

DICTIONARY
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 OXYMORON
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 THESAURUS
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IPSO FACTO

third mailing

October 1961

contents

Set subject : The Works of Robert A. Heinlein TIME TRAVEL

IPSO JURE

Membership Roster

Sub-assembly

Ted Forsyth

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Front cover by Forsyth

DEADLINE FOR FOURTH MAILING : 13th January 1962

IPSO FACTO was compiled for the third mailing of

THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS SPECULATIVE ORGANISATION

by Ted Forsyth
c/o 11 Ferndale Road
LONDON SW4
England

IPSO JURE

Constitution for the International Publisher's Speculative Organisation

1. MEMBERSHIP. Limited to thirty members. When the roster is complete, a waiting list shall be formed. When a vacancy occurs, the member at the head of the list will be invited to submit credentials to the Official Assembler.
Credentials for joining IPSO: Three items, other than letters or artwork, published in three different fanzines; or, a story or other work published professionally.
2. DUES. Seven and six (7/6) or one dollar (\$1) per year, payable on invitation to join and on receipt of every fourth mailing subsequently.
3. ACTIVITY REQUIREMENTS. A minimum of four pages and a maximum of ten to be contributed to each mailing. Allowed to miss one mailing in four.
4. MAILINGS. Material to reach the Official Assembler on the second Saturday of April, July, October and January of each year. A copy of the bound mailing to be posted to each member on the fourth Saturday of April, July, October and January. The Copyright Receipt Office also receives a mailing.
5. SUBMISSION OF MATERIAL. 40 copies of each 8½ x 11 page to be sent to the Official Assembler, to arrive on or before the deadline. If the material is likely to arrive close to the deadline, overseas members should inform the OA by air-mail that the material has been sent. It's safest to allow four weeks for transatlantic crossing (printed matter). Do NOT assemble or staple the individual sheets.
6. NATURE OF MATERIAL. In each mailing a subject will be given which, it is hoped, the members will discuss in essay form in the following mailing. It will not be mandatory to follow the set subject, though, and there is no restriction on the type of material, so long as there is nothing to which the Post Office will take exception. However, 'mailing comments' consisting largely of the "I read your material, liked/disliked it, but can't think of owt to say"-type will be frowned upon.
7. FORMAT. Standardised as follows:
 - a) Inside edge - 1" margin, to allow for binding.
 - b) Outside edge - ½" margin.
 - c) Upper and lower edges - ½" to ¾" margins.
 - d) Headings - no restrictions. However, do NOT regard your contributions as fanzines to be stapled up, but rather as contributions to a large combo-zine.
 - e) In addition to headings on articles, etc, every page should be headed, in type-script and between two lines, as follows:

SURNAME (of contributor) : TITLE : MEMBERSHIP & WHOLE PAGE
NUMBERS

e.g.

LOCKE IPSO JURE 18-1,2,3,4,etc

To make finding material as easy as possible, each member's contribution will be bound in order of his membership number.

- f) Both sides of the paper to be filled, leaving no blank pages.
- g) Reproduction in black only, with the exception of illustrations and headings, by any legible means of reproduction except Hekto or Ditto.

8. OFFICERS. Shall consist of:

- a) an OFFICIAL ASSEMBLER. He will assemble the quarterly combo-zine; post it to each member; keep records of membership, waiting list, and subscribers; send the additional mailing to the British Museum; and sell any spares to subscribers and waiting listers. Spare mailings will be 7/- or \$1 each, or £1 or \$3 for four consecutive mailings. No buckshee copies - i.e. trades, review copies, etc. Letters of comment on the extra copies will be published, at the OA's discretion, in the mailing following. The OA will have the right to reject any material unsuitable for subjecting the sensitive Postal Authorities to.
- b) SUGGESTION COMMITTEE. Consists of three members in frequent communication, at least one of whom shall live outside America or Canada. Their duties will consist of setting the "symposium" subject for each mailing during their term of office.

Applications for officers, who should be of sound body (Para-Medic standard at least) and not prone to nervous breakdowns, should reach the OA by the deadline date for the October mailing, in which a voting form will be distributed. Votes to the OA should be received by the deadline for the January mailing - results published therein. Officers will commence picking up the shreds of the previous year's chaos in the April mailing.

- 9. TITLE. The title of the combo-volume will be IPSO FACTO. It will be bound by any reasonably permanent and secure method available to the OA.

---oOo---

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sub-assembly

by TED FORSYTH

Again the chopper falls, this time on Jack Harness for lack of activity. Marion Z Bradley & Lenny Kaye join us this mailing and both have sent material. Marion sent a cheque for which I was able to get 6/11d. It makes the work easier at this end, and there is no loss on the deal, if US members send their dues in US currency. There is usually someone around who will take dollars in exchange for sterling without chopping off a few pennies each time. Earl Kemp sent us a letter intimating his intention of dropping out of IPSO, due to his connection with next year's Worldcon. For a cause like this I'd be willing to see him carried for four consecutive mailings. How about it, Earl? Marion has used a title at the top of her contribution which has no relation to the contents. The heading is supposed to indicate the subject, preferably the set subject. George Locke sends his apologies for not appearing in this mailing due to being shunted back and forth across Africa by the Army. He is now back in Kenya. A recent announcement by Macmillan suggests that George will be in the army six months longer than he expected. I hope this isn't the first information George has had on the subject! It has been suggested that there is too much chit-chat in IPSO. I'd like to remind members that articles, rebuttals, etc, should be in the form of essays. Any polite suggestions you may have should be sent to our Suggestion Committee - Locke, Donaho & Rapp. Any member whose name has an asterisk against it on the Roster should have material in the fourth mailing if he wishes to remain a member. Deadline for the said mailing is January 13th 1962. Subject is as follows :

For more than twenty years, Robert A Heinlein has been one of the world's leading SF writers. Only recently, fandom has torn his work STARSHIP TROOPERS to pieces, some agreeing and others disagreeing with the philosophy set forth there.

For the fourth mailing let the membership discuss his works, from his philosophical notions to the literary values of his writing, from the early Future History series to STARSHIP TROOPERS.

For instance, people have suggested that his writing has been of a sadistic tendency. Others have detected a 'boy scout' sort of style permeating both his 'juveniles' and his more serious stuff. And how does his latest book, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, fit in with the pattern of his work.

If you are not happy with this topic try Bruce Pelz's suggestion as a follow-up to Time Travel....Five Years in the Marmalade. If you must spend five years in a fantasy world where would you go, and why?

TREASURY

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Pardon the front cover this time - I had no time to chase ATom.

MOTLEY.2

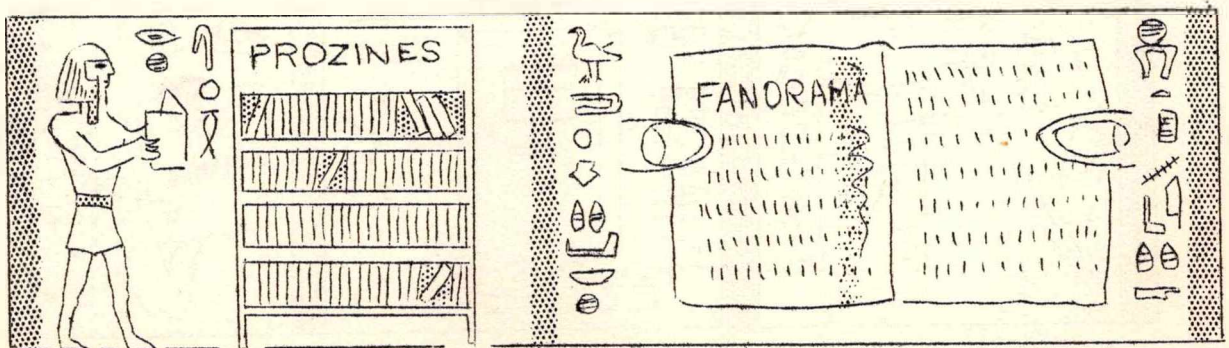
I really was terribly ashamed at missing the last mailing. But whether you believe it or not, this is my excuse, and it's the truth. I **COULD NOT UNDERSTAND THE SET SUBJECT**. For the first time in fandom, I have been stumped...I've been unable to write one single word about a given topic. Often, when I've been asked to write for fanzines, and I'm lost for an idea, I write back and ask the fanned concerned to give me a subject, any little thing which springs to mind, and I'll write about it. But, dang me, I sure was baffled with that question about Dean Drives and things affecting editorial policy. I hadn't a clue. I could have written a few pages of mailing comments, but I'm agin them, too, so I was just frustrated. I wouldn't condemn the set subject just because I couldn't understand it, I just put it down as one of those unhappy lapses in my knowledge....

This subject, about going into the past, etc, is just perfect for my imagination to tackle....and here goes :-

TOOT - I'M COMIN'

(To those of you who possess a superb appreciation of the finer points of subtle humour, it will be patently obvious from my brilliant title that was I in a position to 'take a one-way trip to any time and place in history', I would go to Ancient Egypt.)

I have often dreamed about taking worlds over. I once read that some obscure Arabic potentate had six hundred concubines, and my dreams for months afterwards did not, strangely enough, deal with the concubines (I got past that stage when I reached my 35th birthday, finally realising that physical love can be overrated)but rather with the technique the Arab employed in order to be able to maintain six hundred concubines. And when he'd got them, what was he going to do with them.? I've heard of luxury, but this is ridiculous. Poor concubines, one night every two years...and I always thought a cow unfortunate, being mated only once a year. But I've got to keep sex



out of this....at least, sexy sex....

I want you to presume that I've been shot backwards in a space-warp...I'm standing at the base of a pyramid attired in lounge suit, green spotted bow tie and trilby hat.

I don't want to flog this next phrase to death, but what could I say to the first fellah who came along, save "Take me to your leader."???

Once I'd used my rather gifted style of patter on the Pharaoh's Vizier, I would proceed to take over the country...I don't want to use valuable space describing how I'd take it over, what I want to explain is what steps I'd take once I did obtain complete control of Ancient Egypt...

I am not anti-feminist.

I trust you'll all accept that statement. I mean, over the years I've extolled the figures of Messrs Monroe, Mansfield, Dors, Novak, etc, and I guess I've made more than one delicate hint of my appreciation of the Female Form Divine.

But the most serious error made in Ancient Egypt was to make women the chief property owners.

Women are alright in their place. I mean, I married one, and I know. I'd never settle for six hundred, but I would be the first to admit that women are pretty well essential.

But, even in these enlightened days, we've got to keep them in their place, else we'd never get any peace. WE'VE GOT TO SHOW THEM THAT WE MEN ARE THE SUPERIOR SEX. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM DOWN.

But read on, even if you have cause to shudder in disbelief. In Ancient Egypt, property followed down the female line...if some unfortunate man married an Egyptian woman, and she died, all her property would go to her daughter...the pore fellah had nothing (unless he used his nut and falsified the matriarchal accounts, whilst his wife and master was still alive.)

It followed, therefore, that the poor man had to spend all his time making sure his wife lived. Even if she caught a cold, he'd go berserk trying to nullify it. Love didn't really come into the story at all. The man wanted security, therefore he had to marry. He could keep slaves and concubines, but his chief priority was to make sure his wife didn't divorce him. True, he might get a mite of alimony, but if he wanted all the fine things in life, a nice tomb, a coupla slaves, booze, etc, he had to toe the line and keep his wife pleased with him.....

Shocking, isn't it.....

But this wasn't the only aspect.

Consider....

A Pharaoh has just married for security. Things are looking honky dory. Married, young daughter, plenty slaves and booze, etc, and what happens. His wife kicks the proverbial bucket.

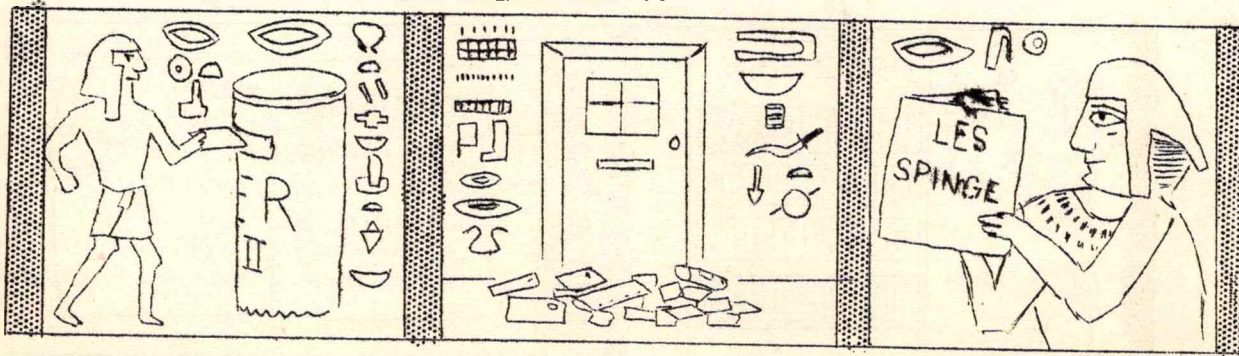
All her property is handed down to his daughter.

He's up the creek.

He wants the rogal living he's been used to....

Ah, the answer....

MARRY HIS OWN DAUGHTER.....



So thus it was.
The throne was handed down via the female line...
So to retain it a Pharaoh had to commit incest.
Queens married brothers....
Brothers married sisters...

Cleopatra was a wow...in her time she married two brothers...
(An interesting sidelight to this, and one which raised my eyebrows when I learned of it, was that consanguineous marriages did not necessarily cause physical or mental defects in the offspring. To improve the physical stock of cattle nowadays it is regarded as common practice to mate a bull with it's own daughter.)

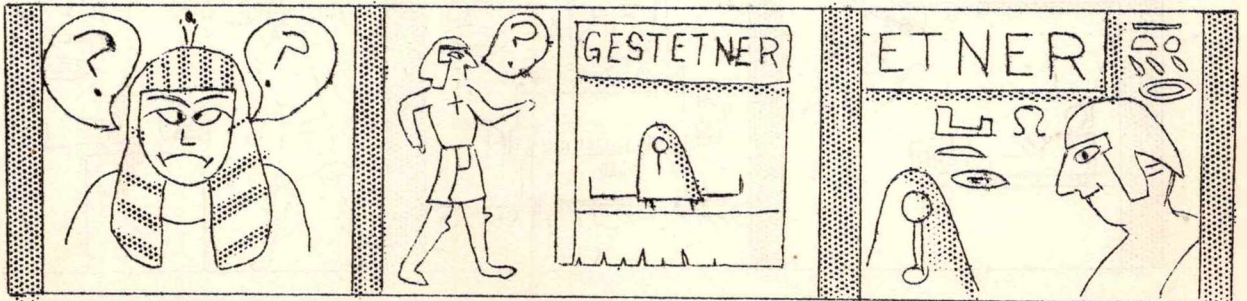
So, adjusting my bow tie to a rakish angle, the first thing I would do would be to make a law ordering all property to pass down the male line.

Having saved the country from economic prostitution with one superb stroke of legislature, I would then turn my attention to the Ancient Egyptians enthusiastic interest in life after death.

In their misguided way, the Ancient Egyptians thought that they were going to have a hell of a good time after they left the land of the living and breathing. In fact, their philosophy was almost that the short life on Earth was but a prelude to the Here-After. What better, then, to organise things so that when they took their last breath, everything would be laid on to ensure that all they valued in life would be readily available when they joined the new outfit, wherever it was !

Literally hundreds and thousands of men spent all their lives building vast tombs for the Pharaohs ...the Great Pyramid of Giza, 755 feet along the base and 481 feet high... it took twenty years to build... in fact, it took 100,000 men ten years to even build the causeway to carry the stones of which the Great Pyramid was constructed.

The great men of Egypt had life-long passions of interest in their tombs. They got artists to paint one-dimensional pictures depicting mundane incidents in their lives (as I've attempted to do at the bottom of each



page) on the walls of their tombs, and periodically they visited them to satisfy themselves that everything was in order.

Of course, in order to have this After-Life, their bodies had to be uncorrupted, therefore embalming was all the rage. The brains were pulled out via the nostrils, the entrails whipped out via an incision in the side, and the carcass stuffed with incense. For seventy days the body was immersed in natron, then wrapped in fine linen 'bandages' and dumped in a tomb.

Pharaohs were actually encased in coffins of solid gold (viz Tutankhamun:- pronounced 'Toot...I'm comin'..) and all their gold and jewellery and precious stones, and mundane objects such as chairs and stuffed birds were incarcerated with them. Small wonder that these tombs were pillaged, not, as most people think, by modern or semi-modern tomb robbers, but by the Ancient Egyptians themselves, very often by the masons who helped to construct the tombs. Pharaohs rather zealously were wont to swipe stones off their ancestors tombs.....the whole thing was just crazy....millions of lives spent, and fantastic and uncalculable amounts of gold used for no purpose whatsoever...just to satisfy the whims of corpses (and, of course, to fascinate ardent Egyptologists of modern times.)

So, having swapped my lounge suit for a cotton tunic and sandals, I would send Concubine No 978 back to her harem, and request an interview with the current Pharaoh.

"Well, old boy, how's things ?"

"Good, but GOOD, John. Pull up a concubine and sit down."

"Thanks. Sorted out your bank balance, yet ?"

"Shucks, why the hell didn't I think of swiping the Queen's cash before. Brilliant idea. Fairly makes the women knuckle under. What's next on the list of reforms ?"

"Look, old man, about this Life after Death biz...I don't dig it."

"Now now. Don't tell me those three million slaves have been working for nought all these decades."

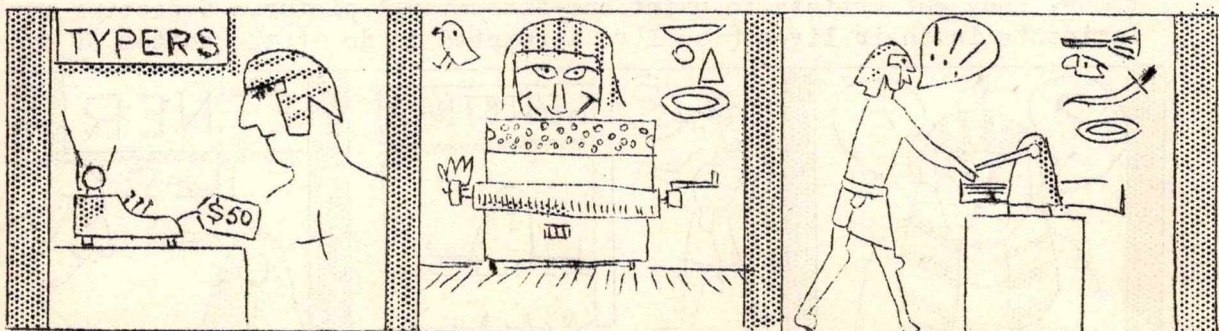
" 'Fraid so. Lookit this way. When you've kicked the bucket, you're stuck down that tomb and a fat lot of good all those chattels are going to do you. You took my advice about getting the 1sd off the missus, mark my words on this tomb lark....granted, you want the final kip down to be permanent, but why not arrange a nice homely tomb in the middle of the desert where the tomb robbers won't got at it. ?"

"Like, agreed the tomb robbers don't play cricket. But what shall I do with all the gold I'm saving, and hows about the unemployment situation with all them buckshee slaves....?"

"Build a dam and organise the Nile, instead of allowing it to organise you....plant crops, invade the rest of the world...but say, give me a few millions of them yeller bars, will ya ? I've a project I'd like to work on... I promise it will be useful...and you know you can trust me....."

"Here's a blank papyrus....the Vizier will give you all the gold you want....everything else O.K.?"

"Yeah, thanks....."



You've probably never heard of Akhnaten. Leastways, if you know a little about Egyptology you may have done, but it isn't a name bandied about very much in the lay world.

Akhnaten was an Egyptian king. He was also one of the world first rugged individualists.

A little about him...

He founded a new faith. He abhorred the old gods (some thousands of them) and created his own faith...the Aten.

He was a rugged individualist, was Akhnaten...he decided that with his new faith, he should have entirely new surroundings, so he moved lock stock and concubine to a new site in Ancient Egypt, and called it Akhetaten.

For eleven years Akhnaten ruled from his beautiful new city. Slowly, the power of Egypt waned...conquests of previous decades won back their freedom...rulers and governors of Egyptian outposts wrote to Akhnaten asking for troops and cash to sway the attacking hordes, but Akhnaten, blissfully happy in his own spot in the desert, miles from anywhere else, was content to spend his gold on temples and gardens and the finer things in life instead of pouring it away on such indelicate causes as the threatened invasion of the rest of the Egyptian Empire.

Then he fell out with his wife Nefretiti, and she moved house, and finally left. Akhnaten then married his own daughter and had a child by her.

He died, and with him went the 18th Dynasty, which opened like a nova and closed like a spent match.....

But this gafia attitude was a hell of a good idea.

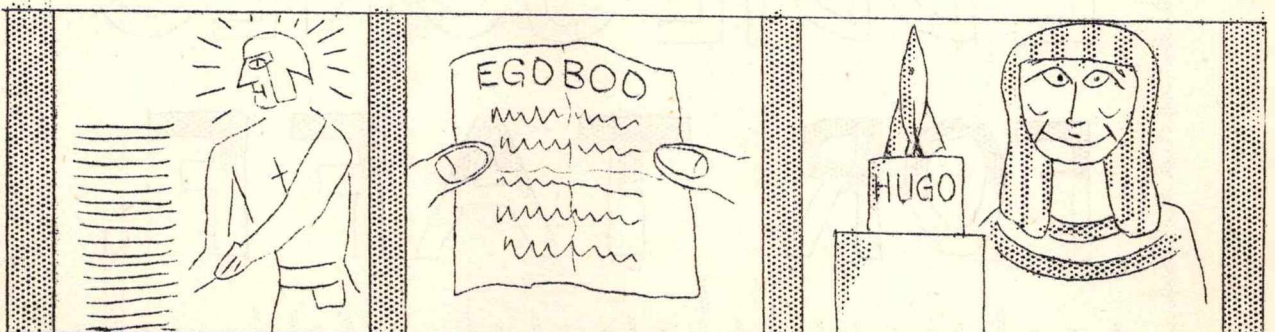
I copied it....

My city was close to Akhetaten's....far away from prying, and close enough to Akhetaten to be able to utilise the stone for my own structures.

By careful grafting, by slyly making certain that small bars of solid gold found their way to specially selected clutching palms, I gradually formed around me a nucleus consisting of the best brains in Ancient Egypt. Mathematicians, soothsayers, mind readers, masons, artists, thinkers, I had the lot. and one evening, when it came cool after the torrid heat of the day, I addressed them:-

"....and, in conclusion, gentlemen, I am sure you can do it. You all I hope, understand the point I made about not assassinating Pharaoh. It isn't so much that I am agin violence, (although I assure you I am) but, for me to take over the country properly, it is essential that Pharaoh shall disappear without trace. And the way I've explained appears to be to give a perfect chance of this requirement. And you can do it, gents. You can do it. Take the Great Pyramid, which your ancestors built some decades ago...it is aligned so perfectly north, south east and west that the maximum error was only one twelfth of a degree. If you've got the minds to do that superb calculation, you can surely manage what I have suggested. Then, on a crafty pretext, we can get Pharaoh to examine it, and BINGO.....to you allotted tasks, gents...."

I flung a few gold bars for them to scramble for, and I knew they were mine.....



2nd. Burnish

Worlds Gone Hence

While we can pray
For light of day
And hope in future tense,
We'll wish to see,
Yes, you and me,
The Worlds Gone Hence from Human Sense.

Some called him Odd John, but that was an old joke and really dated back to someone else in our club. This John was just an ordinary bloke: no strange tastes, no odd habits. In fact, at times he could be irritatingly over-normal. He was thin and tallish and had wavy black hair. He had a wife and owned a dog and was paying the mortgage on a house out towards the suburbs of town. He was popular in the club, with that dependable kind of friendship that other members liked and sometimes even had the sense to appreciate. We sometimes held meetings at his place and once he even threw a Christmas party for us all. Just the once, never again, for one of the young out-of-town fans tried to take his wife in the back room and not even Passive John (some member tagged him that when he refused to be dragged into club political skirmishing) would stand for that. He threw a fist at the youngster. Unfortunately the youngster tried to hit him back and was thenceforth drummed out of fandom.

Life's like that sometimes.

Not that John was the straight-laced sort. He let his hair down with the rest of us when he felt inclined and was actually the spearhead (though no-one seemed to notice) of a movement to put some humour into our club fanzine. And he wasn't narrow-minded either - as was proved when one of the fans in the group tried to proposition him. John just thanked the fellow for the intended compliment but declined the offer and suggested that there might be more comfort in the arms of the Secretary of the club, who at that time was a middle-aged spinster, and now of course the young man and the spinster are married and have a child, a dog, and a large collection of sci-fantasy in their house in the suburbs.

Ah yes, life was good then in our group. Always busy with something: the club fanzine, a local conference, projects of various sorts, and lots of group activity such as parties, movie shows, and simply fixing the clubroom.

Actually, we were fixing the clubroom up even in the last days of the club. Someone had a bright idea for a really goshwow project for decorating the room.. I

don't know how it started but we all found ourselves working on what we grandly termed a "Future History Chart". Rather like the one Bob Heilein uses for his books, but much bigger and with lots more detail. Actually, the reason for its size was supposed to be that we had a blank wall in the clubroom and required something to fill it. Wallpaper didn't seem available, and distemper wasn't considered 'U', and nothing else looked sufficiently stefnic to the members. So, someone suggested we do our own deccrating by drawing a chart on the wall.

It used to be hilarious at times at our weekly meetings, as we discussed what could be added to the History of the Future. Naturally we'd gab a while, and drink about an urn of tea, but when all the usual club-type business was done we would listed to the latest additions that were to be made to the Chart and discuss these as a club. The rule was that the whole club had to vote for an event or object for it to be added to the Chart. Great fun: we sat there and chunterred on about inventions that were yet to be invented and events that were yet to happen (if ever). We passed law, in our little way, on the future of mankind.

This was where John was important to the club. He seemed to have a natural grasp of the factors which might bear some influence upon the future course of history and this was often a great help to the committee whose task it was to draw up the Chart. Often he would find himself in the middle of a discussion about just what could happen in the future, and this wasn't because of any effort on his own part. It was simply that the other members felt that he would always have worthwhile opinions on just about any ideas they might suggest. In actual fact, John was rather reluctant to find himself involved in these affairs. On many occasions he would enter a discussions almost against his own wishes - drawn in by some other member of the group or perhaps by a particularly fuggheaded suggestion by one of the committee. And, you know, when John explained his side of these arguments I for one had to agree with him. He seemed to have an infallible instinct for future events.

There were times of course when no-one would agree with his ideas and then he'd argue for a while before realising his position. Then he'd look somewhat fed-up and shrug and let them go their way. It wasn't until the discussion of the time machine that he finally let loose with a few bitter and sarcastic cracks - behavior that wasnot like John at all. But if became apparent that John was upset over something, and this was causing him to show short shrift with anything that didn't agree with him. Some of the club members were quite surprised at this sudden change in John, and it was soon quite obvious that he was rapidly becoming our most un-popular member. And once or twice he even missed meetings.

It wasn't until one time when I decided to skip a meeting that I began to that I began to find out what had gone wrong with our erstwhile Anchor-man.

The years contain
All Man's doman,
Un-notised save in absence:
For when they're gone
We'll look and long
For Worlds Gone Hence from Human Sense.

I was in a bar in the centre of town, just warming up a little before going to see a new play. I wasn't drinking heavily; just enough to put me in a good mood for the play. In fact, I'd only been in the bar a few minutes before the commotion started at the back. I was startled to hear a lot of shouting, someone yelling at the bartender, asking for a drink. I looked around feeling that there was something familiar in the voice of the drunk.

I didn't recognise him at first. This was mainly because I just didn't think of him as anything other than a member of the staff club, but partly I suppose because he wasn't the person I would expect to find boozing in a pub. But, there he was, and he had quite a load on.

Another bartender appeared and the two apron-clad strongmen hoisted John and began to frog-march him to the exit. I jumped up from my stool and stopped them. They weren't anxious to interrupt their duty, but when I explained that I was a friend of the drunk they draped him over my shoulder and curtly suggested I try to get him home.

John was burbling some unhappy song about 'worlds gone hence from human sense' as I pushed him into a taxi and gave the driver John's address. In the back of the car I tried to sober John up a little, but he was far too boozy to be interested in clearing his head.

After an embarrassing ride - we had to stop once to let John out while he vomited - we arrived before his home. I paid the cabby and half-carried half-pushed John towards the front door. The door was open. I staggered with John into the hallway and across it into the lounge. John was beginning to wake up in a bewildered panic, so I dropped him into a chair and headed for the kitchen. Mentally, I crossed out my chances of attending the theatre that night.

I tore some bread from a loaf and filled a glass with water and went back to John. He was still sitting up, and his eyes were open now. He accepted the bread and gnawed on it when I told him to. I held the glass to his mouth and he sipped some water. I left him chewing and looked around for the heater, plugged it in and placed it so the warm air was directed to John's face. Quite soon, he began to come round.

"What the hell John?" I asked. "How long've you been boozing?"

He painfully focused his eyes on my nose. "Uh." he ground out, an empty smile on his face. His eyes slid out of focus again. "Few days..." He dropped the glass and the water splashed over the rug, narrowly missing the bars of the heater. "Ooooh" he yelled, and his lungs gasped with laughter. Suddenly he stopped and looked at me. "I'm a damn fool." he said.

"Maybe." I picked up the glass and returned to the kitchen. This time I put a Seltzer tablet in the water. "Why?" I asked as I sat down.

"Oh, lots of things... Where'd you find me?"

"In a bar."

"Of course. Why were you looking for me?"

"I wasn't. I was skipping a club night to go to the theatre. You made a noise in the bar and the barmen threw you out. I just caught you before you hit the pavement."

He smiled for a minute, but stayed mute. I gave him the water and asked "Why?" again.

"Lost my job." He drained the glass and gave it back to me. A mighty belch burst from his throat and then he settled back into the chair and closed his eyes. "Forget me. Please leave now and let me disappear."

I laughed shortly and his eyes popped open in puzzlement. "Oh, come off it John, what's a little drunk? Sober up and we'll get you a job easily enough. You're not letting a little thing like getting sacked get you down are you?" I grinned at him, but he'd closed his eyes again. I slapped his arm and stood up. "I'll get some more bread."

He didn't move and I began to turn away but he suddenly started talking.

"When I said I'd lost my job I meant to say that I'd left it."

I sat down again. I began to feel a little foolish and for the first time I sensed that John's problem was more than just a long binge and its inevitable hangover.

"Then what made you go boozing?"

He almost smiled. "Well, problems that should have been solved a long time ago just caught me and suddenly I felt I needed oblivion." He cocked an eye at me. "And if that soundstoo pat, blame nature, not me."

"What problems, John?" I asked, still feeling silly. But I considered John to be a friend and even in it meant my seeming stupid I wanted to help him.

Again, he almost smiled. His eyes snapped open and he looked quietly at me. "If you had a chance," he whispered. "To make a trip back into history - just you, no super gadgets and no chance of return - to any place you chose, would you take it?" He grinned and closed his eyes. "Don't answer too quickly."

My jaw snapped shut. "Look John, I'm trying to help you. This isn't the time for jokes."

"Jokes he says!" he snickered. "Go on, you're a science fiction fan aren't you? You think about these things don't you? What would you say if I offered you a free one-way trip to Babylon in its heyday?"

"I'd tell you to go to hell!"

He chuckled. "You'd be wise to do that." He paused. "I wish I'd been so wise."

He looked round at me. "Oh yes, this isn't a lush burbling or a madman raving his fantasies. I took a one-way trip."

"Oh, hell's bells John, I'm trying to help you. If you don't stop being so damn stupid about things I'll get out and leave you to yourself." I stood up.

"No, don't go. I am by myself."

"You sleep ~~here~~ until your wife gets home from the meeting. She'll help you."

"But I am alone. She left me last week."

"Oh." I sat down again. "Before the binge?"

"The binge? Yes, before. It's a miracle she didn't leave long ago. You see, she wanted children. How could I have children? She wanted success; and every time I seemed to be getting too successful, somehow something went wrong. Everytime I try to do something it gets stopped. She'd be pregnant a few weeks. Then a miscarriage. I'd start a business; a shoe-shop, foundry, newspaper, coach-house, timber-yard; anything. Then for no reason I could find, people would take away their financial backing and I'd hit bottom again." He looked round at me and grinned savagely. "Old Man Time doesn't like his sons to cheat their birthright."

To say I was astonished would be to understate my feelings. I was puzzled, numbed, angered, and completely bewildered. Dependable John, Time Traveller. Somehow I couldn't accept such an idea. And yet... somehow I knew John wasn't lying, or raving. There was fire in his expression, but it was the fire of a flickering rebellion, not that of an insane mind. My own jellied brain tried to grasp the idea, but found it difficult.

"But.. you're from the future." My feeling of stupidity strengthened.

"I was from the future." He said. "You see, I went back quite a long way."

I struggled out a one-syllable question that might have come from a drowning man.

"You didn't think I came back to this time, did you?" He chuckled quietly. "No I've been living from your past for a long time now. And I've begun to feel that it's been too long." He thumped his chest. "Today, I'm as fit as the day I left my tiem. I was thirty-eight then, and now after all these many years I'm just as old physically. But mentally I'm the oldest man in the world, Abraham had nothing on me." He snorted again and looked at me. "I'm thirsty. Fill that glass again would you?"

I went out to the kitchen, my mind whirling within a maze of half-formed glimpses of ideas. I quickly filled the glass and returned to the room, where John was still slumped in his chair. I handed him the glass.

"Didn't you ever try to.. to end it?" I asked.

"End it? Hawh! When you don't exist in a place how can you leave it? I can no more kill myself than I can travel back to the time I left. Don't you think I've tried? Nine lives - I've got a million!" He sobered again. "I've tried to kill myself several times. Not too many. Suicide isn't something you try too often."

I still felt something was missing, that John hadn't told me the full story yet. "Why did you come... go back?" I asked.

He looked at me, and sat up. "What would you do if someone offered you a chance to take a one-way trip back? Seriously?" He grinned. "Oh yes, I forgot; you'd tell them to go to hell. ...I didn't. I said yes." He relaxed again, and sipped from the glass in his hand. "But I've learned one thing. Taking a trip in time isn't just fun. You find there's no place for you in a world already gone by. History, like prophesy, must needs be enjoyed vicariously. But don't you worry about me. I'll disappear, and - let's be honest - nobody would believe you if you repeated this story." His tone lightened. "I think I'll try suicide again."

"Now John, look, there must be something we could do. You can go on living, and eventually you'll be back where this began and you could tell that inventor to go to hell."

"Your theory." he grinned. "No, somehow I feel that wouldn't work; since I do remember being a boy I must have been born sometime. How could two of me live at the same time?"

"Well, what'll happen when you do get back to the beginning? Back to your own time?"

"I'll be interested to find out." He said dryly. "I can't imagine that I'll go 'poof' and disappear, and I can't really see myself going through all this again." He stretched lazily and put the glass on the floor. "Nice water, the water of this time. I'll be able to finish that after a few more burps." And he belched again.

There came the noise of a car pulling up outside and I heard footsteps on the verandah. I got to my feet. I looked at John, slumped tiredly in his chair. "See who it is." he said, and I went to the door.

I stopped as I opened the door, and turned round. "Uh, John."

He looked listlessly at me.

"When did you go back?"

"When? Almost two thousand years ago. Quite soon, really."

I closed the door behind me and crossed the hall. I opened the front door, still trying to puzzle over this bizarre problem.

I didn't recognise his wife at first. Then, "Rachel!"

She stood still, looking at me. "Is John back?"

"Yes. Come in."

"He's alright? Not still..."

"He's sober. But he seems...."

There was a shout from the lounge. I pushed at the door and rushed in. John was slumped over the heater. I grabbed him, pulled him into the chair. His left hand was badly burned, and the front of his coat was blackened. I felt his right wrist for a pulse but could detect nothing, and had to pull the water-glass away from his fingers. I heard a moan behind me.

"Sit down Rachel, in the hall! I'll call a doctor." But I knew it was useless, I knew that this was the suicide John had been talking of. And now the problem was clearer to me. I went into the hall and rang the doctor, trying to comfort Rachel as she quietly sobbed with long quiet shudders. She turned to me suddenly, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid." She moaned. "Help me."

"There," I whispered. "You'll be alright."

"But John... I killed him. I left him and he died."

"No, he knew what he was doing." I put her hands between mine to try to replace some of the warmth that seemed to have left her. "Rachel, why did you come back tonight?"

Her mouth worked and her hands were rigid in mine. "I found.. This morning.. The doctor said I'd pregnant." I kissed her, because I knew what I had to do, and no kid of mine was going time travelling.

I'll search always
To find the days
Now past, from whence I come.
Then once again
All Time for men
With sight will be their cherished home.

~~the end~~
IPSO #3

IPSO #3
~~the end~~

WHITHER IPSO?

Naturally, I don't know, while writing this, how large and interesting the third mailing of IPSO is. How does it look to you, member? Going by the last mailing, I'd suggest that this one is a little slim, and perhaps too full of chitter-chatter. Why? Can't fans write about set subjects? Is it not possible for them to write a few pages on a subject, and then leave that subject alone? Must they always try for the last word? One might be lead to believe that they have brains like cows' stomachs, and need to digest mental sustenance twice. I may be wrong - I'm often wrong - but I believe that IPSO FACTO should be a magazine full of a number of people's thoughts upon one or two subjects, as is written in the Constitution. When I open IPSO FACTO, I don't want to be bewildered by a lot of references back to the previous mailings, nor do I want to become bored by a lot of sanctimonious second-thoughts.

But don't expect a tirade from me. I find a personal challenge in the structure of IPSO. Somebody suggests a subject (which I don't have to follow if I don't wish to) and gives me a deadline and then leaves me to myself to write what and how I like about that subject. So I sit down, marshal my thoughts, order them into relevance, and jolly well try to meet the deadling. IPSO makes me try to write fairly close to a subject (I must admit that this time I've strayed a little off the track) and therefore I regard it as a good chance to practise some degree of discipline while writing. Not being a disciplined writer by any means I find the enforced concentration of IPSO a very Good Thing. So you'll understand my disappointment at reading the chit-chat in the first two mailings. IPSO shouldn't - mustn't become a tet-a-tete apa; but should take on the guise of a combo-zine.

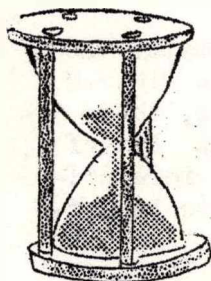
WHY FICTION?

From personal comments from friends I realise that many people won't understand why I'm placing fiction in IPSO. I have no excuse to offer, but I would like to state my case.

I feel that in IPSO there is a great chance to write some fiction about sf and fannish subjects, which will present my ideas on the subjects as well as an article might, but with the added attraction of producing characters to argue one side or the other in any problem. In IPSO #1 I submitted a story about two fans; one the fanwriter, the other the editor. One represented what I call 'Babbling Fandom' and the other stated the case of "Coherent Fandom". In such a manner, and with a discursive style, I felt that I could present my ideas on Mailing Comments. With this mailing I've let my hair down a little and written a story that, while presenting my answer to the question set in last mailing's Sub Assembly, also tries to keep a reader interested and provide something of a plot to entertain said - and probably non-existent - reader.

Of course, I don't think I will be able to write a story every time - but I'll try, by Jingo!

WORLDS GONE HENCE, incidentally, is in first draft form - no time to re-write.



TIME TRAVEL

B J

BY BILL DONAHO

The concept of time travel is one of the most romantic and popular ones in science fiction; possibly it is the favorite fairy tale of the field. The desire to go back and relive the past--making a better job of it--seems an almost universal human characteristic. And one of the most hackneyed lines of literature is "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been.'" How much better we all could do if we had it all to do over again, if we could only bring subsequent knowledge to bear on our decisions!

Various cynics have written stories exploding these ideas and insisting that if we had the opportunity to relive our lives we might not repeat specific mistakes, but that we would make similar ones, thus repeating the pattern. I don't think that this is necessarily true. In many cases our experiences make different people of us so that we react in different ways and according to different patterns. And of course if we returned to the past we would have knowledge of gross trends as well as of specific mistakes.

But most time travel stories are not of the pure form (as in H. Beam Piper's "Time and Time Again") of our going back to our earlier selves with our present knowledge. Most of these stories are of our physical bodies going backward or forward in time and this is a different kettle of fish. At first glance it seems puzzling that a story set in the past or in the future should be more fascinating if it has a time traveling hero from the present, rather than a hero from the period of the story, but such seems to be the case. John Dickson Carr's time-travel historicals and L. Sprague de Camp's Lest Darkness Fall come particularly to mind, although there are some fascinating future stories too.

Why should this be? I think that (1) Having a hero from our time makes it easier to contrast past or future civilizations with this one and (2) It is easier to identify with someone from the present because he is more like us. It is easier for us to imagine our traveling to another age than it is to imagine what we would be like if we had been born in that age.

And logically developing out of time travel and "It might have been" comes "Everything that was/is/will be possible is!" and the theory of alternative universes. There were earlier stories with this theme, but Murray Leinster's "Side-wise in Time" was the first one to make it famous. The idea that at every--or every crucial--decision in history alternative universes embodying the alternative decisions come in existence offers more scope even than time travel for both science fiction and fantasy. This form includes some of my favorite stories: de Camp and Pratt's Harold Shea stories, H. Beam Piper's alternative universe time patrol series, Frederick Brown's What Mad Universe?, Fritz Leiber's Destiny Times Three, and many others.

SO, even if you rule out the possibility of time travel, there remains the possibility of travel to alternative universes. And since the past is limited by what did happen and the future by what can be made to seem probable, there are more possibilities here of a universe tailor-made to your own desires. But of course the more this private world retreats from mundane reality, the more difficult it is to imagine and to write down as more and more of it has to be actually created instead of a different look at the same old universe.

But day dreaming about time travel--with or without a stf writer to help us do it--is not the same thing as a practical contemplation of actually doing it. Even if one assumes that time travel is possible and has a time machine to boot, there are various philosophical problems that have to be settled one way or the other. Is the past fixed? (Is free will possible?). It seems to me that if one is put into the past and cannot change events, then all things are fixed and we are all dangling puppets. It can't be proved one way or the other, but I prefer to believe that free will is possible, that if one returns to the past he can change events, possibly creating an alternative time stream when doing so.

Some writers have theorized that the past has happened, so it exists and time travel to it is possible, but that the future hasn't happened yet, so it does not exist; therefore we can't travel to it. This seems to me to be absurd. If "now" is a real barrier that cannot be broken, then time travel is impossible. But if "now" is an arbitrary concept that can be shifted, how can anyone say that this is the present and that the future doesn't exist? If "now" is arbitrary and both the 15th and 20th Centuries exist simultaneously, then both the 25th and 20th Centuries exist simultaneously, and so on right up time's ladder.

If I had a time machine that could go and return, there are many past times that I would like to look at, many past events I would like to experience--and I am curious about the future... But a one-way trip is another matter entirely. Why should anyone take a one-way trip to another time? (1) To escape the present. (2) Because another era seems more congenial or offers more.

There are many unfortunate things about our era, but it has attractions too. Of course the strong probability of all-out nuclear war and the growing power of the state over the individual are not pleasant, but if one does not like these trends, the future is no refuge. It is foolish to run from our present problems to the future, assuming that these problems will be solved and that we can find in the society which we find there. Even if nuclear war is averted we should still expect government supervision to be all pervasive and that it will be awkward to explain our presence to the authorities. In addition the exploding birth rate makes it only too probable that the standard of living will be lower in the future, and the rate of technological advance makes it probable that it will be difficult to compete economically. Jumping into the far future is trusting entirely too much to blind chance. Better the devil that we know.

This leaves the past as an area of escape. Nostalgic escape into the past--day dreams--is one thing. Actually arriving there brings up all sorts of awkward physical facts. We may be in doubt about the precise nature of the future or of our reception there. The past doesn't leave us any such comforting vagueness. Apart from the wretched physical conditions under which most men in the past have lived, man is a herd animal. Almost all societies are suspicious of and exclude strangers. It is never pleasant to be "a stranger and alone." You must conceal the fact that you are a stranger.

When a person is out of touch with his own times and dreams longingly of other eras, he invariably dreams of the life of the rich and well-born of that era, whether it be Periclean Athens, Renaissance Italy, 18th Century England or what have you. Being rich and well born has its attractions in almost any era. It certainly does in ours. However the question is not where would we choose to be born if we could choose our parents, circumstances and era, but where would we choose to be plopped down, assuming our present bodies, minds and education, and only the clothes, foodweapons, money and gear in general that we could carry on our backs.

Before anyone takes a one-way trip like that he has to know that he's going to be better off. That means he has to know the era he's going to, know it well enough to adequately judge whether he will be better off and know the people well enough to fit in as a member of that culture. And naturally he is limited to cultures with people of similar physical appearance.

There are a few cultures that welcome strangers. Of these, a few of the Polynesian and some of the American Indian cultures offer an attractive life. Even so I suspect that attractive as many of the elements of these cultures are, and although satisfying to people brought up in them, they would prove somewhat lacking to us. Nevertheless they offer a possibility.

Of course one could arrive and play god in a very primitive culture, but this seems a limited role, and one very difficult to keep up. You might break taboo or even get into position to be ritually slain. You have to sleep some of the time.

If several people could go back together, this would offer wider opportunity. Then it might be worthwhile to go back eight or ten thousand years before civilization began, and to start it yourselves, seeing that many mistakes were avoided. With several people going quite a technology could be taken along and thropologists could design an ideal culture and select people from our time who would form and adapt to it. This offers many possibilities and has strong attractions--assuming I agreed with the anthropologists' ideas. However, I suspect that I would highly approve of such a venture, but wouldn't go along. It seems too difficult to collect a workable group. Most people I enjoy associating with are not survivor types. Most people competent in science, technology, engineering, and practical skills of all kinds seem rather rigid in their social, sexual, and moral ideas. All these qualities seem necessary--being a survivor type, being congenial, being competent in practical matters, having free social ideas--and they are found in various and sundry combinations, but to find all four in one person is quite rare. Besides I don't think that anthropology is that exact a science. I doubt its ability to that correctly analyze the ills of civilization or to set up a functioning society without these ills. I would like to see it tried, but I don't think I have enough faith to be part of it, even assuming that I would qualify.

Nevertheless if I were offered the chance for one-way time travel, I would take it. If offered the opportunity to move back to a younger self I would go back to January 1, 1947. Then I was just 20, away from home and through with my army service. I had just arrived in Chicago to go to the university there, and beginning January 2nd I took a battery of tests to see what courses I could skip. An ideal place to begin anew. However, I see no point in return in my present body to that time or anywhere in the recent past. I wouldn't have enough of an advantage to make up for the things I would be giving up. But in spite of the gain of 14 years of youth there, I think I would rather go further back in time with my present body. Of course if I could go back in time with my 20-year old body!

It would take my one-way ticket to the 19th Century U.S., probably some time after the Civil War. This period is close enough to us to offer no language or cultural problems, yet far enough away so that knowledge of its history, patterns and trends would be an enormous advantage. We know the history of the Nineteenth Century in more minute detail than we know the history of any earlier era and this century offers more scope to the individual than any area or place since very primitive times. Before leaving I would study business history and trends, and technology and its trends, besides learning various and sundry details about the times. I would also study the location of the California gold strikes and go back to the best time to exploit these discoveries for myself. This gold would give me working capital and with my knowledge of the era, becoming exceedingly wealthy and powerful would be no problem at all.

The Nineteenth Century was an extremely pleasant place for the wealthy and powerful, probably even more pleasant than is the 20th Century. Most people underestimate the 19th Century, possibly because it is so close to our own or possibly because the reaction to Victorianism is still going on. The 19th Century had fairly high standards of hygiene and medicine, and certainly of comfort and convenience, not to mention luxury. The arts were in flourishing condition. A man with money could go anywhere in the world and do practically anything.

The limits of my achievements would be determined mostly by my own life span. As I am quite foned of the things of this world I would not live as long as would an ascetic, interested only in power. But it would be an interesting, exciting, sensual and artistic life while it lasted. Sigh.....

But if I lived to a ripe old age.... It should take me about twenty years to become the most powerful figure in the U.S. Being able to slightly anticipate, thus control and reap the benefits of trends is enormously profitable, particularly when you know who the key figures and what the key events are. So, at the end of twenty years I should be well on the way to become an international power and should have the U.S. well in hand. At that point I could start originating trends, rather than anticipating them. I would introduce the automobile and mass production and see to it that the steam engine developed rather than the internal combustion one. This is a key event and if done correctly should leave me in firm control of international finance. Especially inasmuch as many other manouvers and industries would play their part.

If I lived thirty or thirty-five years after my return to the past then I would be the most powerful industrialist in the world. It is difficult to overestimate the control of events that this would give me. What I would do with this enormous power is something else again. Of course I would see that the mistakes of the past were avoided, but would the new ones be any better? Particularlly the state of affairs when I died and others took over my power. But nevertheless I rather doubt that I would restrain myself from changing things in a big way once I had the power.

Of course I might very well become bored with the pursuit of power long before I had control of things. I might well remain a simple playboy millionaire and start a science fiction magazine or something. I suspect that I have an essentially frivolous nature and lack the dedication necessary to really attain power, even with the enormous advantages that a return to the past would give me.

But still. ...Time Travel, anyone?

The set subject asks: if I were able to travel back in history would I go? The answer to this is a firm - no! I cannot think of any period of history in which I would be happier than I am at present. There is no figure of the past whom I envy; the power and the glory held by dead Kings and Queens holds no appeal for me. Besides I am a member of the working class; my lot would likely have been that of a slave in the early days, and that of a scullion maid in the middle centuries.

It has been said, "Unless you know the past, you cannot understand the present, and unless you understand the present you cannot assess the future" So I do not state that one should ignore the past and concentrate upon the future for this reason. To enter the past as a 'Time Traveller' could have only one appeal for me: if it could be of use in guessing at or moulding the future. It is in the future that my interest lies; and there I should hope lies the interest of all SF fans.

History can be romantic; providing one refrains from such sordid details as the infrequent baths of the 17th. century, the death roll from such simple things as appendicitis, the low standard of morality, the class structure, and the endless toil which was the lot of the majority. One can use the past as a yardstick to a certain extent; thus we know that the present-day power of our Trade Unions comes from the days when without those unions men starved. Of their future what can one say wanting the data of the years ahead! Will full employment and the power continue, or will there be another depression to set man against man in his search for a living? Or even with full employment could this power drain away with an 'I'm alright Jack' cheer? I wish I knew.

Yes, given the choice what I would like to do is see the future. I would like to know what happens when the population consists of two-thirds old folks and one-third's young. I would like to see how the mores and customs change as women become in the minority for the first time in many generations. I should like to see Ghana and the Congo and South Africa in a hundred years time. Above all, I would like a fascinated glimpse of the nursing world even fifty years hence!

There have been some SF stories written upon the theme of a population loaded with oldsters, and pretty grim reading they made. Most authors assume that with this state of affairs there will come a slowing up of initiative in all spheres and a hell of a life for youth. I wonder if this would be the case? Nowadays people not only live longer, they also stay young longer. I know that my Grandmother sat herself down at the age of thirty and said "Aye, but I'm an old woman now." Whereas my Mother was nearly the age of seventy before she showed signs of old age. I reckon that my generation should have at least another ten years of interest

filled life to add to that. Perhaps instead of retiring at sixty-five; a man will take an entirely different job, and give himself a renewed interest in life just at the age when his grandfather had stopped taking any interest at all. I observed, at the evening college I attend, a notice to say reduced fees were available for old age pensioners! Another definite trend is among married women. As soon as the children have been settled into school they go out to work again. With those two added factors perhaps there would not be the impossible situation of a one-third working population and a two-thirds proportion of retired people.

The changes in our culture (some signs of which can already be seen) by the men out-numbering the women; has great possibilities for some sardonic amusement upon my part. I can never recall a social occasion - except in SF circles - where the men have not been in a ratio of one to four women. During the war this was eased a little in districts like my home by the Servicemen from nearby bases. On the whole however, the British male has been sublimely sure for generations of his inalienable right to pick and choose. The more polite of them hid it, the less so were often obnoxious. Now as the shoe gradually creeps to the other foot, one wonders how it will be! Rather hard lines on the young lads coming ahead I feel: the wearing of pointed shoes is only the beginning of the tactics they will have to use. A return to the peacock dandy is rapidly approaching.

I can recall, the last time I went to a public dance, being a little proud of my own sex. There they stood, in droves, patiently waiting to be "asked up." They all managed to look alert and interested; they chattered brightly to each other, and never by the flick of an eyelash showed any of the agony of not being chosen. When the positions are reversed, shall the young men be able to carry it off so gallantly? I wonder.

Then I think, what will be the attitude of the women? Young girls in great demand because they are scarce are not likely to be any more kind than were the men in the same situation. What will they demand from their suitors? I wonder if this ties up with the craze among young men for daring displays upon their motor-cycles? Who are they trying to impress? That young miss in the corner of the cafe with a look like a cat at the cream bowl? Well, could be.

The marriage age gets younger and younger. Now I muse, what happens when the woman reaches the age of thirty, and finds that there are still plenty available males, - and her husband someone she knows all too well? There could be second and even third marriages among the women. Well,

it's all going to be very interesting to watch, I hope I live to the ripe old age of one hundred, then I can see how it all works out.

And my profession - the nursing world - what of that? With the staff shortage becoming more and more acute each year; the marriage rate of the students in training shooting up and up, the many women now flocking to the sciences and leaving such domestic type work behind - to say that the future looks grave is quite an understatement.

At the moment there are hospitals in this country who cannot make full use of their beds, because they have not the staff to nurse the patients. Wards are closing. A great many other hospitals keep going by the use of girls from the Commonwealth countries. This will come to an end one day, as their countries develop and produce their own large hospitals. Again; many hospitals like my own, keep going with a large number of part-time staff neatly dove-tailed into a rota to keep the wheels turning.

All these are makeshifts; each year the shortage grows more acute. The remedy lies, says some of our Nursing Councils, in more salary rises. Before the Credit Squeeze they had asked for Ward Sisters to be paid at the level of £900-£1,000 per annum! Shades of Annie Laurie and the £1. 16s per month I started out with... Others in my profession state their vehement view that this is wrong; that it will only attract the wrong type of girl. They mourn the sense of vocation and insist, that a lured-by-the-money girl, would be more bother than she was worth.

I find myself torn between the two schools of thought. I know I should like that £1,000 per annum; but I also know that a girl whose heart is not really in nursing, is a menace to patients and co-workers alike. The girls we really want are off to learn Physics and Chemistry, but whether they will make the world a better place there, is open to doubt.

Fifty years hence, if I can peer out of my cot in the geriatric ward, what a difference I shall see! I hope I remain clear-minded enough to understand it all, and how it came about. Better still would be, if I could travel into the future to observe what a hundred years had wrought. Much more preferable than to be bothering about BNDom in any past age.

The material on the subject of LUNATIC FRINGES that I enjoyed most was given by Bruce Pelz in the shape of those witty poems. The opinions that were expressed upon IPSO 1, that I carefully thought over most, were made by Harry Warner.

The idea of Ipsos that Harry had; of something quite different from an Apa or genzine, was what attracted me also and made me join. I liked the thought of us all getting our teeth into a subject, of our thinking about it and presenting it with care. I too, would not be interested in just another apa.

Although I had thought the wording of the set subject might be a great help in stimulating us; the point that Harry makes, in wishing us to think it out for ourselves, is a good one. He then goes on to show just what he means by this in a brilliant exposition of how to look at the set subject from an original angle. His conviction that fans are often thoughtlessly conservative, I thought amusingly true.

Walter Breen points out that there is no really good reason why we should not leave the fourth page blank, if by then we have written all we have to say upon the matter. I agree: otherwise there is a tendency to fill up that page with idle chatter such as this.

So, to show my approval of this idea, I will stop now.

QRM #3 from Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, California, USA and temporarily at Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida, USA. This is intended for the 3rd IPSO mailing, October, 1961. Crudpub #33.

The suggestion that we write about a one-way trip to a historical time and place is very interesting. However, the limitations are a little severe. Forcing us to undertake a one-way trip without gadgets or reference works dampens my enthusiasm to near 100% humidity. Since I'm handicapped by my knowledge of languages I'll have to restrict my choices to 'English spoken here' localities. And the further back in time the more trouble I'd have with English. Keeping the linguistic difficulty in mind I'll consider where and when within the last five or so centuries I'd like to be. Taking into account my taste for adventure the English-speaking explorers offer a hint. But since this is a one-way trip and I'd like to survive the unluckier and/or stupider explorers are OUT. Since I'm not a seaman and the only skills I possess which are used by explorers don't come into the picture until more recent times the older explorers are off my possible list. And the skill used by explorers which I know more about than any other is radioman. This means joining something later than the 1923 MacMillan Arctic Expedition. (Shackleton's 1915 Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition had a crude station along but its range was insufficient for more than a hundred miles or so. So once they left Buenos Aires they were cut off from radio contact.) By 1923 most of the Arctic was fairly well-known. Only a few stray islands have since been discovered and most of these were in the icepack off the coast of Baffin Island. The thrill of discovery is largely gone from the Arctic. In its place you have the filling in of details.

So let us be off to the Antarctic. Here we have a real challenge even to present-day equipment. So keeping in mind my job as radioman I'd like to go back to 1929 and join Admiral Byrd's first Antarctic expedition. There would be the sense of participating in great discoveries. Byrd was using aircraft to cover large sections of the south polar area never before seen by man. Day after day new mountain ranges, gulfs, bays, coastlines and icecubes were discovered. And even life back in Little America was exciting. Any moment the Ross Shelf Ice might spawn a new berg and you could be on your way north. This was no small expedition with limited objectives. The U.S. Navy was trying out equipment and techniques while at the same time using men on a scale never before seen in the polar regions. The age of massive assault upon the Antarctic had begun. However, this didn't mean the end of the small expeditions. Lincoln Ellsworth, Finn Ronne, Vivian Fuchs and many others would still make significant contributions with comparatively little men and equipment. But the first Byrd Antarctic expedition was the first to use modern skills in the silent world of the southern ice. Thus I would fit in while at the same time still having the thrill of the pioneering explorer.

-----FEEDBACK-----

Breen: Your suggestion of doing away with the format, activity requirements and the Official Topic mean in effect you'd like to do away with the basic idea behind IPSO. If your recommendations are followed we might as well disband. Everyone except Forsyth, Moffatt, Patrizio and Parker are currently in apas. So there would be little point in operating a superfluous apa. So if it ever comes to a vote here's one of mine in favor of our present setup. (Further, there's nothing in the constitution prohibiting you from writing what you want.)

Donaho: I don't see why an apazine has any need for an editorial to present the editor's personality. You should be able to receive an idea of the apan's personality from his mailing comments. The mailing comments are at least and probably more valid than any editorial he may choose to write. To use a personal illustration I hate writing editorials. I question their necessity even as I question the idea that a fanzine succeeds or fails on the basis of its editor's personality. I might sit down and compose an editorial. It would be pure crud unless I expended sufficient time and energy. I don't feel the results are worth the effort.

It should be explicitly stated that all good mailing comments are a function of the participation in an apa. This is where OMPA and NAPA (and to a degree the current SAPS mailing) are in trouble. The participation rate in OMPA is abysmal, in NAPA about 50% while the last SAPS mailing had 97%. To perhaps dispel some illusions about SAPS being mailing-comment happy the 56th SAPS mlg was as follows: 34.4% had no mailing comments, 40.6% had from a paragraph to an arbitrary 10 pages of mailing comments, and 25% had over 10 pages of mailing comments. This means that supposedly comment-happy SAPS had only eight contributing 10 or more pages of mailing comments. 13 contributed no mailing comments at all. But the mailing was still pleasant reading. But for the purpose of making mailing comments there just aren't as many topics to discuss as there should have been.

Bergeron's thesis that lack of or sketchy mailing comments 'indicates a seeming lack of interest in the other members' isn't necessarily valid. One can be quite interested in the members and at the same time have very few mailing comments (either in toto or addressed to a specific member). To pick out an example: Karen Anderson contributes mostly minac or near-minac written sketches which are quite interesting as is Karen herself. Yet they leave little or nothing to say that's worth putting into print. She's an extreme example in SAPS but there are others who are contributing good but uncommentable material, especially in FAPA. I like to read such material. But I feel that everyone should do mailing comments. Those who don't comment are hurting the apa. They have a perfect legal right not to comment but I think it's an ethical violation.

Kemp: I don't agree that anything which sells magazines is good for science fiction. Sure, Palmer attracted thousands of readers with his 'lowest common denominator fiction'. But think of the newsstand browser who sees all these science fiction magazines. He decides to find out exactly what they're all about. So he picks out Amazing. After plowing through the latest Shaver story he tosses the issue in the wastebasket. He's just been convinced that sf is worthless. Multiply this person by several thousands. I wouldn't be surprised if the repelled don't outnumber the crud-addicts by a good margin. Add to this the loss of pulp readers in the last two decades and you have 50¢ copies of 176-page Analogs with a circulation on the order of 75,000 compared to the c. 150,000 of nearly a decade ago. The most remarkable feature is that a science fiction magazine has been able to retain as many readers as it has.

Pelz: I didn't say that esotericisms and allusions aren't fun. They are. What I did say was that writing meaningful only to a few raises the noise level. Inserting cryptograms and making references to local events are certainly raising the noise level. Esotericisms and allusions which can be researched are another kettle of fish.

Rapp: You ask us to classify your checklist from psionics to pyramidology into two categories -- a) worthy of serious scientific investigation or b) psychoceramics. The fallacy is that every imaginable subject is worthy of serious scientific investigation. I don't care what a subject is it still deserves investigation. Scientific investigations can make some subjects ridiculous at first examination. Others are sufficiently valid to keep scientists busy for years.

I can see one solution to your question of how to avoid duplication of the apa memberships -- combine apas. For example: using the rosters from FAPA 96 and SAPS 56 we find that 11 FAPA members are in SAPS and 15 FAPA w-lers are also in SAPS. Merging the two apas shouldn't be much of a problem. Some members would probably object on various grounds, loss of special characteristics might be the most common complaint. The Cult and CRAP could easily merge since all but three CRAP members or waiting listers are either in The Cult or on its waiting list. This would leave FAPA/SAPS, OMPA, Cult/CRAP, NAPA and IPSO. If then NAPA and IPSO folded we would then have only three apas. Someone would promptly start a fourth. Sic transit efficiency.

Warner: I'll agree that if IPSO isn't to become superfluous we should limit ourselves. By that I mean we shouldn't emulate Leacock's horseman galloping off in all directions. I'm trying to restrict my mailing comments to the Official Topics. I can't sympathize with your viewpoint that we shouldn't do mailing comments. As I conceive of IPSO it's a discussion of Official Topics and not speeches without reference to the other speakers. I realize this is precisely contrary to your ideas on the subject. Both viewpoints have their merits. But restricting mcs to the Official Topics seems to be best.

You would rather have the Official Topic be simply stated with a minimum of ramifications. This is fine if we want thirty different articles based on the members' conceptions of the Official Topic. I think the Time Travel Topic will bring this distinction into focus. The first two mailings had sufficiently narrow topics which meant much the same to most fans. The current topic is going to have one answer per contributor. What do we want? To explore one idea in all of its aspects or to touch upon thirty ideas never to return or a mixture of both.

You weren't the only fan to defend the title change to Analog in fanzines. At least Coulson and myself were plugging for Analog. I think there were others but I can't be sure.

Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

Norm:

Thanks for sending me ORM #2. The discussion of crackpottism didn't seem to cut very deep. That's the difficulty of assigned topics; many of them won't inspire members to say anything of particular interest merely because these people won't have any particular interest in the topic. Possibly the assigned topic will move a couple of people to write amusing treatises they wouldn't have written otherwise, but will that compensate for acres of dull copy, ground out to fulfill a duty?

I'm surprised to see mailing comments in IPSO; I thought mailing comments were banned there. I was interested in the experiment of omitting mc's and I'm sorry that the experiment has already been abandoned.

Redd

I have some leftover space. This is a sin according to "IPSO Jure". I was debating whether or not to write a variation on the allowed time-travel topic... Since it would be violating our instructions and would involve some creative effort on my part I decided to forget about investigating the library at Alexandria or riding with Baber into hind.

	gen	FAPA	SAPS	OMPA	Cult	CRAP	NAPA
Berry		wl	x				
Breen	x	wl	x	wl	wl	x	
Burn				x			
Busby	x	x	x	wl			x
Donaho	x	wl		x	wl		
Ellik		x					
Forsyth							
Kemp		wl	x				
Lichtman		wl	x	x	x	x	x
Lindsay	x			x			
Locke	x	wl	wl	x		x	
Metcalfe	x	wl	x	x	x	x	x
Moffatt		wl					
Patrizio				wl			
Pelz		x	x	x	x	x	x
Rapp		x	x				
Rispin				x			
Ryan	x		x				
Schultz	x	wl	x	wl			
Warner		x					
Johnstone		wl	x		x	x	x
Meskys		wl	x				x
Parker							
Harness		x	x	x	x	x	x
Buckmaster	x	wl	wl	x			
Bradley		x					
Kaye	x	wl	wl				

The average IPSOan now belongs to 1.8 other apas, is trying to belong to 2.63 other apas and pubs 0.368 genzines. (Again ignoring multiple genzines.) Respectively this is +1.13%, +1.12% and -0.92%. Last quarter it was +1.12%, +1.14% and -0.77%.

Another service of the Department of Useless Facts Designed to Fill Space.

Len's Den

Breen: I vote YES in favor of assigned topics. And now that we have established a maximum of ten pages, let's let the QA worry about how he is going to staple the sections together. I hope we don't have to resort to the Parts I, II, etc. biz, as one of the original ideas for IPSO was to have each mailing in a single bound unit.

Donaho: Listing--or asking--questions, probing or otherwise, re each topic isn't necessarily the best way to inspire members to write about'em. As has been mentioned, some of us have tended to follow George's list of questions re each topic instead of striking out on our own. The basic problem is to suggest a subject interesting enough to inspire comment from the majority of members. The mailings per topic might work out alright, but I prefer a new topic brought up each mailing, which--in effect--gives each member two choices to write about. He may discuss the previous mailing's topic (the comment on comments bit); he may discuss the new topic only; he may discuss both.

Ellik: I'm afraid a "succession of related topics" might prove to be less inspiring than a variety of topics. If we must have continuity (though I'm not sure I see the need for it) this can be accomplished in our comment sections. I think the present set up makes for both variety and continuity.

Kemp: Even if the magazine field does die completely, and the paperbackers take over, I think crackpot stuff will still appear on the newsstands--as long as there are crackpots to buy it.

Lichtman: Topics such as apes and the Lunatic fringe are bound to have some of the same things said about'em by most fans. The same may be true of the current topic, Time Travel, to a degree, but not to as great a degree as the first two subjects. Each of us should be able to take a more subjective view of time travel, I hope....

With 4 to 10 pages to play with each member should be able to participate in the "symposium" on the current topic, as well as commenting further on the previous topic.

Lindsay: Thank'ee for the autobio, though I wish it was longer. Really looking forward to meeting you next year.

Am pretty much in agreement with your ideas on critics and criticism, but I don't understand how you can separate opinion from reviews. Most reviews (of whatever) express the reviewer's opinions. That's my opinion, anyway...

Locke: We seem to have said the same thing in different ways: that "crackpot" or "looney" ideas aren't necessarily bad if they are presented as fiction instead of as fact.

Metcalf: Campbell may be an idealist battling to make people think, but he's been in the business long enough to know that if the mag doesn't sell well, he's out of a job. The ideas he pushes (and sometimes seems to embrace) help keep the circulation figures up--the most "practical" of "ideals" in the magazine biz.

Your "acceptance" of last mailing's "Den" is gratifying. It's supposed to be a column, you know, not a mag-within-a-mag, or a one-subject article. I think there has always been too much composing on stencil in fandom. I used to do it, but now I would find it more of a chore than first-drafting. I use enough corflu, as it is, when I'm copying my drafts onto stencil.

Pelz: I wonder what kind of esotericisms, if any, will develop in IPSO? We don't favor fanwrit fiction in this apa, so that sort of eliminates the 2-level story.

Rapp: Yes, fans have developed the habit of drawing lines between what's possible, what's probable, and what's highly impossible--and therefor not at all probable. I think most of us have always been willing to accept the probability of space travel, for instance, and defended it against the disbelief of mundania, years before the first sputnik, etc. The possibility of sentient life forms on other planets is another theory we'll accept, and defend. But when it comes to more "unscientific" ideas we are usually very careful to make it clear to our mundane friends that stories dealing with deros, or articles dealing with "magical" effects, or movies featuring godawful monsters, are not the Best side of the s-f field. Okey for laughs, or for the kiddies, maybe, but not real science fiction...

Schultz: I'm afraid the item I enjoyed most in your section was the Tucker quote from Skyhook. Your mood piece was too long, too hard to read, to really hold my interest. For a further experiment in loneliness, try editing. It can be a pretty lonely task, especially when one is trying to edit one's own material.

Warner: Please don't drop out of IPSO just because a minority of the membership doesn't "play the game". As long as most of us stick to the assigned topics it can still be the kind of apa we want it to be. I agree that it would be helpful to the Amerifan members if the topics for the next 2 mailings were announced each quarter, and hope that the OA and SC will arrange to do this.

Meskys: Pennsylvania hex doctors aren't too far removed from users of divining rods. Seems like I remember a Doc Savage story featuring Pennsylvania hex doctors...anybody else remember it?

Parker: The 2nd IPSO FACTO arrived before you did, not to mention Geoff Lindsay's article in CRY... So we were able to read "all about you" before your arrival in the States. Of course I had some idea of what you are like from your letters, and from ORION, etc. Unlike some fans you are definitely not just a "paper personality". You are in person as you are on paper--only moreso, and that's good--wonderful, in fact. Your 5 day visit in these parts was all too short, and the sooner you pay us a return visit (or come over to stay) the better. We all miss you a holluva lot, Auntie Ella.

By the way, I'm thinking of putting a sign up in here, stating: Ella Parker Slept Here. Not that you have much in common with George Washington, about whom such signs are usually posted, but Anna and I are pleased and proud that the Parker was here to make our vacation a most exciting and enjoyable one.

IPSO BIZ: I'll vote, here and now, for Locke, Rapp, and Donaho as the Suggestion Committee for Mailings 3 through 8, with George as the OA for Mailings 4 through 8. I think the OA should be one of the three on the SC for the sake of efficient communication.

I would suggest that individual members send their ideas for Topics to the SC, so that the latter will have plenty from which to choose.

Lads and lassies of IPSO, I wish to make a Motion. I move that Arthur Thomson be made an Honorary Member of IPSO as a token of our appreciation for the IPSO FACTO covers. All in favor, say ATom! (Of course I hope that Arthur joins as a regular member, so we'll have more of him inside the mailing, as well as on the cover, but until such time he deserves some kind of special thanks from us, so why not as an Honorary Member?)

We seem to have more subscribers than waiting-listers. In fact, if there are no more additions to the waiting list by next time we will have 27 members, no waiting listers, and at least 5 subscribers. Obviously this is not a healthy situation for any ops.

It's nice to have subscribers, of course, but at this stage it would be better if some of them, at least, got on the waiting list, in line for actual membership. I won't feel that IPSO had "made it" until we have a full complement of 30 members, at least half a dozen waiting listers, and eight or nine subscribers.

I'd like to see us reach the stage where we could afford heavier paper for the covers, with binding tape, and maybe even multicolor cover illos by ATom...

Well, I can dream, can't I?

Well, it is Limited by the specifications layed down by George. However, it's still possible to have some fun with the idea...

We can travel back into the Past, taking nothing with us-- other than the clothes on our backs, I assume. That gives us one "out". We can at least dress in attire acceptable to the period we choose.

Now my "aspirations to Eminentdom" are somewhat non-existent. I'm not interested in taking over the world--any world. I am interested in survival, however. As gadgets, books, and (I assume) weapons are ruled out, I must be careful to pick a period wherein I am most likely to survive. It's a one-way trip, so I must be prepared to adapt myself to the time and place I pick. This makes my choice, under such conditions, fairly easy...

Call me chicken, if you will, but I wouldn't go back in time more than 40 or 50 years. (I'd be tempted to go all the way back to the 1800's, but I don't think I could adapt as well to that "Gay" period as I might to the early 1900's.) Before departing I would quit smoking (in the hopes of getting back né wind), and maybe get myself inoculated against various viruses and the like, just as one would if one was preparing to travel to another country, or another planet.

I'd buy, or have made, a suit of clothes, including hat, overcoat, underwear, etc. in the style of the era, and--if this would not be classified as a "gadget"--collect some old money to help feed me during my first few weeks in the past. Other than that I'd be on my own--and what would I do?

Well, as some of you may know, I'm a frustrated vaudevillian, a show biz buff from 'way back. I'd do my damndest to join a road show, become a song and dance comic. Admittedly, my voice is nothing to brag about, but a lot of those old troupers made up in gusto what they lacked in vocal talent. And, of course, I'd write song lyrics, as well as my own monologues, dialogues, etc. I might flop, but I think I'd have a ball. I have already read so much about the old days of show biz that I don't think I'd need those reference books George won't let me take along. Besides it might prove "unhealthy" to know Too Much, or to know too clearly what's coming next...

I don't think I'd fool with the stockmarket or play the ponies, even if I did recall some "advance info", but if I made enough money as an entertainer I would probably invest it in real estate. When I grew too old to hoof it I would probably get into the paperbox business, introducing certain innovations which were not developed at that time. And, yes, I would be tempted to write science fiction stories containing fairly accurate "extrapolations"....

If I could find enough friends interested in Wells and Verne, I would publish the first fanzine, if not the first s-f promag. As a very private joke I might even call it "The Time Traveler"...

--Len Moffatt

Locke: Since you have brought up the idea of suspension of disbelief, I shall drag in

Ted Johnstone's well-worn line "Disbelief should be suspended -- not hanged by the neck until dead." The primary aggravating aspect of such things as the Shaver Mystery is that they were presented as fact (or, occasionally, pseudo-fact -- RAP had a habit of hedging his bets slightly.) And while most any fantasy will be accepted and enjoyed by fans if presented as fiction, the first attempt to claim it as fact sends fans into paroxysms of anger. Okay, so it appears in a fiction magazine -- but it is still touted as fact, with all indications that the editor/publisher/author expects you to believe it.

What may be even worse is the fact that such things are not very well written to begin with. When fiction/fact is well-done it is entertaining, at least. (Examples being Asimov's "thiotimoline" articles).

Metcalf: The first Cultist who takes your word for things and tries to get by with tri-mailing (i.e., once every three mailings) activity will be an ex-Cultist very quickly. And if it makes you feel better to insist that Bill Meyers's first 20 issues of his carbonzine BEM were part of the Carbon-Reproduced Amateur Press in spite of the fact that I can produce the correspondence detailing the formation of the CRAP just before BEM 21, which listed the members, then for Ghu's sake I won't make any further issue of it.

Rapp: All of your subjects are worthy of serious scientific investigation. But not by me. I determine which ones are worthy of my investigation only on the basis of my interest or disinterest in them. The disinterest list includes: psionics, re-incarnation, Shaverism, dianetics/scientology, abominable snowman, fortean phenomena, astrology, Christian theology, numerology, Atlantis & Lemuria, Nostradamus, and pyramidology. And I reserve the right to change the list as my interests change.

Schultz: Your mood piece is the best item in the mailing, and I don't care who gripes about it not being on the subject. There has been a lot of talk lately about the nature of reality -- and I think it might be a good subject for an IPSO mailing. Just what do you consider "reality" actually is? Etc. In fact, I suggest that IPSO 4 use the "Five Years in the Marmalade" theme of visiting fantasy/SF worlds, and that IPSO 5 try discussing reality. I saw that Stranger in a Strange Land is supposed to be the subject for IPSO 4, but I think these other subjects develop much more naturally from the present one.

In general, the second subject seems to have been a poor choice, from the standpoint that very few had anything to say about it. Of course, it's difficult to tell just what subjects the members do want to write about (unless they make a point of mentioning some such subjects in their contributions or in correspondence with members of the suggestion committee), so one can't really blame the officialdom. Better luck with the rest of the subjects.

It also appears that we need members. Even with the three waiting-listers being taken into membership, we still have three vacancies on the roster. I suggest that we need either more publicity or easier requirements, and if given the choice of these two, I'd try more publicity first. Can't someone hook Willis, Grennell, Boggs, or some of the other good writers who aren't poly-apans?

The Official Information section is quite well done. I'm all in favour of letting the OA make and enforce all the rules -- lots less trouble and red tape that way. But I suppose I'm biased toward such a set-up.

The year is 1868. On a dark night, somewhere in rural England, a man appears out of nowhere. He is naked, and he squints into the distance as if he had absent-mindedly left his spectacles at home. Finally deciding on a direction more or less by random, he sets off, keeping to the woods as much as possible. He picks up a fallen tree limb to use as a cosh, if necessary. Eventually, he comes to a farmhouse. If he is lucky, he can second-story the place for clothing and food (and anything else he might be able to use) and get away before anyone catches him. If he's not lucky, he may have to cosh the farmer before finishing the job. And if he's unlucky, he'll end up in gaol. He could try to convince the farmer that robbers set upon him and stole everything he had, but he speaks with a terrible American accent, and even a bumpkin would wonder just what he was doing wandering the fields at that time. Burglary seems the best bet.

Luck is with him, and he manages to make off with a suit of clothes that is only a little too big for him, some bread and cheese, and a number of pawnable silver spoons. With these, he sets off down the road, bound for London as soon as he can figure out where it is. He will have to stop for a few days every once in a while in order to work and earn food. He can use the spare time of the working days to get himself oriented, and attempt a small amount of surreptitious thievery. Most of the time he does not speak, and when he does, it is very guardedly, watching his listeners' reactions to every word.

It takes him about two weeks to reach London. He has lost some weight, and gained knowledge and experience -- along with a small amount of coin. A pawnbroker grudgingly adds some more coin. He rents a small flat, and makes enquiry of many London libraries before he finds one willing to employ him in a sufficiently high position. He begins work on a reorganization and reclassification of the entire library, with an innovation called a decimal classification system.

In two years, he has changed employment five times, until he now works for the British Museum. The successful administration of the classification system in the smaller libraries has shaken even the stodgy BM into consideration and finally acceptance of the new system. It will take years to change over from the old accession-number system of shelving and locating, but his position and salary are assured for at least that long. While not rich, he is comfortably well off, and he can now spend more time in cultural pursuits. Operas, concerts, the theatre, musicales, comic operettas occupy his free time.

His finances increase gradually, but relentlessly, as day-to-day events bring back memories of what is to happen, and small actions in stocks and bonds continue to pay off as a result. By the time the reorganization of the British Museum library is completed in 1873, he has attained a partnership in a firm of financial consultants, and is able to accept an honorary post from the BM, though it pays nothing more substantial than praise. (The previous year, while he spent his spare time collecting and stashing away all copies of the music to a comic operetta, his classification scheme crossed the Atlantic, where it was adopted by Amherst College first, then by others.)

By 1875 he is close to living by clipping coupons. Investments, a few bets at high stakes when the memory worked right, and the introduction of a couple new card games at his clubs have served to make him rich, if not too well known, even now. He has changed his appearance -- adding a beard, training his eyes to do without the spectacles he wore once, and maintaining a figure leaner than previously.

His interest in comic opera has increased, and he spends much of his time at a theater he has leased to present such attractions. At last he has succeeded in bring-

ing together two men whose collaboration four years earlier had been promising, if not too successful. This time their work is highly successful, completely eclipsing the larger work for which it was to have been a curtain-raiser. He settles down to become agent and manager for the two, keeping his own wealth a secret, and living almost entirely under the pseudonym through which he had leased the theatre.

Further works by the two men meet with resounding success, but he is continuously wary for trouble. When it finally appears, in the form of an invitation to the composer to write a number of grandiose pieces of "serious" music, he uses a bit of his wealth to apply pressure on those behind the invitation. The invitation is withdrawn. An attempt to knight the composer and ignore the librettist, whose satire has been deemed a trifle heavy-handed by the Queen is handled in somewhat the same manner -- financial pressure on those with influence. Both men are knighted by Victoria at the same time, she having been convinced that the satires are not malicious. She suggests that the pair write a Grand Opera together, and to the amazement of the composer, the librettist agrees. Their manager suggests they use one of Scott's stories, and Ivanhoe is selected, to be worked in between their comic operas.

Ivanhoe is only a moderate success, as the public is not ready to appreciate such heaviness (and the English soprano is a disappointment; the librettist says he knew she would be). A small amount of negative reaction to one of the comic operas is nipped in the bud by specially placed guards in the gallery silencing the malcontents (with money) before they could spread the reaction. The tenth comic opera collaboration passes un-boomed.

The eleventh and the twelfth are very successful. The theatre, newly purchased for the seventh collaboration, is renovated completely, and for safety's sake all the money for the renovation comes from his own funds. The twelfth goes its way into the past uneventfully.

His personal danger point has been reached, but it too passes uneventfully -- the thirteenth collaboration on a comic opera is not UTOPIA LIMITED. It is a very successful, lively piece set in Switzerland, and its run tops most all of its predecessors.

So also pass the fourteenth, the fifteenth, the sixteenth... .

In 1900, the composer dies. Medical knowledge is inadequate, and neither money nor foreknowledge can help. The manager goes into semi-retirement, collecting books and shipping them to various storage areas in England and in the United States, together with cryptic notes as to when they should be taken out of storage -- and by whom. Owners of storage companies in New York, London, Los Angeles, Seattle, and Belfast shake their heads at the notes, but pocket the storage fees and put the books away as requested.

In 1911 he has more success. Having almost forced an invitation for the weekend from the librettist for himself and his servant, he stations the latter at the side of the swimming pool while he himself dogs the heels of the librettist. The servant is able to rescue another guest, making it unnecessary for the librettist to exert himself; a death is postponed. For exactly how long the postponement is, he does not discover, for the librettist is still living, six years later, when the manager himself dies, in bed. His campaign to bribe two men - an American poet and an English short-story writer - out of combat positions in the War is finished, success-

fully, by his solicitors, who then go about fulfilling the very strange will he has left. Trust funds are set up, investments are made with precise instructions on the times of buying and selling (dividing the total amount of investment among many brokers), and a few people receive immediate small bequests. The solicitors pocket their own substantial fee.

And the world moves on with little notice of any of these happenings.

For anyone who has any doubts of the identities in the above story, it is merely an attempt to put down what might happen if I had to take "Hobson's Choice," and be transported to some other time, on a one-way trip. Assessing my knowledge of history of the Victorian Era, where I would definitely choose to go, I find I know precious little with exactitude. Therefore, betting on what would happen the next day is out as a way of piling up money, though something along that line could be done once events started reminding me of themselves.

As for skills, I have few that would be useful enough to revolutionize the world. I do know enough to reorganize libraries, and at that time, the BM could have been reorganized; today it would be impossible. And Melville Dewey did not introduce his Decimal Classification System at Amherst until 1872 (a fact I had to look up, though I was sure it was not before 1870.)

The composer and librettist are, of course, Gilbert and Sullivan, the schism between the being one of the most distressing things (to me) which occurred in the cultural field of the late Victorian Era. I have no desire to take over the world, or even a single city; I'd rather work for the preservation of things I like -- such as the G&S operas (where is the music for THESPIS?), stacks of 19th Century fantasy and SF books, Gilbert himself (whose death of syncope while rescuing a girl from his pool could certainly have been prevented by foreknowledge), and possibly even ~~Kilmen~~ & Munro. At least, it would be fun to try. Assuming the alternate universe bit -- that the paths of the Future can be changed -- I see no reason why the above story could not take place. Were I in the place of Bester's protagonist (in "Hobson's Choice," where the conditions are as I've used them -- a one-way trip taking nothing at all with you), I should certainly do what I could toward making it happen.

One other small bit which might be noticed by a few of you IPSOists. I would be taking over the position of manager for Gilbert and Sullivan, including the renting of the Opera Comique and the building of the Savoy. In short, I would no longer be Bruce Pelz -- but Richard D'Oyly Carte. Whether I would have to do away with the original "Oily Cart" or not, I don't know, though I should hope not.

But wouldn't it be fun to try -- especially if you had to go somewhere?

I hope that the Managing Board will seriously consider the selection of Fantasy-World Travel as the next subject, whether or not they want to use "Five Years in the Marmalade" as a basis for the subject. I think it is the one subject that follows the present one almost automatically.

This has been

RIDER'S SHRINE 3,
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INCUNEBULOUS PUB. 55

The subject this time, although it looked a dandy to me the first time I looked at it in the last IPSO FACTO, isn't as easily answered as I thought. Mainly, it's those provisos attached to the question - "just you, no gadgets, no reference books." I started to wonder what I could do to influence people of the bygone age when I arrive on the scene nude and with just the knowledge I have in my skull now. Education has done one thing for me....it has taught me to look up the right books if I want more detailed information. If I were suddenly deposited, nude, in the courtyard of the Pharaohs palace at the time some learned gentleman was demonstrating that steam had the power to turn the paddlewheel of his little machine, I'd be at a slight disadvantage if I wanted to persuade The Big Boss that this was more than a toy. Apart from my appearance, I would be dumb as far as they were concerned, because I could not communicate any detailed ideas to them, even if I were given the chance to. The probable result would be a swift death for the madman who dared to set foot in the Royal Palace.

Therefore I don't advocate the direct approach.

Another situation that I thought of as being feasible eliminated the proviso that I should arrive nude. I class modern clothes and innovations such as buttons as gadgets, so I obviously couldn't turn up wearing something which would look outlandish to the natives, or be beyond their technology. So this time I'd go back to quite modern times. To a little German village where a decorator was getting Ideas....

Modern German would be good enough for communication then, and all I'd need would be a decent course in the language to bring me up to standard. And then,..on some dark night when the decorator was returning from a meeting, I'd gently blow his brains out. A corrolary to this, assuming I'm interested in BNFdom at that time would be to take his place. And go on from there, knowing his mistakes... but I guess I'd be satisfied with that one history altering action, and I'd settle down to my life in Germany, or better still, save up some loot if possible, and get back to England, where I shouldn't be outcaste too much.

That seems to me the most attractive Time Travel plot, but then there is the original question to consider, which was.."would you?" and, frankly the answer for me is No. I'm not interested in going back into time to achieve BNFdom, because it'd be running away from achieving it in this time - if I was after BNFdom anyway, which I'm not. I'd give quite a lot to go back in time as an observer....but a one way trip...alone...I think only something like the trip to kill Hitler would make me give up today.

So it boils down to sacrificing oneself for humanity, almost, and I've a feeling that I'm not martyr material, so I'll be a Good Joe and stay home while the rest of you IPSOites ramble on about your adventures thro the eternity of recorded historical human habitation on the earth.

A few nights ago, here at 36, quite a bullsession arose over the question of what technological development would be put across by the time traveller, and why. Present were Al Hoch, Don Geldhart, Bruce Burn, Diane Goulding and myself. Somehow Al became the champion of technology and we tried to tear his ideas to bits. He decided to go back to Greece and see what he could introduce to their culture to affect history

to any great extent.

The most important thing Al wanted to introduce was the mimeograph. Besides the fact that there really would be a First Fandom, this would alter the world incalculably. Just a matter of having a method of mass communication like a mimeo. Two or three hundred copies of a newsheet could cover the entire country of Greece. Al had the materials worked out too.

The roller of the machine would be made of wood, the screen of any available cloth...silk if available, and the paper homemade, using long fibres from a long leaved plant as a basis. The ink would be made from lampblack, mixed with any available oil. The most difficult part would be the stencil manufacture. If the fibres from a plant are long enough, they could be used for a basis of this too...and the covering would be beeswax.

Heyho, and the first newspaper is printed, a few thousand years before it's time.

Assuming that one knew ancient greek.

Of course, we now have the question of whether this has already been done (or will be done?). Think of the possibilities....as Archimedes was about to be slaughtered by the proverbial Roman Soldier, up would come our Hero, Fred The Time Traveller, and save him from a cruel death at the sword of someone who didn't know his worth to humanity. And so you'd become a firm friend of Archimedes and be able to help him tremendously by simple everyday ideas from today. Tell him of the decimal system, so that there would be no reason for him to spend years investigating methods of expressing numbers in multiples of 64. Then as you become more into the limelight you could take over his place as the countries leading scientific thinker and bring out a few choice ideas like, for instance, calculus mathematics, the introduction of the keel into the ships of the time, and compasses. These last two seemingly small innovations would probably mean that Britain would soon be a Greek Colony.

... LIKE TO JOIN THE
ATHENS SF CIRCLE, FRED?



When you get to know this Archimedes character well though, you become suspicious. He accepts your ideas too easily, and has a knack of anticipating you sometimes that is too regular to be genius. His stocky figure and great capacity for puns make you think that he'd have been a good addition to any fan circle.

Then one day you call and he's thought of putting out a magazine for his friends only! When you see the title you know that you someone thought of this time period before you. And you'd be the proud possessor of Archimedes mag....AMBLE.

So then the first Athens APA is formed with Archie Medes and F. T. Traveller as the leading lights. But of course they have to have feuds about who was to receive the most egoboo from the milling masses of ancient Greece, who all want to get into this fabulous writing game. Rival clubs spring up about the country, and eventually there is a small convention near Olympus...the Olympicon I, which is a resounding success in more ways than one. Then the rage for the new beverage called BLUG sweeps the country and wham! you become a toga toting tycoon almost overnight.

The craze spreads to the colony set up on that little Island near the western Ocean and so, sometime about 55 BC the first meeting of the SFCL is held, and shortly afterwards there appears a fabulous humour from the isle in the emerald sea, which spreads throughout the grecian world, which stretches now from India to Denmark, and there is talk of fitting ships to traverse the western ocean to reach possible lands beyond. With a small, primitive telescope the world of astronomy is opened.

A certain senator, in the only rival power of any account, which is centered about Rome, is plugging his idea of war with greece too much so a few discreet enquiries and the passage of a few pounds of gold, and the Grecio-Roman war is averted. This rising power is gradually absorbed into the rising complex of civilization in the east mediteranean.

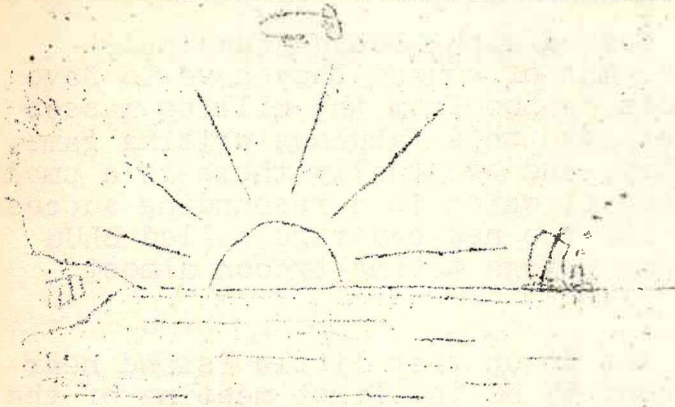
A little province of one of the territories under Roman rule is kept under strict surveillance, and when a man arrives with the word that a savior of the jews is at hand, the new deliverer will be given all the assistance needed to win the people over to his beliefs, and probably some highly interesting results will come of that!

Grecian sailors set out to find the source of the Nile, and they return with wondrous stories of the lands beneath the boiling sun, of forests of impenetrable foliage, and of men seven feet tall. Greece expands her mental horizons to take in the religions of the east and the art and science of all the lands which can be reached by ships.

Tales of snowcapped mountains of unbelievable size come from the lands beyond Egypt, but they aren't believed when they talk of a civilization on the mountains, of palaces hewn out of the rock, and of men who exist for months on bread and water to prove that their god has wisdom above all others.

Meanwhile, back in greece, the warring that had split the country into hating factions, easy meat for a vulture that Rome might have been, had long ago ended, and a confederation of all the secretaries of the Sf Clubs of the various towns governed the expanding empire. These were the most learned and wise men, and the ones who could pun above all others.

The country that is now called germany would come under the influence of Our Elders, and so the world would probably never know the horror of international Fascism.



A GRECIAN SCENE

After a few years of advancement, the idea of mass production is discovered, and model T Fjord ships roll off the production lines.

The birds flying about the grecian air would be surprised indeed to see the first ballon rise for its paltry few hundred feet on the column of hot air created by a fanzine reviewer giving forth with his opinions to a sweating crowd of absorbedly interested neoFred's.

After a couple of decades it would be possible to introduce the steam engine, in its primative form, so as to improve the fanzine delivery service. Eventually, a tax would have to be made on fanzines. It would be per hundred pages, and would go towards establishing state run fanzine schools, where neofreds can learn the rudiments of stencil cutting, punning, editorial haggling, and general fan, or femmemanship - of all kinds.

Of course, after a time, these schools became infamous in the more traditional homes of the prepub era, and so a plot was hatched to take the country from the control of the Wise Elder Freds, and give it to the proletariat. This stupid move is of course, nipped in the bud, because F.T. Traveller, Esq. knows all about democracy from his past life on the Playing Fields Of Eton and all that jazz.

A move was started to introduce a new musical instrument into the grecian artist world. This monstrosity was hard to accept for the musicians of that time, because to them it seemed a cross between a trumpet and a flute. It was called, laughingly, the sexifan, for it curved in the most unexpected places. It didn't gain wide acclaim, although a new kind of music in heralded swept the civilized world.

Fred Traveller was getting old though, and some of his ideas didn't seem to work as well as he remembered that they should. The X ray stuff he read in college was such a long time ago....

So he had the privelage of witnessing the worlds first atomic explosion. Pity he was holding the test tube....



As you've probably observed, society inevitably relegates those individuals without visible leadership characteristics to the rather unglorious status of "jack-of-all-trades", a position noted for its minor responsibilities and general demands on versatility. However, just as the science fiction faaan is the exception to the American literary Rule, so am I the exception to the unwritten dictums of society. You see, I'm a specialist.

I specialize in disillusionment.

It's with a pride not unlike that of the maiden aunt with her lovely young charge that I destroy the structures of my contemporaries. With a vicarious pleasure I point out the monetary infeasibility of a planned party; dreams of social pleasure are shattered when I quote sections of the local curfew law; panting tongues retract when I point out the law's unflinching stand in regards females of less than eighteen summers. (They are probably more lenient if the girl in question has had fifteen or sixteen falls, however.)

While I'm as willing as the next fellow to indulge in some idle speculation--and I intend to, later--it's always disappointing to even consider an interesting subject which is doomed either by its own nature or by the most obvious pitfalls of our system of laws. For this reason--call it a personality quirk, if you wish (but I wish, with my extreme sensitivity implanted upon your cerebrum, you wouldn't)--I just gotta throw a wet-blanket on the subject of time-travel.

No one will ever travel through time, except in the ordinary, mundane course of events wherein sixty seconds of travel ages us one full minute. It's hard to make such a definitive statement without some pangs of conscience, while constantly the mundane world confronts the fan with statements pertaining to the impossibility of lunar exploration, or other happenings which the stf fan has come to take for granted, but I have what I believe to be sound reasons to back up such a statement.

The fact that there is no physical proof that time is relivable, and exists beyond the parsecond in which it is experienced, is not enough. It's more the practical than the physical aspects of the subject which disqualify its serious consideration. Past experience has shown that the men who make the first, important breakthroughs in any field of research are among the most capable--yet, today, unlike the days of Marconi and Edison, there is such an industrial and experimental gap to be filled that every scientist of any merit can be assured of a job which is predetermined by an Earth-bound manufacturing concern, and might be as imaginative as, say, anti-gravity, but will at least have a rational basis on which to rationalize its existence.

I'm reasonably certain that the question will eventually boil down to one not of manpower or brainpower capabilities, or even interest, but of the restrictions imposed by law. How can a law-enforcement agency which learns of such a project conceivably sanction it? Power corrupts, inevitably and often absolutely, and even

the most trusted of researchers, upon stepping into the world of 1936, might be tempted to seize control. Even should he remain as virgin and as pure as Tucker, there still exists the possibility that he might make some slight alteration which could, conceivably, lead to a significant set of circumstances in the modern world.

No, law could not, in all conscience, abett such experimentation. Even if the powers that be could be convinced that the paradoxes either do not exist or could be bypassed with a reasonable degree of safety, the basically moral instinct would have to curtail the project which is so potentially beneficial to one person.

So, the idea is stymied by blocks both of personell and of regimentation. Aside from this, there's the decided possibility that the idea itself might be all wet, and that the paradoxes which fans have been tossing back and forth for years might have a basis in objective fact. Perhaps the words that Heinlein and Wells and Asimov penned for their potboilers will one day be considered prognostication of a truly Gernsbackian nature.

Perhaps.

The most obvious and familiar paradox concerns "A", who travels back in time to bring about an alteration. The object of this retrospective maneuvering can be killing one's grandfather, butchering a butterfly, teaching Einstein math, or whatever the craze might be at the moment. Basically, the word is "change." If traveller "A" introduces object "A" into the world of 1960 (his "homewhen"--Hi, Ike--is 1970) where in objective terms the device had previously been built in 1965, he would return to 1970 only to find that the world has had the object five years longer than previously thought--and perhaps this is irrelevant. However, the world of 1960 now has the object, and when 1970 rolls around, there is no need to travel back. No trip is made by any "A", and the device is not manufactured until 1965--and so on, ad absurdum, through thousands of grand-patercides, psionic transformations, and reams of pulp pages.

One can point to Asimov's The End of Eternity as an absorbing and entertaining time-travel yarn with a logical basis and careful, studied extrapolation. Yet, there is a subtle flaw, not of writing technique but in gauging human behavior. The "Eternals" objectively plot time-changes, affecting perhaps millions, but their own lives remain as cloistered as those of monks. Their rigid detachment from homewhen and the care of the Computers supposedly account for this; however, in reality, could the very structure of the time-police be so carefully determined and protected--particularly when so many possibly influential decisions rest on a factor as flimsy as human choice, a foible which might conceivably vary if the thinker eats a few spoonful of this, instead of that, or soaks two minutes longer in that hot tub?

Most people are concerned with the touchy state of the physical world, and the apparent inevitability of a conflict with the Soviet Union. Yet, it seems the very structure of time--if there is indeed a continuous structure--would be very much more delicate, even without human fallibility multiplied time upon time so that the course

of events followed is but one of forty million that could have been prophesized five years previously.

And that's the wet blanket, complete with "horsey" smell. I couldn't resist the pessimism, since I'm that kind of spoiler who draws great pleasure from injecting a modicum of seriousness into a discussion which was spawned for its humorous potentialities. I only ask that you don't take my dicta too seriously; tempus fugit, and we can but fugg with it.

§ § § § § § § §

For the sake of supposition, let's assume that some time in the far-distant future I am indeed standing at the threshold of a compact cubicle that's designed to take me anywhen I desire. Even under the spell of this romantically adventurous situation, I'd still be far from happy, and not a little confused. Where--or, perhaps more appropriately, when--should I travel? With all history written and yet to come from which to choose, how the hell could one go about picking a single, concrete playground?

The temptation of the future would be somewhat greater, I think. Just to observe the society of twenty or thirty years hence would be fascinating, and the same applies to scanning a World Almanac from the waning years of the century. I'd like to see the final resolution of the ideological battle between capitalism and communism; an age in which interplanetary flight would be common happenstance; and, pessimistically enough, the end of humanity. Unfortunately, such time-travelling would probably be haphazard and inaccurate; even if not, and sufficient calibration of the controls was achieved, who could accurately predict the demise of Sol or the first cross-country missile flight for commercial purposes? No one, not even the Rosicrucians. (AMORC)

So the past, with its reasonably definitive dates and carefully catalogued customs in dress and manner, would be the more inviting target. Any number of events strike my fancy. Campbell's ravings aside, I'd like to travel with Cortez' crew, observing the quaint natives, before and after Conquistadores. I suspect the defeat of the Spanish Armada would be interesting historically if not practically. (I'd observe at a distance, of course.) From the standpoint of possibly doing some good, I'd like to carefully inspect the lore surrounding the life of Christ, from young manhood to death, supposedly to separate fact from superstition, but, more likely, to answer a few of the questions that puzzle me.

It'd of course be amusing to converse with Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, relating what a mess the Supreme Court was to become in the middle of the twentieth century, and perhaps suggesting one of my favorite themes, the creation of a minor legislative convocation to handle the trivia which currently bogs down our Congress. Then again, for curiosity's sake, I might visit the colony of Roanoke, to see what fate befell the settlers (i.e., Injuns, famine, or GAFIA). This makes me wonder if it's an accurate assumption that a time-traveller can travel anywhere as well as

anywhen? I'd hate to have to hike from Springfield, Illinois to Roanoke Colony just to satisfy my peeping-Tom instincts.

I possess something of an archaeological bent, so many of my choices are likely to reflect this personal taste. For example, I'd unquestionably find Athens and Sparta, circa, say, 400 B.C., of immense interest--not only for the culture but to determine just how much of the rivalry between intellectualism and battle-preparedness is fabrication by overly-generalistic historians. Tutenkhamon's tomb was being built in Egypt about 1300 B.C., and I confess an intense curiosity not only in the archaeological aspects of the desert culture (particularly the reactions to monotheism) but in the simple construction of such massive edifices through no power other than the overworked biceps of thousands upon thousands of slave workers. Shades of Cecil DeMille.

Then again, I'd like to be a spectator at two separate events--the bull-baiting in ancient Crete, and the Roman gladiatorial games at the Circus Maximus and Coliseum. The former is shrouded with enough mystery to make investigation illuminating, and the latter would be observed not so much for the participants as for the sadism of the audience.

If personal safety wasn't a matter to worry over, then I'd like to venture back as far as possible--to see the first amphibious creatures, the primeval swamps; the reptiles of varying structure and tonnage. Searching out dawn man could well be the most fascinating experience of all. Here, however, we're dealing with both intangibles and unspecific periods of time.

The possibilities are as unlimited as one's interests. However, I suspect some fans are so enthralled in our microcosm that they'd choose to retreat only a few years and become fannish pioneers in Ferdinand Fugghead jokes or certain brilliant works of fanfiction. I can see it now: Seth Johnson's The Enchanted Duplicator.

Call the lawr dogs, Laney.

End of another slap-dash production, dedicated to Ron Ellik.

A note to Mr. Breen: To me, the basic appeal of IPSO is not the unique binding, but rather the symmetry of topic, which seems to annoy you. Admittedly, the first mailings have been anything but eminently entertaining, but I think this lies more in the field of similarity of writing, rather than topic. Any number of members attack a subject in much the same manner, carefully evaluating the subject being discussed in perfect, logical order--the same order and logic employed by a dozen others. Others may have begun their contributions to this mailing with thoughts on the practical limitations of time-travel, so I was careful to fabricate a beginning which was not particularly clever but will certainly be somewhat different. ## Let's preserve the strict character of IPSO; it's easy enough to personally separate the wheat from the chaff, without requiring group censorship. - - - - - Vic Ryan

MISSION

BY RIP

The Dutchman? Oh, yes, I suppose I knew him as well as anyone else in town, even a little better. As well as anyone in the whole state, in fact, tho that wasn't much. He never did associate with anyone outside of Grand Rapids much. For a man who liked to talk a lot, he's told us less about himself than anyone else I'd ever known.

Here, I'll just shove some of this junk off the top of the desk..... There, now we can rest our feet on the top. Plenty of room for us both. Oh, yes, you've got to take notes. Hah! Nothing I could say that hasn't been already said a thousand times already! But I guess if you Chicago folks feel it's worth a mention.....

Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, I suppose you'd want to hear me tell ye all about Nick from the very first day I saw him. Just let me get this pipe going.....

Well, it was back in the spring of '22. It was sunny and shiny and ye knew summer was just around the corner. The Observer was over in a small shop on 14th then. Had inherited the Observer just a year or so ago, and Sam Siegel was still managing editor for me. But that afternoon I'd been writing something, probably about how we should help the Russians during that famine of theirs. Or was that later in the year? Anyways, I'd just finished typing out a story or article of some kind, and I looked up when this character walked in the open door.

And I do mean character. He had an odd accent, and the queerest collection of slang terms you'd ever seen, tho we didn't know that at the time.

Anyways, there he was, soft brown hat in hand, blinking around from out of those thick glasses of his. Looked well dressed, too, until you noticed what he was dressed in. "eirdest congramulation of clothes I'd ever seen. No pleats in the pants, real thin lapels, no use at all if it got cold, corners cut off the suit, and the skinnest durned tie you ever saw on a person. Narrow collar, too.

Well, he walked right to me and asked outright for a job. Told me he could set ty e, run the presses, wasn't afraid of ink or dirt, and could operate a linotyper to boot. Brazen as brass. When I asked him how he knew I needed a new worker right then, he said the first of those odd statements of his. Pulled up one side of his mouth and said, "You told me so yourself." Odd as hell.

Despite that, I hired him anyways. He turned out to be a workin' fool all right, earned his keep right good, tho how I could have said anything to a complete stranger before seeing him remained one of those things he never explained.

So Nick helped put out an edition that very afternoon, we were just running one edition a day back then. Probably still have a copy of it down in the morgue somewhere... Found out that he didn't know how to handle some of the equipment, tho. Said it was different "back east".

Said he'd never been to Grand Rapids yet, but he seemed to be right familiar with the town for a stranger. When he asked if I knew of a good boarding house, and I told him where Mum Derr's was, over on Sherman, he didn't ask no directions as to where that was.

Now, Grand Rapids wasn't any dinky little town even then, no, it was a right smart growing city. But he was definitely a stranger. Yet he came out with odd twists at times. Like at 3rd and St. Clair, he'd say something like, "I wish they'd get on the ball and build that darned traffic light."

Sam, he never trusted him. Odd, he said. What did we know about him? Nothing, but he did his work well, and was quiet. He must have been hiding out from someone or something, yet he never seemed to hide from the law, and in all these years, no one has ever admitted knowing him prior to '22. It's just like he'd been created whole a moment before he stepped through the doorway there.

Never talked about himself much, you know. Used to argue politics at the drop of a hat, though.

Herman, down at the bank, we all got to be good friends later on, but I'll get to that, he told me how Nick came in later that week and asked to open an account. He pulled out a package then and slapped it down in front of Herman's face. Herman became vice President in charge of deposits before he retired... Anyways, Herman opened up that package and pulled out two small bricks of gold.

Quite a flap, it seems. The whole bank was buzzing. Sheriff Schwitzer got in the act, and went at the poor guy for almost two hours asking how come a stranger had this gold, and in bricks, too. Oh, they cashed it all right. Wasn't much else they could do, tho. Schwitzer told him to stick around town for a while. Schwitzer was always the type to think he could tell people what to do.

For the next month the Sheriff was sending letters and telegrams to half the law agencies in the states and Canada. One of the Sheriff's biggest disappointments in life, never being able to find out where Nick came from.

Me? Always tho' he got in some sort of trouble back east. Or wherever he came from. Maybe woman trouble. For he was always brooding, that's the correct word, over this one picture he drew. Lovely little pastel, nice looking girl, blond, never would say who it was.

Oh yes, he could draw all right. That's one of his over there on the wall. Always liked line work, drew quite a lot of weird stuff once in a while. Wanted to become an artist once, I think. But he to be too busy making money to bother. Drew lots of portraits.....

Oh, yes, that drive of his. Well, he got to buying a few stocks here and there. Made money on almost all of them, too. When he was told about some that fell, he just shook his head and said his memory was lousy. Memory, mind you.

That wasn't his only way of making money, either, don't you believe it. You know those gadgets you stick on the wall, they have hooks on them? No more driving a nail in the wall, just stick 'em on and hang up your picture or whatever. Oh, radioactive disks for keeping records clean,... A million of 'em. Patented 'em through Lawyer Ritter's office, and then let them sell themselves. Bit of an advertising man, too. Remember..."Some people think Oshkosh is a small town in Wisconsin where the best trunks in the world happen to be made. They're right.-Oshkosh Trunks." "Not a cough in a carload" and "I'd walk a mile ..."? He wrote all of them, and dozens more. Never seemed to have any trouble thinking them up.

Never forget the day in '23 when he came up to me and threw a sheaf of bills on my desk big enough to shut up Sam Siegel. Nick then said that he could make the same amount for me, if I wanted it. Sam said there was something fishy, a catch somewhere in the deal.

Three months later I bought a new linotyper with the profits. From that day on we were inseparable. As much as he allowed anyone to get close, anyways, short of his wife, at least.

Oh, yes, Angie's dead, didn't you find that out from your morgue files? They just don't prepare reporters these days like they should. Bunch of whippersnappers. She died in '46, I think.

Never forget that day he sold me on investing with him. But to go on..... After a while, I asked him why he was still working in the press room when he could be in some other kind of business. He said he was four years off and he might as well spend the time here as anywhere else. Devil he was. Always gave him a kick to come out with odd statements like that. Cuss, deep cuss.

Nick had all sorts of odd habits. Was always coming out with those odd statements. And that sign... That drawing he made and hung on the wall of the composing room, left it here when he married. A lot of place names on it, never saw any sense to it. He always said it was a reminder. Never told what it was reminding him of. Or why he needed reminding. Here... Joey? Go down to the Morgue. You know how it is? There's this sign, a list of names, hanging over the A-B files. Go bring it up here. Good boy, be an editor himself if he keeps it up.

Had his suits specially made after he'd been in town for a year. Made a little ceremony of getting rid of his old clothes, too. Took all of his double-breasted suits, high collar shirts and wide ties, and burned them on Mrs. Derr's front lawn. Called the suits Al Capone suits, after that gangster in Chicago, I guess. Always called his own weird suits Continentals. Guess he'd been to Europe or something.

He drew that picture I was telling you about then. Burnt it 'fore he went to Europe in '32. Guess he felt a lot for whoever it was in that picture. Like I said, women trouble back east.

First day he brought that picture down to work with him, he ruined a whole page. Told him to take the rest of the day off, and he got roaring drunk. That's another thing about him. He never drank socially. When he drank, he went all the way, got tanked like a gas truck. Anyways, he got potted down at Willy's saloon. We never called it a speak. Hell, Willy had inherited it from his father, it had been in town for generations. It was an institution until the dogoodies got in Lansing in '29.

Willy told us later how he'd noticed these two young hoods, toughs, we call them juvenile delinquents nowadays and coddle 'em. Humph. Well, Willy was closing up for the night, Willy kept regular hours, not like most speaks, and he noticed these two hoods get up and follow Nick Muechelmorder out the door. Nick had been spending money like it was water that evening, had set up the house a good half dozen times. Said he was buying because he hated all of us. That we weren't worth the sacrifice he had gone through and was going through. Well, Willy saw these two follow Nick out, so Willy grabbed his scatt-ergun from underneath the bar, told his brother Lionel to close up and followed the pair out. Good thing he did. For out by Sherman, out at the scrub land in the Wyoming district, the two caught up to Nick and started beating him up. Willy shot off one barrel and told the hoods to leave town right quick before he had to kill someone.

That's how Willy got to be one of Nick's "inner-group". We all used to hold little bull-sessions in the back room of the press after that, usually in winter, when we'd allgather around my wood stove. Got a lot of news that way. Nick and Willy was always arguin politics and maoning why couldn't we see, and Herman was always full of the latest gossip around the city. Almost got lynched when I ran a radical article by Nick. We're solid headed Republicans up here....

About '25 he met Angie. He changed a lot after that, for the better. He turned that sign of his to the wall, his face softened. Whatever was driving him, it seemed to disappear after that. They married the same year. No longer did he call himself an island apart, an ultimate paradox and them other philsofical phrases.

Never forget the time we went into Detroit in '29, to sell our stocks and bonds, just 'fore the crash, he went mooning over the whole city. Kept saying it wasn't worth it. Cried, too. Cried a lot in them days.

After he met Angie, he quit the Observer and went into the real estate business. Did right good at it, seemed to know when and where the town was going to expand next. Never was much of a salesmen, tho.

Then came the wet winter of '27. That's when Bobbie, their first contracted pneumonia. Real scene that night, we were all there, trying to console him. Didn't have the miracle drugs we have today in those days. Pneumonia was almost always it. Nick kept running around, swearing, clawing at Doc Hall, kept screaming for just an ampule of penny-sillen, whatever that was, and some sulphur. Whatever that was. Nick just cracked all up then. Ran out in the rain screaming for them to take him back, why must the ultimate paradox feel pain? Why him? He was hurting bad that night.

He changed after that, changed back to the old brooding Nick I used to know. Aged ten years in the next two. It was in the spring of '28 that he first got the rifle. The Rifle. Real smart looking thing, short barrel, a thot, but he measured it once, it was a long barrel all right. Folding stock, called it a paratrooper stock.

Herman asked why the rifle. Nick said that he'd forgotten why he was here, and he'd just been reminded. His hands caressing that cursed rifle, like a lover with his love, his lips smiling, curved around that pipe of his, his eyes not smiling at all.

Ah, here's that sign. See? Just a bunch of names. I've located where most of them are, of course. Nothing to it, really. That's his handwriting there, at the bottom. Odd, isn't it? Just, "These need not be." Not a blessed thing more.

It was that year of '28 that he first went to Europe. Came back with a sour expression and a little button in his lapel. Said it showed he was a member of the National Socialist Partei over in Germany. Never seemed awfully proud of the fact, tho. Just said that it was necessary, if he wanted to get close enough. Guess we know what he meant, eh?

'29, next year, you know about that of course. The Crash. None of the inner group lost their shirts like everybody else did, in town. Then the Depression. Nick never had to worry much. He had plenty of money, and he'd taken it all out of the Corn Mercantile and put it in the State just 'fore it folded. The Mercantile, that is. He even made some money, mostly when he sold some stamps he'd been saving for some years. But that wasn't until around '31, I think.

He never seemed to appreciate being rich, tho. Just called it a hedge against the future, when he wouldn't be around. He and Angie had two kids then. They moved out west somewhere later on, I think. God sadder and sadder he did, the worse the depression got. Everyone was sad in those days, even the well off, especially because they were bad off while the rich were comfortable. But then in this world of State this or State that, you've never experienced a bread line.

Then in '32, he started winding things up. Only word for it. Tying up all the loose ends. One of the oddest things he did was to introduce this Dutch couple to each other. Still living in the city, too. Just picked their names out of the city directory and acted as some sort of a marriage broker. Crazy as hell.

Oh, yes. That autumn, he went to his fourth trip to Europe. Always wanted to see Europe in Winter, he said. Heidelberg in the snow and all that. So he went in November. But 'fore he went, he gave us another of those enigmatic messages of his. Said that he would send me, as Editor and Publisher of the Observer, that he thot I might like to publish. Hehehe, he could sure understate a phrase.

Shut up like a clam after that, wouldn't tell any of us what is in the letter, why wasn't he just leaving it here, and so forth. He never said a thing. Had that rifle with him at the time, unless I'm wrong. Said he was going after some big game in Europe that fall. He figured he had a good chance of getting some very big trophies.

A few weeks later we got that registered air-letter that was post-marked Zerbat, Germany. It created quite a furour at the offices here and in the other newspapers when we send out copies to them. And well they should, too.

You've read all the opinions of the head doctors and political experts by now, I guess. How three of 'em used the letter to show that he was battier than a cathedral spire and another three used it to show that he was simply overly concerned with political factors, though far from insane. Let 'em argue. I know that he was just very moody, and he figured he had a mission.

Funny thing about that mission, a bunch of political experts jumped in after that, and showed how badly he'd miscalculated the German mentality and political scene. They said that the Nazi's could never have possibly actually taken over Germany, not in a thousand years. It couldn't happen there.

You've got to admit one thing, tho. He was a durned good shot. Always wondered if Meuchelmorder was his real name and if it preyed on his mind, or if he took it up. Meuchelmorder means Assassin, you know.

Durned good shot. Got all three, one bullet apiece, right in the head with that high-powered rifle of his from 600 yards away. From the top of that hotel of his. And that touring car was in the midst of a crowd, the three were moving about, too. One, two, three.

Hitler, Goebbels and Goering. They were speaking at the town hall, trying to swing the Anhalt state elections, you know.

Here, Joey, you can take this sign back to the morgue now. Real strange sign. Had a devil of a time finding out where that first place name was. It's in Poland and they call it Oswociem instead of Auschwitz. The rest were fairly easy. Dachau, Bergen-Belsen, Lubin, Orienburg, Maria-Theresienstadt, Dunkirk, Bastogne, Stalingrad....

And he just had those names and that phrase at the bottom. "These need not be."

- the end -

And now that you, my fellow IPSOns have read the above story, I think it might be wise to do a little explaining.

The above is a time-travel story, of course. And the main character is myself, natch. Now, the proposition was set up in the last mailing that if one had one chance to make a one-way trip into the past, what era would you chose, and why? The rules were that it was to be just yourself, no gadgets of any kind.

And so you have me. A one-way trip to 1922, A.D. to a semi-rural city in Western Michigan. The only hedges I made were those two bars of gold, which aren't exactly gadgets, some preparation before-hand, and clothes on my back.

Now, the experienced time-traveler (and I'm sure we've all read enough time-travel fiction to realize that one gets into trouble if one doesn't know the language and mores of the era he arrives in.) This could be circumnavigated by a history specialist who knew the

mores of the area and period, including the language. (Ye could pose as a foreigner if your accent was too bad.) But one difficult that would inevitably come up, is the fact that the further back ye went, the less would be known about the everyday habits and customs of the inhabitants. (Tough luck for you, if you went into 10th century southern France and found out that folding your arms in public was the secret signal of a heretic cult and the populace burnt you at a stake 'fore you had a chance to holler Charles the Hammer.) So, it seems to be naturally safer to stick to eras that are pretty well known. Say, the last two centuries.

Now, granting a clodish mentality (ie-normal), and say only a limited time in which to prepare, having to learn a language from scratch becomes a mite hard, LEST DARKNESS FALLS to the contrary. So, granting therefore that it's me what's going, I'd have enough things to learn without bumping into an unfamiliar language to boot. So it was to the English-speaking lands that I have sights on. As far as Germany goes, thanks, but no thanks. Do you know what was liable to happen to a stranger in Germany in the past, say thousand years? Things were distinctly unsafe out that way.....

Anyways, it seems obvious that it'll have to be a fairly recent English speaking locale. England? No thanks, the nobility had things pretty well sewed up there for quite a while, why do you think all the ambitious folks left the tight little isle? Because of all the opportunities for advancement? So, we come to a young era/locale, one where a stranger could get ahead. And also get shot. Even tho the horse-manure o eras on the idiot screen are more than a bit jazzed-up, two facts come through clearly. The pioneers were clods and mean clods to boot. No thank you. And besides, we come to another little facet. Health.

Do you have any idea how easy it was to get cholera or typhus or TB or VD or any of a hundred diseases in those days? They even had the Plague running loose in California in the '70's and '90's, bighod! Being a pessimist at heart, I'd just as soon pick an era that had some of the comforts of civilization, like anti-Diphtheria shots and some of that out-dated stuff George Locke no longer plays around with because it's outdated.

Comforts are another thing. No comfort in spending half your roll on glass panes and body-guards. That, to me, narrows it down to this country in this century and a few large cities in Australia and New Zealand. No thanks to South Africa, I'd just as soon not leave any descendants running around loose in a place where they're either going to have to out-do the Nazi's at racial "Final Solutioning" or get massacred themselves some fine night.

This country is very nice. An odd accent? Fine, you're from back east or out west or some other far-away place on the map. Odd clothes? Only the rich worried about following fashions, the rest either tried to emulate them or dressed in whatever they could steal or buy for a few pennies. And regional clothing customs... Amillion of 'em existed, right until the Second World War when things pretty much amalgamated. Got some odd lumps of gold? Fine, nothing like gold to buy things with. No Social Security card? What's a social Security card? Birth certificate? Who needs it? 'Less you want to go overseas, then you could just say that your folks never got one for you. Out in the wilds, you know....

And for sentimental reasons, the '20's come in, for me. The era of phrohibition, the gold standard and a stock market where a guy who knew what was going to happen could make five fortunes.

It was ideal. Civilization, the way we're used to it. Only slightly variant mores, same language, no currency problems, they'd accept gold, no difficulty at all involved in a man fitting in, and make a mint. And the personalities... Coolidge, Teddy Roosevelt was still alive. Stutz-bearcat, pocket flasks, silent movies....

But another factor enters in, in that era. The Nazi party. Maybe I'm just an incurable romanticist, bull-headed idealist, or whathaveyou. But Hitler is the man most likely to get kilt by me if given a chance. It's sort of an idee-fixe with me. Hitler, the man most responsible for the most evil in this century. Only Stalin and Mao-Tse Tung come close to matching him in pure horror, for this period of time. But Stalin was a product of an era already launched. Let no idealists tell you that Trotsky was so inherently good as to automatically make a better ruler. Those boys in '20-'23 were a rough bunch. Stalin got in only because he cut everyone's throat before he did.

And I can't help but feel that Mao is a similar case, that some other beast would have done as he did, given the circumstances that were in existence both before and after the Sino-Japanese war.

As for this period's despots, who needs it? Castro? He's quite very well guarded, thank you, and enough are trying to bump him off as it is without another amateur getting in the works. Salazar is kaput, he won't last out the year, Trujillo is dead, the communist states all have leaders which are, bluntly, dispensible. Even K himself. What change would their deaths bring now? None.

Even a determined amateur would have to pick his period carefully. If you killed Hitler before, say, '24, you wouldn't change a thing. How many ever heard of Kammer of the Iron League? Hitler had him pushed out of power. He absorbed the right-wing groups in Germany, you know. Ang Goebbels would have worked as hard for any potential dictator, no matter who it was. No, if Hitler were kilt too soon, Fascism might still rise in Germany. But come with me to the year '32... The Nazi party was at its peak of money and influence. It had been steadily gaining in both. But the Depression was alleviating somewhat. The currency was stable again. The enemies of Hitler were holding firm against him even though disunited amongst themselves. Hitler had wrecked three governments in 16 months, and at none of them did Hindenburg even consider making "that boot-black" his chancellor. The Nazi's, what is more, had lost ground in the Hessen and Bavarian state by-elections, and had not gained a seat in all of Prussia. If anything were to be done, it had to be done now. It was done. Hitler and crew used the Anhalt state elections as a psychological attack. They swamped the elections in the miniscule state, and told their enemies, "Look, we are still on the rise!" Then von Papen sold out, and recommended that Hitler made chancellor of the new government. Hindenburg conceded on January 31st, 1933. If Hitler, who had been killed during the Anhalt campaign... The election would have been lost, the party would have been without their precious leader, the Nazi's would never have come to power. Knock off Goebbels and Goering for good measure, in case the two just might be able to re-organize the party in time. Insurance, ye might say.

That's my idee fixe. Kill this man, if given the chance. Let me make enough money to become a solid citizen. Let me buy a rifle and become an expert with it. Let me get close to this man at the right time. Let that trip through time be more than a jaunt for personal gain... Let that horror never come to pass.... I guess ye might say that that's how I'd plan to become a BNF of sorts.

This is the second issue of Harrison's, intended for the third IPSO mailing by Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, U.S.A. Duplicating of this issue will probably be the work of Dick Eney, if he isn't waiting in Seattle, still waiting for me to arrive at the convention. It should be understood that the absence of mailing comments in this issue is not due to aggravation of the anti-mc sentiments that I expressed the last time. On this occasion, it is due to the time factor. The July mailing arrived August 23, I couldn't find time to read even the official portions for a week, and the time I might spend on enjoying the entire contents must go instead for cutting these stencils, to be certain of meeting the next deadline. Again I want to plead for earlier announcement of topics, to permit us Americans to think up remarks in plenty of time.

So this time the contents will be devoted to a special time travel trip proposal. I feel uneasy about the statement that this topic "will give best scope for a little humor". I always get involved in some dreadful mixup, on the rare occasions when I attempt to be either humorous or dead serious. I remember particularly the occasions in FAPA when I finally found occasion to use long-cherished bright remarks about how people in Australia had to get used to having warm weather in January and Bill Danner's home near Pittsburgh being situated Way Out West. Any number of my readers offered me free geography lessons. On the other hand, I was rated as a refreshing new humorist by Terry Carr when I got aroused about the dangers to civilization that are contained in the Dennis, the Menace comic strip.

Let me begin, then, with the positive declaration: I write neither as light frivolity nor dead earnestness. I probably wouldn't choose the trip that I shall outline, if in actual reality I suddenly had such an offer. But the trip explained in these pages does have connection with a number of things that are extremely dear to me. If George Locke or Art Rapp really are planning to wipe out the section of fandom to be found in IPSO, by making these trips occur through some recent discovery about temponautics, I wouldn't be too miserable about my fate.

One more paragraph before the answer about my trip, please, to make sure that you understand the conditions as I do. I gather from the exposition of the topic that there would be no hope of rescue from the past back into the present, that the destination must be one which can be found described in history books, that it must be at some time-space combination where I couldn't meet myself and set up nasty paradoxes, and that I would become an active part of this past world, with the ability to affect it and to change the future of my new present. These considerations eliminate immediately a lot of possibilities. I am such a physical weakling that it must be a destination in which I could survive, but far enough into the past that my sketchy knowledge of present-day science might find some usefulness. It must also be some past civilization with enough similarity to my own to give me a chance of earning a living and lo-

cating some familiar forms of amusement for huddling points in times of too severe bewilderment. From the practical standpoint, it would be desirable to enter the past area with some acquaintance with the language. Since I can't take along food or money, I'll have to know how to ask for a job pretty quick.

After all that, it must be a disillusionment to you to learn that music forms such an important part in my life that it would govern my destination. I would choose a time and place where I could learn the answer to some musical questions that worry me inordinately. I won't be choosy about exact instructions. Instead, I'll just asked to be plopped down somewhere in Germany around 1785, give or take a few years.

This is an awfully sneaky way to get into print some musical matters that I've wanted to poke publicly for quite a while. So, if you will forgive this preacher's seizure of the opportunity to preach several sermons:

Several big musical questions might be resolved by such a trip. The answers would soothe my own mind, even if I couldn't return to 1961 and write learned articles for *The Musical Quarterly* on my findings. One of these matters is so elemental that it seems absurd to worry about it, until you've thought about it quite a while and read enough works on music to get disturbed over the references to it. Did the people of the past--a century and more ago--perform music much more rapidly than we do today? It seems to me inconceivable that this should be so. I prefer most compositions of the classic and romantic periods to be played slower than it is customary to perform them today, and I feel that today's speeds for rococo and baroque music are just about right. But through musical literature, you encounter some hint that we're doing it all wrong, just often enough to be disturbing.

For instance, some composers left metronome markings for their works that seem impossibly rapid, Beethoven and Schumann in particular. It is customary to explain these away by saying that the former was too deaf to set the right speeds and the latter had a defective metronome. But Beethoven once insisted that the first performance of his Ninth Symphony had been accomplished in 45 minutes, a feat that seems impossible today. And there are those concert programs of Beethoven's day. It was not unusual to perform two symphonies, one concerto, an overture or two, and a vocal recital in one concert. We marvel at the sitting ability of the audiences. Could it be that the agility of the fingers of musicians should get the credit instead? Today's vocalists find it impossible to perform much 18th century music without mid-phrase breaks to take breath. We blame the loss of the secrets of *bel canto* or the absence of the castrato for this. Is it possible that the singers in the old days just took everything one-third faster? All the operas of Domenico Scarlatti were believed lost until just a few years ago, when an almost complete score of *Tetide in Sciro* was discovered. Westminster Records released in this country an abridged recording that runs just under three hours in playing time. From the complete libretto distributed with the records, I would guess that 40% or

more of the totality has been omitted from this performance, by skipping the *da capo* in many arias, leaving other arias out altogether, and excising vast hunks of recitative. So, with time for intermissions the complete work must have required about six hours to perform, if Scarlatti's day used the same speeds that seem right to us. Did people really have such supplies of patience and callouses just below the lower part of the back?

Nobody left exact timings of performances in those days. Even if the slowup tendency were still in progress during the past century, it would be difficult to draw evidence from recordings. The tremendously fast pace to be found in many extremely old records could be ascribed to the strict time limit imposed by the size of the disc or cylinder.

Art Rapp won't let me take along a stopwatch on my journey and 18th century clocks probably weren't too precise as timekeepers. But it wouldn't be hard for me to settle the question by using my pulse as a timekeeper. It's tachycardiac but fairly consistent in its somewhat rapid pace. Until I get that one-way ticket, I can't help wishing that some fanatical musician would sacrifice one of his children to an experiment. If the child were raised in such strictness that he heard no music except that which his parents provided for him, and they deliberately rushed intolerably the speed of all this music, would he grow up with the belief that these speeds are the only proper ones for the compositions? Every music lover knows instinctively that this work should go at approximately such a speed, and that work should be taken half again as fast. Is this simply the custom of hearing similar compositions at such speeds, or is there some kind of relationship between reality and the pace we prefer for performances, something involving brain rhythms or the beat of the heart or even subtler matters? Hermann Scherchen in "The Nature of Music" believes that he has found evidence of the dying body's slowed-down condition in Bach's final composition.

This journey into the past would cause me to emerge too late to be present for an eyewitness solving of another musical mystery. But there would still be lots of oldtime musicians alive who remembered clearly the years during which the piano drove out of favor the clavichord and the harpsichord. The process was nearing completion by 1785. In fact, Arthur Loesser's "Men, Women and Pianos" places the time during which the three instruments enjoyed equal favor as 1770 to 1785 in the heart of great music, Germany.

Now, I am almost unique in today's musiclover circles, because I do not like harpsichords as musical instruments, although I admit that many of them are very fine to look at while they are silent. I seem to have had a lot of company in the 18th century in this now eccentric belief. You must look long and hard through all the literature of that age for any expressions of sorrow over the arrival of the new keyboard order and the decline of the harpsichord. A poet occasionally waxed sentimental about the decline of the clavichord. But for the harp-

sichord it's hard to find a good word from the introduction of dependable pianos to the revival of the harpsichord four or five decades ago.

I'm quite willing to grant that many persons enjoy the tone produced by the harpsichord. But the first thing that I would strive to determine about the instrument in the past is one that has a crucial bearing on its use in modern times. It's a question that never occurs to most listeners but obsesses me unduly. It is simply this: were 18th century harpsichords loud enough to be audible to the listener in performances of chamber orchestra and full orchestra and choral music? I have the strongest sort of suspicion that they weren't. Of course, not even the most violent devotee of the harpsichord today claims that there is much similarity between many of the instruments of modern manufacture and the harpsichords of the old day. Modern manufacturing methods and techniques have been borrowed to provide a much larger volume of sound that will be audible in today's concert halls. The old harpsichords were used before such volume was needed or possible. The question in my mind is: was the harpsichord as a continuo instrument used simply to keep the musicians together, the role that the conductor now fulfills, and inaudible to listeners a couple of dozen feet away; or did the harpsichord ring out loudly enough to color almost every chord, as it does in contemporary recreations of old music? I'd like to be sure by consulting people who were there. Meanwhile, I think there is a lot of evidence pointing to inaudible harpsichords in ensemble work. Quite aside from the fragile construction and small size of old harpsichords, which couldn't have borne the tension of hardy strings giving out a big sound, there is the fact that the continuo was destined to become extinct within a couple of decades after the final triumph of the piano. The conductor replaced the continuo, and I believe it happened because audiences weren't used to hearing the continuo and it was impossible to play the piano softly enough to be audible only to the musicians. There is the otherwise insoluble puzzle involved in the complete absence of harpsichord concertos before Bach began to write them. Concertos were written for all other musical instruments, like piccolos and lutes and even mandolins, but not harpsichords. Was this a fact for the simple reason that a harpsichord couldn't be heard when accompanied by more than one or two solo instruments? Did Bach swipe other men's music and transcribe it into concertos for keyboard instruments because he knew that the piano was being brought to a stage of usefulness, and he wanted to have music ready for it?

Once again, it's a matter of what the ears grow accustomed to, without doubt. I grew up with the Busch recordings of the Brandenburg concertos and cannot abide the sound of the harpsichord in these works, because Busch's group used the piano. But I can't bear the sound of any keyboard instrument as continuo in most 18th century music, unless the sound is so faint that it adds the barest suggestion of coloring in the background. Bach was an energetic composer who wrote more music than some persons listen to in a lifetime. I think he would have taken the trouble to

write out the complete continuo part in his more important works, instead of giving it to the whim and ability of the musician to work from the figured bass, if he thought that the audience would hear very much of the continuo to begin with.

The time that I have chosen for descent into the past is ideal for another investigation into what the old composers really had in mind. This is the eternal blister of ornamentation of 18th century music. We know beyond a doubt that most or all instrumentalists and singers added decorations to the written notes in solo and some concerted works. What we don't know today is exactly how tastefully and ingeniously it was done by the better musicians and whether the composers really desired it or merely endured it. In recent years, it has become more customary to add these curlycues to instrumental solo parts by composers like Handel and Mozart. Wanda Landowska was as responsible as anyone for revival of the practice. It is almost as annoying to me as the sound of the harpsichord. Mozart's scores look quite bare of ornaments and have been gingerbreaded up quite extensively by some recent followers of the practice. But we know that he once told his wife that he intended someday to revise his compositions, omitting the things that he had inserted to please the public against his own better judgment. That doesn't sound like the opinion of a composer who wanted his melodies to be flyspecked with turns and mordents, grace notes and arpeggios at every sustained tone. There is also the possibility that the bareness of certain passages in Mozart, particularly the solo parts in the piano concertos, may have other causes. The piano was so new in Mozart's day that he may have written those extremely simple, slow melodies out of the sheer delight of wallowing in the sound of a keyboard instrument whose tone did not decay almost at once. The composer had to look out for himself in the pre-copyright days, and Mozart may have filled out the scores in his own performances with much more complex materials than the elementary decorating that is introduced today.

Then there are less technical mysteries that I could solve. The heyday of the castrato was ended by 1785, but there must have been enough remaining to give me some idea of how justified were the tremendous outbursts of enthusiasm over their singing. A few greybeards might remember enough to solve for me another perpetual blister in musical circles: was the curved bow used generally to produce the triple and quadruple stops to be found in some violin music of Bach's day?

If I entered 1785 or thereabouts at the age of 38, I could have a chance of living through most or all the life span of three unfortunate composers, Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven. I am quite skeptical about my ability to work some influence for good that would change the courses of their lives, allowing them to live happier and longer and probably in the process produce much worse music. I don't think I'd even tackle the case of Beethoven. Medical men are still arguing over his physical troubles, but the current feeling seems to be against the old venereal disease explanation for his deafness and frequent ill-

nesses late in life. Complications from an early attack of typhoid are now considered the probable cause. We don't know when and where he incurred it, and I'll be blessed if I can see how I could keep close enough watch over the obscure son of a drunk in a tiny town, without getting myself into much trouble with the Laney's of the past. It would be simple enough to arrange dry and warm transportation back to Vienna, to substitute for the trip that brought on Beethoven's final mortal illness. But he was going downhill fast by that time, anyway. Mozart might be more encouraging material on which to work. In spite of a fanzine story that I once wrote, I do not believe that his genius was influenced greatly by the miseries that he endured in adult life; he seems to have been remarkably independent from circumstances as a creative artist. A good business agent or simply a determined effort to find him a patron like Haydn's Esterhazy might have doubled his lifespan. Schubert could probably have been saved simply by first-rate medical attention. Syphilis definitely seems to have started off his final troubles.

Of course, this brings us around to a matter which has been explored repeatedly in stories about time travel into the past: how much could the individual tamper with the advance of knowledge and technology, armed only with his brain and possessing no books or tools from 1961? Fictional heroes would do a much better job than I would. Assuming that I had some time for preparing myself for the trip, I think I could memorize enough elementary but modern medical facts to save lives. But I doubt that I could cram into my skull all the information necessary to introduce anesthetics and penicillin into 1785. It certainly wouldn't be easy to get such things accepted; the best that I could do would be missionary work among the little people in medicine, hoping that they could achieve enough miraculous cures for the big shots to take notice. I am so unmechanical by nature that I am positive I could not teach anyone how to build an internal combustion engine or a vacuum tube, even assuming that facilities of the 18th century permitted their construction. I might by a supreme effort introduce mankind to the typewriter and mimeograph a century ahead of schedule. But I don't think that the time would be quite ripe for fandom, in a Europe seething with revolt against tyrants where every amateur press effort would be suspected of heresy or treason. If this trip into the past came to me without warning, giving me no time to look up things, I have grave doubts that I could make a living by the old prozine method of betting on what I know will come to pass. I have vague knowledge of fortunes that were being made by India speculators in those days, but I don't know the exact names of the successful firms and I'm sure there must have been many more wildcat outfits that were complete failures, so where would I invest my pittance to inflate it into a fortune? Exclusive rights for publishers weren't in existence yet, so I couldn't buy up all the new manuscripts of the young writers whom I could foresee as great successes for quick, big profits.

However, I think that I would be reasonably happy in the time and general area outlined here. One supreme fear would ob-

sess me. This would be the danger of an accident or illness involving long-continued pain or a grueling operation. I have little faith in the ability of today's physicians to cure most illnesses, but this is coupled with a mighty respect for their skill at relieving pain and saving lives in certain circumstances like appendicitis and infection. This would be the one major reason why I would hesitate to make the one-way trip into the past if offered: there is no time recent enough to provide good medical care in which I am particularly interested. On the other hand, I imagine that the layman might stand a better chance of advancing science in the medical field than in any other important branch of human knowledge. Surely in this age of reason there were medical men who were sufficiently disturbed by the death and agony on all sides to listen to fundamentals like the importance of boiling doubtful water and milk and the ability of rats to carry disease, coupled with general emphasis on the importance of sanitation around patients.

What else would I like to see and do in this time and general area? Well, I have an undoubtedly erroneous belief that man in the past century or longer has done permanent damage to the clarity of this planet's atmosphere. I'd love to know if I'm correct in thinking that haze is more prevalent now than it was before the waste products of factories, the smoke from metropolitan chimneys, the dust from destroyed farmland, and the smoke of war cluttered up the air. I imagine that the air in Hagerstown is crystal clear on a smaller number of days per year at present than when I was a boy. Nowadays it seems to take the combination of a hard, long rain and a brisk wind to give distant objects the clarity and color that may not last from sunrise to sundown.

It would also be nice to be able to go for long walks without the complications that occur today when you try to go afoot a couple of hundred miles. I am a trifle hazy on the amount of danger that pedestrians suffered from dogs, bulls and snakes in the 18th century. But I imagine that they weren't a bothersome problem along the most heavily traveled roads, and that gangs of cutthroats could be avoided by walking only by daylight. Today, it's illegal to walk alongside some major highways, and extremely unwise to travel the rest unless you spend all your time watching for impatient motorists who may decide to pass on the right via the berm. I love to walk, and feel quite certain that this would form my principal form of recreation in this new time home, owing to the unfortunate absence of Ingmar Bergman movies, Philadelphia Phillies baseball games, new issues of Science Fiction Five-Yearly, and second-hand record shops.

Loneliness would be my major enemy. I don't mean the sense of loss of my familiar friends and surroundings, as much as the probable difficulty of finding new friends with whom I could ever expect to converse freely. Whether or not I told of my origin, regardless of whether people believed what had happened to me, I fear that it would be totally impossible to find intellectual equals in the sense that these people would accept the same basic concepts about man and his environment as I do. The in-

grown misconceptions and prejudices would vary from person to person, but certain general characteristics would hold good. How many persons would I find who would even listen to my belief that women are men's equals in some respects and superiors in the rest and that absolute equality should exist for them? How could I maintain a continued interest in arguing for a cause which I knew would come to pass after a few more generations, anyway? What could I possibly say to provide logical proof for any warnings that I might sound about the mistakes that the imperialistic European leaders were making in Asia and Africa? Could I explain the fact that the rise of the common man through the revolutions in the United States and France would not turn out to be the panacea for the world's troubles that many intelligent persons foresaw? And could I offer any words of wisdom that might help the world to avoid the sociological mistakes of the 19th and 20th centuries, even assuming my rise to a position that would permit me to be widely read or heard? It would be a severe trial to see Maelzel's panharmonicon and suffer from the memories of the mechanical music that I had known on the phonograph, or to try to work up some enthusiasm for the newest lighting equipment for a theater.

I don't imagine that employment would be too severe a problem. My piano playing is clumsy but serviceable, and in an era that was so obsessed with music in every home, anyone with a modicum of ability could set up shop as a music teacher and hold off starvation for a while at least. My knowledge of several languages should help me to find work as a school teacher or translator. One good thing about the past was the difficulty in tracing references and qualifications for jobs. My modern accent should be enough to convince any German pedagogue that I had undergone the fine schooling in Italy or whatever distant point I chose for my lies. If I wanted to try to make money by introducing something from the present into the past, I imagine that journalism would be as good a method as any. Human nature doesn't change over the decades, and I'm quite sure that the introduction of sensationalism into the press of that day would have made fortunes at least as large as it did a considerable while later.

I really don't know what I'd do about domestic arrangements. Any person with any pretense to respectability in those days was expected to have at least one or two servants, who were dirt cheap and became the closest intimates of their master. It was so similar to downright slavery that I don't see how I could put up with the knowledge of my mastery, and I'm quite sure that I wouldn't care to be undressed and served at table by some illiterate whose principal hope would be my early death accompanied by a legacy for the good and faithful servant. I'm sure that I couldn't bear to live in the best section of town, because the upper crust were even more snobbish then than today, and I imagine that I would dislike the noise and bustle of a large city in the 18th century as much as I do today.

Back around 1945, I answered a fan poll by admitting that I wouldn't ride the first rocket to the moon. I'm no braver about time travel today, I'm afraid.

NEXT WEEK I'VE GOT TO GET ORGANISED or I think the entire business will become too much for me. I have been looking for the last IPSO for the past three weeks, and had forgotten to borrow Bruce Pelz's copy to work from; at last I roll a stencil into the machine and set about clearing a working space (i.e. a chair), intending to sit down and fake it. And there is the last IPSO, stacked on my chair between a box of virgin stencils and the manuscripts for the nearly-completed Willis Papers. Now mind you, I had been using the chair off and on all the time I'd been looking for the IPSO -- as usual, when I want to type I move the stack of stuff to the bed, and when I want to go to bed I move the stack of stuff back to the chair -- but I'd been moving the stack en masse. Now if only some similar miracle will disclose the place of concealment of six pages of first-draft manuscripts...

But this is getting us nowhere. I should excuse the matter this zine will be filled with, but the mailing date passed four days ago, and I haven't had a chance to first-draft this thing, what with a full-time job days and night school three nights a week, LASFS another night, and socialising, catching up on the top priority correspondence, and fanpubbing on weekends. As a result, these four pages are being composed on stencil. But to justify the subject heading on this page, I'd better get to our assigned subject, however briefly.

THE LUNATIC FRINGES OF SF, & EDITORIAL INFLUENCE, in my humble opinion, while mayhap not invariably working for the improvement of The Field, have their place. It is very important for any group to have something to poke fun at. In-groups are failures without in-group jokes. So stf needs Shaverism, Flying Saucers, Dianetics and Psionics and their ilk, if only as subjects for cartoons, jokes and esoteric references. But besides this small usefulness, the nut-cults do sort of help keep things lively. And they may have some values of their own; I can't think of any for Shaverism, but nearly everyone will at least admit the existance of 'Flying Saucers' if nothing else about them. I don't understand Dianetics/Scientology well enough to be able to criticise it, but it seemsto have some aspects worthy of consideration; as for Psionics, as with Flying Saucers, only a very tight-minded person can absolutely deny everything connected with the subject.

As for editorial influence, that lends a touch of personality to the magaznies. Of course, in some cases this can be overdone, most notably in ANALOG, where the stories have been described as all being "by John W. Campbell as told to..." A number of times in the last couple of years I have seen stories published that have had absolutely nothing of literary value to reccommend them, but which were apparently published on the strength of a Psi plot-gimmik, usually dragged in by the figurative hair at the plot climax. On the other hand, as JWC has said, stf needs a new gimmik, and maybe psi is the Coming Thing. Of course, just because he was right about the Atom Bomb doesn't mean he can do it again.

But as for the good side... How many potential fen, or even just readers, have been lost to the field permanently because their first contact happened to strike somekind of a nut? (maybe not so many; if they had the potential, they would've tried a second contact) And look at the record -- F&SF has garnered more Hugos, I think, than the rest of the prozines put together (or very nearly). And I have been unable to detect any editorial personality in this magazine. The Kindly Editor restricts himself to occasional footnotes to Ike Asimov's column and brief, impersonal notes heading stories or announcing the coming issue or whathaveyou, all without a

bit of assertion of a definite personality. Now, I hope you don't expect me to draw a conclusion from this -- the preceding page was stencilled some two and a half months ago, and if I was actually building to a point, I have long forgotten it. Neither have I yet seen the 2nd IPSO -- it hasn't been forwarded to my summer hermitage. So we shall devote this stencil to comments on the first.

Format-wise, too much fuss was made over having black ink and white paper; 7 of the 18 contributors used either colored ink or colored paper. But I will agree that the 8th person, who used ditto, ought to go to mimeo. Also, tho the editors remembered to include a list of contents of the mailing they forgot to list the membership. I hope to see this corrected in the second mailing,

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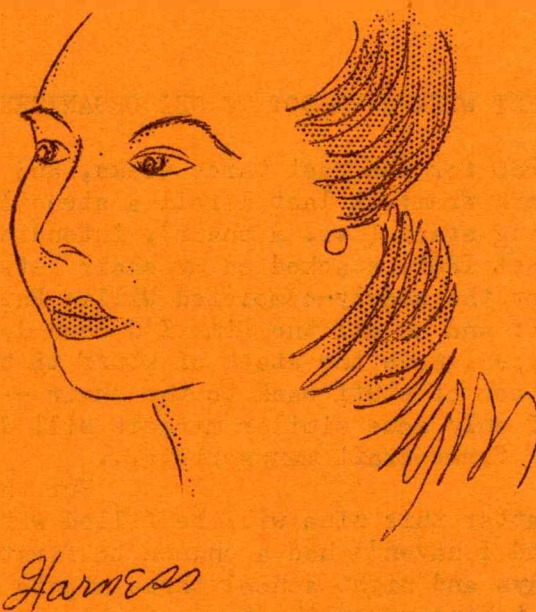
I'm afraid I'll have to disagree with Bill Donahoe on one point, that apas are less ingroup than genfandom. He's right that it takes only a few mailings to get into the swing of a given apa while it takes many issues of a genzine to really dig all of fandom. Mightn't this be because by the time one gets into an apa he already understands fandom? Taking for study a recent CULTzine I published, I find 45 esotericism, of which 17 would be understandable to a fan who know nothing of the Cult and 23 demanded some knowledge of the functionings of the group. // However, Bill it pleases me to see you throwing your weight behind the pro-MC group; I agree with you whole-heartedly that they are a prime method of communication for them as can handle them.

Not to cut the rest of you dead, but between the general antipathy for Mailing Comments of the type which go over so well in SAPS and the fact that most of the contributors to IPSO #1 filled their four pages without actually saying anything, I have no more comments to make.

 "First Draft"? All it means to me is 1917.

What I should have said, Lo! these many months ago, was that I had no more comments to make at that time. Because I completed that last paragraph about the end of July, and since then I have jetted to California from Ohio, attended the SeaCon, where I met such noatables as Robert A. Heinlein, Ella Parker and Wrai Ballard (lots of other people too, but those were the most notable ones I met for the first time), returned to Southern California and enrolled in San Diego State College as a Radio-Television major.

I shall not bore you with lengthy tales of how I have taken the department by storm, been given the job of Audio Engineer for three TV shows a week, and accepted (albeit hesitantly) the positions of Monday-Tuesday announcer/engineer for the late shift on the campus FM station and Public Relations Director (with a staff of ten lower-division students) for KEBS, the same station. Suffice it to say that I am as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper-hanger, and am having an absolute ball. My fanac is slipping a bit but I can keep up the important things -- SAPS, The Cult, IPSO, FAPA, N'APA, and I PALANTIR and GIMBLE. (In case you're interested, G#3 will be out in a month or so.)



Now that we are brought more or less up to date with the assigned topic heading for this mailing, let's pause and see if we have anything to say about the last one. I see we have a roster now, as well as an editorial section. And, heaven defend us, a waiting list!

RON ELLIK: Of late (the last couple of months) I have been doing a lot of work on ouiji boards, under the tutelage of a friend who is up on all the aspects of spiritualism. I have been introduced to my guide, a 15th Century Italian who calls himself Ritom, and have met the guides of various others who have joined us on the planchette from time to time. Advice transmitted has been of a largely spiritual nature; one person is told to Pray, another is admonished to Be Kind. Only in one case was there a departure from this. In the middle of a session one evening, a powerful but erratic "fist" took over (I use the term "fist" from ham slang; experienced hams can recognise someone on the air by the way he sends Morse Code, and we find that the Ouiji contacts differ in their styles. One, a girl from Mu, is quite flourishey and swirley; another, a 14th Century man from Brittany, has a simple straight back-and-forth motion; and other contacts have their own styles). It identified itself as Dynaz, from Egypt of the first Dynasty, and had specific orders for one of us. This person was to get a small idol of Set, the Egyptian god of evil -- not just any idol, but a specific one, into which the spirit of Set had been somehow infused -- and destroy it, in a manner which we would find described in a certain history book. The location of the statue was given, along with a description, and the order was reiterated that it must be destroyed according to this ritual. Contact was lost as suddenly as it had been established. This matter is still up in the air, as the contact took place only about a month ago, and has not been re-established. (I add: we found the book and information on Set's destruction.)

SCHULTZ: I found your stream-of-consciousness narrative on loneliness extremely interesting and fascinatingly written. I would seriously suggest that it might be submitted to any of the Serious Little Magazines, some of whom pay money for such things -- you can find addresses and rates in Writer's Guide -- ask the local library about it.

WARNER: I will admit to being as much a traditionalist as everyone else when it came to grotching about ASF's rescent name change; but I will also admit to feeling just a little less embarassed asking a clerk for a copy of ANALOG than I did asking for ASTOUNDING. ## You aren't the only fan who missed seeing PSYCHO; I missed it. As for Disney films being O-U-T, I will not only admit to enjoying THE PARENT TRAP (despite several negative points; I particularly enjoyed the scene where the entire population of a girl's camp is tramping thru the woods whistling the Colonel Bogey March... I know the words.), I will even admit one very nice sequence in Jerry Lewis's latest -- LADIES' MAN. In one scene we are introduced to one of the residents of a girls' boarding house -- a real modern witch, of the type described by Seabrook and van Dreuten in the only two works I know of on modern witchcraft. And she is just thrown away, has no place in the plot, and no reason for being included in the picture.

PARKER: It was very enjoyable, meeting you this fall, both in LA and again at the SeaCon. If I'd known you were so tired of your job in London, I would have suggested you consider emmigration; I have a pen-pal who works as a secretary for a London firm, and for the last six months or so she's been talking about making the big move to the states with a friend. She might be a potentially fannish type; Bruce Pelz and I have established four-way communication between ourselves and the two girls, and we gave them your address as spiritual leader of London Fandom, but at last reports nothing had been done to establish contact. If you or any LonFen would like to try to establish contact, the address is Pat Franklin, 29 Evelena Mansions, New Church Road, Camberwell, London SE5. She's 21, blonde, blue-eyed, 5'2", intelligent, and cute.

And now, at last, to the subject; given a one-shot, one-way trip to any where/when in history (I presume this rules out the future), where/when would you go, why, and what would you do?

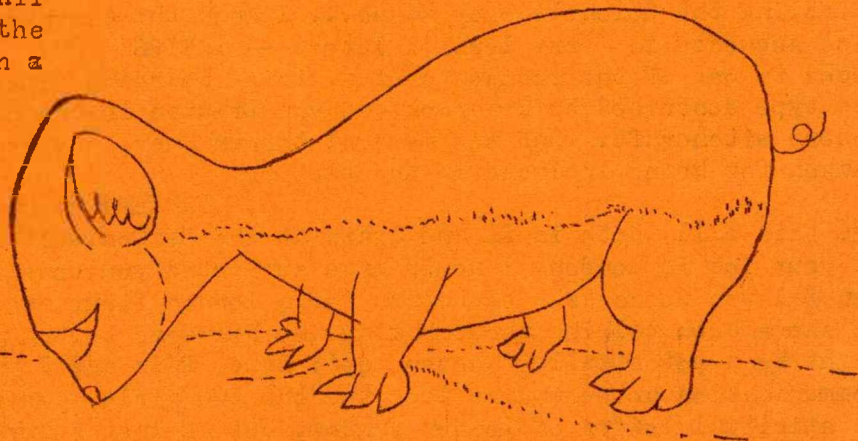
Well, my vest pocket dictionary lists "history" as a "systematic account of events", which doesn't help much. If you have a two-way machine, my first choice would be the future -- say, about a thousand years from now. I could probably get along there in the approved way, by being a source of historical data for the antiquarians of the period. The "where" part of the question doesn't matter so much, assuming the ease of transportation that should be available in a thousand years -- barring unforeseen circumstances like the destruction of civilisation-as-we-know-it. What would I do? I'd just look around; read their histories to find out what had happened in the intervening millenium; and I might even dig up another time machine (in a thousand years they might have them) and hop another millennium forward. Why? Curiosity. Ben Franklin said, shortly before his death, that his greatest wish was that somebody could wake him up once a century to tell him how things were progressing.

Barring the future, tho, I might head back to 11th Century England and nose around; given enough advance warning, I could bone up on the period and get in on some of the winning sides; and there's always the attraction of the Connecticut Yankee idea. But life was pretty rough in those days, and the average life expectancy, while normally fairly short, was usually made shorter by large, quick-tempered men with ready swords.

Finally, and, I suppose most practically, there is the attraction of London in the last half of the 19th Century. Though it has doubtless been romanticised, those days of glitter and gas-light, of dignity and decency, and gracious living still hold a glow of peace. Bruce Pelz, in conversations on the subject, has declared this period his choice, adding the specific goal of getting in to prevent the split between Gilbert and Sullivan. And I consider this a thoroughly worthwhile endeavour. A fast study would enable one to memorise all the Derby winners; a small amount of cash could be raised in a shop and multiplied; contact with Gilbert and Sullivan could be established by simply demonstrating that you knew the operas they were just beginning to plan; from there on it would be easy.

And there is always the temptation to kill Hitler while he is an art student in Vienna; to juggle the figures in the Russian Revolution; to play God with the history of the world. But my first choice would be the future. I could die happily, knowing the End Of All Things. I could never grok the entirety of existance, but in a long long look, from a great distance, maybe for a moment I could venture a guess ... was it all worth it?

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PRELUDE IN A MINOR KEY

This is the first contribution to IPSO FACTO by new member number 34; Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 158, Rochester, Texas, USA.

I am not quite vain enough to suppose that everyone in fandom, or even everyone in IPSO FACTO, must necessarily know me; and furthermore I have not yet seen a completed copy of the roster of IPSO. However, the facts are; I have been a member of fandom for fifteen years, a member of FAPA for twelve, and a selling professional s-f writer for eight. Lengthy introductions, then, might tend to take up space with mere vain repetitions-- which I leave to the "heathen". Briefly, then; I am female, 31 years old, married, one son David, (neofan) and three typewriters, Unfailing Underwood, ancient Woodstock, beat-up Remington. For those of you lucky enough never to bump into me at the few conventions I've attended, the words "small, chunky, nonstop chatterer, long blonde hair" will convey nothing. To the majority of fandom, I am an irascible writer on pink or green masterweave with illustrations by Kerry and a bad habit of getting parentheses within parentheses.

The invitation to join IPSO could not possibly have come at a worse time. Just this last week, I have enrolled in classes, 3 days a week, at Hardin-Simmons University. Furthermore, during the past summer, I signed contracts for two novels whose deadlines were respectively September 15th and October 17th, thus jamming up the works to coincide with entrance to college; and as if this were not enough, please remember, all you tunnel-dwelling Englishmen (Daphne at least will understand me) that attending University courses, for me, is not a simple little matter of walking across a quadrangle or cycling across town, or even of taking a commuter's bus morning and night. In order to meet my classes properly without neglecting husband and son I rise at five and drive 70 miles to Abilene; and when my five classes for the day are over, I drive 70 miles home again to a little grey home in the West of Rochester. Three days weekly.

Nevertheless, such as I am, here I am. And until I reach that happy point where, Bachelor of Arts degree firmly tucked in my ample hip pocket, (or do I mean the pocket of my ample hip?) I return to being a full-time housewife, writer and cat-kicker, I trust you multiapan Publishing Giants will bear with me. We will see if minimum activity can represent, nevertheless, the optimum of creativity and the minimum of apologetic nattering.

SCHERZO IN THE STRINGS
(PROGRAM MUSIC)

For me, the matter of joining an apa is always tied up with a particularly pressing problem; choosing a representative title to which that apa will have exclusive rights and privileges.

The first apa to which I ever belonged was Saps; long ago, that was, back in its earliest mailings. Not the first mailing, but speedily thereafter. At that time, the membership thought it oh so clever to give their sapszines titles which reflected the sap element -- in fact there was an element of defensiveness, naming the organization SAPS rather than SAPA, though I forget whether it was Lloyd Alpaugh (Ghod) or Joe Kennedy (JoKe) who wrote, back in that first mailing I saw, "after all, the members of FAPA are going to refer to 'that sappy little apa'..." and the first few mailings were crowded with HOMO SAP, SAPLING, SAPIENT, and such proofs that youngfans anticipate criticism. There was only 1 issue of SAP-ORIFIC: produced by my old hecto, it must be the rarest item of Bradleyiana in existence. My own copy has long vanished and I have a standing offer of a dollar to anyone who will find, and copy off for me, the poems--ONLY the poems -- from it.

I left SAPS when I joined FAPA, and I have been a member ever since. At first I used my genzine title, ASTRA'S TOWER, in FAPA but when I decided to abandon scrappy belles-lettres, I searched for a new, expressive title. At first I hit upon GEMINI; but it didn't quite suit, though Gemini, the sign of the Twins, is my birth-sign and reflects my "mercurial" personality. A happy inspiration gave me the title, DAY*STAR (from the Thomas Moore and old-Gaelic song 'Silent, O Moyle') which, with some minor hiatus, I have used ever since.

Not exclusively. Rick Sneary asked me, not long ago, why I used so many fanzine titles in FAPA. In general, though, Day*Star is my general, personalized fanzine. When I print random accumulations of matter by many contributors, I call the result "Anything Box" from a story by Zenna Henderson, whom I greatly admire. And after a brief spell of using "Bundle-stiff" as a vehicle for my mailing-comment-type essays, I chose "Catch Trap" for FAPA mailing comments; derived, of course, from the catchers trapeze in a circus flying-return act; a good simile, I think, for the swing-and-return of repartee which keeps discussion in midair.

The title used by me in my very brief membership in the N'apa -- some three mailings -- was also a circus-derived title; PICTURE TRICK, defined as a simple (trapeze) maneuver, neither complex or difficult but attractive when performed by a woman. I cogitated reviving this title for IPSO.

I also considered reviving --or at least narrowing down--another title I like and have used; ASTRA'S TOWER. To those few who are familiar with my Al-Merdin mythos, you will know that Astra--in addition to being my own fannish nickname in past years-----was an ancient and wise sorceress dwelling in the Tower of Silence, outside the Lost City of Carcosa. "Astra's Tower" therefore would be a sort of ivory-tower from which came my personalized & gathered tidbits of wisdom. It's an ideal title for a personal individzine. But, unfortunately, of recent years I have used the ASTRA'S TOWER title for a series of leaflets of special material

of one sort and another. A leaflet of my poems. A checklist of homosexual novels. A lengthy essay on the Tolkien books was issued, and copyrighted, under that covering title.

Two other titles were considered, and rejected, by me. Reflecting my passionate interest in the Tolkien books, the title ANDURIL--elvish for Flame of the West, and the name of Aragorn's sword--seemed to reflect an interest and also my geographic location. I have, however, committed myself to use that title for a general fanzine (announcement. The first issue may be ready over the X-mas holidays; material by Ruth Berman, Rick Sneary, Ted White, MZBradley, Paul Zimmer and so forth. Tolkien fans please note; nonTolkien fans, please stay away in droves, since it is not a general fanzine!) I considered and rejected, for similar reasons---that it reflected one interest, but not me - MALLORN; the flowering of a golden tree in a golden wood.

My ultimate choice represents, then, a compromise. DARKOVER, as those who are familiar with my longer fiction know, is a planet circling a red star located in a gratifyingly vague situation, somewhere in the constellation of Centaurus. It is called the weak link in the chain of the Terran Empire, for it is a planet of rebellion; a planet of sorcery; a planet where science and all the resources of Spaceforce meet their stalemate. Darkover is where the irresistible force literally meets the immovable object, and the conflict produced some fiction that was, at the least, fun to write. From Darkover, then, comes a new and alien fanzine to fit into the chain of IPSO FACTO. We will see.....

MAIN THEME AND ADAGIO

All this, of course, is mere prefatory to a discussion of the stated subject for this issue; Time-travel.

I believe the subject was brought up once in FAPA, falling to the earth with a dull thunk when the members failed to do much discussion. "Where would you go, if you could take a one-way trip to any epoch in time? No gadgets, no reference books, just you. Would you? Where and to what period? Why? And how would you take over the world?"

It's a bad choice of subject for a woman, since rarely, and in relatively limited periods, have women --except, perhaps, high-level, high-ranking dynastic queens-- been given liberty, free movement and status. So, given that this is fantasy, a second premise must be asked; must we go as ourselves, or can we help ourselves, at no extra charge, to a sex and physique which will allow us at least a minor chance of achieving? If not, and if I must go physically as myself, I think I'll stay home. I have extremely poor eyesight; no gadgets means leaving my glasses in 1961, condemning me to the extra handicap of one not blind but definitely substandard. If I must go, (if I fall, for instance,

into a timewarp trap, or into the hands of a mad scientist anxious to test his device at all costs --- I reluctantly concede; a, it makes little difference to me where I go, since my only hope of survival would be to fall into the hands of a man who would safeguard me against the society, and b; my only stipulations in that case would be against the societies which regarded women as literal chattels....the middle ages, or certain feudal societies.

Given, however, acceptable eyesight, I would choose one of those few societies in which a woman, without born rank or birth, could achieve status on her own. The primitive world is out; although many such societies were matriarchal, their hierarchies depended, all too often, on being born and properly inducted into some very specific ritual status. The wanderer and the stranger were, by definition, slaves and bondsmen. Greece is also, reluctantly, consigned to the discard because of their status where women were lesser by definition. I will modify that. I am not beautiful, enough, perhaps, to attract a powerful protector; although, with knowledge and intelligence, I might attract a sensible man; and since, in general, I am a home-loving person, I would be content to retire behind the enclosing walls of the gynaikeion, provided I had had no choice in coming and no purpose to achieve. Men in all ages, whatever the social pattern, even one which disparages the female intelligence, are usually grateful for a domestic and comfortable wife. I'd survive. The Roman world would be a little better; although there again the caste system and birth determined privileges and the stranger and wanderer are low-rated. I suppose, all things considered, the later days of the Roman Empire, when the city was thronged with foreigners of all nations, would be a good choice; your religion made little difference, unless it was a subversive one like Christianity which refused to worship the Emperor and serve in the Legions. So that my lack of a totem of birth would not place me under any great handicap.

What would I do? That is remarkably simple. I am a well-trained and quite skilful practical nurse; not a professional, but I am well-qualified in handling the sick, and I know a good bit of practical nursing/medical care. I'd set up as a midwife or wise-woman, and quickly build up my practice by "inventing" reliable and workable contraceptives. I have no ambitions to be famous or powerful, but I have a feeling that by this means I would quickly guarantee myself a means of life. That once assured, I would try to anticipate the work of the biologists who discovered penicillin, and thus wipe out a few of the great scourges and causes of infant deaths in past centuries; this might create a new attitude to population, preventive medicine, religious control of sex, and I think, by the time 1961 reappeared and I "came round" again, by reincarnation or what have you, I would find a simpler and happier world to live in.

I think I would find it all the simpler because I am, in addition to other things, a skillful hypnotist. Hypnosis can serve, as a

not inconsiderable number of medical men have discovered, can be at need an acceptable substitute for anesthesia. With this, I'd have at my command at least one of the boons which have made (on the whole) men put up with the arrogance, etc, of doctors. If I only managed to keep the owner of a whacking toothache from a painful session with the tooth-drawer's pliers, I'd be famous.

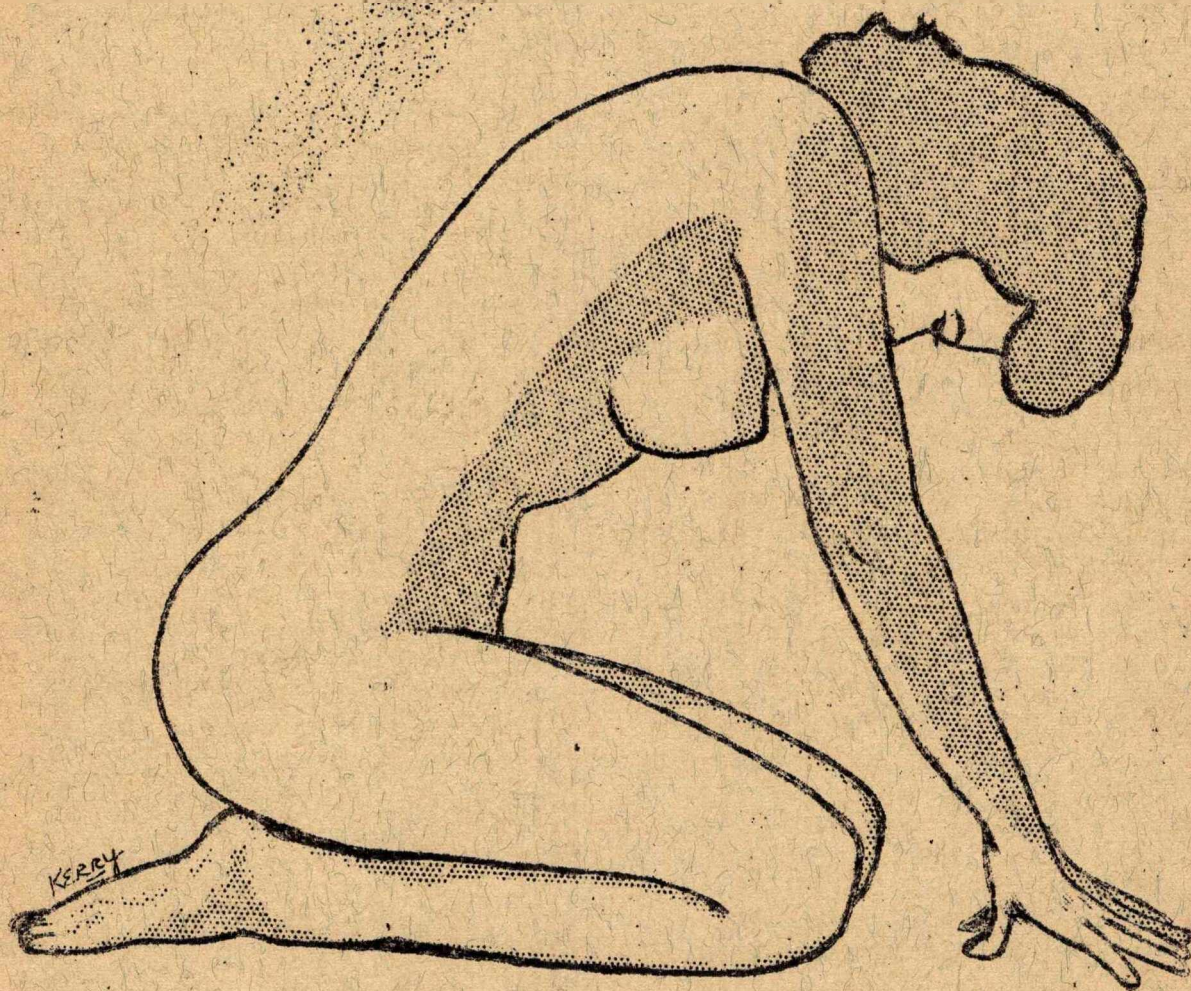
Now there arises the main point of paradox in time-travel, and one which, in general, has been ignored by creators of worlds-of-if. Briefly and in the main, it is this; prior to the discovery of penicillin (long before its medical use) did the fungus now known as penicillium exist?

We have all been taking it for granted. But when you start examining, and granting time-travel on a personal basis you MUST look at the universe in a time-centred form; we must examine the distinct physical (or meta-physical) possibility that before 1925 or whenever it was, the fungus now called penicillium did not and could not exist anywhere on this planet. That prior to the days of Leeuwenhoek, no one had ever ground lenses into the microscope, and would have failed if they had tried, simply because prior to that intersecting point in time where a Dutchman looked through a certain lens, the properties of light were not such as to be properly refracted on a crude microscope stage. We must even seriously examine the possibility that a cure, let us say, for polio has not yet been discovered simply because the process of evolution has not yet evolved a substance capable of destroying that virus without harming the host, while the disease is in progress; that prior to its first use by the indios of the Andes, all the cinchona decoctions in the world would have had no effect on the malarial parasite, because prior to that point in time, a certain antimalarial effect had not evolved into the chemical. I know that certain old remedies-- rauwolfia is the commonest example--- are now being rediscovered. May we not assume in logic-- in fact, MUST we not assume-- that the peculiar fourth dimension assigned to all objects, TIME, specifies its use as much as its spatial displacement and chemical properties? If I made this time-travel trip, then, and discovered myself unable to recapture that work, I would conclude (barring, of course, mechanical failures and lack of proper knowledge of biology) that at this particular point in time, the fungus penicillium had no such virtue; it would be interesting to know.

Why, you ask, do I choose necessarily the ancient world, and not the Renaissance, where I would have the benefit of metals, instruments and some awareness of scientific method? That's very simple; I don't want to be burned as a witch, and until about 1750, that possibility distinctly exists.

And by the time the dangers of the Spanish Inquisition ---not to mention the analogous societies in other countries---were out of my way, the world had jelled already into the motion of time which brought it irrevocably and without pause to today and

the worst scourges of our civilization; nationalism, religious sociologic hypocrisy of morals, and such items as fallout and TV. I would like to try the effect of modern physical medicine on a society not yet committed to those things which the scourges of infant deaths, with its consequent emphasis on over-procreation, forced upon a society of hunger and made it ripe for Christianity and its various non-religious promises.



CODA AND FINALE

The last few words of this essay were typed on a stencil which Kerry had already illustrated for me. The rest is silence.

Or, since I insist on having a name for all my publications, this is Pharaoh #1, and Pyramid Press Production #2. This is intended for the third mailing of the International Publisher's Speculative Organization. Written and published by Lenny Kaye, 418 Hobart Rd., No. Brunswick, N.J., U. S. Of A. And we press onward.

I note that to go back in time this mailing, I am not allowed to use my handy-dandy portable Time Machine. I suppose I have to find another means of transportation. I will have to get someone to summon me up a time warp or something. Let's see now....put one pentagram in the center of a circular floor. In the pentagram inscribe a circle. Throw some magic powder in the circle and say...."From the land, beyond, beyond. From a world past hope and fear, I bid you Merlin, now appear!" (Borrowed from The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad.) A flash of smoke and a cloud of dust....Boom!

This aforementioned time warp comes in the form of a flash of lightning, so naturally, I have to summon it in the proper way, a la Dick Lupoff... SHAZAM! Magic lightning rains down and transforms Billy Batson into Captain Marvel! Oh, rot, wrong story. Anyway, I am spun into the fourth dimension....whooosshhh.....

Then, the dimension whirled to a stop, let me off and continued on it's way. I looked around and took note of my surroundings. They didn't surprise me, of course. I knew where I had wanted to go. You guessed it. Ancient Egypt. What period??? At the height of it's cultural glory.

And now the question comes out. Why???? Well, many of you know I am fascinated by ancient Egypt. Witness the Egyptian theme of my genzine, OBELISK, or even the name of this publication.

Egypt must appeal in part to the Fantasy Devotee in me. The first in that line which comes to mind is, of course, the Mummy films... Trail of the Mummy, Revenge of the mummy, The Mummy's hand, Return of the Mummy, ~~I / want / to / see / it / etc. etc.~~ ad nauseum.

Talbot Mundy and H. Rider Haggard each wrote novels about Ancient Egypt, and Haggard's CLEOPATRA stands out in my mind as a sterling example of that.

And, of course, who hasn't read tons of stories about the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and other's of that type. They literally abound in fantasy fiction. You know the kind. Intrepid archaeology professor enters an Egyptian tomb, and sees a curse on the wall which bars the entrance to the lost treasure of King Tut-Ankh-ekem. Our hero decides to forget about it...maybe he's a superstitious old geezer, but he doesn't want to risk the dead pharaoh's wrath. His evil assistant, tho, flaunts the curse and ends up dying in the end. Same old garbage each time with different names and places. Loads of fun, tho.

Okay, forget for a moment the Fantasy aspects of Egypt, and enter into more mundane matters. For a scientist, the wealth of ancient Egypt would be literally staggering. The Egyptian's wealth of knowledge far outclassed ours in comparison with the tools they had to work

WITH. (Oh, drek, I forgot to take off the capital shift, so please bear with that cap With)

And a mortician...hell, he would love to know the secrets of the Egyptians' burial methods.

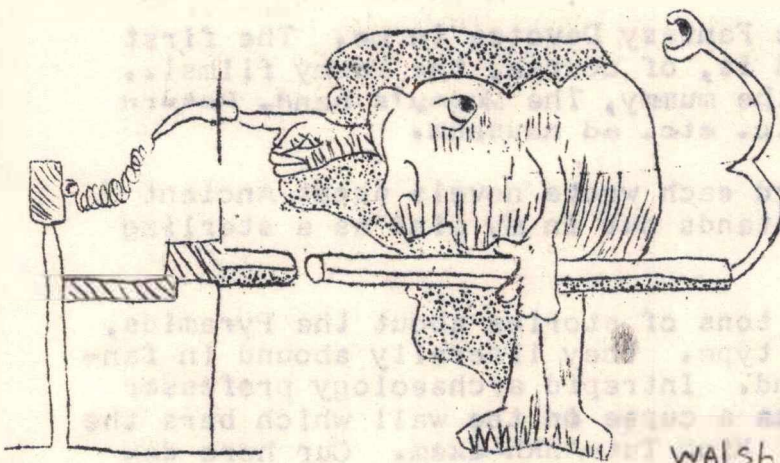
Let us live a life of goodness and follow our religion etc., but try to compare it with the Egyptian's religion. Doesn't it seem dry and drab???? The cat was a very important part in Egyptian religion. The reason is obvious. The cat is, without a doubt, the most mysterious of animals. Those wierd, haunting eyes seem to pierce right into you. That soft purr seems to be masking something incredibly vast, and she seems to know some wisdom that was lost to mankind thousands upon thousands of years ago.

Egyptian art was, in a sense, gorgeous. A sort of graceful beauty belongs to it, unmatched by any other art form. Oh, you may argue that it doesn't move, and it's lifeless. But it's the opposite extreme from the type of modern art that is so popular nowadays.

And of course, Egyptian women are supposed to be good looking... take Cleopatra, f'rinstance...heh-heh-heh....

Now, I percieve that the next question is how I would go about taking over the world. Well, the world at that time consisted of Egypt, plus plenty of barbarians. The Grecians were still in their infancy, and Rome was a bunch of savages.

So naturally, my plan of action would be to take over Egypt, than concentrate on the rest of the world. Correct???? I hope so. This is dangerous, y'know. I could pay with my life. Ulp.



Egypt is governed by a ~~king~~ uh, Pharoah. He was like a king (in other words, his title was handed down by birth.) Most of the people in Egypt were illiterate. Therefore, they were very suces...successp...oh, drat...I can't spell that word. Here it is. Suceptible. If that's not right, I throw in the towel. Any-

way, most of the people in Egypt, being illiterate, were suceptible to suggestions. Naturally, you might think that the only course left open would be to kill the pharoah, jump on the platform and tell the people their pharoah was corrupt and that I killed him for the good of the people...of course they'd cheer etc. etc. Only that leaves out one thing. His high priests. They could make things pretty tough for me in office. So I have to decide on a new plan, one that is foolproof and yet will net me everything I want. You ready???? Here 'Tis.....

No, better yet. To fulfill the activity requirement, I have to go 2 more pages, and just to detail it would leave me with a page to fill. So I'll put it in the form of a story. I'll call it...

The Case of the Decadent Pharaoh

It was night around the waterfront. My mind went back to the day when THE Boss, Ted Forsyth was his name, head of IPSO, Interplanetary Smugglers Organization, called me into his office. "Kaye," he says to me, "Have a seat." I sit down.

"I got a tough project for you to do."

"Good," I says, "but make it snappy. I got a deadline to make."

"What kind of deadline."

"A SAPS deadline. You know. The Society for the Prevention of Smuggling. I gotta write an article for their official mag, the Spectacle, or sumpin."

"An article! For a group that's out to get us??? Why???"

"I gotta make 'em see the good of smuglin', you donkey."

"Well, let it ride for the time being. I got an assignment for you. A group of...shall we say, consumers, wants a headress of Cleopatra's."

"Well, goody, goody for them. Where do I come in?"

"You take our time machine and go back to Ancient Egypt and get one."

"Righto, governor" I says, shaking his hand. Than I walked out.

I hopped in the machine, revved the motor and landed in Ancient Egypt. Aha, you thought I wuz gonna say landed safely. Hell, no. I cracked up against one of those goddamn pyramids.

So, seeing as how I'm stranded here, I got me a wild idea. Take over this place! Sure, wit me superior intellect and sharp wit, I could take over this place in no time flat. So, what was I waitin' for.

I disguised myself as a priest from a foreign land, using my language-translator to unnerstand ancient Egyptian. I walked over to the head priest and said, with the help of my translator, "Oh, most high one. I am a priest from a foreign land. Wouldst thou do me the pleasure of letting me stay at your court to learn of your customs???" It worked like a charm. I was in.

Meanwhile, I had been gathering raw materials. My plan was to make a poison so that the king and his priests would die. I would say that I had become immune to that there poison in my land.

I collected a little bit o' root here, some more there, and still some more there. I crushed them together into a fine powder, and one night at a fine banquet, I placed it in their food.

It worked beautifully. They were all dead in five minutes.

My little speech worked also, and since the king didn't have a son, they chose the only one left and made me king.

There you have it. How I'd take over the world in Ancient Egypt. With the vast might of the Egyptian army behind me, it would be an easy task.

Hmph, I guess I'm still left with a page to fill up. Ah, well, may as well start with two time travel puzzles which have intrigued me ever since I first entered ghoulia, or fandom, if you will.

If a man were to go back in time and kill his grandfather, he will cease to exist, correct??? Than if he doesn't exist, how could he kill his grandfather???

Answers on that one have ranged to "Time travel's impossible," to "You cannot change the past because it's already there."

this one...

Or how about

If you were to go forward in time, and secure a newspaper, from say, tomorrow, and you would change whatever events happened in that paper, would you change the paper??? Because if you did, than you would have gotten the changed paper. Have fun.

And did it ever occur to you folks that perhaps when you go the speed of sound you could break the time barrier????? Or even Superman's way of breaking the time barrier by going at super-speed around the earth, directly opposite the rotation???

And have any of you given thought to what kind of shape would be best for breaking the time barrier??? Phil Harrell thinks it's an egg-shaped contraption, I personally think it should be very streamlined.

Or the size, big or small??? I think it's small.

And perhaps a proper ending for the story above would be:

"Now you people ask me what I do in my spare time besides countin' money...and conquerin' the dumb savages. Why I think of the time I was working over an IPSO mailing, of course...."

((ilics thish by Mike Walsh)) See you next time.....

