter on New Year's Eve, in order to keep up to my original timetable, which called for beginning the writing in 1962. I think that in another month or two I'll be writing on a daily basis.

JACK SPEER rambles: Last Sunday we happened upon a public library sale in an arty suburb, and among the books I bought was "The Gods of Mars," the first Martian book that I read, back in the dim past. While rereading it I thought many times of you as a fellow Barsoomian. :: I wonder if you can throw any light on a passage in the foreward that puzzles me. Referring to John Carter, "this man who remembered no childhood and who could not even offer a vague guess as to his age;who was always young and yet who had dandled my grandfather's great-grandfather upon his knee;". I had been under the impression that John Carter was simply ERB's great-uncle, and had led a perfectly normal life up until 1866. The matter is of special interest to me as a Civil War buff, since I'd like to believe that there is still one veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia alive and healthy, though some millions of miles away.:: Incidentally I found my memory played me false on a couple of figures that I'd thought were firmly established in it. I thought the phrase was "clean-limbed fighting man of forty ", but it's thirty; and I notice the distance between the two planets is given at 48 million miles, though I'd been under the impression that the blurbs in the backs of the Grosset & Dunlap editions (this has none) listing the entire series, spoke of Mars as that strange planet 43 million miles from earth. :: Though I didn't suffer as much disappointment as you on rereading the florid Burroughs language, I was disappointed in another respect. I had wondered if I was simply more attuned for nitpicking now than I used to be, or whether proofreading has gone downhill since the 1920s. Well, proofreading has probably gone downhill, but I noticed numerous typographical errors that made no impression on me the first time; at one point, spear is even spelled speer, but I don't recall noticing it before. There are also a shocking number of errors that must be blamed on Burroughs, such as misuses of whom, and most annoyingly to me, profuse misuse of archaic conjugations.

I'm glad you found reincarnation as a theme in "Beyond This Horizon."Bill Evans had questioned including a number for it in the decimal classification. Assuming that what you read was about the same thing as the magazine version, I don't think the failure to answer the question about the significance of life was an example of intellectual cowardice or evasion. It was, however, evidence of an author who had

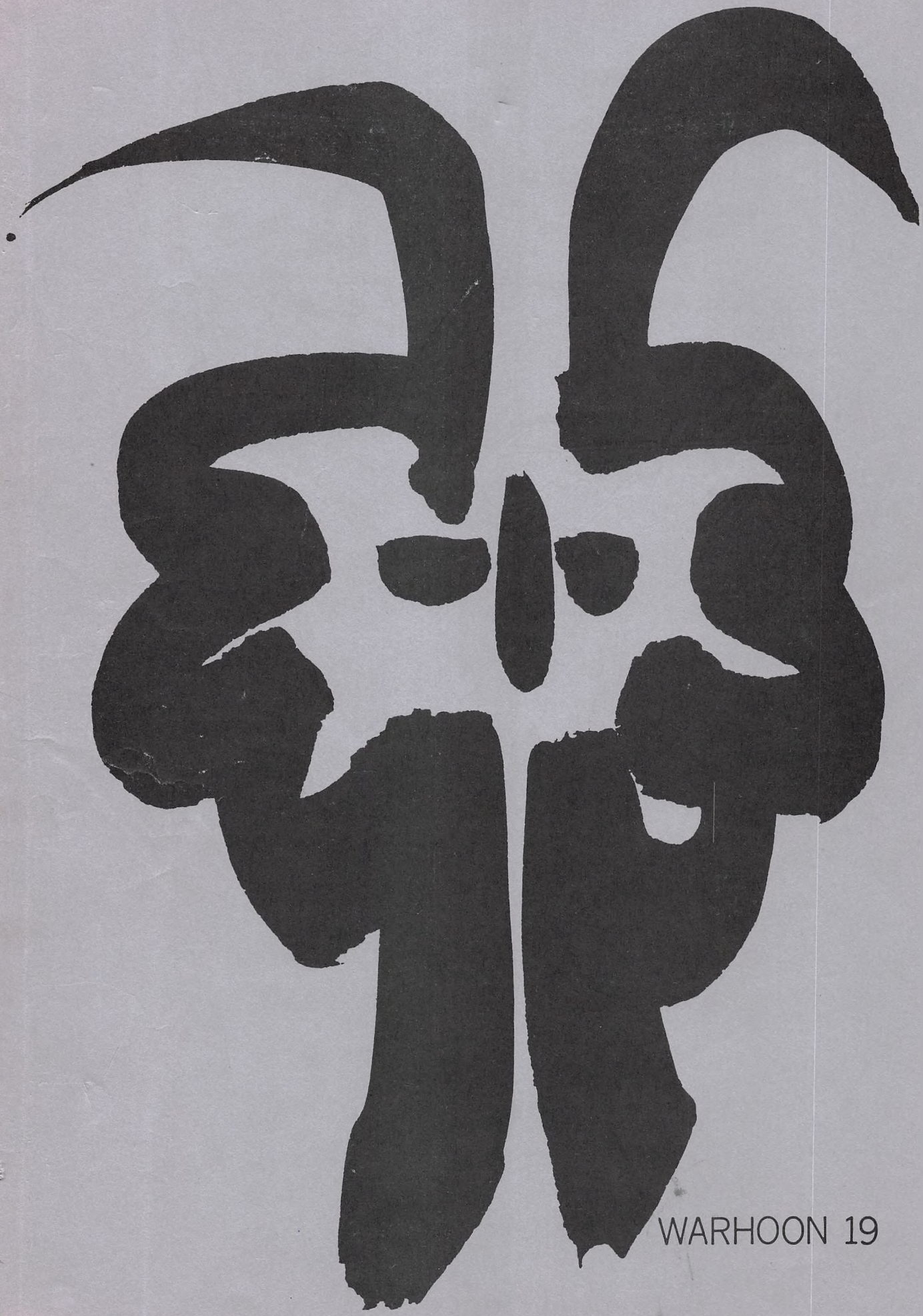
not mastered his story. I felt that"Beyond This Horizon" was, more than any other Heinlein story, a Van Vogtian hodgepodge of ideas that came to him while writing it, greatly lacking in the unification we expect of fiction. The suggestion that though we don't know what the significance of life is, a major project for discovering would lend enough significance to life for the present, was an idea that occurred to me a few years before Heinlein wrote, but by the time I read this, it had lost its superficial appeal.

Didn't Lovecraft die at the age of forty? If so, it's rather startling to think that Harry Warner is now as old as he got, for Lovecraft always seemed incredibly ancient, while Harry is one of the younger fans.

Wrhn 18: A few words on the controversy over letters to prozines: You have probably already remarked somewhere that letters are much more likely to flow to a magazine that publishes letters. I would suggest, however, that if there are fewer letters written to prozines these days, one reason may be that people are busier, watching television and so on, and have less time to write. However, I'll tell you why I don't write letters to the only prozine that I occaaionally read: Because the editor is so fathead-ed that I have no desire to communicate with him. I'd rather put my comments in my FAPAzine, where there's a chance of intelligent attention.

Wrhn 15: Although you are demonstrating that time and money are interchangeable to a considerable extent in publishing a fanzine, I think Wrhn is headed for eventual collapse, like a snowball or an insect growing constantly bigger. It ordinarily takes more than an evening to read a Wrhn now, and so I comment more and more slowly; similar processes are probably at work even among your fast-reading readers.:: A weakness of all subjective artforms, including "Last Year at Marienbad," is that they represent the way the producer's mind saw the objective reality. But how much community is there between mind and mind when you leave the objective level? I suppose this is what you refer to when you say, " The problem to surmount is the fact that the workings of other people's minds are as unknown to us as a Martian's love call. :: Willis: I thought Northern Ireland was populated primarily by Scotch-Irish, of Lowland Scotch origin, rather than by people from England. I think Walt probably desires union of northern and southern Ireland for reasons more complicated than he has set out here. "it is impossible to be born and live in this country without being Irish" is not a reason, it's a conclusion. If I were a Northern Irelander I would fight furiously against union with a country whose national anthem is a hymn of hate, and which seeks to resurrect a dead language by fiat to emphasize its separation from the great nation nearby. These are no doubt inadequate reasons, but in return for the right to hold this opinion, I'll grant Europeans the right to an opinion on integration in the South.:: The question of how much of what is said in a story should be considered the author's opinion is an old one. I have seen some commentators argue that Shakespeare is not to be presumed to endorse any of the sentiments he puts in his characters' mouths; but the sounder view, I think, is the one that says certain of these sentiments are repeated too often, as well as dramatized in the action, to avoid the thought that they repre-sent Shakespeare's own views. (One is the contempt for democracy.) I would say that Doc Smith, though he rarely preaches sociological ideas in his stories, does in fact harbor the complex of beliefs that is easily transmuted into fascism. (In one of his stories, an early Lensman, he did actually preach: he said when the government got out of all activities except simple policing, etc, there was a tremendous economic expan-sion in consequence, that brought prosperity within the reach of everyone.) This of course was one of the veins of truth in Le Vombiteur's Wollheim-speaking-for-Boskone serial. (However, the climactic event, the arrival of the greatest champion on the side of Boskone, John Carter, was fantastic; Carter obviously belonged with Kimball Kinnison and his sort.) In the case of "Starship Troopers", there are a number of things arguing that Heinlein is presenting his own opinions, though he may in some cases do

(Concluded on page 11)



WARHOON 19