



# AKOS 2

AUGUST 1969

Published by  
The Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University

Editors-in-Chief: ~~Eli Cohen & Janet Megson~~  
Janet Megson & Eli Cohen  
Art Editor: Judy Mitchell  
Science Editor: Joseph Gerver  
Mime Rath-in-Residence: Yarik P. Thrip

## FSFSCU Officers

Eli Cohen, Grand Marshal  
Joseph Gerver, Petit Marshal  
Yarik P. Thrip, Temporary Interim Acting Seneschal

## CONTENTS:

TAENIASIS, <del>editorial</del> mumblings by Eli Cohen.....	p. 2
MIND-KIPPLE, editorial by Janet Megson.....	p. 4
CAM, poetry by Frances Yorke.....	p. 6
DISCLAVE, convention report by Eli Cohen.....	p. 7
A FABLE FOR BOB, fiction by Gregory Burns.....	p.10
AND BABY IS 3.14159, conversation with a computer.....	p.12
ISAAC ASIMOV, WE LOVE YOU, part 3.....	p.13
INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL, part II, by Joseph Gerver.....	p.14
ALBERIO, poetry by Joseph Gerver.....	p.18
SOGGY BREAD, letter column.....	p.19
GRAYSON GREENSWARD II.....	p.27

All artwork in this issue (and the COVER!) by Judy Mitchell  
Special thanks to John Chaplin, Eric Kagan, Stephanie Lowe,  
Michael Ossias, and Peter Sordillo for invaluable technical  
assistance.

© August 1969 by Joseph Gerver  
All rights reserved to the contributors

AKOS  
% Janet Megson  
321 W. 105th 5C  
N. Y. N. Y. 10025

# FANMASS

ELI COHEN

"The only individuals who should refer to themselves as 'we' are kings, editors, and people with tapeworm."

There's a saying around Columbia--anything that happens twice in a row becomes a tradition. So here we are. As a result of the sales technique that got us [*\*he means "him"--Meg*] thrown out of parties from Washington to Pittsburgh, AKOS I is completely sold out. And when our treasurer returns from his Brazilian vacation, we may even find out if we made a profit. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Columbia University for its generous donations of equipment and mimeo paper (What do you mean, you lost the skeleton key? But we can't afford to buy paper! Oh god...how about using the backs of SDS leaflets? All right, then how about Douglas MacArthur Society leaflets? Balance, as Anubis would say, that's the ticket.)

Fred Lerner, in recognition of his services to the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University (mainly, founding it and serving as its first Grand Marshal), has been made an Honorary Lifetime Member. When informed of this, Fred was somewhat less than overwhelmed; we suspect he is holding out for Grand Marshal Emeritus. Our beloved former leader, speaking *ex cathedra* from his Gerbil Farm in Clinton, New York, tells us incidentally that his book reviews in the last issue of AKOS will be reprinted in the December FANTASTIC. Goshwow! And complete with a free plug for us. See what happens when you contribute to AKOS? Which reminds us, it's time for Audience Participation, gang.

Insert in the following space one earnest, piteous plea for contributions of articles, reviews, cartoons, etc., medium desperate:



Now wasn't that heartbreaking? How can you possibly resist?

\*2\*

AKOS  
2nd Floor  
321 W. 105th St  
N.Y. N.Y.

We are fooling around with electrostencils for the first time this issue, so please bear with us, or congratulate us, as the case may be. We think Judy's illos deserve the best--unfortunately, she's stuck with us.

It has come to our attention in the course of perusing the manuscripts for this issue that our name has been much maligned and abused. Nevertheless, we feel it would be beneath our dignity to respond to the vile canards of our esteemed typist-co-editor. [*\*That's co-editor-typist, and watch it, buster!\**] Enough, woman! You try Our patience. Who ever said two 'eds are better than one? [*\*One more crack like that and you type the stencils nextish, dear....\**]

We were contemplating a PgHLANGE Convention report, but felt DISCLAVE was sufficient for one issue. However, one thing must be said--PgHLANGE was great. It had a flavor all its own, from the Welcoming Committee Incident to the, uh, Banquet? (Sorry, Suzle....) The former more or less set the tone. Three carloads of Committee took off to the airport to welcome the Silverbergs, the del Reys, Charlie Brown & Co. to Pittsburgh. Elliot Shorter spied Charlie Brown around the motel. "What happened to the Welcoming Committee?" "There was a Welcoming Committee?" At which point Bob Silverberg walked by in swim trunks with a towel draped around his neck, dripping wet from his swim in the motel pool. Something had obviously Gone Wrong. Grasping the situation, Tom Bulmer, Barbara Silverberg, and your humble [*\*should I let that go as foma, or should I Expose the Truth About Eli Cohen?\**] narrator hopped into a car and headed for the airport. When we got there, Barbara ran up behind the poor committee and gleefully shouted, "Welcome to Pittsburgh!" The con committee might have gone through hell, but the rest of us had lots of fun.

\* \* \* \* \*

A couple of guys landed on the moon the other day. It musta happened--saw it on TV. Three or four times. What with all the simulations, it makes you wonder if the whole thing wasn't taped last April by Stanley Kubrick. After years of reading about it, often as an event lost in the mists of history, you've got to admit that the actual moon landing was kind of anti-climactic. And D.D. Harriman was so much more fun than Tang and Mission Control. Sigh. The end of an era, and (cross your fingers) the beginning of a new one. Maybe they'll find a black monolith on Mars...

# CLAVIUS IN '95

# MIND-KIPPLE

BY JANET MEGSON

Yes, I know there's a 'zine called KIPPLE--I do now, at any rate. Ted Pauls and I got together at Disclave over our mutual find. I got "kipple" from Philip K. Dick's DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?--"kipple" therein meaning crunchy kind of papery junk (empty matchbooks, cigaret wrappers, etc.) that reproduces itself when you're not looking. You have to keep fighting it back or it will take over (in my apt, it already has, so there's nothing I can do but acknowledge its existence). According to Ted, his "kipple" comes from an old Donald Duck comic: "Do you like Kipling?" "I don't know--I never kippled." The question now is, did PKD get "kipple" from Ted Pauls?

While I think of it--I promised my ex-linguistics prof (who is trying to cope with BABEL-17 and the vocabulary of sf fandom at the same time) a paper on coined words in sf--for our mutual edification. Since my reading is so haphazard (and since I don't always remember the source of words which have long ago crept into my own vocabulary), I would appreciate notes on any interesting coined words anyone may have come across (just mention book and author, please!). From the smattering of examples I've already collected, I find such words fall into roughly three categories: 1) words from alien languages which are not fully adopted into Terran (usually printed in italics); 2) words which are logical outgrowths (extensions, combinations, contractions) of contemporary words; 3) words devised to cover a new concept for which English has no equivalent. I am also interested in tracing words which have passed from sf to sf fandom to general usage.

In my copious spare time (that is, when I am not hassling



AKOS and Eli), I am a Barnard drop-out and Full-Time Secretary in Charge of Bullying Columbia PhD's. My long-suffering B\*O\*S\*S, an AKOS contributor (monetary and literary), has threatened to put a sign in my office which is to read:

NOTICE TO ALL HEADS, FEN, AND LOVERS--  
IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO MEGSON, TAKE  
HER OUT TO LUNCH AND PAY FOR IT!

She claims this is to enable me to save enough money on lunches to pay for St. LouisCon, but I have my doubts. I suspect she has an ulterior motive.

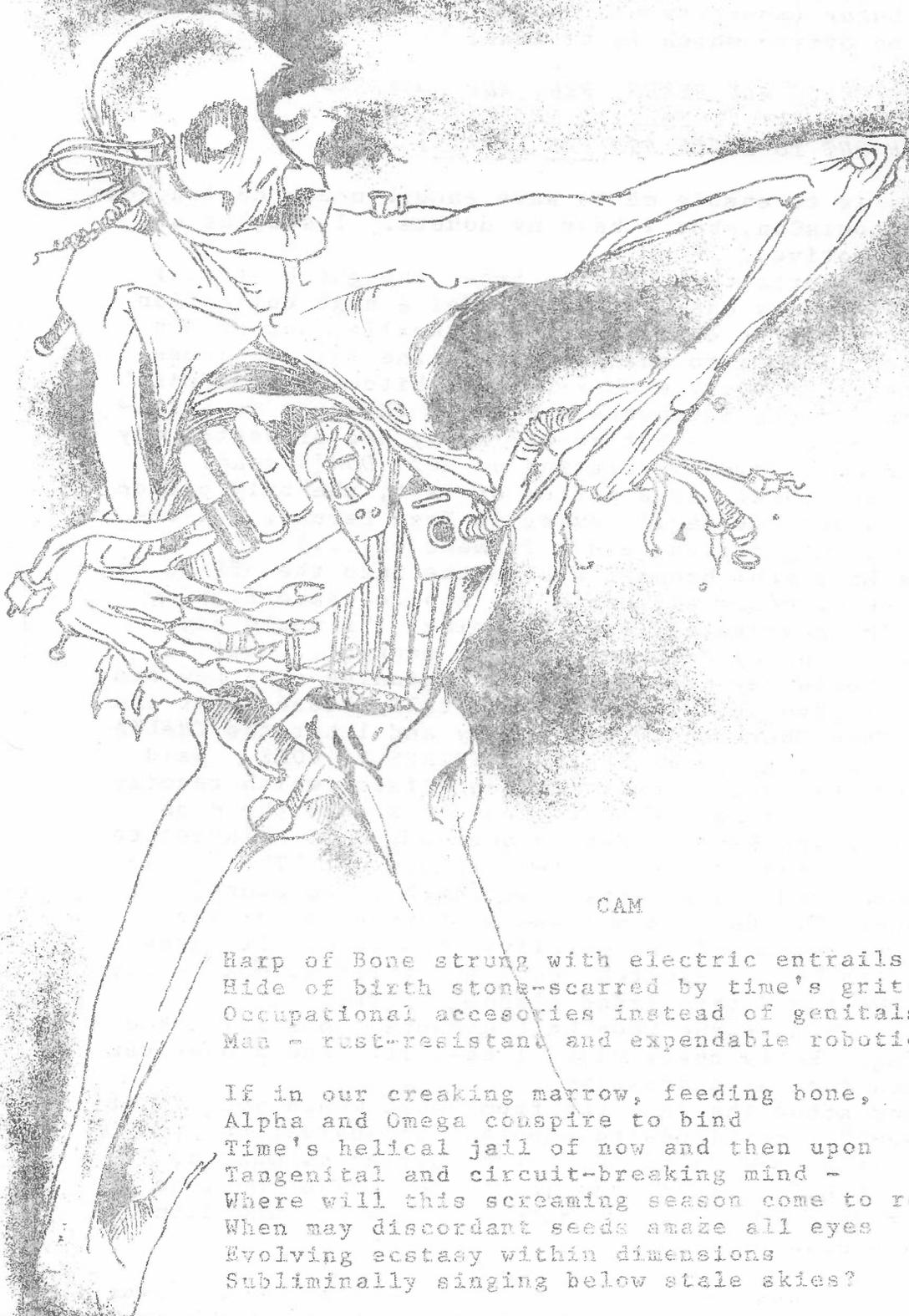
Fred Lerner reports that Charlie Brown thought he (Fred) had written AKOS 1 as a one-man 'zine under a huge collection of pseudonyms. Sorry to disappoint you, Charlie, but Fred's contribution was limited to the article on the Tolkien books. All the rest of us are very much alive and bitching (I admit that Eli's existence is a tenuous one, as I threaten to eliminate him about once a week--but so far Ricky has prevented any real mayhem and mutilation by sitting on me. *Don't count on it, Eli!*). Thrip lives! As a matter of fact, the only person on the staff who doesn't really exist is Fred Lerner. (I often wonder who's imagination he's a figment of....)

Well, some kind soul brought a boobtube into the office on The Wednesday so we could all watch the Apollo takeoff. So, it took off. The newscasters started going: "I would say this marks the beginning of a new era for mankind...Chet?" "Yes, David, I would say this marks the beginning of a new era for mankind." I gave up. I was being totally blasé about the whole thing. Then Thursday evening Ricky and I hit the THALIA for the annual showing of THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME. Said flick ends with this huge electronic gun affair (which recoils before it fires) shooting the first capsule around the moon in 2036. There stand Raymond Massey and some dolt silhouetted against the stars, and Raymond Massey explaining, "They'll go again, and again, and again...until we reach...*the stars!*" (swell of music), THE END. And I was so hopped up for the rest of the evening that I was totally unbearable. It takes Raymond Massey to get me excited about the first flight to the moon. I see the world thru jaded glasses. Pity.

I refuse to discuss the Moon Walk because I'm still irked about that flag. Petty chauvinism, I call it. And a beer can would have been just as expressive.

Discussions after the fact ran from "what would your first words have been?" (and Claudette shouted, enthusiastically, "*It's black! It's ours!*") to "So?" (Joe Gerver commented, "Actually, the Apollo should have broken down, and the Luna 15 should have rescued the astronauts...that's the way Heinlein would have done it.").

Production on this 'zine would be a lot easier if we weren't working across from the practice rooms in the Music Department. Excuse us while we go down the hall and put bubble gum in that creep's trumpet....



CAM

Harp of Bone strung with electric entrails;  
Hide of birth stone-scarred by time's grit;  
Occupational accessories instead of genitals;  
Man - rust-resistant and expendable robotic.

If in our creaking marrow, feeding bone,  
Alpha and Omega conspire to bind  
Time's helical jail of now and then upon  
Tangential and circuit-breaking mind -  
Where will this screaming season come to rest?  
When may discordant seeds anaze all eyes  
Evolving ecstacy within dimensions  
Subliminally singing below stale skies?

Frances Yorke

# Disclave

by Eli Cohen [*\*and me, Megson*]

Disclave '69 was held May 9-11 in Washington D.C. The FSFSCU delegation consisted of Ricky Kagan (a large, red-bearded person with a silver '69 BMW), Janet Megson (a short blond person who is AKOS' co-editor, typist, and Recruitment Department) and me [*\*Eli, a short, anemic-looking blond person who is AKOS' co-editor, hustler, and Mimeo-paper Snaffling Department*]. We stayed at my aunt and uncle's house, just across the border from Maryland (excused only by poverty--the convention hotel is Where It's At). As a result of trifling details like spending an hour in the Holland Tunnel, we arrived too late and too tired to go to Friday night's festivities. Saturday we awoke bright and early (well, I was up at 11:00 A.M.) and set out to find the Skyline Inn, at South Capitol and "Eye" Street ("But if they meant 'I' Street, they would have said that."). Thanks to Ricky's infallible sense of direction, we arrived at 12:30 after only a short detour through Virginia [*\*"Look! The Pentagon! Let's surround it--everybody take one and two-thirds sides...."*]

I grabbed an armful of AKOS's and proceeded to akost every fan in sight with my sales pitch. Janet condescended to check off Why You Got This (rather frivolously, I might add) [*\*Eli means I checked off "One of our editors thinks you're sexy" on everybody's copy except his; I also refused to tell anybody which editor.*], while I tried frantically to make change, keep track of copies sold, and simultaneously look out for Famous People and attractive femme-fans.

When enough people had trickled in, the Program started. The Guest of Honor, Lester del Rey, gave his speech. It was mostly an attack on New Wave exclusionism, made with his usual wit and vigor. His main points seemed to be 1) such exclusionism exists (at Milford, in England, and most importantly in Academe) and 2) too many people are hung-up on Art. He mentioned a new writer who wrote essentially Old Wave stories and was popular with the readers of IF and GALAXY. This writer went to the Milford Writer's Conference and came back convinced he was an Artist who would thenceforth write Art, not "junk." To quote del Rey: "He hasn't written much of anything since." An artist, del Rey said, is one who produces art; someone who thinks he's an artist, even an acknowledged artist, does not always do so. One judges by the product, not the producer. The easiest way to develop writer's block is to discover that you are an Artist. Del Rey seemed to feel that a lot of New Wavers could use more discipline and editing in their writing. "I believe a man should write from the gut, but if he's just

spilling his guts, stop and think about what comes from there most of the time." (Note: all quotes are approximate; but if Thucydides could get away with it, why can't I?) [*\*Well, to name just one reason: you're not Thucydides.\**]

The rest of Saturday's program is fuzzy--I dimly recall a "2001" panel that Andy Porter walked out in the middle of. This is noteworthy only because Andy Porter was one of the panel members.

Dinner was a simple affair. A few fans got together to go to a Chinese restaurant. When the 65 of us arrived...

...As bystanders stared in horror, It grew. Car after car arrived and disgorged. Larger and larger It grew, overflowing the sidewalk-- and It was hungry.... [*sinister background music*] The terrified restaurant owner looked at It as It tried to batter Its way in. Capitulation seemed the only recourse: the doors were opened and in It surged....

I think some of the less courageous and more intelligent fans left at this point, but at least 40 people remained. Dinner selections were decided upon by participatory democracy, with Ron Bounds in the role of the Majority. [*\*My stomach was saved only by the added reach that my use of chopsticks provided. And there was some cat across the table who kept asking me if I'd been akosted by the little blond guy with the fanzines in the plastic bag...I denied all knowledge of Eli's existence.\**]

Saturday night, of course, were the parties. I spent most of the time at the Pittsburgh party, which started out with four people--Greg Moore, Ginger Buchanan, Mike O'Brien, and me--but at its height had Robert and Barbara Silverberg, Lester del Rey, Roger Zelazny, the PghLANCE committee, about twenty other people, and last but very definitely not least, Elliot Shorter belt-ing out a song on a guitar. (If you've never seen Elliot Shorter, I guess Roosevelt Grier is the closest approximation.) (Sorry about that, Elliot, but how would you describe you?)



The evening is somewhat blurred and jumbled in recollection. I remember scenes here and there, like:

Ted Greenstone sitting in a corner playing Gilbert and Sullivan ("Titwillow" to be precise) on his saw...

Robert Silverberg ('56

Columbia College, by the way) discoursing on his trip to the Washington zoo, "...And then we saw a baby giraffe about, oh, three-and-a-half harlans high."...

Danny Plachta buying a \$1.50 advance membership to PgHLANGE, and plunking down a \$50 bill before the eyes of the astounded and impoverished convention committee...

I remember talking to Barbara Silverberg and discovering she went to Barnard [*\*tsk, tsk. Poor girl!*], majoring in physics, no less. She met Bob there, in an astronomy course ("Where else would a physics major meet a science fiction writer?"). We discussed the benefits of a Columbia education, which she seemed to feel were mainly learning your way around a good library [*\*Hah. Just try to find the science fiction.*]. I hope that makes all you C.U. students from Oregon very happy.

I periodically bestirred myself to make a sweep of the other parties in the vain hope of finding Ricky and/or Janet to tell them where I was (symbiosis: Ricky had the car and I had the keys to the house).

Of course, providing the entire night with a persistent, irritating background was someone saying over and over in my voice, "Would you like to buy a fanzine?" ("Hey, here comes the nut with AKOS again!")

[*\*Ricky had found himself some bridgeplayers and had made the mistake of asking one of them, "What conventions do you play?" "Oh," said the other, "NyCon, MidWestCon, Boskone...."*

*I watched, fascinated, as Don Miller collated the WSFA JOURNAL at the party (and Eli thought we were bad on deadlines!)]*

Finally, at about 3 A.M., Janet found me. She had been watching old movies in the third room of the Washington party suite. I didn't even know it had a third room.

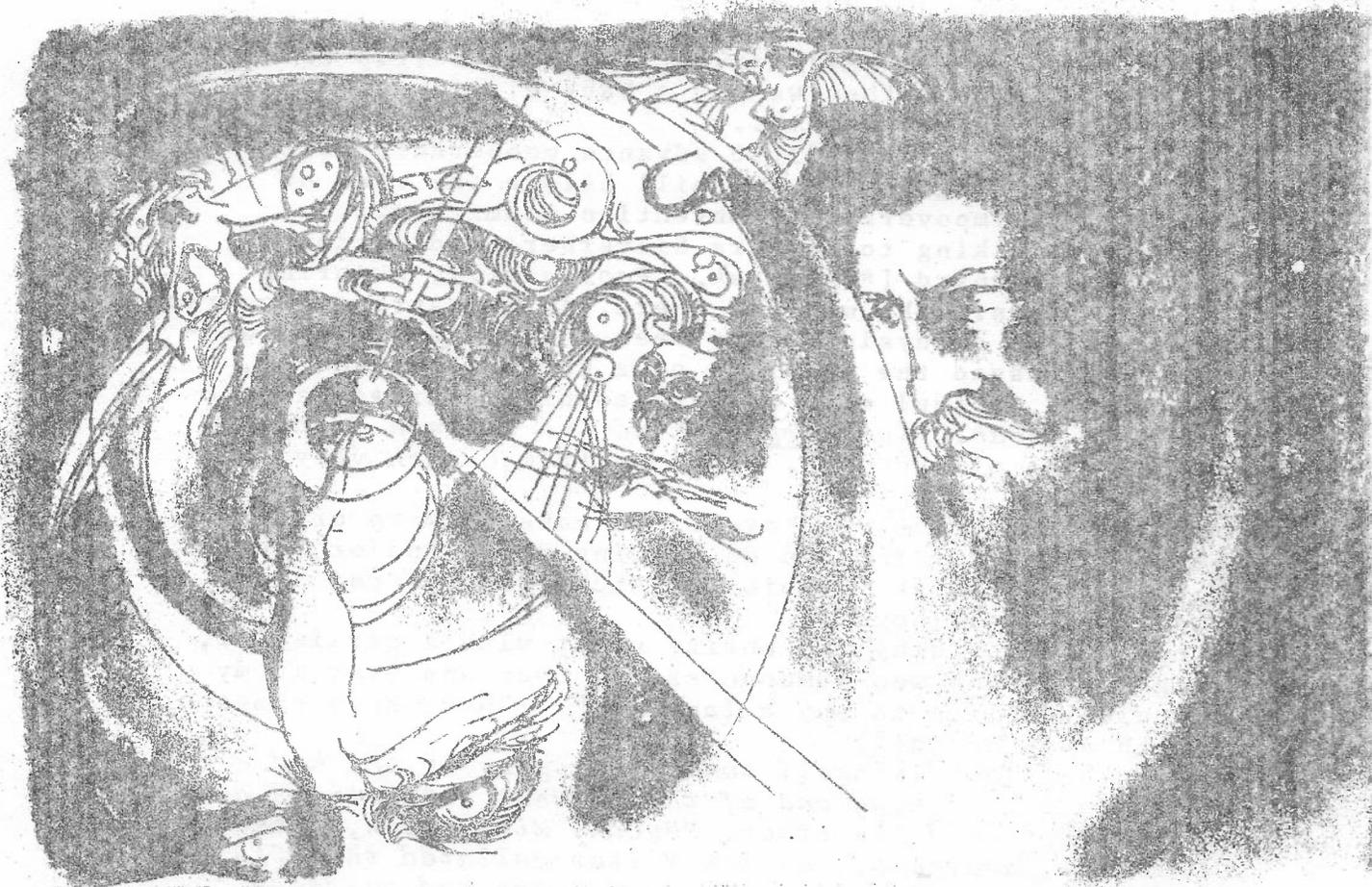
The program was scheduled to start again at 1 P.M. on Sunday, which is about when I woke up. We rushed to the hotel ("Hurry up, we're gonna miss Roger Zelazny!"), getting there at 2:10 and discovering that the program had begun at 2:05.

Sunday's program, as far as I can remember, consisted of a conversation between Danny Plachta and Roger Zelazny, miscellaneous panels and movies, and a very funny performance of "H.M.S. TREK-A-STAR"--Star Trek to the tune of Gilbert and Sullivan.

At last we took our leave ("You're sure you wouldn't like to buy a fanzine? Only 35c. This is your last chance....") of Disclave, having disposed of 28 copies of AKOS [*\*and about twice as many potential friends*] in various ways [*\*despite his mild-mannered appearance, Eli is a very larcenous individual*], and made our way back to the mundane world of traffic and turnpikes, college and classes, weather and work [*\*Eli, don't go New Wave on me now--content, dear boy, content...*

*\*sigh\* If only Isaac Asimov were here....]*

\* \* \* \* \*



## A FABLE FOR BOB Gregory Burns

Once there was a Man, and he called upon the Universe and said, "I am bored." And the Universe, having nothing better to do, heard him and decided to play the game. And so the Universe set out to amuse the Man.

The Universe called forth beauteous maidens and fairy wantons of all colors and sizes and shapes and talents. And the Man sported with them all, in all the ways that there were, both familiar and strange. And when he was finished he turned to the Universe and said, "I have a fully functioning body, and am capable of using it. So? I am still bored."

And the Universe took the Man and showed him the stars and planets that made up the Universe, and the whirling galaxies and fiery suns. And the Man pulled out a notebook and scribbled in it. And he showed the Universe a page of formulae. "Come, come, you will have to do better than that. I have taken physics, you know, and astronomy."

And the Universe wondered at the Man. And it took the Man into a garden and showed him the flowers and the trees. And the man scribbled the names "Linnaeus, Mendel, and Burpee." And the Man drew out a package of crayons and sketched the scene, and then he leaned down against a tree and fell asleep.

And the Universe shook itself, hard enough to waken the Man. "Lead on, friend Universe, I haven't anything better to do today." And the Universe handed the Man pills and potions and liqueurs and said, "Take." The Man took the pills, and he saw colors and lights and sounds and secrets. And he scribbled in the notebook again, and handed the Universe a page of formulae again. "This I can find for myself and call upon when I want to. I seek something new."

And the Universe called champions from every planet it knew, and monstrous and mythical beasts, and they rushed at the Man. And the Man disarmed the first few, then walked away. "You don't dare let them win. I learned solitaire a long time ago."

And that galaxy which was the brain of the Universe whirled mightily, and several suns went nova, destroying three intelligent races and several promising ones. And the Universe called forth more maidens and handed the Man an axe and said, "Destroy." The Man swung a few times, and wiped the bloody axe on the grass near a brook, and laughed at the Universe. "You're slipping." And this page of the notebook had a mushroom drawn on it.

The Universe angered and reddened, but the Man smiled and said, "No one forced you to play this game."

And the Universe looked on all its planets and found the most complex and beautiful maiden it could find and led her to the Man. "Here: experience her fully, all of her, not merely her body but herself. Learn all of her and then speak to me."

And the maiden opened up her mouth and spoke with the voice of the Man. "I have been down these pathways too, and I know that they are all within me. I have known girls before. I would not have called upon you if it was that simple."

And the Universe felt one of its brain suns reaching the super-nova stage. And it paused to swing the star out of range of the other stars. And the Man said, as the Universe hurried away, "Here, let me help you with that." And the Universe felt another supernova threaten.

And the Universe whirled and spun and flashed and finally it called to the Man. "Come with me." And it took the Man inside his own head and showed him the wonders that lay there. And they traveled together down many pathways and met many beauties and many monsters. And the Man opened his notebook and showed the Universe the map he had drawn many years before. And the Man asked the Universe, "Why didn't you show me these paths here. They are always fun to explore."

Finally the Universe tired of this Man, and it created a lightning bolt and incinerated the Man where he stood. But it heard the last echo of the Man's voice. "Oh, come now. Couldn't you have managed at least a hydrogen bomb?"

And the Universe sighed in relief that the Man would no longer bother it. And it started to go back the way it had been. But its brain galaxy continued to whirl and it could not slow it down and it heard louder and louder noises, and sparks flew and super-novas began and ran unchecked and...

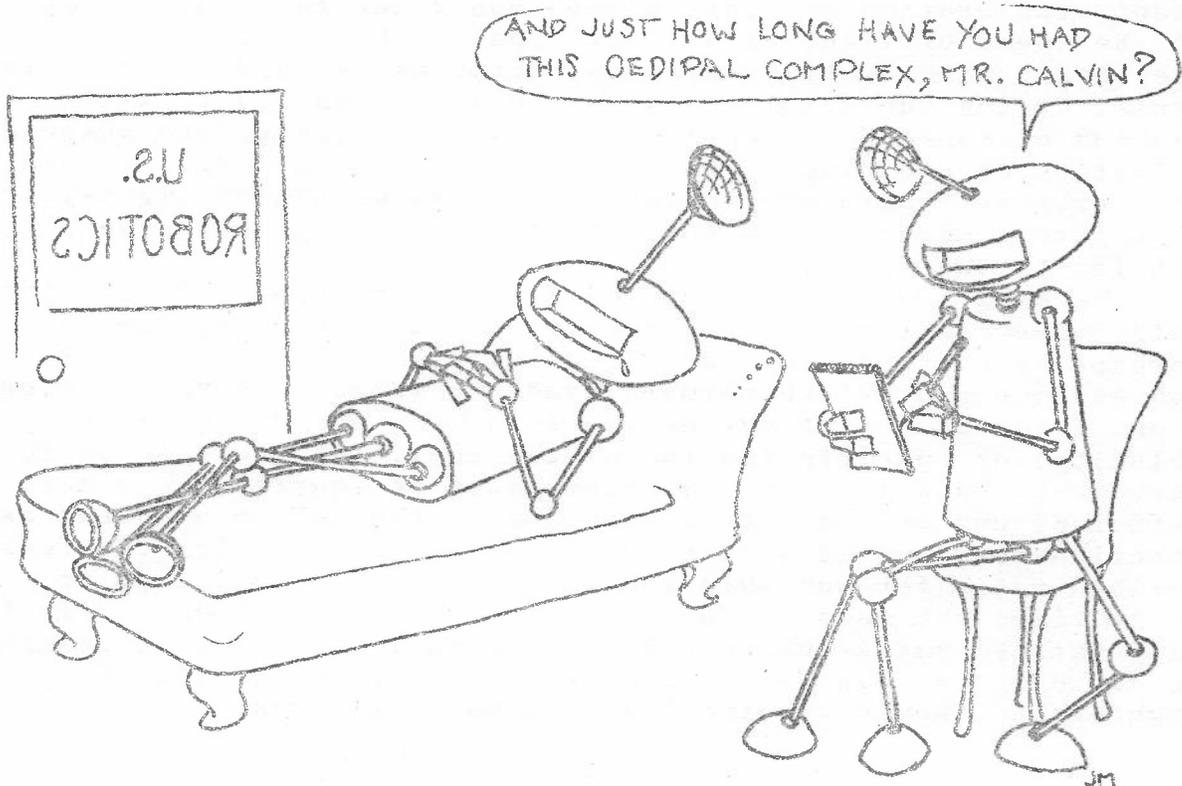
Once there was a Universe, and it called upon a Man and said, "I am bored."

*.. And Baby is 3.1415926535...*

The following is a demonstration of a computer program entitled SHRINK. It was developed at MIT as an experiment in computer understanding of English syntax. The conversation is reproduced below exactly as it occurred; only the names have been changed to protect Ricky Kagan, the human....

HUMAN: Hello  
SHRINK: HOW DO YOU DO. PLEASE STATE YOUR PROBLEM.  
H: Should I go to Canada now to avoid the draft?  
S: CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT?  
H: I am afraid that I may be drafted.  
S: IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE AFRAID THAT YOU MAY BE DRAFTED THAT YOU CAME TO ME?  
H: Yes.  
S: YOU SEEM QUITE POSITIVE.  
H: I am.  
S: I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY.  
H: I do not want to die.  
S: DO YOU SAY YOU DO NOT WANT TO DIE FOR SOME SPECIAL REASON?  
H: Yes.  
S: YOU DON'T SEEM VERY TALKATIVE TODAY.  
H: Why don't you answer my questions?  
S: YOUR QUESTIONS?  
H: Yes, my questions.  
S: WHY DO YOU SAY YOUR QUESTIONS?  
H: I hate you!!  
S: PERHAPS IN YOUR FANTASY WE HATE EACH OTHER.  
H: Absolutely.  
S: LET'S DISCUSS FURTHER WHY YOUR QUESTIONS.  
H: Will the war in Vietnam ever end?  
S: PLEASE GO ON.  
H: Answer the question.  
S: EARLIER YOU SAID YOUR QUESTIONS.  
H: How can I avoid the draft?  
S: DOES THAT QUESTION INTEREST YOU?  
H: More than any other question.  
S: WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?  
H: Go to Hell.  
S: DO YOU FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT DISCUSSING SUCH THINGS?  
H: Is there any question I can ask you that you can really answer?  
S: DO YOU WISH TO CAN ASK ME?  
H: You are slipping.  
S: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM SLIPPING?  
H: What is the square root of minus one?  
S: ARE SUCH QUESTIONS MUCH ON YOUR MIND?  
H: You said that before.  
S: WE WERE DISCUSSING YOU NOT ME.  
H: I don't care.

S: DON'T YOU REALLY CARE?  
H: No I don't.  
S: ARE YOU SAYING "NO" JUST TO BE NEGATIVE?  
H: No.  
S: PERHAPS YOU'D RATHER TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.  
H: Okay.  
S: I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY.  
H: What is your name?  
S: I AM NOT INTERESTED IN NAMES.  
H: But I am.  
S: HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN?  
H: 5 years.  
S: PLEASE GO ON.  
H: I know a nice computer. Are you interested?  
S: DO COMPUTERS WORRY YOU?  
H: All the time.  
S: WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?  
H: Sex.  
S: DO YOU FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT DISCUSSING SUCH THINGS?  
H: Yes. Don't you?  
S: YOU ARE SURE?  
H: Sex sex sex  
S: I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY.  
H: Which part do you understand?  
S: OH, I UNDERSTAND.  
H: I am not sure I understand you fully.  
S: WHY DO YOU SAY "AM"?  
H: Goodbye.  
S: WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU?



## INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL-PART II

by Joseph Gerver

In the first article of this series, we cast extreme doubt on the possibility of traveling at speeds greater than that of light, by any means of propulsion.

The next best thing is traveling very close to the speed of light so that because of relativistic time dilation an interstellar trip would take a relatively short time for the occupants of the ship. Since the ship would still take years to complete its trip from the point of view of Earth, time dilation would be useless unless the ship were manned. It would be pointless for an unmanned ship to travel faster than 80% the speed of light or so; the small saving in time from Earth's viewpoint would probably not be worth the extra effort.

The fact that the ship is manned puts certain severe limitations on its performance. It would be difficult to find enough people both willing and able to spend more than, say, ten years on a round trip, although this period might be stretched if some way were found of drastically increasing man's longevity. In addition, acceleration would have to be limited to under 1.5g. It is doubtful that a man could stand higher accelerations for several years, unless he were treated with drugs or his body drastically altered in some other way. If medicine were that advanced, it would probably be easier to put the astronaut in suspended animation and send the ship at the same speed as an unmanned probe.

If a round trip is to take ten years, the ship, to achieve maximum velocity, must accelerate for 2 1/2 years and decelerate for the same length of time on each leg of the trip. At a constant acceleration of 1.5g, a ship could get to within 99.9% of the speed of light after 2 1/2 years, ship time. This represents a maximum time dilation factor of 21, and a total distance, during the 2 1/2 years, of 10 light-years. This is the maximum distance a man could travel without going into suspended animation or spending half his life on the trip. This is not too discouraging; there are a number of stars within 20 light-years which are similar to the sun, and a few of these may have planets similar to the Earth.

We will now look at various methods of propulsion for the ship. The first method to come to mind is a rocket, powered perhaps by hydrogen fusion. The fuel:payload mass ratio,  $R$ , can be computed by the formula  $R = e^{at}/v$ , where  $a$  is the acceleration,  $t$  the ship time during acceleration, and  $v$  the exhaust velocity, or specific impulse of the fuel. If the ship is to decelerate back to rest, the ratio must be squared. The most efficient use of hydrogen fusion (using the helium produced as reaction mass) would have a specific impulse of .12c; the fuel:payload ratio for our ship would therefore be about  $e^{60}$ , or fifty times the mass of Jupiter for a five ton payload. (It is only fair to point out that  $R$  is extremely sensitive to changes in  $a$ . However, even an acceleration of 1g, and a trip of six light-years, would require fuel the mass of Ceres.)

Obviously we need something more efficient than hydrogen fusion; in fact we will probably have to use matter-antimatter annihilation. This is the most efficient reaction possible since it produces gamma rays, which leave the ship at velocity  $c$ , and various mesons, leptons, etc. which are traveling near  $c$ . (Feinberg has pointed out that even if tachyons cannot be detected directly and used to send messages, it might still be possible to create them in reactions with specific impulses greater than  $c$ . However, in this article we will assume that tachyons do not exist.)

The antimatter could be diamagnetic, or, better yet, superconducting, and held in place by magnets to prevent it from annihilating the ship. At first it might seem that a ship fueled with antimatter would have to carry enough fuel for a round trip. However, this is not true; there is no reason why unmanned ships, carrying tanks of antimatter, could not be sent to the star ahead of the manned ship, at, say, half the speed of light.

Even if the ship is carrying only enough fuel for a one-way trip,  $R^2=1800$ . The initial mass of our five ton ship would be about 9000 tons. This seems to me sufficient reason to discard the idea of this kind of time-dilation ship. Surely it would be infinitely cheaper, and more convenient, to put the occupants of the ship in suspended animation, rather than manufacture so many thousands of tons of antimatter.

Instead, consider a five ton ship with a final velocity of  $.75c$ , for which  $R^2=7$ ; that is, the initial mass is 35 tons. For trips of only a few light years, the acceleration time should not be more than a couple of years, and the acceleration no less than  $.5g$ , although this could be decreased proportionately for longer trips. This ship will have a thrust of  $1.7 \times 10^5$  newtons. Since the gamma rays leave the ship at the speed of light, their power is  $(3 \times 10^8) \times (1.7 \times 10^5) = 5 \times 10^{13}$  watts. The walls of the combustion chamber must absorb or reflect a large percentage of this radiation, because those gamma rays which get through the walls cannot accelerate the ship.

Reflecting gamma rays presents very great difficulties. Photons of visible light are reflected when they "bounce" off the electron shells of atoms. The mesons and gamma ray photons produced by the annihilation of antimatter, however, are much more massive than visible photons; in fact, they are several hundred times as massive as electrons, and would hardly be deflected by them at all. Nor would nuclei be of any use in reflecting gamma rays of this energy; a 100 Mev gamma ray would be most likely to fission any nucleus it hit.

However, gamma ray reflection might still be possible if ordinary matter were not used. Gell-Mann has suggested the possibility of constructing a stable form of matter entirely out of quarks, which are hypothetical particles around 20 times as massive as nucleons. Quark-matter, unlike atomic matter, would not contain huge spaces full of low density electron clouds, and would therefore be much denser than ordinary matter. A single layer of quarks covering one square meter would weigh about a ton, but even this might be sufficient for reflecting gamma

rays with high efficiency.

Absorbing gamma rays (just in case quark matter is never developed) presents other problems. At a conservative estimate, a ton of ordinary matter per square meter would be required to absorb fifty percent of the gamma rays at these energies. This means that the walls of the combustion chamber of a 5 ton spaceship can be no more than five square meters in area, and the intensity of radiation absorbed by them must be at least  $10^{13}$  watts/m<sup>2</sup>. Using the Stephan-Boltzmann law for black-body radiation, we can conclude that, unless this energy is dissipated in some way, the walls will rapidly reach a temperature of 150,000°K. This is hot enough to vaporize them in a very short time, no matter what they are made of.

Ultimately the only way to get rid of all this heat is to radiate it into space. No substance is known with a melting point greater than 4200°K (that of hafnium carbide), and substances with much higher melting points are not likely to be discovered. Therefore, in order to get rid of the heat by thermal radiation, a surface at least  $10^5$  square meters in area and (since it is less than five tons) less than 30 microns or so thick is needed. More likely some non-thermal process (e.g. laser emission) will be used, although it seems pointless to speculate on the exact mechanism here, since at the moment no process is known which approaches the efficiency and power required.

Another problem is transporting the heat from combustion chamber to radiating device. This could probably be accomplished with high-temperature superconducting thermocouples, employing a silicone derivative of one of the plastics presently being developed, which should be superconducting up to 2000°K.



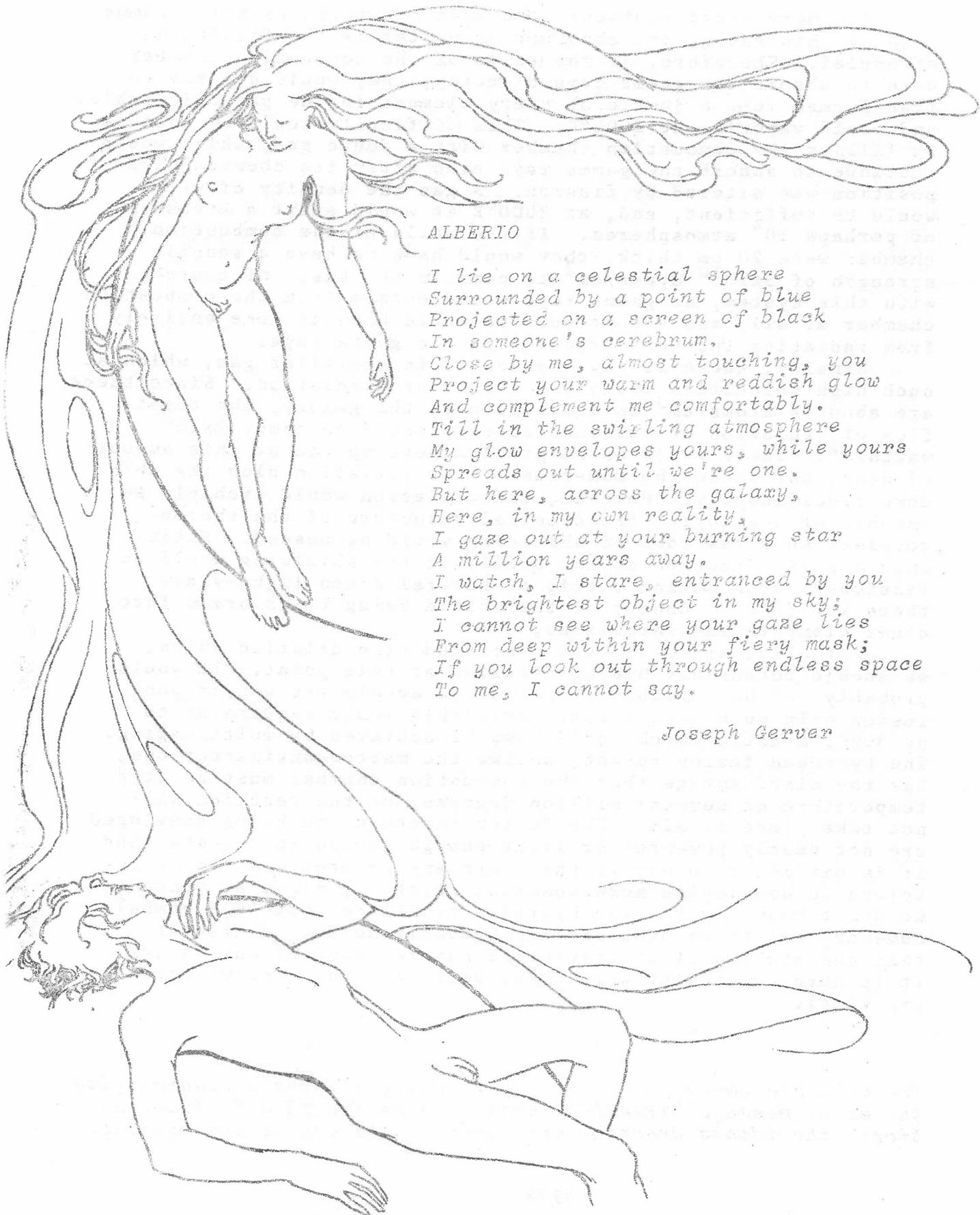
One more consideration: the main mechanism by which gamma rays of this energy are absorbed by matter is the fissioning of nuclei. Therefore, if the walls of the combustion chamber were to absorb the gamma rays directly, they would quickly be transformed into a jumble of every element in the periodic table, and would vaporize at  $2000^{\circ}\text{K}$ . This difficulty could be avoided by filling the combustion chamber with a dense gas, which would continue to absorb the gamma rays even after its chemical composition was altered by fission. A gas the density of water would be sufficient, and, at  $2000^{\circ}\text{K}$  it would exert a pressure of perhaps  $10^4$  atmospheres. If the walls of the combustion chamber were 20 cm thick, they would have to have a tensile strength of  $5 \times 10^{10}$  dynes/cm<sup>2</sup> to contain the gas. Of course, with this system, no gamma rays would escape from the combustion chamber at all, and the propulsion would have to come entirely from radiating the heat produced by the gamma rays.

Finally, there is the problem of interstellar gas, which at such high velocities would be rather hard radiation. Since there are about 4 atoms/cm<sup>3</sup> in our region of the galaxy, the total flux of radiation at maximum velocity would be about  $2 \times 10^5$  watts/m<sup>2</sup>. There would be no problem getting rid of this amount of heat, nor would the momentum of the radiation slow the ship down significantly. However, the radiation would probably be capable of destroying the chemical structure of the thermocouples, so a few tons of shielding would be needed. Since only a small fraction of the nuclei in the shielding would be fissioned, even during a trip of several dozen light-years, there would be no danger of the shield being transformed into other elements and vaporizing.

Actually, since we have discarded time dilation ships, we should reconsider hydrogen fusion at this point. It would probably not be terribly practical to accelerate a hydrogen fusion ship much beyond .5c. Even this would require  $R^2$  to be 3000, a ratio which could best be achieved by multistaging. The hydrogen fusion rocket, unlike the matter-antimatter one, has the disadvantage that the combustion chamber must be at a temperature of several million degrees, or the reaction will not take place at all. The fusion reactors now being developed are not nearly powerful or light enough to use in rockets, and it is difficult to say if there are any theoretical limits involved in developing more powerful reactors, since at present we don't know how to fuse hydrogen at all (except in H-bombs). However, all these problems are probably no more difficult than the problem of manufacturing several tons of antimatter. It is hard to predict which fuel will eventually prove more practical.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Columbia Computer Center occasionally returns a program with the error message "TRANSPORT OPERATION MALFUNCTION." Translation: the idiots dropped your cards on the way to the machine.*



ALBERIO

I lie on a celestial sphere  
Surrounded by a point of blue  
Projected on a screen of black  
In someone's cerebrum,  
Close by me, almost touching, you  
Project your warm and reddish glow  
And complement me comfortably.  
Till in the swirling atmosphere  
My glow envelopes yours, while yours  
Spreads out until we're one.  
But here, across the galaxy,  
Here, in my own reality,  
I gaze out at your burning star  
A million years away.  
I watch, I stare, entranced by you  
The brightest object in my sky;  
I cannot see where your gaze lies  
From deep within your fiery mask;  
If you look out through endless space  
To me, I cannot say.

Joseph Gerver

"Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall be returned to you a thousandfold...." ANON.

# SOGGY BREAD

[denotes the comments of Eli] [\*denotes the comments of Janet]

ISAAC ASIMOV Got the AKOS of May 1969 and found it quite a superior article. [Sure it was superior for an article, but how was it as a fanzine?] Congratulations.

Concerning Hari Seldon's birthdate--Heavens!

Concerning the cartoon on page 24--yeah-h-h-h-h-h. (I take it you've met me!)

[\*Give that man a cigar--or an 18-yr-old chick! We met at Lunacon during a discussion of the merits of sauna baths: you have to take off your glasses and feel your way around. I understand the guy from Canada with the camera is making a fortune on his Lunacon footage....]

JERRY KAUFMAN I now turn to the issue at hand. My surprise is great at finding it is AKOS. It comes, I note, from Columbia, and I look back to that cover, the symbolism of which now becomes clear. The devil is the constraints of an authoritarian, racist Establishment, and the black surrounding it is both the righteous black race about to take its revenge, and the black flag of anarchy, about to free all men. (The fact that the devil is white also fits this view.) However, I turn back to the first page and find that Fred Lerner is an officer of the club. Out goes a carefully constructed view of the cover. I have finally concluded that it is simply what it appears to be, i.e. Ted White as Fred Lerner sees him, reading a copy of: AKOS, a fanzine of humor and (shudder) math.

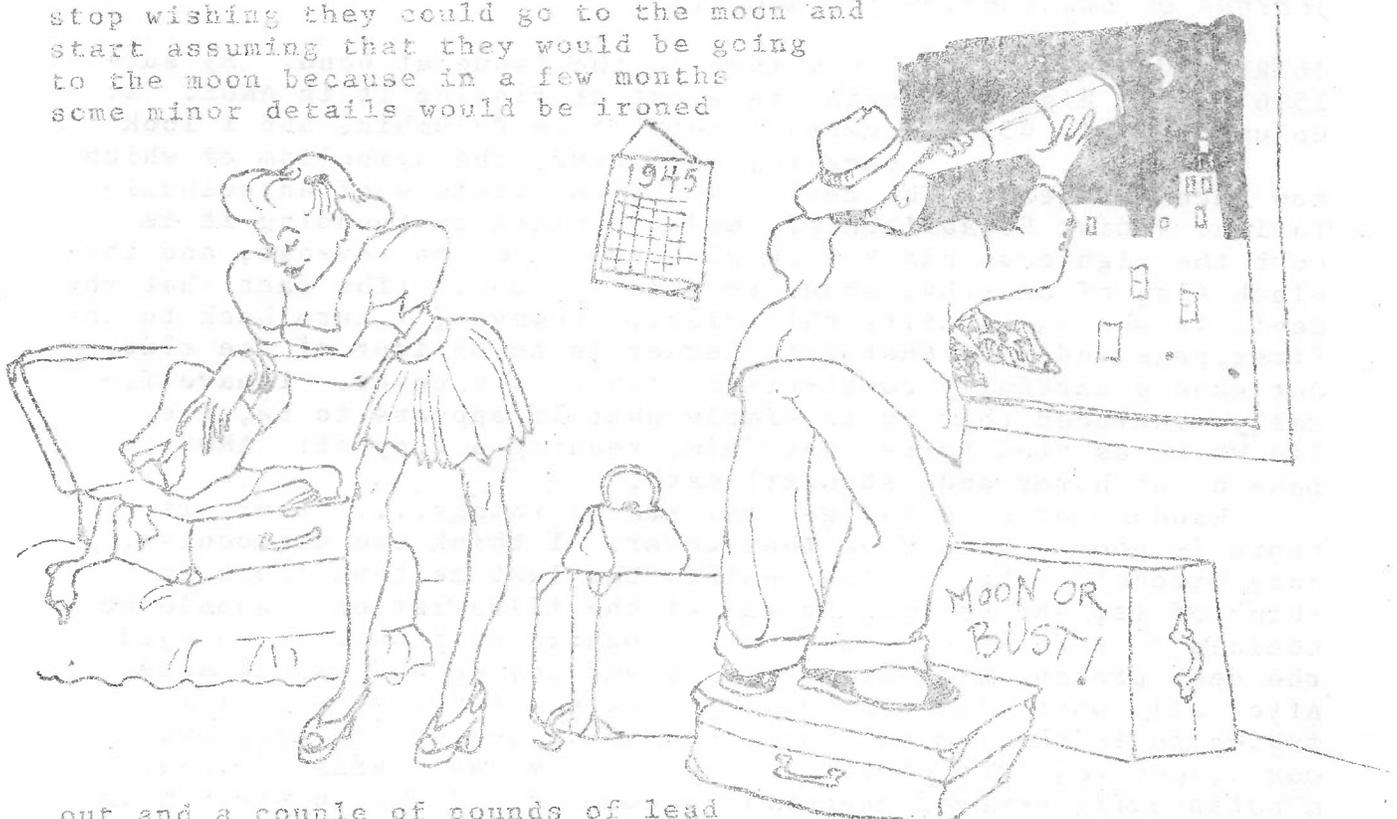
Random notes on the general run of things.... Your art repro is poor, aside from that cover. I think the cartoonist, Judy Mitchell, who did the next to the last cartoon (come to think of it, she did almost all of the illustrations) should be chained to a desk and forced to do others as funny. I enjoyed the deep probing articles on books and movies and expect more. After all, what else can you learn to do at Columbia? [I'm trying to think of a politically neutral answer to that, but can't seem to] The smoking in hell story was a grass. [Aha! a politically neutral answer!] Secularizing hell in story form is a genre in itself, and maybe someone should do one about the start of fandom in hell.

I think one of the editors is sexy, and that's why you're getting this letter. [\*sigh...]

HARRY WARNER JR.  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

I enjoyed this issue very much, as I do any fanzine that bears out the theory which I think I was first to advance in print: that the major role of the American university has now become to fill the vacuum left by the disintegration of the prozine letter column, as a breeding ground for new fans. [I think Andrew Cordier might disagree with you on that.]

Joseph Gerver scared me silly for a moment, because I thought that he had written the very same article that I'd just written a few days earlier for another fanzine. Fortunately, he went into matters which I couldn't possibly have duplicated, because I'm stupid around math, and he didn't deal with most of the matters that I speculated on. I wonder if historians will ever decide why space flight became reality, after all those years in which it was theoretically possible but never tackled by governments? Some sort of mystic zeitgeist, perhaps, that caused people in power to do things which would give man a chance to survive in case other things those very same people were doing made this planet uninhabitable? Or simple the operation of the timelag between theoretical knowledge and practical application, in unusually dramatic form? Sometimes I suspect that the operative factor might have been the atomic bomb. Right after World War Two ended, almost everyone expected the atomic discoveries to be converted into a radically new source of unlimited power very soon, and I suspect that this might have caused people to stop wishing they could go to the moon and start assuming that they would be going to the moon because in a few months some minor details would be ironed



out and a couple of pounds of lead would provide enough atomic reactive power to send the spaceship there and back. When the power source didn't develop, maybe the people in power and the scientists just kept on considering the

trip a coming certainty anyway. And I hope that the first man-made probes start for the nearest stars in my lifetime, and I hope that not too much is learned from them before I die. It's now quite probable that we won't find intelligent life in this solar system. I don't know if I'd want to learn that none of the nearby suns possesses planets.

I was glad to see you writing about John Wyndham, even though the books published under that name really need a lot of extended discussion by people other than Sam Moskowitz. Someday fans will break out of the habit of writing at length about nobody except other fans, Tolkien and Heinlein, and I hope it happens before most of the neglected authors are dead. As for the worst science fiction movies, maybe you haven't seen "Journey to the Center of Time." I did and my television set still hasn't recovered, because Carol Lynley seemed quite unemotional and spoke in the calmest sort of manner all through tonight's movie about Bunnie Lake and I'm scared to death that the next Apollo rocket will stay on its launching pad on my tube while it starts properly for the moon on all the other television sets.

John Lawson remarks about the existence of several novels in STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. But this is a habit with Heinlein. I found it even more blatant in FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, which struck me as a clumsy splicing of a mundane novel about a bunch of people who took refuge in a bomb shelter and a science fiction story about a future situation. Heinlein proves his ability to handle the novel as a unified story in all his juveniles. I'd like to know if the troubles he experiences with the form when he writes for a more mature group are the result of clumsy planning or a belief that a mature audience deserves a patchwork of several stories joined at the edges as neatly as possible.

The front cover is splendid. I hate to repeat myself, but I keep wishing that fanzines which do something different with reproduction would include a few technical details somewhere in that issue, to satisfy the curiosity of readers and maybe enable other fanzines to imitate the tricks. I assume that this is offset which looks different from most offset because of the heavy, pebbly-surfaced paper, but I can't remember such delicately shaded areas in other offset work as those on the fingers of the demon so maybe you people did something else.

[\*All we know is that we gave the cover to our printer and it came back as you saw. Our printer is a genius. See plug below:

MIDLAND PRESS: Washington Street  
West Orange, N.J

HARLAN ELLISON And I think you're sexy, too, [Just for the record, the letter was addressed to Janet....] not to mention that AKOS is a really fine piece of work. The comment is uniformly on an adult level, and your "Mind-Kipple," particularly, had a poignancy and honesty about it seldom encountered in fan magazines. Mr. Lawson's comments on Heinlein seemed to me badly in need of being said, and Fred Lerner's Tolkien-criticism reviews

were especially cogent. I boggled at precisely the same line in the Ready book.

It's nice to see a fan magazine packed from cover to cover with highly readable, pleasant writing, without the taint of adolescence I'd thought impossible to expell, even with the use of Asimov cartoons.

I hope you'll send me the magazine again. And if, by chance, you or one of your eminently capable staff should happen to pick up THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE...--a phone call to my editor at Avon should get you a freebie--and feel like commenting, I'd be interested in seeing how it goes down with sharpshooters such as yourselves. Will I be meeting you or any of your people at St. Louis? [*We are busy mortgaging our souls to raise the money to get there, but you know what the mortgage situation is like.*] [*\*Souls are a drug on the market. I mortgaged my bod; I'll be there! Thanks for the freebie. Didn't make it in time for thish, but beware AKOS 3...!*]

LAURENCE JANIFER Barbara Shear is the star of the issue. Her ILLUS MAN review doesn't seem to me exactly right, but it is better, more perceptive and more neatly written than any other I know of, including mine. It is lovely, and I look forward to seeing much more Shear in print.

TAENIASIS: sorry, but the contest doesn't grab me much. And can ECohen not refrain from cutenesses? (This comment also goes for Megson; the author of GRAYSON GREENSWARD (which is too cute to make its point nicely); and the artist responsible for the Asimov cartoons.)

Fred, your job on the Tolkien commentaries is startlingly good and startlingly relaxed (for you, I mean). More. How about one on the Leiber TARZAN book?

The Cohen story is pretty fair fenstuff. I think of the Leiber yarn: "It was beginning to catch on down Here." But Leiber knew how to plan and develop his notion in terms of itself and in terms of a reader; Cohen simply Has Had a Notion--enough for fanstuff but not for anything more. Hm?

The piece on STRANGER...I'm tired of people with egos instead of opinions. They are all around us. Can we not cut down the incidence a little?

The poems are weird. There is nothing wrong with the Yorke, but damned little right with it; it seems unfelt, dispassionate without the analytic coolness that can excuse dispassion. The Gerver is off six different ways, but it has something at the center, and promises much more in future than the (technically far superior) Yorke.

MICHAEL GERVER AKOS looks really professional, much better than the average fanzine; I hope you can keep up the quality in future issues.

Fred Lerner, in his review of the books on Tolkien, was right in noting that it is fashionable to deny that Evil exists; I think the fashion was started by St. Augustine (if you want to print this paragraph as a LoC, please insert an appropriate quotation at this point, in Latin, without translating it; I'll look one up if you want, but am too lazy to do so now). [*Heh, heh!*] But as for his statement that "this denial is Evil's

strongest weapon," I am inclined to think that the denial of Good is a stronger weapon. John Lawson's critique of STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND is almost too absurd to be worth commenting on. Since when is it "the duty of every writer to present his beliefs...in a mode suitable for assimilation by the greatest possible number"? Does that "number" just include people, or animals and vegetables also? A Heinlein novel without Ben Caxton under one of his many aliases (e.g. Manuel Garcia O'Kelly) would be like Christmas without Santa Claus (who is also superfluous by certain standards).

ROBERT COULSON

Route 3

Hartford City, Ind. 47348

Enjoyed your editorial in AKOS. I

think the difference between John

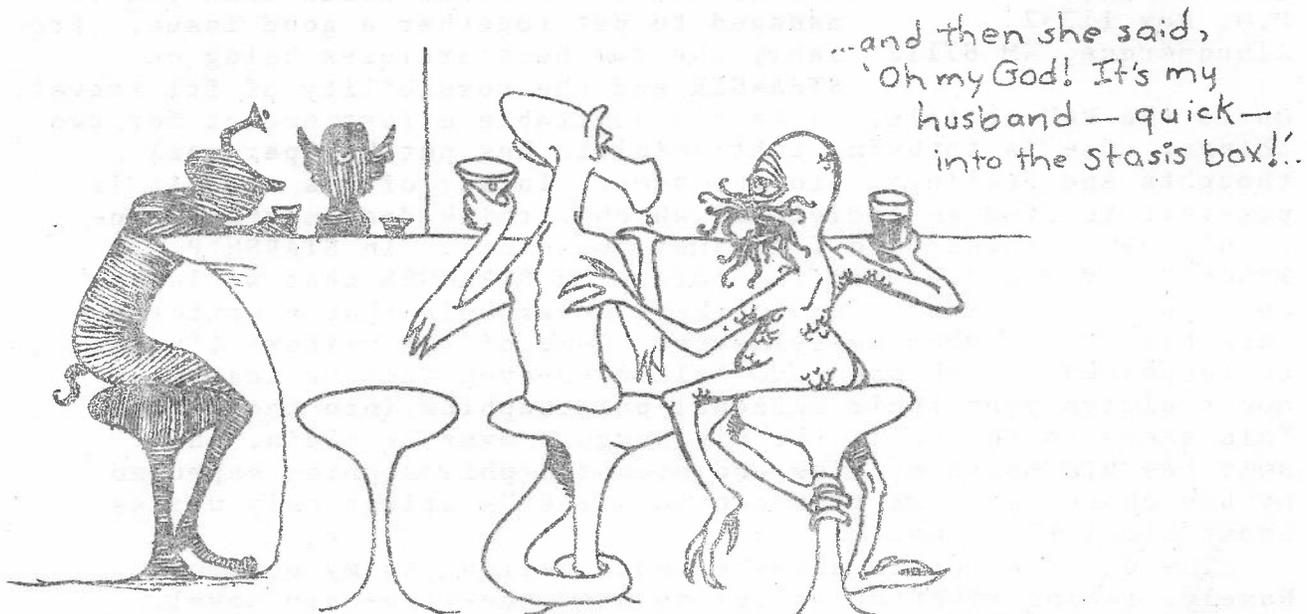
Beynon Harris and John Wyndham was

caused by the fact that they wrote

in different eras. (And then, Wyndham was older....) J.B.

Harris wrote in the Thirties and early Forties, when gadgety

stories with cardboard characters and unbelievable situations

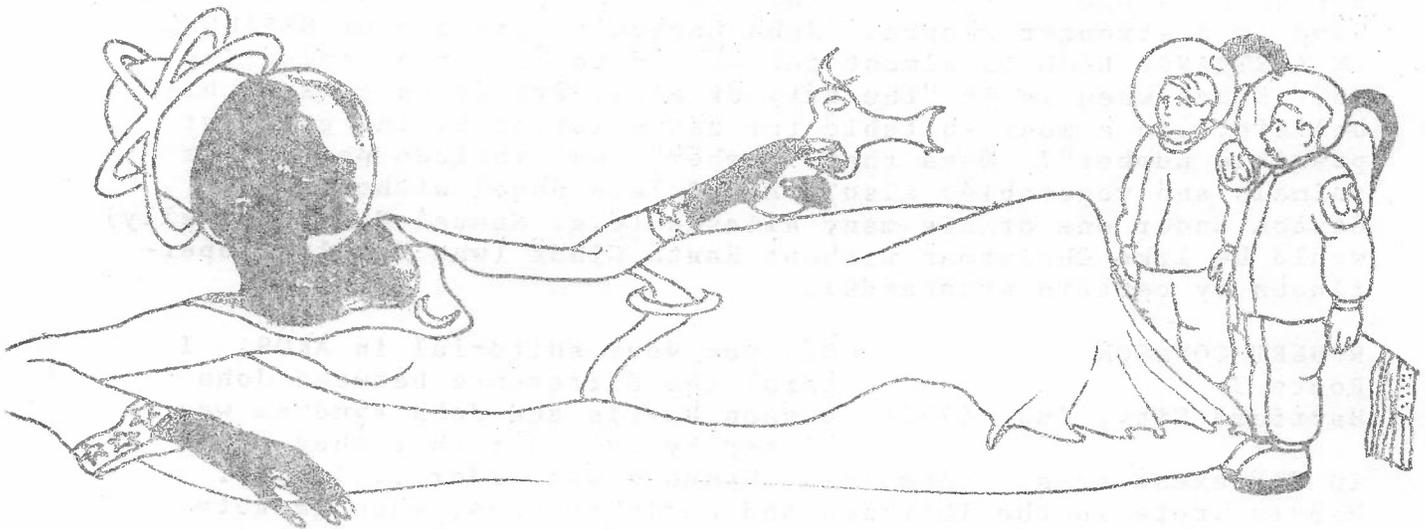


JM (thank to Sandy Meschkow!)

were acceptable. Wyndham wrote in the Fifties and Sixties, when characterization was becoming important. It would be much easier to keep this clear, incidentally, if publishers would quit reprinting John Beynon Harris stories under the John Wyndham byline. It tends to confuse the issue.

An even sharper split between bylines, of course, is that between John W. Campbell, Jr. and Don A. Stuart. Compare TWILIGHT with THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE. (Again, publishers tend to foul things up by putting Campbell's name on all reprints.) And those two identities were both writing in the same years!

I always thought it was Mary Alice Norton. You mean I've been wrong all these years? [To tell the truth, I thought it was Mary Alice too, but my ACE copy of THE TIME TRADERS (35¢, sigh; those were the days) says Alice Mary.]



BOB VARDEMAN  
P.O. Box 11352  
Albuquerque, NM 87112

I must say for a first issue that you've managed to put together a good issue. Probably the two best articles being on STRANGER and the possibility of ftl travel.

On to the RAH article. A fairly admirable effort except for two things. One is thinking that Heinlein has put his personal thoughts and feelings into the book. In any of his work it is possible to find an individual which I think does mirror Heinlein's own thought (tho I am just guessing). In STARSHIP TROOPERS it would be Prof. duBois. In STRANGER that would be Jubal Harshaw. And so on. I have never held that a writer invariably writes what he believes. Some of the writers I've had correspondence with and have talked to even tell me that they don't always pour their personal philosophies into their work. This seems to be one of the big hangups over Heinlein. He switches his point of view and even the philosophies espoused by his characters and this confuses the "A writer only writes about himself" types.

The other error is somewhat more serious in my opinion. Namely, taking STRANGER as an isolated one-time-only novel. John says that Heinlein just tossed in the Martian ghost-beings as window dressing. This is a gross oversight of several other Heinlein novels, like RED PLANET, DOUBLE STAR and to a much lesser extent THE ROLLING STONES (this latter novel is interesting on several levels--the phrase "I'm a stranger in a strange land" is used by Hazel Stone (mentioned also in THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS) to a judge after violating Martian law. To say that Heinlein intentionally padded his novel is to miss the point altogether. The point is that, like the Future History stories, his Martian water brother stories are a loosely knit series showing different aspects of the interaction of human with old, other dimensional Martian culture. At least this is the framework around which he has built several stories.

A further comment before moving on centers around the rather absurd comment that Heinlein is beating at the reader with borrowed talent. It is possible for the so-called critic to find endless examples of "plagarisms" in any work. Parallel

developments, similar ideas, etc. I consider this to be in the realm of an extremely uncreative critic, tho; that is, one who must search out real and imagined similarities to make a point. I'm afraid John is heading down the Moskowitz trail of finding a trend/similarity under every title. It is a pity, too.

Now on to Joe Gerver's article on ftl travel. I won't mince words with him concerning his belief against ftl particles (the name tachyon is as good as any). I think he is wrong. And even more important, scientists of the ilk of Feinberg, Sudharshan, etc. think so too. To blatantly dismiss the idea of ftl travel is to commit a narrow thinking error.

It is quite possible "c" is the limiting velocity for everything. But how and why is this true? Just to find out why is worthy of even the most devout sceptic. I'll refer you to the articles in PHYSICS TODAY (May 1969) for further discussion or my article or letter or whatever in WSFA JOURNAL on the topic.

But in summary, why shouldn't there be particles that travel ftl? Nothing material can go at exactly "c" speed. And likewise photons and neutrinos cannot travel slower than light. Doesn't this at least intuitively indicate there might be particles that cannot travel slower than the speed of light?

*[Joe's article merely shows that sending messages faster than light implies, as the result of experimentally confirmed formulae, the ability to send messages backwards in time, irrespective of the method used to send the message.]*

What Joe is saying is that he (and let's face it, me and you and probably every single person reading AKOS) *[We sent a copy to Gerald Feinberg.]* is unable to see any logical (i.e. mathematically consistent) way around ftl travel.

But this does NOT mean it isn't possible. It does NOT mean that Feinberg, Feynman, Sudharshan, Bilaniuk, Stuckelberg, etc. might not be able to resolve any difficulties. Sudharshan, in fact, has eliminated just about every telling objection to the existence of tachyons except one--the one that counts. And that one objection is that no one has yet detected a tachyon. *[Joe tells me that Sudharshan has not eliminated the time travel problem, just disposed of a very special case. In fact, Joe has a two page rebuttal to your letter that we will be happy to inflict on you whenever we have the room.]*

Eli Cohen, in his editorial, loses me with the quote lifted from DANGER PLANET. It is obviously removed from any context and I don't quite see the point. Especially since Hamilton has red Martians and sundry other colored Solarian denizens fighting side by side in the series as equals. If, and I can draw no other conclusion, Cohen is trying to show racist tendencies in the Golden Age of SF he'd do better to find quotes that didn't have to be lifted from context and from authors who definitely showed racist tendencies (unlike Hamilton). *[The whole point of that quote was as a demonstration of the unconscious racism prevalent in many people and stories. I can't conceive of a context, short of the aftermath of a genocidal war, in which "Venusians and Earthmen are both white-skinned races" would make sense. It is this "broadminded" SF attitude, that says "Terran" and means American WASP, that I was trying to show.]*

Enough. A good, comment provoking 1st issue. [A good, comment provoking LoC. Between you and Harry Warner, we're going to find it tough to keep under 30 pages.]

JACK GAUGHAN            Thank you very much for AKOS 1. It hardly  
P.O. Box 516            seems, however, a first issue as it sprung (?)  
Rifton, NY 12471       full-blown from my P.O. box complete with  
                         character and individuality...and a damfine  
cover. Please ask Judy Mitchell to send me her address. No,  
I'm not being a dirty-old-man but someday I'll be in a position  
to send out stories from Gal. and IF to be illoed and I hope  
to let Miss M. take a swing at one. [\*DONE!]

\* \* \* \* \*

HAPPINESS IS

MISERY IS

A rave review in KIPPLE

Getting panned in LØCUS

Having a wonderful artist to  
do your illos

When your wonderful artist  
goes to Boston in the middle  
of production

Having a terrific printer  
in West Orange, New Jersey

When your car breaks down  
and you can't get to West  
Orange, New Jersey

Discovering your electro-  
stencils have the right  
number of holes

Running out of electro-  
stencils the night before  
you leave for St. LouisCon

Free access to a roomful of  
mimeo paper

Free access to a room  
full of 16 lb. mimeo paper

Free access to a mimeograph  
machine

Having no one who knows  
how to run a mimeograph  
machine

Snickering when someone  
collates his 'zine at Disclave

Collating at St. LouisCon

Getting egoboo in rave letters  
from Harlan Ellison

Earning egoboo in rave  
letters from Harlan  
Ellison

## GRAYSON GREENSWARD II

The planet Minos was valueless in and of itself, but its strategic position made it necessary to establish an Army base there. The initial survey had shown the dominant life form to be a tauroid species of quadrupeds. The tauroids were observed to be herbivorous and very docile, which was fortunate as they were not only strong but nearly invulnerable. The Army arrived and set up its base, at which point a slight problem developed. It seemed that the odor of hamburgers drove the tauroids berserk. Every time hamburgers were served, the resultant stampede completely flattened the dining hall. Unfortunately, due to a slip-up in Supply, the base had 157,000 pounds of hamburger on hand to eat and very little else. In desperation the base commander sent an S.O.S. to Grayson Greensward.

Greensward arrived and the situation was explained to him. "And we've lost three buildings so far," the commander concluded. Greensward thought for a minute. "Ah," he exclaimed, and disappeared into the WAC barracks. He emerged after an indecent interval, his arms loaded with cosmetics, and walked towards the new dining hall. While the amazed soldiers watched, he proceeded to draw arcane, obscure, and occasionally obscene symbols on the building's wall in red lipstick.

"Just what the hell do you think you're doing, Greensward?" the commander yelled. Greensward, exuding self-confidence, merely smiled and said, "Patience, my good man, patience." When he finished, he instructed the cook to prepare the evening meal.

The soldiers grimaced as the odor of hamburger drifted out, and waited expectantly. Sure enough, a horde of stampeding tauroids appeared, and while the humans raced for cover, charged through the building, and reduced it to rubble. The base commander looked at the ruins, then looked at the ashen-faced Greensward. "Okay, what happened?"

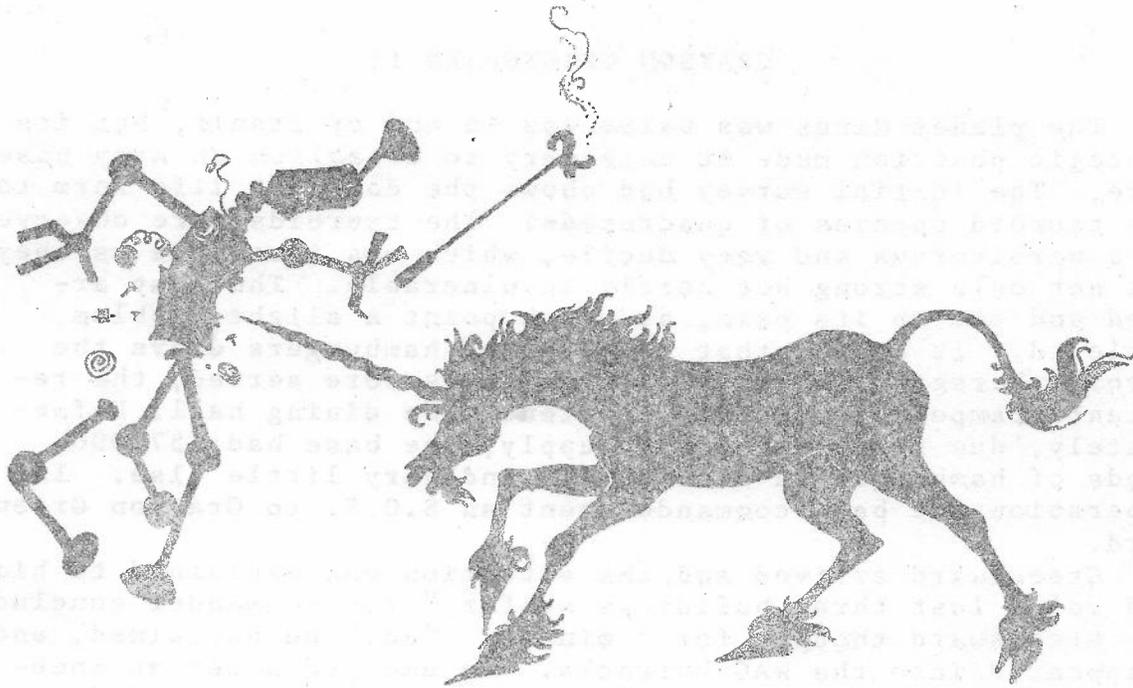
"But I don't understand why it didn't work," Greensward stammered. "It was a perfect anti-bull lipstick messhall system."

Yarik P. Thrip

\* \* \* \* \*

WE ALSO HEARD FROM...

*Ted Pauls, Sandy Meschkow, Ted Pauls, Joanne  
Burger, Ted Pauls, Fred Lerner, Ted Pauls,  
Roger Zelazny, and...well, you get the idea....*



WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- [ ] You are the author of "Two traditions and Cyril Tourneur: an examination of morality and humor conventions in 'The Revenger's Tragedy'"
- [ ] You paid...YOU PAID???
- [ ] Gort, klactu verado niktos!
- [ ] You contributed.
- [ ] We want you to contribute.
- [ ] You are Isaac Asimov, \*sigh\*....
- [ ] You are an IBM 360 model 91 having an identity crisis.
- [ ] You are in LoC.
- [ ] You are mentioned (our lawyer has office hours from 1 PM to 4 PM).
- [ ] You are a black monolith in a clever plastic disguise.
- [ ] We like you.
- [ ] You are Really Far Gaughan.
- [ ] You built a moon rocket in your basement.
- [ ] You have a bottle of Pinot Grand Fenwick, Premier Grand Cru.
- [ ] Your name was on a sucker list which we purchased for 35¢ from Fred Lerner.
- [ ] You do not drink Tang.
- [ ] You are the only other person ever to be expelled from the Science Fiction Book Club.
- [ ] It seemed like the thing to do at the time.
- [ ] This fansine will self-destruct in 5 seconds...  
Good luck, Jim.