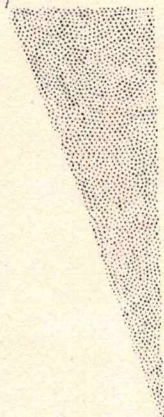


IPSO
FACTO



#4

IPSO FACTO

fourth mailing January 1962

CONTENTS

Set subject : The Works of Robert A Heinlein

IPSO JURE

Membership Roster

Sub-assembly

Ted Forsyth

<u>Mem.No.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>pp</u>
3	Berry	4
5	Breen	8
7	Burn	4
8	Busby	6
10	Donaho	6
16	Lichtman	4
18	Locke	6
22	Patrizio	4
23	Pelz	6
27	Schultz	4
28	Warner	6
29	Johnstone	4
30	Meskys	10
31	Parker	4
32	Harness	4

Front cover by ATom

DEADLINE FOR FIFTH MAILING : 21st April 1962

IPSO FACTO was compiled for the fourth 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.
- 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:

ROSTER

<u>No.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Address</u>
3	John Berry	31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, N. Ireland
5	Walter Breen	2402 Grove Street, Berkeley 4, California, USA
7	Bruce Burn	c/o Williams, 31 Hounslow Ave., Hounslow, Middlesex, Eng.
8	F.M. Busby	2852 14th West, Seattle 99, Washington, USA
10	Bill Donaho	1441 8th Street, Berkeley 10, California, USA
12	Ted Forsyth	11 Ferndale Road, London SW4, England
16	Bob Lichtman	6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California, USA
17	Ethel Lindsay	Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England
18	George Locke	24 Field Ambulance, RAMC, BFPO 10
19	Norm Metcalf	Box 336, Berkeley 1, California, USA
20	Len Moffatt	10202 Belcher, Downey, California, USA
22	Joe Patrizio	Flat 5, 11 Grosvenor Road, Watford, Herts., England
23	Bruce Pelz	738 S. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, California, USA
24	Art Rapp	Apt. 4, 4400 Sunrise Ave., El Paso, Texas, USA
27	Dick Schultz	19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan, USA
28	Harry Warner	423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland, USA
29	Ted Johnstone	5337 Remington Road, #231-2, San Diego 15, California, USA
30	Ed Meskys	723A 45th Street, Brooklyn 20, New York, USA
31	Ella Parker	151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London NW6, England
32	Jack Harness	222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, California, USA
34	Marion Z Bradley	Box 158, Rochester, Texas, USA*
35	Lenny Kaye	418 Hobart Road, North Brunswick, USA*

* publication required in mailing 5 for retention of membership.

HONORARY MEMBER: Copyright Receipt Office, British Museum, London WC1, England

SUBSCRIBERS: (mailings 1 - 4)

Chris Miller 101 Maney Hill Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, England
 Betty Kujawa 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana, USA
 Don Fitch 3908 Frijo, Covina, California, USA
 Fred Patten 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43, California, USA
 Alan J Lewis 338-873 FNET, USCGG Spencer (WPG 36), Staten Island, N.Y., USA

TREASURY

INCOME

B/FWD.

11-16-8 $\frac{1}{2}$

EXPENDITURE (mailing 3)

Stencils 4 @ 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d	3- 2
Paper	6-10
Postage	12- 8
2 reams paper @ 11/6d	1- 3- 0
Balance C/FWD.	9-11- 0 $\frac{1}{2}$

11-16-8 $\frac{1}{2}$

11-16- 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

SUB - ASSEMBLY

Ted Forsyth

Exeunt Kemp, Rispin, Elik and Ryan. Enter...oops...re-enter Harness, resplendent in the disguise of a contributor. Bill Donaho already had sufficient activity in the first three mailings, and has this time submitted an article by Al haLevy. Provided activity requirements have been satisfied by the member concerned, outside contributions will be accepted in his name, with the limits of four and ten pages as for normal material. All members, except Bradley and Kaye, owe dues for the coming year...\$1 each, with the exception of Harry Warner, who has credit of approximately \$0.35. \$1 notes are preferable to cheques. Any of our five subscribers can continue to receive the mailings by sending \$3 (£1) for the next four mailings, or can send credentials for membership. Bradley and Kaye need material in the fifth mailing. I hope no one will be too much influenced by John Berry's page about TAFF candidates - I've been assured by others who know more about it than I, that the article is misleading. Deadline for the fifth mailing is being put back to 28th April 1962 since it would otherwise arrive just before the British Convention. The Suggestion Committee are proposing to have two standing subjects each year, plus four set subjects. For this year the standing subjects are

1. Five years in the marmalade. If you had to spend five years in a fantasy world where would you go, and why?
2. Publicity schemes. Suppose John W Campbell decided to revive Unknown Worlds and engaged you, with a fairly flexible budget, to make it so famous that people would mob the newsdealers' stands when the first issue appeared. What fiendish scheme could your fine fannish mind cook up for the purpose?

Set subject for mailing 5 : Sex in Science Fiction

What is the place of sex in science fiction? Merely to be dragged in in order to sell a Beacon book? Where is the borderline, then, between sex tossed in to make the more moronic drool, and sex as an essential part of the story?

Need the sex in SF be of a bizarre (or at least alien) nature, or could the description of normal sexual relations still be a legitimate part of an SF story, whatever its main theme?

Is the biological aspect more acceptable (as in Farmer's slashing of the Conception Spot with a scalpel blade) than the sociological, which in SF could come up with a situation making it necessary for a form of homosexuality to be carried out in order that normal heterosexual reproduction be achieved?

Should such themes be denied to science fiction when they are accepted, four-letter words and all, in mainstream fiction?

The Suggestion Committee proposes that 'mailing comments' and allied material be inadmissible as part of a members contribution. Mailing comments will be sent to a 'forum' editor, who will edit and publish such material in a special section at the end of the magazine. There will be no page credit for these letters. Publishing expenses will come out of IPSO funds. This will be operative from the sixth mailing and it will be expected that activity requirements be in the form of essays as was originally suggested.

All comments on the above proposal should be sent to Forsyth before the deadline for the fifth mailing.

MOTLEY # 3.

HEINLEIN & NATTER

I never was a prolific science fiction reader, but this last couple of years or so I've completely ignored it, except for STARSHIP TROOPERS, which I consider, without reservation, to be an exciting, in fact, an inspiring work. I read Heinlein stories years ago, but I didn't delve deeply into the inner meanings, if such existed, and therefore I am certainly not fit person to spend five or six full-size pages discussing the aspect of his writings which is set down as the subject for this mailing.

In other words, I've failed again with the SET SUBJECT. This time, however, I didn't take the easy way out by missing the mailing; I couldn't miss this mailing, otherwise I'd be excommunicated. So these few pages are being filled with natter. I think I've plenty to say, ranging over a wide range...first of all, though, back to Heinlein.

STARSHIP TROOPERS, as I've said, was a magnificent story. Leastways, that's my opinion, and I've read it twice...a thing I've never done before as far as science fiction is concerned. I know that the novel drew a great deal of comment, much of it adverse, and I fail to understand this. I didn't read into it any sadistic philosophy...I read it as pure swash-buckling adventure. I cannot see that Mr. Heinlein's prime motive was to have the novel psycho-analyzed by a mob of sensation-seeking fans.

I have a considerable library of books written by men and women in World War II, commandos, paratroops, spies, etc, and I looked upon STARSHIP TROOPERS being a futuristic development on the theme of war or military operations. It thrilled me in the same way as the war books I've just mentioned. I'd put my war books in the middle, STARSHIP TROOPERS on the right, and the memoirs of an archer in the Battle of Crecy on the left (if such a memoir existed.) I felt that it was sort of in the groove. It affected me considerably...it thrilled and inspired me...I felt that it had a sort of documentary realism.

That's all I have to say about the SET SUBJECT. Sorry.

Re. IPSO # 3 (the October 1961 mailing)...I thought it to be a prime issue...I read all the material avidly, and found it all of compelling interest. I must say that I though Harry Warner's item the best... I suppose this was because I envy his keen musical knowledge...I wish I had it, because I'm taken with so called 'classical music' greatly. Congrats, Harry, on a work which should be a notable inclusion in any pending Fanthology. I was also delighted to note that Lenny Kaye shared my secret ambition to be drafted back to the Ancient Egyptian Era. Good Mhan.

An issue like IPSO #3 is the ideal I had in mind when I first discussed the germ of the idea with George Locke...it's nice to see such a dream coming to fruition.

Thanks one and all....

One of my current pet hobbies is archaeology.

I've written quite a number of POT POURRI's on the subject (that's my SAPSzine) and I don't want to flog the subject here, but I'd like

to make a passing reference to a book by Sir Mortimer Wheeler entitled ARCHAEOLOGY FROM THE EARTH. Sir Mortimer is a witty writer, but my goodness, he has got a weakness for using what are commonly termed 'jaw-breakers'. You all know that my allusion in fanzines some years ago to be semi-illiterate wasn't really an allusion at all (so some of my critics said) but I am a prolific reader, and many of the words Sir Mortimer uses I've never come across before, such as , er, 'desideratum'. So O.K, maybe I am semi-illiterate, but this is my point.

In chapter 16, PUBLICATION AND PUBLICITY, Sir Mortimer attacks scientific writers who try and baffle their readers by using what he terms 'Jargon' or 'Hokum.' He says that a writer should allow his use of big words to be limited.

He cites an example...a United States diplomatic manifesto ...' its stand against unilateral cancellation of contractual relationships and actions of a confiscatory nature'.

Sir Mortimer wishes that writers would try and bring their literary works to such a level that ' they are intelligible to the local bird-scarer.' Then, in the very next sentence, he says ' Then at last you will begin to understand yourself if you have ought to say. Let us not scorn the profanum vulgus.'

I ask you...I warrant there isn't a bird-scarer in the British Isles who knows that 'profanum vulgus' means.

Still on books.

Occasionally, I come across a book or novel which I consider to be outstanding. Such a book was YOU'RE STEPPING ON MY CLOAK AND DAGGER, by Roger Hall, which I've also discussed at length in POT POURRI. Suffice to say that if you want a real good laff, get it.

But I've just read GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, by Col.Robert L.Scott. (My issue in Ballantine, cost 2/6d in Great Britain.)This book was written during World War II. It deals with the adventures of an American aviator from early youth, when he first flew, but primarily it deals with Scott's adventures with the 'Flying Tigers' in China. I must say that in my opinion there is a deal of propaganda in the book. The number of Japanese Scott kills runs into many thousands...he must have been the chap who helped Errol Flynn to clean up Burma. But no doubt it was published during the war to make American hearts swell, and I do say, again without reservation, that, possible propaganda notwithstanding, it is a damn fine book. But the reason I've specifically mentioned it here is that one chapter in the book...one chapter reaches the pinnacle of sheer descriptive writing. It's truly wonderful. Half way through the chapter I knew I was in the midst of a rare literary moment. I went back to the start of that chapter, and read every word once again, but slowly, and suddenly I found myself sitting beside him in the cabin of his P-43A. Truly. I heard a sort of buzzing in my ears...my wife said she spoke to me, but I didn't hear. Chapter 12 it is, entitled TWO MILES ABOVE EVEREST. Scott takes a day off from shooting up the Japs and flies from Assam and ranged far and wide over the Himalayas. I don't want to quote, because it would be a diabolical liberty to take any of the treasured words out of context. But if you do have a mind like mine, or even if you haven't but I've made you curious, I urge you to get GOD IS MY CO-PILOT. Get curled up by yourself and read TWO MILES ABOVE EVEREST. You'll LIVE.....

Music plays a very important part in my life. Since I got my record player early last summer, I've built up quite a reasonable collection of classical lp's. I was lying in bed the other day, and I heard someone outside the house whistling a classical theme...er...what was it, I pondered...er, yep, the third movement of Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony...very tuneful...but I'd made enquiries and learned the hard way that no one in my neighbourhood was

interested in suchlike...so I had to take the great strain and actually get out of bed and see who it was, so that I could make contact...and...it was my own son. A precious moment. I've discovered now that I've sort of brain-washed my children...my daughter is seven and a half years old, and she often hums the theme or some themes from Tannhauser, Rackmaninov's 2nd Piano Concerto, Tchaikovsky's Violin and Piano Concerto's, etc...and when I play my new especial favourite, Brahms Violin Concerto, she is at home with the music, and hums bar after bar. This must be a good thing, I feel. My two children, musically, are at the same stage as I was when I was in my early teens. It is rather nice, when I plug in the record player, for them to request Andante Cantabile by Tchaikovsky rather than Cliff Richard. Of course, I have a sizeable pop collection, mainly to please my wife, and I think recent discs such as HIT THE ROAD, JACK by Ray Charles, and TOWER OF STRENGTH by Gene McDaniels have IT, whatever the mystic IT is, and I must humbly confess that if I was a teenager now I'd have the sideboards and the crepe soles and I'd be creeping round a Juke Box. This I confess.....

Whilst on the subject of music, it has suddenly been brought home to me that I like coloured female singers. It never occurred to me before. But looking through my collection of discs, I notice that without exception that category constitute the 'thrushes.' Aretha Franklin, Ella Fitz, Dinah Washington, Lena Horne, Shirley Bassey....and I always watch for Lucile Mapp on TV. Is this because they are the worlds best singers...is it coincidence...am I unique in this respect or does anyone else share a similar affinity ???

I don't know if you are aware of it, but there is £5,000 waiting for the person who can make an 'air-craft' perform certain primary heights and distances, the craft being propelled entirely by physical exertions of the pilot. There was a shot on TV a month ago about this man somewhere in England who fitted a pair of wings to his back and ran like hell downhill, flapping like mad. They were trying the same sort of ploy about two hundred years ago. It might interest you to know that there are several projects which I think stand a quite good chance of fulfilling the standards..it really depends on who makes the stipulated standards first. I might mention Southampton University's craft...it looks like a mundane glider, with a particularly high aspect ratio wing, but a 'pusher' propeller is above the cabin. With a client pedalling like mad last November, it covered about 250 yards, and was airborne for 30 seconds.

de Havilland's seem to be taking unofficial interest in another craft, called 'Puffin', which seems to be an apt pun. The propeller is behind the tail unit, and it has so far flown at least a quarter of a mile, and has reached the fantastic height of six feet !

Seems to me that if anyone knows a dwarf racing cyclist, he should be advised to get in touch with Southampton University or de Havilland at Hatfield. He might hear something to his advantage.

It also strikes me that here is a suitable plot for a fan fiction story, a fan group wishing for the cash, and deciding to enter a craft for the competition. Must try it, I'm barren of plot ideas at the moment....

Things fannish-wise have been slack with me this last few months. For several years I've been hyper-active, and have really notched up over 500 pubbed articles and stories, etc. Last September my father was seriously ill, and died a week later, necessitating two flights to Birmingham. Since that three week break, I've been pretty well unable to think of anything. It wasn't the unhappy death which caused it, not directly, I mean. It is just that the break in feverish fanac was thrust upon me, and I've been unable to gird my loins again. I was pleased with my WARHOON column, but I even had to write to Dick Bergeron and cancel my appearance,

at least for the moment. Deadlines have come and gone, but I've been static. This is in fact my first writing 'job' for some considerable time. Like, I think it's only temporary...but I have noticed (and Willis confirms this) that there has been a general slackening of fanac recently

I'm open to well-~~tried~~therapuetic suggestions.....

TAFF is in the news again...once more the time has come for us to make our choice and send our cash to enable a fan from England to cross the Atlantic for the Chicon...the choice this time round is restricted to two well known fans, one of them, Ethel Lindsay, being an august member of this organisation...the other is Eddie Jones, of Bootle.

I am backing Eddie Jones...I mean of course that I'm one of the fans listed officially. I've already written THE EDDIE JONES STORY in a recent issue of POT POURRI (er, number #20)... I was able to append a full page photograph of Eddie, and I wrote some three pages, dealing with his activities in fandom over the years. I have a few copies left, which I'll send to IPSOites who want them, as long as supplies last.

I see that one fan (or it may be a group of fans) say they are backing Eddie Jones to win TAFF, because they really want Ethel to, but the last two fans they've backed have failed, and they are presuming that their ill-luck will continue..that Eddie will fail, and therefore, via a most complicated bit of logic, their real deep-down-under choice, Ethel, will win. They didn't say which name they were putting on their ballot...presumably Eddie, else their logic will baffle even the most IQish of fans.

I too have had the misfortune to back candidates who have failed...and I must say that I'm not inventing any complicated scheme to ensure that I'm successful a third time. I'm backing Eddie Jones to the hilt from the very commencement of the campaign.

Of course, as I stated quite plainly in THE EDDIE JONES STORY, Ethel has earned a chance to get the trip. I said...QUOTE ' although of course I consider Ethel good TAFF material, too' UNQUOTE.

Unfortunately, only one can go. If Ethel wins, I shall of course be happy to see her so fortunate, and shall just content myself by saying with a wry grin 'Third time unlucky.'

Ethel has published for years, indeedy, she has written for my own fanzine RETRIBUTION...but Eddie has for years turned out impeccable illustrations for many of fandoms leading fanzines. His work has never fluctuated in quality. Besides which, he has been a leading light in British fannish activities for years. He has made films, designed first prize-winning fancy dress. This is what I said in POT POURRI '

'I would venture to take the platform and announce without reservation that Eddie Jones has much more than what one would consider the essential qualifications for a TAFF representative. As I've shown, he has been hyper-active at British Conventions over the years, not merely going and taking part, but doing much administrative work, and showing his practical flair for participating with major success at the particular aspects of conventions which American fans consider of prime importance. One does not require to be a writer to be accepted for TAFF...in fact, it seems to me from personal experience, that to be merely a fannish writer is a liability. Writing was my sole claim when I was in the TAFF race in 1958...but look what Eddie has to offer in every field of fannish activity.'

So it really wouldn't be playing the game to vote for Ethel just because she's a fellow IPSOite. It's happened before that apa votes have been of critical importance...it's really up to us to make our choice on merit alone, and vote accordingly. I'm trying to sway you to my way of thinking, but then, I'm backing Eddie Jones and I have the right. Hope he swings it, anyway.....

John Berry 1962.

WALTER IPSO THE RED QUEEN
 BREEN: 4 OR, DOES ONE EVER CATCH UP?

The IPSO FACTORY: or, Litter--A Tour of Nos. 2 & 3

I'll withdraw my original cavil on the Assigned Topic. It appears, after this 3rd mailing, that what was wrong in the first two was less an assigned topic than the particular ones we were stuck with. It is doubtless significant that when the assigned topic was TIME TRAVEL the contributors had more to say and every one had something to say on the topic. And, if I am any judge, many contributions were of higher quality than were their counterparts in earlier IPSO FACTOs; certainly there was less evidence of strain. TIME TRAVEL clearly stimulated imaginations more than did fantasy apas or nut cults & editorial influence. So be it. No more minac for me, now that IPSO seems to have a chance of success. And I hope you'll be staying around too, Harry.

Donaho: The significant difference between running off 50 copies of something, and 200 copies of it, is one of time--perhaps not much if you have an electric Gestetner, but plenty if you have to work with a hand feed ABDick. But the real problem then is assembling-&-addressing, as surely you should know, of all people in fandom. This isn't as relevant to one's IPSO contribution (though the Official Assembler might think otherwise) as it is to the original Berry issue of apazines v. genzines. Any genzine pubber has to some extent the same problem I do with FANAC--his mailing list is unstable because so many fans move so often that it's impossible to use addressograph plates or mimeo'd stickers. (And carbon-copied stickers are not much less trouble in the long run than typed ones, for the same reason.) Redd Boggs chops fans off the DISCORD mailing list if the PO returns their copies marked "for better address" or "moved left no forwarding address". I can easily see why someone (e.g. Berry, DAG, Tucker) would just as soon dump such problems onto the OE or Official Assembler of an apa rather than stick with a genzine. I'm only glad not every fan feels that way, though.

I think that the remark "an apa member who does not contribute extensive mc's...is a social parasite" is a little warped. Commensal rather than symbiote, perhaps; parasite--not necessarily. I joined various apas partly for the contacts, partly to read good material, partly to be stimulated (by both the preceding) to produce other material. I appreciate the FAPA brilliant deadwood tradition; some of the finer writers have little time to produce mc's, yet their rare contributions are ample reason to keep them in, as I suggested in IPSO FACTO #1. After all, not everyone lives at his club.

Lindsay: The big danger in any mutual-criticism group is that some members will lose sight of the distinction between (ideally constructive) criticism of writings and personal dead-cattin--a distinction a little more obscure perhaps in fanzine fandom where frequently fans are known almost exclusively by their on-paper personalities, which may well diverge sharply from their flesh-and-blood counterparts. The locus classi-

cus is GMCarr, though it is clear enough what is disguised beneath that pleasant grandmotherly persona. I cannot agree, however, that it is automatically "no loss" when a writer, not so much criticized as personally attacked, withdraws. There are stages and periods when a person's attitudes and opinions are in flux, and during these periods he is more than ordinarily vulnerable.

One might well draw a distinction among fans who are in fmz fandom principally for cheap egoboo, and those who believe they have something to say and are trying to develop their craft, and those who are already masters of their craft but who--like Willis and Warner, and DAG and Bloch of lamented memory--sometimes relax a bit with an appreciative audience. The value of rewriting is trivial only to the first and to those (rare?) competent writers who are sufficiently in command of ideas, organization, and style to say what they wish to exactly as they wish to on first draft.

Metcalf: The mailings might well go to the Fanzine Foundation; this now exists and has one of the more comprehensive collections of zines now extant. Contact Alan J Lewis, 338-873, SNET, USCGC Spencer (WPG 36), Port St. George, Staten Island, NY.

CROCKERY: or, God Must Have Loved Crackpots--He Made So Many of Them

Ellik: The ufographer or ufopian who writes of knowing ufo fans is doubtless referring to another group than science-fiction fans, and one with little overlap with our fandom. This is hardly a surprise on either side; a less obvious reason on theirs might be that they do not consider ufos science-fictional. I understand from members of the UC Berkeley faculty--sociologists--that there are huge gatherings of the brethren and that hucksters offer such things as recordings (supposedly from on-the-spot tapes) of sounds of ufos taking off or landing, of Martian or Cytherean (formerly Venusian) speech, etc. All more calculated to keep the True Believers strong in their faith, and perhaps to make converts of a few undecided, than are the usual poorly-written and hastily-assembled pulp books offered by Saucerian Publications and Citadel Press.

An old friend of mine is Dave Bell, formerly of the Long John Nebel program in NYC (not to be confused with Dave Bell the Washington young-fan). On that program almost every known ufo personality has appeared at least once, many repeatedly. Bell got to know them all and he is ready to take an oath in court if need be, that there were exactly three categories: conscious frauds, self-deceivers, and Edward J Ruppelt. The conscious frauds were mostly in collusion, with their eventual object a new religion enabling the founders to wallow in tax-free cash. The self-deceivers reminded Bell of nothing so much as Jehovahs Witnesses: True Believers one and all. And Ruppelt's skeptical attitude came out clearly enough in his book; it may also be significant that he gave his royalty cheque to charity.

I have worked many times with ouija boards. I have never known anyone who got meaningful results solo. The most convincing results came when one of the hands on the planchette was that of my clairvoyant friend Gerald Holsinger (whose images have proven in the long run over 90% accurate under carefully controlled conditions); and yet I have no evidence that the planchette spelled out anything more than could be accounted for by telepathy, clairvoyance or more mundane hypotheses. It is nevertheless weird when the messages come in a language unfamiliar to the planchette

wielders--and is promptly recognized and translated by other members of the audience. I have witnessed this more than once.

With this last remark in mind, I hope that next time you attempt to contact Pierre de Fermat, you have nearby someone expert in Old French and Latin and familiar with the verbal conventions of mathematics of that period. # A beautifully written essay, Ron.

Kemp: The income from crap sales pays the going rate for good stories when and only when the editors of those same crudzines receive and accept good stories. I question how often writers or their agents actually sold good stories to the Palmer/Shaver Amazing. I question how often they sell good stories to the present-day Anal og. This brings in the whole huge question of writers' slanting stories towards a particular market, and how often the results are worth the effort. I would like to hear more on this question from those professionally concerned with it--better their experiences than our speculations.

Tomorrow magazine was formerly edited by my old friend the medium Eileen Garrett. I talked with her often enough to know this much: she honestly believes in her own psychic experiences, and she has undergone enough different tests at the hands of British and American and European researchers often enough to convince the most skeptical (though she did not produce significant results with the Rhine cards). It is less professional jealousy than familiarity with the elaborately panoplied dregs in a field saturated with frauds, phonies and quacks, that has made her humorously skeptical of most other claimants to psychic powers save those who have gone through similar tests. But--and this is decisive--she could not take the time to investigate in detail every claim made in every MS. that arrived at her desk. When she suffered a relapse of her tubercular and heart conditions and left NY for Palm Beach and turned over the magazine to someone else--I didn't recall that it was Lowndes; maybe he came later--I let my subscription lapse.

Metcalf: Some pseudonymous cartoonist in DISCORD a few months back made the ultimate comment on JWCjr's "Behold the tortoise: he makes no progress unless he sticks his neck out" line. He showed the tortoise (complete with POST NO BILLS on his carapace) lying helpless on his back, feet feebly pushing air, neck outthrust, and "Oh, good grief!" bubbling up in thought balloons. I don't know which fans of the present day you allude to in saying "Thinking is sercon, denunciation of serconism...is another manifestation of jolly ol' insurgentism." It certainly doesn't apply to the editors of any of the top ten zines of 1960. No, not even Terry Carr; his laugh at Lupoff's "Sophisticated Serconism" was not directed at the idea of thinkzines so much as at pretentiousness. After all, Terry ended up doing a column for HABAKKUK--as he himself pointed out.

I am generally in agreement with you in your evaluation of Jesus W. Christ, Jr., vs. R. Palmshaver. But I do not see that fandom's wrath is necessarily misdirected when aimed at the former. It has been said often

JWCjr: the egghead's Ray Palmer--overheard at 1960 Lunacon. enough that JWCjr published, 1939-44, many all-time classics and near-classics, and in more recent years turned away from publishing the best stories (which went instead into other prozines or into the Satevepost and such places) to whore after Causes, one after another until their lunacy became evident even to him; it is this turning away from better stf to worse that aroused fannish ire. Is this misdirected? It may be

easier to denounce JWCjr than to refute him, but qualified fans have done the latter--a recent instance being Busby's demolition job on the Dean Drive in CRY. Campbell must have received the copy of LOGIC AT WORK that reprinted Buz's article. Has he even read it, let alone answered it?

It isn't "jealousy of possible competition" that brings on the denunciations by fans, of commonly held crackpot notions. The crockery shared by only a few far-out types (flat-earthism, Koreshanity, "Gagarin is a hoax!", etc.) is no threat: it can be laughed out of sight. But that shared by hundreds of thousands (UFOolishness, Jehovahs Witnessism, naturopathy, weird vitamin-deficient diets, orthodox antivivisectionism, 7th Day Adventism, etc., ad nauseam) is an everpresent nuisance, especially as on occasion such cults manage to deceive even ~~the elect~~ reasonably intelligent types. And the danger of some such fanatical True Believer getting political power and instituting abuses is not to be disregarded. Consider christianity in the late Roman empire, and its consequences in the 1,500 years to follow; consider Geneva under Calvin, and Massachusetts under Cotton Mather; consider the milder but comparatively recent examples of Anthony Comstock and the sponsors of prohibition. This of course brings up the question--what is a crackpot, if it is anything more than a vociferous adherent of some belief one disagrees with? I think that a definition implicit in some IPSO writings on the subject would have to be something like: a crackpot is a fanatical True Believer in a Cause purported to provide a solution to human ills, a Cause in which are demonstrably false premises (with invalid logic) glossed over or verbalized away by the True Believers. Doubtless this definition can be sharpened up. One can be a True Believer or even a fanatic about a reasonable Cause--I have known fanatical anti-racists, for instance--or on the other hand one can be an open-minded type willing to entertain (for the sake of argument, for investigation, etc.) far-out Causes until definitively rebutted. But the combination of fanatical True Believership and a demonstrably false-to-fact Cause seems to be necessary (and it is obviously sufficient) to identification of a crackpot.

Rapp: In the checklist you provided, you left ambiguities which seriously impair its usefulness as a test of "broad mental horizons", however much it succeeds in its other aim of showing that to a certain extent one man's "investigable" is another man's superstition. There is clearly a difference between psionics in the JWCjr sense and psychic research; between reincarnation as postulated by scientologists and as proclaimed by individuals posing as gurus ready to Teach the Ancient Wisdom of the East for a small and modest fee; between astrology as investigated by Dr. Carl Jung in his last years (attempting to correlate planetary/stellar cycles and human behavioral cycles) and as found in blathery newsstand crudsheets; between ESP as investigated by British and French and Dutch researchers, and as proclaimed by J B Rhine as "proving the existence of God and the Immortality of the Human Soul"; between Atlantis as the seemingly verified hypothesis of Prof. Jurgen Spanuth and as the fons et origo of human culture proclaimed by Ignatius Donnelly and his followers. My own answer to that checklist would be: all these things can become superstition and delusion in certain hands, most of them could conceivably become subjects for impartial investigation, though this is not to say that such investigation would prove worth its cost.

I know Gerald Heard quite well (met him through the same Dr. Sheldon he mentions in "Doppelgangers"; tall, extremely thin, red-bearded, and of unguessable age; a brilliant conversationalist, but his writings have to be thoroughly edited by his old buddy Aldous Huxley for readability). And,

knowing Gerald Heard, I have no doubt whatever that his speculation about giant bees from Mars (not Venus, Art) in ufos was intended as just that; in fact, he gave the warning himself in chapter 9 of his book, and in ch. 15 he calls it a hypothesis (and admits he is of divided mind on it) adding, very apropos of your own remarks: "The elasticity of our minds is not to be stretched indefinitely simply by the weight of evidence...We have an emotional tolerance as to what we can stand, and when that limit is reached we repress--no student of human nature...needed Freud to tell him that." He adds to this later on by citing three phases of opinion on new doctrine, apparently extremely common if not universal: (1) "What rot, what mischievous nonsense, what dangerous fraud!", (2) "How ridiculous!" and "Really only a joke with which to tease and upset the pompous." And (3) "Why, that's been obvious all along." So Darwin, and Freud, and perhaps too psi and ufos and dianetics and the other things on your list.

THE SINGLE TRAV: or, Slow Boats to Wherewasit

Berry: Ingres's famous painting "Le Bain Turc", otherwise "The Har-em", gives the clue to what the poor concubines did while waiting their turn with the lord & mawster; something you might have guessed from Juanita Coulson's revelations in PODIUM. Here are some two dozen, most watching one of their number in a languorous dance, one pair (unnoticed by the rest) indulging in a frankly lesbian embrace.

Johnstone: But Ritom is not an Italian name, nor is Dynaz Egyptian in sound. I will stick with what I told Ellik earlier (p.2).

MZB: Beautiful, though I'm not too sure I understand your speculations about penicillium mold.

Ryan: The law might not abet would-be time travelers, but it is unlikely that this fact would prevent them from making surreptitious experiments. Even if only one succeeded--that would be enough.

Warner: Of course, some upper limits of tempo can be deduced from the prescribed ornaments found in many baroque compositions. Even with the shallow keyboards common on harpsichords and clavichords of the period, these ornaments would have been difficult to play at all above a certain speed, and all but impossible to make into a meaningful part of the musical texture. Beethoven is known to have corrected metronome markings down as much as one third (33%) after finding that he too had been stuck with a defective metronome. In all likelihood this just failed to get corrected on the opening of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata, op. 106, the metronome marking calling for a speed absolutely unplayable on the modern keyboard and possibly unplayable on a fortepiano of the 1800-1820 epoch. Use of one of Shannon's sampling theorems enables a system to be designed which can produce a tape recording of a work speeded up ad libitum but with pitch held constant, so it is technically possible to produce a "performance" of this work at the indicated M.M. speed. I have heard other works so experimented with. The test will be whether details are blurred at this speed. It is abundantly clear that the traditional vivace forte energico performances on the piano of Bach's C minor Prelude from Book I of the Well-Tempered Clavier blurs details; almost every successive 16th note has harmonic value rather than being a mere passing tone, and this becomes clear only at a slower tempo than one is likely to find on any recording now extant. :: On the other hand, some early 19th Century piano works--Hummel, Czerny in particular come to mind--doubtless were played much faster than now, because of those same shallow keyboards, which enabled much faster fingerwork. I have the impression that the action was

also faster on these early instruments but would have to test this myself. :: As for the exceedingly long concerts, my own impression is that devotees didn't invariably come in at the beginning and stay to the end, any more than they did at performances of classical Chinese opera (which also lasted 6 to 8 hours or more). I would guess that recitativo secco--and the ordinary kind, which is still dry enough even without that label--were taken much more rapidly than now, otherwise these would have been boring to the point of intolerability; and composers knew this danger quite well, as witness the shift from recitativo secco to the extraordinarily dramatic recitatives which could occasionally be among the most compelling musical experiences in a longer work (e.g. "Ach, Golgotha" and "Und siehe da, der Vorhang in Tempel zerriss" in Bach's St. Matthew Passion).

The answer to your speculation about the harpsichord may well lie in the size of the halls in which they were played. A harpsichord can stand out quite well in a fairly small room, and not be drowned out by the 9 or 10 other virtuosi performing one of the Bach Brandenburgs. But in a large concert hall--one big enough for, say, the Handel "Royal Fireworks" or "Water Music" in original scorings--of course the harpsichord would be drowned out. In these instances the continuo must have been more for the benefit of the musicians than of the audience.

There may have been no harpsichord concertos earlier than Bach (although this has been doubted), but there certainly were enough display pieces for solo harpsichord by such as Couperin le Grand, Rameau, Domenico Scarlatti and J.S. Bach. If a harpsichord was (as seems likely) going to remain unheard in a large hall--and it is notorious that even Landowska's Pleyel harpsichord could not be heard in a Paris concert hall beyond the ~~first~~ first few rows--then surely these hundreds of display pieces for harpsichord must have implied a setting where they could be heard --i.e. a small room, probably one with quite live acoustic qualities. The famous A minor Air with Variations of Rameau is unintelligible on any other instrument than the 2-manual harpsichord (unless orchestrated --and it deserves a better fate than that); for that matter many of the clavier pieces of the abovenamed composers are unwieldy, excessively difficult because of the cross-hands work (and prone to sound muddled without different tone-colors distinguishing upper and lower voices, a glory of the harpsichord), and elephantine in the lower registers.

The key to Bach's use of continuo can be found in the 5th Brandenburg concerto, where the clavier is directed at times to play "concertato", in front where it can stand out, and at other times "continuo" where it blends with string tone. In the latter it is often though not always indicated as figured bass. Some of the written-out ornamentation, particularly in the extraordinary cadenza, are elaborate enough for anyone's taste. What I said earlier about the respective effectiveness of piano and harpsichord on Rameau and Scarlatti display-pieces applies at least as much to the 5th Brandenburg.

I doubt that the excisions Mozart alluded to were of ornamentation. It is on record (see Nathan Broder's edition of the Mozart Clavier Sonatas) that Mozart himself added many ornaments to slow movements in scores intended for performance by pupils, presumably as models on how improvised ornaments could effectively be elaborated in concert. That doesn't sound like the practice of a composer who wanted his melodies to be played slowly and denudedly on a fortepiano whose capacity for sustained tone was hardly greater than that of the harpsichord, and whose sole advantages (then) were crescendo power (something possessed long since by the tiniest clavichord) and range. Mozart was a virtuoso harpsichordist, and Donald Francis Tovey says that Bach came late in life to acquaintance with the

new fortepiano--and disliked it. Having heard performances on ancient specimens of this instrument, I cannot say I blame him. The modern grand piano completely misrepresents the state of affairs at the time. This of course brings in the old controversy over whether Bach or Mozart would have wanted their works played on other instruments. A commonsense view would be that if a composer was writing for his own performance or that of a virtuoso friend at the time, he would adapt his instrumental texture and balance and passagework to the capacities of the instruments then available. Beethoven's big quarrel (the only exception to that rule that I know of, and it may not have been an exception since extended keyboards were then being built in some establishments) was with the limited range of claviers. It would be an interesting experiment to perform his earliest sonatas, and many of Mozart's, on the harpsichord. When the combination of seemingly entangled two- or three-voice writing, sharp contrasts of loudness rather than crescendo and diminuendo, and abundant ornamentation, all occur in a keyboard work, the harpsichord is indicated whether or not the score says so--often enough only the ambiguous "Clavier" appears. But when "a 2 Clav." appears, the harpsichord is absolutely necessary, as in the Goldberg Variations. On the other hand, transcriptions to other instruments were nothing new in Bach's own day; but Bach adapted the Vivaldi and Krebs and other works to the capacities of the instruments for which he set them, in a way which if practiced today would bring plagiarism suits or copyright-violation claims from agents or estates of composers so treated. Some such argument has been used in defense of the lushly sentimental orchestrations of Bach at the hands of Stokowski and his imitators. My own quarrel with these is that "traddutore traditore"--the transcribers (unlike Bach) are unfamiliar with the rhythmic conventions of his day and the instrumental balance and organ voicing of the period, so they can hardly help but misrepresent them in their translations.

Extremely well thought out, Harry.

I wrote myself out on the subject of Heinlein for WARHOON, so I'll pass up that topic here. In the next IPSO FACTO possibly I may be able to say something about The Marmalade vs. Reality; but here I will instead give my reply to the assigned topic in #3.

TIME TRAVEL

Were I offered the chance for one-way time travel, even without gadgetry, I would take it, provided that I could take a few weeks to brush up on the language, geography, customs, and archaeology of my chosen period. (Many of you know that I am in the old coin line; knowing the location of hoards of ancient coins and their approximate dates of burial would be a considerable help.) I would then get a thorough physical examination with multiple immunizations, close out my accounts, give my unpublished manuscripts (and a file folder of instructions on how various properties are to be disposed of in the event of my "death") to a close friend, make my will, arrange it so that the Foundation for the Gifted Child would be the beneficiary of my life insurance policies (in which the suicide clause has long ago run out), leave a suicide note to be "found" at the proper time, have myself a farewell orgy, & on the next morning, still bearded, unnoticed by anyone who would know me, taxi over to the point of departure...

And suddenly it is night, somewhere on the road between the Piraeus and the distant, torchlit city of Athenai, or Athens to you; the Long Walls lie at my right; the moon shines down brightly enough for me to recognize whereabouts on the long straight road I have landed. It is chilly. I crouch naked behind a roadside shrine, out of view but able to see who pass by. I am not safe until I have a few essentials that any foot-traveler on this road needs. Travelers pass by in pairs. I wait. Finally one comes along alone, a hulking lout muffled in his himation, the cloak almost everyone wears in this weather. He stops at the shrine, prostrates himself in prayer. Silent in my bare feet, I sneak behind him, deliver one rabbit punch. It is enough. A moment later I am wearing his cloak and sandals, and have his leather pouch slung over my shoulder. There are a few silver owls in it; not enough to last

me more than a few days, but they will do to bribe gatekeepers if necessary. There are highwaymen on every road, but most would have been too superstitious to ply their trade within the roadside shrines. I dislike violence, but it was a matter of survival.

I proceed towards Athens. In the moonlight the familiar outlines of the city loom above the Piraeus gates, more awesome than I would have guessed from the usual photographs; but subtly different. On the hill of Kolonos is the immense Doric temple of Hephaistos. Farther off, instead of the completed Parthenon that I had halfway expected to see complete or not at all, there are only rows of columns, and scaffolding. Good! There has been no mistake; it is 447 B.C. But I had better not let that numbering slip even in its Attic translation. I turn aside, once inside the city, and hunt for a certain landmark. Not a hundred paces from the edge of the Agora or marketplace--deserted now at this hour--I stop and hunt for a certain loose paving stone, at the edge of a path, oblong and lacking one corner. It is there. I lift it up partway, grope down... At last, the bruised fingers find the round contours of the bronze pot rather than more rocks. I remove it and let the stone fall back in place, with a sigh of relief. I know the contents well; these gold coins have been here for several generations already. They are old and unfamiliar, but if anyone raises an eyebrow, I will claim that I inherited them from my grandfather--and anyway, even the Aigina coins with their archaic turtles are still passing around, though they were made over 200 years before the Athenian conquest. I now seek an inn. During the few minutes it takes me to cross the Agora and seek out a likely looking place, I make up a story for the innkeeper and others. It will have to be a convincing one; these inquisitive and talkative Athenians are all too quick to pick holes in travelers' tales. I will not have to watch my accent too closely; foreigners are common enough. I need a name. Sky Miller's "Status Quondam" comes to mind for a moment and I dismiss it with a smile: "Makhairos" is emphatically NOT appropriate--Mack the Knife indeed! No, let it be something less commentable--not suggesting too plebeian an origin lest it be thought that I got all my wealth by robbery rather than inheritance. Lysippos, perhaps. There are many of that name already in Athens, but not many would describe themselves as "of Mantinea", far-off and almost legendary city in Arkadia, the little-known, much-mooted landlocked province where it was said that wild men still lived in caves and human sacrifices still occasionally took place at Midwinter Day, or Midsummer Day, or whenever the barbarous rituals of the Goddess demanded them. I would say I sold my large landholdings after my father's death, pulled up stakes and decided to come here as I had heard so much about Athens. And most of it favorable, despite those cursed Corinthians--brigands and liars all--who slandered this city to all who would listen, etc., etc. I just got in from the Piraeus tonight (I hope I can escape being asked the name of the ship and its captain), was beset by robbers on the road in, who killed my slave-boy and made off with my other belongings, though fortunately I only got scratched up a little in fighting them off--and of course they didn't get to my purse, so at least I can get along until I can buy a place somewhere not too far from here. What do I do? Oh, I'm a teacher of the new rhetoric--a Sophist. (Better not to try to translate "semantics" or "scientific method" any other way, or try now to go into details.) I don't really need to teach to earn a living, but it's a Good Thing and Athens can always use orators in or out of court--and my methods will enable them to argue better. (And of course I don't need to do anything to obtain funds, now that I know where hoards of coins remain underground.)

And so with a few well-greased palms and soft words in the right places, I edge myself up gradually in Athenian society, being invited to dinners because these politicians and pleaders and other Big Names are always curious about newfangled ideas. And eventually I reach the circle of Perikles. I happen to remember that there are as yet no other rhetoricians in the city. I gradually impart to him some of the more important principles.

The next steps are to insure that this time around Athens will not collapse in the coming war. Knowledge of Spartan tactics and plans robs them of the advantage of surprise, with decisive results. I ascribe my "good luck" partly to the new rhetoric, partly to the patronage of the god Pan, much worshiped in Arkadia but almost unknown in Athens. It is simple to get a footpad to knock off the fugghead who was preparing an accusation of blasphemy against the aged sculptor Pheidias, and to circulate copies of the accusation--with the rebuttal--all over the city. It is equally simple to do a similar favor for the philosopher Anaxagoras.

And the years pass by; exciting ones, each with its individual danger points for Athens and the great personalities therein. I gradually popularize the new rhetoric, and have artisans build a few simple scientific instruments, among them lenses making possible the sight of things small and things far off--opening up at once the world of microbiology (and hygiene) and of explorations across the seas--exact knowledge of longitude is possible once sextants and telescopes are perfected. Some 17 years after my arrival I persuade Perikles and my other friends to take ship to some vacation spot--returning just in time to rebuild public confidence after the plague has passed. On various other journeys location of mines bearing gold, silver, lead, tin and nickel (this last in Bactria) enables much advance alike in Athenian wealth and technology; and the lead and tin enable me to suggest to artisans that movable type can now be cast. From that to the printing press is a short time indeed, with immense results for all time to come. I only hope I can live long enough to have the chance to get those stupid fanatics Anytos and Meletos waylaid and on a ship to India if they try to get Socrates prosecuted this time around. Whether or not I make it, it will have been a long and full life, and I will die happy in the knowledge that I have done something good at a crucial time, as well as enjoyed myself more than might perhaps have been possible in any other epoch.

Be Prepared

.....or: HELP! YOUR CAKE IS EATING ME.....

Yorg was a clever lad.

His teachers had seen to that. They'd shown him since he was a Cub that he was only a segment of the City, that his life was just a small spark of the life of the City. And he'd learned. He'd hauled himself out from the powerless and apathetic mobs of Urchins and now he was being trained to be a Scout. One day he might take his place in the complex that was the life of his City. One day - he could dream - he might represent his City as a Scout in a Jamboree. Then perhaps he'd be a citizen of the City and take a hand in its direction.

He was four feet ten and twelve years old and he was the smartest boy in the troop, but with all his cleverness, he still didn't really know what life is all about. Oh, he'd read a bit and round the campfire he'd heard the troop leaders spinning yarns of how life worked in the big world beyond the Slums, out in the Suburbs, and once he'd even travelled in the Country. But that didn't mean he knew all about life. Not then. That was before he saw the crimson ball of flame.

But Yorg was a clever lad, and his work was good. He could tie any knot in the book using only two of his fingers and his measurement of trees against his Scout-staff was almost perfect.

That was how he learned his first lesson about life, measuring trees out in the Park with young saplings growing strong and straight in the field around him. It got cold early out in the Park when the sun went down in the Autumn, and a Scout could freeze to death. But death is the first lesson a Scout must learn about Life and Troop-leader Chlorze knew this well. He was a tough man, Chlorze; a veteran of many Jamborees and rigid discipline kept his brain helpless above a stiffened spine. With the simple trust of new Scouts in him he had to show that the Scout's life is not always an easy one.

So the day came when Troop-leader Chlorze had to lead the troop into the Park. Trips to the Park were common enough in the training of a Scout-Troop and sometimes they were a welcome relief to Yorg from the wearing

and tiring training that occupied most of the time spent on camp. The whole troop would pick up their staffs and perhaps snatch a cookie from a hiding place and march out of the HQ and into one of the Parks that surrounded the Training Camp. In these Parks they'd learn the things that made a man of a Boy-Scout. Grass-tracking (though of course they weren't allowed to step on the grass for grass was precious in the City); animal-stalking (alley cats and sewer rats made good quarries but they weren't to be killed: live-stock was food and valuable in the City); and tree-measuring (but not tree-climbing which could put needless end to the growth of boughs and twigs and therefore to the supply of oxygen that freshened the smog-thickened atmosphere of the City and was much to dangerous anyway). Yes, those Parks were where the Scouts were taught the ways of man.

Chlorze quick-marched the boys into the Park with the saplings and after a few of them - exhausted from such a walk - had rested and recovered, he told them to get measuring trees. In dumb amazement they looked at him. He scowled back.

"But, Troop-leader Chlorze," one of the Scouts said, "you told us to leave our staffs behind for this trip. How can we measure without our staffs?" The rest of the Troop looked bewildered.

"Easy." growled Chlorze. "You make a human pyramid as high as the tree and add up the heights of each Scout in the centre of the stack. It may take time and it may not be easy by it'll get the job done."

And they got the job done. Into the late evening they climbed upon each others shoulders and measured trees, shivering in the chill of night-fall. The sun sank beneath a ruddy horizon and still they worked, for this is the way a man must work: keep going until the job is done. And each boy learned his role in the structure of society that night. Each boy realised that only by working with his fellow Scouts could anything of worth be achieved; only with co-operation could goals be reached. When dawn painted the eastern cloud-banks with yellowness and all the trees had been measured their full length the troop tiredly marched back to their quarters. But there was a new pride in their marching now; a certain knowledge of their place in society lent a more definite movement to their march. A lesson which had been taught to them so often had now been proved and driven home.

It was soon after this episode that Yorg discovered that Chlorze was his mother's fifth husband and therefore his (Yorg's) second quasi-father - counting backwards from his own sire, of course. It was a surprise to Yorg, and he was even more astounded when Chlorze revealed that he had himself known of the relationship all along. "It's a tough world out there, son," said Chlorze, patient strength filling the tough lines of his face, "and I wanted to be sure you'd be able to tackle it."

So Yorg worked on, for he had even more reason to strive now. He gained proficiency in all the crafts of a Scout until that wonderful day when he became a Patrol-leader.

Then the bomb dropped.

Over the horizon it zoomed and mushroomed into energy into a still sky, and dust fell on the city. Obviously the War was reaching its climax; soon all the land would be pitted and the concrete civilisation would crack and collapse. It was this way for the Enemy too, of course. They too were losing this war that nobody could win. In great bewilderment, Yorg went to Troop-leader Chlorze and asked him what were the Scouts to do.

"Yorg," said Chlorze, "the Scouts are about to take their place in the society of our world." He gazed into the smoggy distance. "Out there Son, there's a big Jamboree and you're one of Society's delegates." He looked back at Yorg and gestured at the wind-distorted mushroom cloud on the horizon. "Our government realised when the War began that no country could win, and so they made the only provision that seemed useful. It was useless for them to try to provide atom-shelters for everybody, but they needed a way in which to preserve the best things of the society that had developed in this land. So, they took the best and toughest lads they could find - and they found them among the Urchins in the Slums - and trained them to such a pitch that they could be self-sufficient to live off the land. And more; these boys also were given the highest moral sense through the Boy Scout Code." He gazed hard at Yorg. "Yes, son, you must take your Patrol out into the world and build a new civilisation."

Yorg smiled with suddenly stiffened features at his quasi-father and then, turning, called out the Geiger Patrol signal. His call sounded softly through the camp and his Patrol instantly gathered to him. Then they set off into the Country.

THE ECCHHHND

The foregoing... story is offered as my comment upon the writings of Robert A. Heinlein, but I don't pretend to offer it as a parody of his writing. In case you didn't notice, I tried to give what I feel is the Heinlein 'type' of story; so I did parody something of Heinlein, principally his stock-characterisations and his use of word-symbols. In my poor way I've also attempted to lampoon his inventiveness. In trying to comment upon Heinlein in such a way I have left my own weaknesses un-protected and a lack of quality in the story must be obvious (haste has not improved my piece either) but I would ask the reader not to read my work above as a story but as a piece of criticism and comment.

BB

How much of himself should a man reveal on paper? And how sure can he be that such revelations are not merely untrue dramatics built upon his own shaky fears? Is the self examination of a paper inquest useful in knowing oneself or is it only a means of distilling one's dreams? Indeed, do we write our thoughts on sheets of paper as the seed of a humble onion is enlarged in the layers of skin that surround it? Are the big thoughts and expressions that we attempt to record only normal facets of our placid souls that have become more important than they should be because of the exaggeration that must effect them when they become larger in area as our own seeds cover themselves with layers of life-saving shields? Are the passions of our selves written more reasonably upon our souls? To record on paper our earnest thoughts upon unhappy examination of our hearts perhaps we should remember that all facets of our souls are of the same importance and essentially there is no bias in the soul.

But bias is a dowry that growth brings when it weds our souls into the living world of other people.

It might be right, therefore, that self-examination goes no deeper than the exaggerated features that come easily to mind. These are the appearance that exists at the moment of examination and though they should not be considered to the exclusion of other features, they are no doubt the ingredients of the personality one presents to the world, and therefore the dominant characteristics of one's worldly self.

Yet to write of these features only is to write untruths which are lies to the world and lies to oneself. It is one thing to base a judgement upon untruths, yet quite another thing to record these same untruths as earnestly-sought and honestly-found truths. Judgement can be made when all facts are not in one's possession; truth is not so easily obtained.

So: how much of himself should a man reveal on paper? How many folios contain a soul; how many rings of parchment conceal the heart of an oak?

On a summer's day some years ago I entered a doctor's office in considerable discomfort and extreme trepidation. Haltingly I explained to the medico that it appeared that perhaps a quick frantic romantic interlude in a small town in a neighboring state a few days previously had resulted in consequences that were not only painful and alarming, but also utterly unlike any such consequences I'd ever heard of. Of course the Orient abounds with exotic diseases, but...

I suppose it was pretty funny, but all the same it was hardly courteous of the man to laugh his fool head off at first sight of the areas of my suffering. Of course, I'd had no way of knowing any better, in a strange area and in the dark. But that damn fool girl, who lived there, should have known that the park was all full of poison ivy! Wonder how she explained it to her doctor...

The prospect of spending the next few days in a bathtub full of lukewarm soda solution lacked something in interest and entertainment-value. And I had a sneaking hunch that soda-solution or no, a little distraction would be welcome. So I stopped by a drugstore for some reading-material. Now I had long been taken of a yen for science-fiction pulps, but money was a very scarce thing and had been for so many years that it took something on the order of an ivy-poisoned crotch to spark the revolutionary idea that it might be feasible actually to buy magazines rather than restricting myself to quick-skimming under the druggist's baleful eye. So I bought an Amazing, an Astounding, and a Startling. The latter had a novel about a man named John Dark who went miniscule and prowled the bloodstream of his enemy, or something like that. The Amazing led off with a story called "Beast of the Island", the menace of which was a homicidal mining-robot left over from Mu or some such place. The Astounding's leadpiece was "The Luck of Ignatz" by del Rey. And I found each of these stories to be quite fine and goshwow and distracting, as I'd hoped they would be. I mean, if Laney could catch fandom off a toilet seat...

And among these fine stories, in the Astounding, was "Life-line", the first published story of Robert A Heinlein.

I have at hand Gregg Calkins' "The Rambling FAP" #27 from FAPA mailing #96, August 1961, containing a very fine bibliography of Heinlein. From here on, Gregg's errors, if any, will be mine also unless I say differently.

From 1939 thru 1942 Heinlein sold 28 stories, of which 20 appeared in aSF, 3 in Unknown, 2 in Astonishing, 2 in Super Science, and 1 in Future Fiction; the five latter were all under the Lyle Monroe pseud, and are probably the least-memorable and least-remembered of the lot. In Unknown were "The Devil Makes the Law" (later "Magic, Inc"), the classic "They", and the effective "Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag" (under Riverside).

In aSF during this period, then, Heinlein had 12 pieces under his own name, all fitting into the famed Future History: 2 serials, 6 novelets, and 4 shorts. Outside the History were 2 serials, one novel, 3 novelets, and 1 short as "Anson MacDonald", plus the novelet "Elsewhere" as Caleb Saunders.

If Heinlein had stopped writing in 1942 he would still loom as one of the all-time greats in science-fiction. Further, if you stopped reading him in 1942 you would still be well-qualified to discuss the basic attitudes he has put into his stories. It is not that he hasn't said new things since then, nor old things in new forms and greater detail and with refinements-and-elaborations. But on basics, Heinlein knew what he wanted to say 20 years ago, and said it. Lately he's found new ways to emphasize various aspects, has come up with strong sidethoughts, and has gone in for more-lovingly-detailed backgrounds and plot-developments as well as for a certain amount of extrapolation-just-for-the-hell-of-it.

But if you want to evaluate Heinlein's attitudes toward people, listen to Lazarus Long of "Methuselah's Children", to Sam Jones of "Logic of Empire", to Mordan Claude of "Beyond This Horizon" (and Hamilton Felix, too, of course, to some extent, where ol' Ham isn't just being contrary for the sake of the plot); Heinlein doesn't always talk through his chief character nor through any character; sometimes (as in "Coventry") the story speaks for him directly. And the message is not always as obvious as some outraged protesting critics would have us believe.

Heinlein is a complex man, and I am not going to be damfool enough to try to pawn off a simplified version as being the original unabridged translation lacking only the illustrative woodcuts; we've seen too much of that already from those whose tails were pinched by a couple of the man's recent books. (We can skip the sadism bit: far as I know, it was stated solely by WAW in Wrhn; I answered it in the next issue of the same zine, and Walt wrote that yes he had gotten carried away into exaggeration in an attempt to put some points across vis-a-vis Gregg Calkins.) But still it should be possible to pick out a few basic ideas underlying all or most of Heinlein's works-- some attitudes, some beliefs, some rock-bottom views of life.

First, last, and always, Heinlein's fullest liking is reserved for people who can-- the able, the competent, the undefeated, the gutsy ones-- oh, they may lose, but they don't quit; they may get killed, but not without being downright nasty to the juggernaut that gets 'em. In particular, he likes trained competence that can control natural egotistic heroism in pursuit of a purposeful goal. However, those who "can" are not necessarily limited to action-types: thinkers, singers, beings with a flair for projective empathy-- Heinlein's "can do" types may be any sort of people-- but one and all, they contribute to the overall well-being of the rest of the gang, and also are basically good-hearted and constructive-minded types in their own furshlugginer ways; Heinlein has never detailed a really nasty protagonist who loathes and scorns all his associates. Neither is his banner carried by Futiles nor Sicksicksicks, in any story I can recall; he likes those who can.

Not that he ruthlessly jettisons those who can't. The incompetent or feeble or helpless or copeless play all sorts of various roles in Heinlein's stories. Quite often they are the objects of thankless protection-efforts by those who can; sometimes they must be left to their own copelessness (if only because in emergency it is incumbent to "save" people in such a way that survival is at a maximum-- so those who in some way contribute to their own survival have a great natural edge in the matter). But Heinlein never dumps the copeless as a matter of policy: he only does this of necessity and with more or less regret, per circumstances.

Let's not, here, get back into the "wolves-vs-sheep" argument regarding their comparative merits: I've said my piece too many times already, and sheep stink. Let's just recap that Heinlein likes such wolvis virtues as alertness, initiative, cooperation between independent-minded types and thus between thinking types who freely bend their efforts into a cooperative pattern-- further, that he has no use for herd-type blind-following that knows not who the leader is, where he's going, or even whether there is a leader at the front end of the stampede. And if anyone insists on reviving the trite setup of marauding wolves versus peaceful sheep, let me interject the thought that Heinlein's stories indicate a liking for a good tough sheepdog who knows his job and does it. Lazarus Long was one such, for awhile...

Heinlein, though, has no damn use at all for the doctrine that the competent should be shackled so as not to make the copeless look (if not good) at least passable by lack of comparison. He is bugged by those who (a little less copeless than the rest of the herd) seek to simulate competence by rigging the copeless-vote to slap restrictions on the competent minority and so look good in context.

To summarize: Heinlein likes the competent, feels that the incompetent are all well and good but may sometimes unfortunately have to be considered expendable on a strictly-priorities basis, but only gets really bugged at the jokers who get all bloody-righteous about inverting this which he feels is the natural order of things. If I've distorted the picture in any way, I did so to my own preferences. But I think it is obvious that where John Campbell a few years ago was saying out loud "The Universe does not forgive mistakes!", Heinlein has been saying all along "LIFE does not forgive mistakes (though you can, ^{sometimes} salvage them if you start fast and work like hell at it)!" Campbell emphasized that "natural law" never bothers to stop and argue with you: it's Right and you're Wrong if you goof, and that's that. Heinlein implied this but incorporates it into a less-arbitrary (but, in a sense, tougher) code. Heinlein's Universe contains people as well as equations, which makes it easier for you if you're competent, and tougher for you if you're not.

So when Heinlein says (as he often does) that you can't win if you won't try (and that regardless of the outcome it is not only worthwhile but imperative to try) he strongly advocates that you try knowledgeably and with full realization of what you're up against and what you're trying to accomplish. There's an old saying:

"God grant me the strength to change that which can be changed, the grace to bear what cannot be changed, and the wisdom to know the difference!" I don't know whether Heinlein has ever used that line directly or not, but it is implicit in his attitudes as mirrored in those of his favorite characters.

I have just recently reread "Starship Trooper", which is not so much a story as a series of episodes illustrating a related succession of points adding up to one coherent portion of Heinlein's views of Things As They Are. It is my conclusion that seldom has a book been criticized by so many who never allowed the work under criticism to penetrate past their initial thalamic reactions. You know the sort of thing I mean: "Heinlein wants military Fascism", "he says we have to have thermonuclear war", "he sees aliens as beings to be hated and killed"-- oh, they sure do make a monster of the man when he stirs up their comfy li'l prejudices!

Without a lot of lengthy quotes, here are a few things utterly overlooked in "Starship Trooper". The Mobile Infantry unit of the Filipino protagonist Juan Rico is very polyglot affair, including all races and several now-hostile nationalities. It is specifically pointed out that the MI's hazardous raids are undertaken to shake up the enemy rather than simply H-bombing them ("the object of war is not to kill people but to remove the threat their actions pose"). The Skinnies, objects of the first raid in the book, eventually become our allies. The active military does not have the vote. The veteran-only franchise is depicted as having come into being more or less by accident; the instructor then says "No, there is no theoretical reason why this system is preferable to several possible others; there are some reasons why it does work; the only reason it still exists is because it works." Heinlein's MI is on a super-volunteer basis, very difficult to join and very easy to leave (except in the "committed" situation, such as in action, real or simulated; you do not cop out on a specific job to which you are committed and in which others are depending on you); even on the ship before a drop, a man can decide he's had it and resign, up to the moment he climbs into the capsule.

Heinlein is no more exempt than Willis from misgauging his audience and losing a point through overselling; the "I like fallout" sequence is an example and not the only one. Let's consider his SeaCon speech, for instance:

That speech hammered on the theme that current events would inevitably wind up in total war or in surrender by our side (1/3 of us dying within the next decade or so in either case). At least 90% of the audience seem to have taken it at face value, whether or not they agreed. It was pretty obvious to me that the speech was intended to have a deliberate effect and to rouse a specific response; I asked Heinlein about this, and in such a way as not to tip off my guess unless it turned out to be correct. As I'd guessed, Heinlein's idea was to shatter complacency and spark the hearer to insist and act upon the third (unstated) alternative: that we can tough it out without either precipitating Atomigeddon or surrendering. About 10% of the hearers responded in that fashion, and not one of them seemed to realize he was doing anything but refuting Heinlein. So much for Slanhood in fandom... though I'll admit that side-discussions in Con-business correspondence with Heinlein had given me a better picture of his ideas (no, none of it concerned the speech; I was just as flabbergasted as anyone else at the way he took off there).

It is worth noting that in "Starship Trooper" the author does not present a finished picture of his views (or rather, of that part of them for which that book is a vehicle) through Juan Rico. Colonel Dubois is the man who has the answers; we go along with Juan Rico step-by-step through the process of learning them-- a process which is by no means complete at the end of the book. A similar division of roles can be drawn between Valentine Michael Smith and Jubal Harshaw in the new Heinlein novel "Stranger in a Strange Land", though the analogy is not exact.

I found "Stranger in a Strange Land" highly interesting, and have been very disappointed at the treatment given it by reviewers, both fan and pro. In most cases, the reviewer's prime concern appears to be getting himself tabbed as Safely Square, particularly on the Sex Angle. OK, I'm every bit as square as the next man, and the first guy who tries the Water Brother bit with my wife is going to land on his head in the lilac bush the other side of the front porch-- but I don't see what this has to do with consideration of a fictional sex-sharing group or the rationale behind it in a given story. Or maybe we are a touchier thinner-skinned batch of .. slans than I would have thought possible without this example to hand.

Most reviewers also appear to lose all powers of discrimination in confronting the "religious" content of the book. It is Orville Prescott (New York Times, Aug 4, 1961, and thank you Dick Bergeron for the clipping) who scoffs Mike Smith's little ol' training-school off as "his own religion, a compound of Martian metaphysics and a mass sex orgy" ("A friendly little orgy" says Mr. Prescott "can be funny in fiction if described with a proper combination of farce and ribald gaiety-- a la Thorne Smith". OK, Mr. Prescott, you're Safely Square; pass, friend); we see that Prescott somehow does not feel that even a "friendly little orgy.. in fiction" can be treated otherwise than as farce; in real life it would likely be too much for his sphincter ani, so that his drawers would suffer the same fate as his typer did.

Alfred Bester (F & S F, Nov '61) is more cautious: "It was, we believe, Mr. Heinlein's intent to weave religion and sexual relations into a related design..". But Bester joins Prescott in choosing "sophomoric" as the scoff-word to excuse him from any deeper consideration of Heinlein's premises.

James Blish (Warhoon 13, Oct '61) is the best of the lot: he not only closes and grapples with a number of points evaded by other reviewers; it is also obvious that ol' Blish mostly knows what he is talking about. But even Blish falls for the fallacy that (as stated in the review I'd most like to quote here, so naturally I can't find it just now) "Heinlein proposes a religion that compounds orgiastics with the worst of BillySunday-type revivalism".

Heinlein proposes no religion. V Mike Smith advocates no religion. Heinlein sets up a satire (the Fosterites) that Kingley Amis would swim the Atlantic to pin laurels on, if Fred Pohl had written it. Mike then borrows heavily from this to set up a religious front (or "come-on") for his limited-clientele School of the Grok. Mike says it's not really a religion. Jubal Harshaw (who speaks for Heinlein if any character does) is as nauseated by Mike's trappings as he is by the Fosterites.

The religious angle of "Stranger.." is fully contained in the implications of the universal phrase "Thou art God", which can be interpreted to mean that Godhood and awareness are synonymous-- or in several other ways, to be fair about it. But any reader who was paying attention at all should realize that neither Heinlein, Jubal, nor Mike are plugging for the Fosterite hoopla as a religious principle.

The book runs to five parts and contains 408 pages. The first 2 parts (216pp) are a straightforward high-powered science-fiction story that has drawn no fire at all; it's that final 196pp that gets 'em all churned up. I do not necessarily hold a brief for the free-sharing of sexual favors within any given group, but I do find it odd that no reviewer to date has even attempted to discuss the possibly-insurmountable problems that would confront real live non-Martian humans in such a situation. And my religion is my own business. ...but I think Heinlein once again oversold the point he was trying to make, which was that possessive sexual jealousy is destructive. And I'm afraid you will just have to take my word for that statement, as of now.

For a better picture of the attitudes of Robert Heinlein I refer you to Tom Purdom's excellent "Heinlein and Nada" in CRY #148 for March 1961.

The other day Elinor asked me how I would describe Heinlein the man in as few words as possible. The phrase that leapt to mind was "Guts, with grace". That was some time ago, but I have not as yet thought of any variations or amplifications that would give a better picture in any reasonable space.

A man could do a lot worse than that.

In this final mailing of IPSO's first year it is surely appropriate to look at the record and evaluate performance. So where to start?

First there's the pre-mailing flyer with letters from 20 of us and listing an initial roster of 28 members out of 62 invitees.

No roster was listed in IPSO #1, but a crosscheck between the flyer and IPSO2 indicates that since 8 of the original 28 never appeared and 3 new names were added with #1, that mailing went to 23 members and possibly a few freeloaders. It contained 80 pages of material in "proper format" from 18 members, plus 5 Official Pages by Forsyth and an ATomcover for a total of 86pp. Oops-- if Earl Kemp's membership did not start until Mlg#2, IPSO had only 22 members at its first mailing.

Historians may note that Trimbles first accepted and then declined membership without holding a membership number. Jack Harness was assigned #32 but never did appear and was finally dropped. There are no clues as to the identity of #33, but Daphne Buckmaster could have had it if she'd firmly joined and dropped between two mailings. You can expect just about anything from these MENSAs types. And so...

IPSO#2 had 66 pages by 15 members plus 6 by Forsyth plus ATomfronting; the roster listed 24 members. Patrizio was told to publish or begone; see later. Both Warner and I were given leeway for next time; Harry ^{as it turned out} didn't need it but I did.

IPSO#3 lists 25 members, adding Bradley and Kaye, dropping Harness. 14 members contribute 72 official pages; Forsyth 5, ATom 1. The roster gives George Locke some understandable leeway but this is not legitimized elsewhere. Patrizio did not publish as warned, but is again told that he had better do so. Art Rapp, who missed both mailings 1 and 3, ^(if that) is carried without note that he need do more than shine as with a hard gemlike flame ^{to hold membership}; not that I mind who gets the breaks, but these slipshod tactics trouble my fierce ex-OE-like spirit.

Rapp and Locke aside, IPSO comes up to its 4th mailing with 8 original and 2 newly-added members who are in OK-shape, and 13 who have to publish in IPSO#4 or lose membership. Through the first three mailings the group has averaged 24 real members and has produced a total of 237 pages: 218 "entry" pages, 16 Officialdom, and 3 covers. Belaying the 30-member ideal and going by 24 members and the rules, the "entry" pages should have totaled (by per-mailing average) a minimum of 216 by now, so it would seem that the granting of exceptions has just about kept pace with the 26 pages so far submitted in excess of individual 4-page minima.

So much for quantitative analysis and related esoteric pursuits: IPSO seems to be at a point where it may make it or may not, depending on the sum of individual reactions to the overall motif of the group. These individual reactions will of course be highly diverse; those in favor will constitute a nucleus for the next year.

At this point it is only fair to state that I will not be one of the members of that nucleus; my membership will expire with this mailing, though I'm subscribing for a copy of IPSO#5 and may continue subscribing in future. My primary reason for dropping membership is sheer overextension; I'd rather cut back than gaffiate. But obviously there are reasons why I'm dropping active participation in IPSO rather than in other groups (or before dropping other groups; IPSO may be just the first of several that are too many for me to keep up with). The trouble is, you see...

Well, I gave it a try. Sorry to have had to goof off and not give it a full try, hitting every mailing, but I think it would have come out just about the same.

((MiGhod. We just had a last-minute pre-departure call from Ella in New York. Jeez, I'm all shook and warmed and it upsets my critical faculties no end. That doll!))

OK, back to cases. The basic idea of IPSO is a series of oneshots on "set subjects"; further discussion in the form of comments is discouraged both as an official policy and by informal denunciation ("...a lot of sanctimonious second-thoughts." --Bruce Burn, who will likely be asked several irrelevant questions in regard to his conversational abilities-- irrelevant, because Burn is not conversing herein-- he is making a speech and wants to hear other speeches, not conversation). Granted that comments are not actually prohibited in IPSO; nevertheless I feel that

TO OVERRIDE (oops, DAMN that format bit!) ... to override the intention of the founders and the strong wishes of a sizable portion of the membership by just bulling ahead and doing Mailing Comments whether they like it or not, is quite a bit less than sportsmanlike. My own feeling has been that one should take or leave IPSO on its own terms; there are plenty of other places where MCs can be entered and are more or less in demand; it seems a pity to insist on warping IPSO into "just another apa". Metcalf, Moffatt, Pelz, and Johnstone (in IPSO#3) seem to be unable/unwilling to leave MCs to the other apas, and I would say "Shame on you; SHAME, sirs!" -- except that those MCs do break up the monotony, refreshingly.

I'm afraid I'm just not much of a "set subject" man, myself. The difficulty arises at both ends of participation-- writing, and reading. How many of you, for instance, read through "Who Killed Science Fiction?" (the work that was a major inspiration for the founding of IPSO) in one sitting? Or "Why Is a Fan?" Or for that matter, any one of the IPSOs to date? I can't do it, myself; I can read only just so many successive treatments of the same theme and the mind croggles and emits a wailing plea for a little variety (see Earl's preface to "Why Is a Fan?"); it is not a matter of being unable to concentrate on one subject and follow it through a long treatment and many pages; it is the inevitable repetition and starting from scratch again with each entry. In fact, after about the third piece on a subject, it is very depressing to realize that practically all the remainder of this fine fat volume is going to be just more of the same, essentially. Or it is, to me.

This has its inhibitory effect on the writing end, also. For instance, the subject for this time (Heinlein) really demands considerable research. Calkins' bibliography should appear, and the stories dissected for "messages" which should then themselves be correlated to form a picture of the author's thinking. And that is just one line of attack; there are doubtless several equally-promising, which would recommend themselves to anyone tackling the subject for an article. But with maybe 15 or 20 people writing on the same subject, the tendency is to feel that no really all-out effort is worth it, since most likely there'll be so much overlapping duplication that the material will be covered without all that labor by the individual (so maybe it is covered, and maybe not).

Further, the "set subject" is all too reminiscent of writing "themes" for Freshman Composition. The "playing at school" atmosphere nearly capped itself with the early suggestion of an Official Reviewer (teacher will now grade your papers), but luckily this idea was dropped. Again, a purely personal reaction.

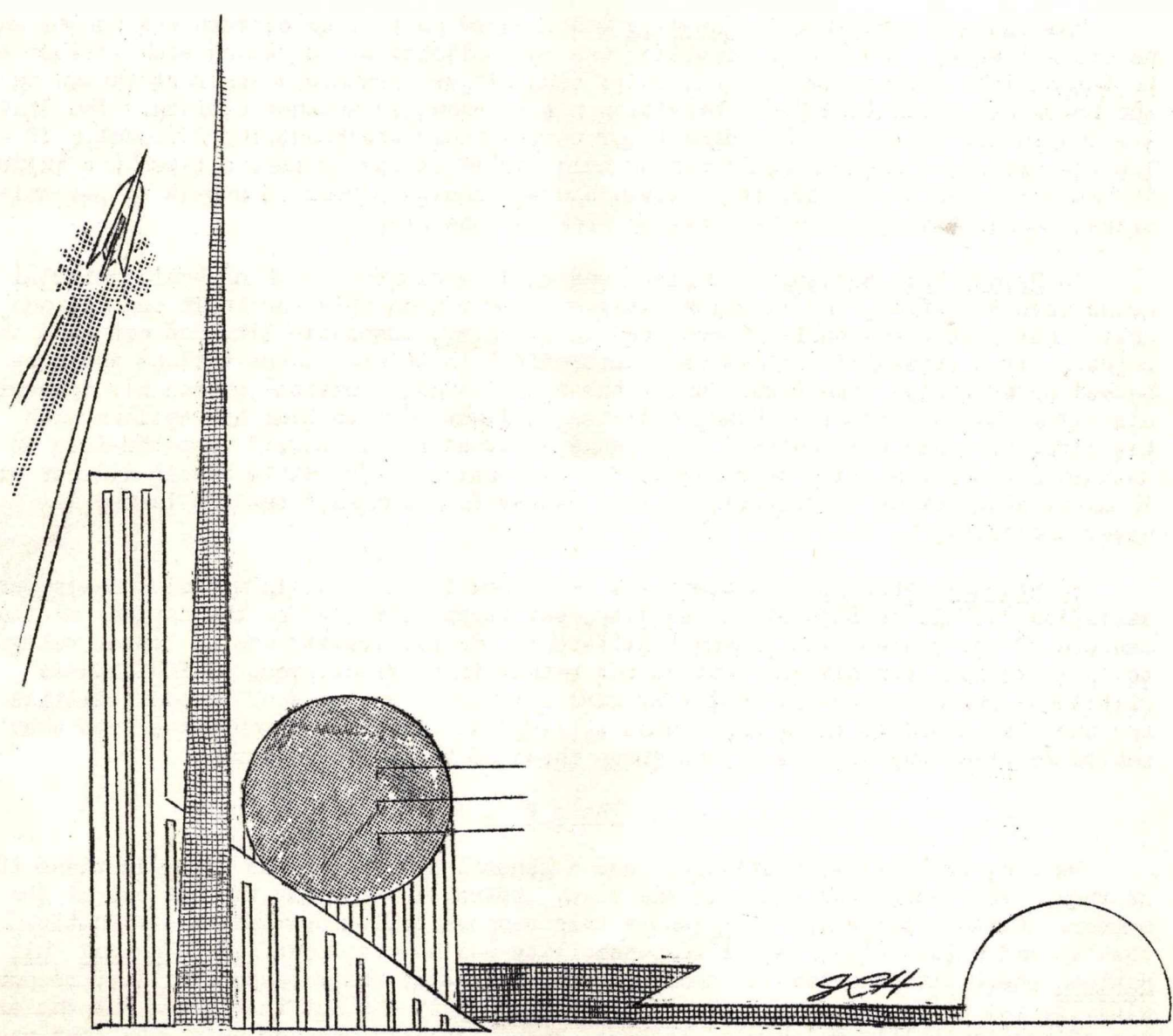
Yet the "set subject" is the backbone of IPSO, and since I am emphatically not doing a Laney-type exit or feeling soreheaded in any way about the group, let's consider the handling of the "set subject" with a view to emphasizing its strong points and minimizing its disadvantages.

Having initially suggested the choice of successive subjects that would bear some relation to each other, preferably one being a logical development from the treatment given its predecessor, I've been quite disappointed that IPSO adopted the exact opposite policy-- skipping as far as possible from one subject to the next. Perhaps the trouble lies in habits carried over from apas, but generally I read one mailing before starting on stencils for the next. Consequently I end up (say) filled with ideas derived from reading about Lunatic Fringes, facing a stencil headed Time Travel. A really inspirational situation, that is. Oh sure. But it just happens that I have a constructive suggestion for once. How about ending each zine not only with announcement of the next subject but with a (say) one-page discussion-opening teaser-article? Not just asking questions, but doing a preliminary attack on the subject-matter, enough to open up the brain-channels clogged with repeated exposure to the previous subject? It might help quite a bit.

One further thought. Don't worry about the slim roster; 30 is too many for this sort of operation anyhow. It might not hurt a thing to let attrition bring the membership down to 20 and reset the limit there. In any case, the group could thrive on a dozen or so members if need be (Cult does fine with 13). But IPSO must stick to its own standards to survive meaningfully. And good luck! -- Buz.

THE UTOPIAN NOVELS OF ROBERT HEINLEIN

Al haLevy



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

The Societies

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

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

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

Theme I

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

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

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

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

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

Competition

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

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

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

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

Theme II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is a warm spring day, the sort of day that sends you to the beach in search of sunshine and inviting water, only to find that it's a bit too chilly both in the water and out. Bob Lichtman is walking down past the south end of Dwinelle Hall on the University of California campus at Berkeley. He is pushing 6'5" so he has to duck to avoid being hit by the low-hanging branches of the trees on either side of Strawberry Creek. Bob walks around a corner and a coed sees him suddenly disappear down a rabbit hole. She is a bit hung over from a wild party the evening previously, so she doesn't think much about it. "Hallucinating again," she shrugs, and walks up towards the Student Union building.

As Bob descends down the rabbit hole, he finds himself passing a rather large white rabbit. Blinking in surprise, he notices that the rabbit is wearing a rather Victorian suit and is carrying a large gold pocket watch. As Bob passes him by--he is bigger and therefore falls faster--he hears some traces of a monologue. "Oh dear me," says the white rabbit, paying no attention to Bob. "I'm late. I'm terribly..."

"Merciful yarst," Bob says in a stroke of realisation. "I guess I must be on my way to Wonderland. I don't really have the time for this adventure, but anything for IPSO..." He settles back to enjoy the trip down.

Before very long he notices that a braking action is taking place, and soon after that he sees the bottom of the well coming up at him. It's water! "Gardylloo!" Bob shouts. "Stop. Do not pass GO, do not collect \$200, do not land in the water, for pity's sakes!" He gets his wish. He doesn't land in the water; instead he goes right through it and ends up landing, perfectly dry, on a soft plot of grassy turf beneath it.

Sitting in the spot where he landed for several minutes in order to recover his sense of balance, Bob looks up and sees that the water he burst through looks like a tiny patch of sky. Otherwise he is in a sort of cavern, with a tiny door at the south end. "Well, it isn't much like in the story, but I don't suppose all rabbit hole entrances are the same as the one Alice fell through."

He stands up and discovers to his pleasure that there is at least ten feet of clearance between the top of his head and the roof of the cavern. "Better than the chandelier area in the dining room at Mathom House," he chuckles. "But how, oh how, am I going to get out of here? The door is only about eight inches high. Now wait, there ought to be a table around here." He looks around and spies a table whose surface is on a level with his eyes some thirty feet to his rear. There is a large bottle on top of it, right in the center.

"I guess I'm going to have to climb up and get that the hard way," Bob says, noticing that there are no chairs to stand on. He shinnies up one of the legs of the table--luckily it's a rather Victorian affair and he can find footholds easily--and retrieves the

bottle. He opens it up, raises it to his lips, and.....

"How wait a minute here!" he says indignantly. "I suppose this stuff is going to make me smaller, since there's no other bottle around, so I'd better get off this table before I drink it, or else I'll break every bone in my body jumping down when I'm small." He jumps off the table carefully and as he lands on the ground he notices that the white rabbit finally comes to earth on the same spot of turf that he landed on a few minutes earlier.

The rabbit gets up and brushes himself off almost instantly, mutters "Dear me, I'm late, I'm late, I'm late," in a somewhat British accent, and starts towards the door, for which he is eminently suited, being about eight inches high himself.

"Wait a minute," shouts Bob. "I have a few questions to ask of you."

"Oh, very well," says the white rabbit, "but please hurry, for I'm already late to a very important appointment."

"What...what is it like out there?" asks Bob tremulously, motioning with his right hand towards the tiny exit.

"Oh, for pity's sakes," says the rabbit vexedly, "you've read the story, haven't you?" Bob nods his head affirmatively. "Well, then," continues the rabbit, "you know exactly what it's like."

Bob nods his head again and is about to thank the rabbit when the latter suddenly bursts in with, "Have you ever visited before?" Bob nods negatively, and the rabbit goes on, "Well, then, you'd better get a good night's sleep first, before you drink that stuff and go out the door."

"Why should I sleep before drinking?" Bob inquires.

"Simple," answers the rabbit, "you get more total sleep when you're bigger. Now if you'll pardon me..." He runs out through the door and slams it behind him before Bob has a chance to question the dubious logic of the last statement.

Nonetheless, Bob decides that the white rabbit must know what he is talking about. After all, he seems to commute from the real world, up there, to Wonderland quite regularly. Almost everyone who falls down a rabbit hole and ends up here seems to run into the white rabbit. Bob curls up in a corner of the cavern that promises to be warmer than any other place in its confines and promptly falls asleep. He dreams about being back in the real world, naturally...

Bob wakes up with a start and forgets for a second where he is, as he begins to get up quickly and discovers to his malaise that because of the hard soil on which he slept he is aches all over. He

is also hungry, but there is nothing to do about either of these complaints. The bottle is on the ground near him, and so he picks it up and uncorks it. He downs it in two well-placed gulps.

There is a shrinking sensation and the next thing Bob sees is the door to the cavern suddenly getting larger. "No, no," he mutters, "it's not really getting larger. I'm getting smaller, and I don't like it one bit." He finally stops shrinking and discovers to his surprise that he no longer aches, nor is he hungry. "Well, the liquid has side-effects after all," he says, "even though you can't get high on it." He laughs at his own pun and opens the door.

To his surprise, and utter delight, he finds that he is back in Berkeley, he is his normal size, it is another sunny day, the door is to his own apartment, and the mailman is coming up the path to collect postage due on a crudzine from New Jersey.

He pays the postman, goes back inside his apartment, carefully closing the door while viewing his surroundings to make sure he's where he appears to be, and starts to walk towards his desk. But he stumbles on the way and falls at a mirror. He doesn't break it, but instead goes right through it and ends up on the other side.....

++++++

Now, what was the above sequence all about? Bruce Pelz's alternate topic for this symposium was "Five Years in the Marmalade," in which one is to choose a fantasy world in which he must live for five years and to explain why he made his choice. My choice of fantasy world was, I will admit here, precisely the anti-thesis of what Bruce was asking for, and I didn't stay there five years, despite the ending which propelled me back again. Let me explain why I did this topic the way I did.

Dodgson's two books, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through The Looking Glass, are read, I would venture to guess, by almost every person at least three times during his life. The first time, usually when very young (he may even have it read to him), the books impress one as being uproariously funny, though for no particular reason other than that they are amusing. The symbolism of the books is lost on the young child.

Later readings, especially when teenaged or adult, reveal the true nature of the books: that they are a somewhat bitter mockery of the world of Dodgson's time, the Victorian world and its literature. The amusing, slaphappy Fun Place that Wonderland may have seemed to be to the child strikes the older person as a downright cruel place in which to have to live. The world of Wonderland is, then, not so much a fantasy world as a fantasy hell.

Please keep in mind, gentle reader, that these are my own observations. I do not intend to pass them off on you as solemn invocations of what is, but merely as indications of my own thoughts. Bear this in mind if you should comment on this brief essay.

Implicit in Bruce's choice of subject matter was the fact that all those who chose the topic would, likely, pick out his or her favourite fantasy world and take things from there. (This was already apparent in the Time Travel symposium, even to Bruce's own example of setting himself up as a replacement for D'Oyly Carte.) And if I know certain fellow IPSO constituents the way I think I do, there are going to be at least a few discussions in this symposium of personal or borrowed personal fantasy worlds, one in particular. I refer, of course, to Coventry. I grant anyone the right to have or have had his own fantasy world--I had one of my own, when much younger, but time has erased all memory of its details from my mind--but I do not consider it fair game for IPSO, since you cannot develop its characteristics sufficiently in four to ten pages as well as an author can to a fantasy world that involves an entire novel, as Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings does on a most spectacular scale.

But the above is neither here nor there. What I am driving at is this. Look over your own fantasy world, the one you chose to write on, those of you who took Bruce's topic for this mailing. How can you ignore such things as the wars of Middle Earth and the Commonwealth, the cruelty of Snow White and Sleeping Beauty, the difficulties of Robinson Crusoe and Lemuel Gulliver? The normal impression one gets of a fantasy world, if he just doesn't stop to consider it, is of a nice place, a sort of paradise.

Is it not instead a sort of deadly trap, a place where you'd rather not go? Offhand, I can't think of a fantasy world that doesn't have this drawback. Even the world of Willis' Enchanted Duplicator has its evil side. Not to mention the Land of Oz, the plane on which Michael Smith exists, and so forth.

Spend five years in a fantasy world of my choice? No, thanks, I'll take my chances around here...

---Bob Lichtman

There was a young lad they called Slim,
Who loved to work out in the gym.
One day he forgot,
And ate a great lot,
And now at the gym they call him,
Fatso.

---Calvin W "Biff" Demmon
from Snick and Sne #2, CRAP 76

This has been FUSTIAN #3, published by Bob Lichtman, 6137 S Croft Ave, Los Angeles 56, California for the January 1962 IPSC mailing. It is Silverdrum Publication #42 and is printed on the LASPS Rex-Rotary.

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF

When you study a particular subject, or become, shall we say, intimately acquainted with a writer's work, or become so familiar with a section of history that you might have lived there yourself, you can call yourself an expert in that field. This is what happens when you study a subject at college - two or three years of intensified learning followed almost inevitably by an equally intensive, though not so conscious, process of forgetting.

To be more specific, while you continue to use the subject you obtained your degree in, you tend to use only a small proportion of it. The rest becomes forgotten, through neglect. If in later years you are called upon to use some of this for otten stuff, you'll hum and hah until people think you're a cross between a swarm of May bees and a hysterical hyena, and if you're lucky, be able to give forth a few vague sentences. Odds on that they are wrong.

All of which is a long-winded prelude to an apology: All my acquaintance with Heinlein's stories, at one time very close, has gone the same way as most of my pharmaceutical knowledge. Remains a few impressions, a few memories...

And in addition, to make matters worse, Kenya isn't exactly abundantly supplied with copies of his books. STARSHIP TROOPERS is the only one I have read since since climbing five thousand feet from London to Nairobi.

But perhaps the disappearance of much detail has its assets, too. It enables me to easier appreciate a broad view of his contribution to science fiction - it makes it easier to find generalities - and, perhaps, something worth reading might emanate from these onto-stencil paragraphs.

Heinlein first appeared in Astounding in late '39 with a story called LIFELINE. It transpired that it belonged to a group of stories known as the Future History series. For a long time, they remained his major contribution to science-fiction - and a very imposing one, too. They ranged from slight yarns, even incidents, such as GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED, to the impressive sagas of UNIVERSE and ÆTHUSELAH'S CHILDREN. The stories themselves had little connection with each other save through occasional cross-references, and on reflection tended to be split into two or three groups. The first group, of which THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON was probably the best, was set very close to our time. They concerned themselves mainly with man's technological developments.

This group, on the whole, developed a very detailed picture of a world a few years in the future, a world which is already creeping round us, and are excellent science-fiction in most senses of the word. However, as I'll come to later, they were written - or, at least, published - in two different groups.

Following the immediate future stories were a number of stories and novellettes set in the far future, set on Earth after many historical climaxes have made the world almost unrecognisable. Stories such as COVENTRY. It is here, I feel, that the History begins to break down as a series. There are big gaps, and while the stories stand on their own rights as good science fiction stories, they seem to stick out like the peaks of a mountain range project from the basal plateau.

The third group - again I'm working largely on impressions, on the feel of my memory - consist of ÆTHUSELAH'S CHILDREN, UNIVERSE and the neglected COMMONSENSE. They strike me as being as satisfactory and reasonably unified an end to the Future History series as the first group forms the beginning. Part of this unification is provided by the three yarns being originated by the same theme - the star-ship and immortality. In ÆTHUSELAH'S CHILDREN the immortality is an immortality of individuals, in UNIVERSE and its sequel it is immortality of a race and the development of that race under the peculiar conditions raining aboard the starship.

As you all know, Heinlein published a chart tabulating the series and showing the life-lines of the various characters. It also indicated the major developments, both technological and sociological. In parts, particularly the early parts, it is very detailed. Later on, it becomes sketchy in the extreme. From one point of view, this is inevitable - the further you go into the future, the more numerous become the variations

from the present and the more difficult to deal with them all. Obviously, the minute detail of the early part of the history has to be scrapped, and only the most important developments dealt with.

Unfortunately, along with the detail, continuity has been dropped as well. Was this unavoidable?

Let's take a look at the imensity of the project which Heinlein, a young science fiction writer at its conception, had set himself. It has rarely been attempted otherwise. Once by Asimov, who chose the method of inventing a highly imaginative galactic set-up in the FOUNDATION series, and didn't bother with events preceding it, and Stapledon, whose motives were less of a fiction teller than of a prophet. Stapledon found the same difficulty as Heinlein: His history was incredibly detailed in its earlier stages, then became more and more sketchy as he travelled into the future. However, he performed a splendid, and even the end of STARBUKER you are left with the feeling that he has succeeded as far as possible.

But I said that Stapledon was not a story writer. I maintain that this is where Stapledon came so near to a perfect success and Heinlein's stream of history, whilst falling into the future, became broken into isolated drops. Because Heinlein concentrated on story-telling. In fiction you don't have the scope, particularly in short fiction, to bring in much material outside that actually concerned in the plot. For Heinlein to achieve the same unified history as Stapledon would have meant an incredibly large number of stories. That he had some of these stories in mind is evidenced by the chart, and, "STORIES TO BE TOLD".

Why weren't they ever written? Many would, I feel, have helped fill the gaps between the three groups, have given the whole series a finer continuity.

Heinlein wrote most of these stories between 1940 and 1942. It is obvious that he was filled with enthusiasm. Ideas were coming in fast, and as fast as they came in, he wrote them into stories.

He was FULL of ideas, for he not only developed the Future History stories, but penned other classics independent of the series: BEYOND THIS HORIZON and SIXTH COLUMN. And one day, whilst singing in the bath, he conceived on the notion of writing the time travel story to end them all. It came out as BY HIS BOOTSTRAPS, and in my opinion, it has never been bettered.

But mingled with this enthusiasm was a certain inexperience as a writer - and in one case this inexperience combined with that enthusiasm to produce a most disappointing story - METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN.

I first read this as a three-part serial in the wartime Astoundings I was then avidly collecting. The first part was a loong chapter, and presented an incredibly fascinating picture of a group, a family, of immortals and their struggle against the mundane world, and how they finally kidnaped the first of the starships. They come to an Earth-type planet, and the same fascinating picture is presented of this world - at first. But just as I was getting set to enjoy what promised to be the greatest science fiction saga of all time, to squash into obscurity the flamboyant LENSEMAN saga, part one ends, and is followed by two skimpy, sketchy parts which flop all the more because of the high promise set by the first. We see the characters rush through their adventures on two worlds, as though the author was anxious to wind the tale up in time to watch the television.

I would have loved - and so, I am sure, would most other s-f enthusiasts - to have been given the same detailed picture of the Children amidst alien surroundings as they got on Earth.

But at the time, Heinlein's interest must have been centred on his main History, and the places they visited didn't concern him after the initial inspiration which made him create them.

So I looked forward to reading the book version. Surely, I told myself, as I opened the book club edition, he would have rectified the sketchiness of the latter part of the story. But nope, he hadn't.

So we see that the bulk of the Future History series was published in the space of two or three years, with other stories as well. We see a great enthusiasm, a more than talented style...

And then the war came. Nothing more was heard of Heinlein until after the war, when a number of short, mostly mood, pieces began appearing in the Saturday Evening Post. It is obvious that those three or four years had an enormous influence on Heinlein's writing - an influence that wasn't at first easily seen, but which was undeniably there.

The first thing to be noticed was that he was no longer particularly interested in the Future History series. Not as such. Nothing was added that hadn't already been planned in 1940. The stories he wrote for the slick magazines had already been conceived at the same time as UNIVERSE. Some were important, like the last of the series to appear, THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON. Others added only to the background of the series - it was there that I feel not sufficient attention was paid. It was the sentimental tale of the Blind Singer of the Spaceways, and the man who stopped a leak into space with the checks of his behind that filled in the continuity of the early part of the series. A few stories, even a few gentle sketches centred round a single laugh or a single tear, between the three groups would have completed the series, have made it as near perfect as it could be.

But the war had changed Heinlein's ideas on what science fiction to write. The first is that while he wasn't neglecting s-f, he had channelled it into a different sphere. He was no longer appearing in Astounding with science fiction typical of ASF'S heyday, its Golden Era. He was, instead, after the brief flurry of Saturday Evening Post stories, concentrating on the Juvenile.

"Juvenile" in inverted commas, for they were eminently readable for adults. They were a series of stories which showed man's gradual conquest of space, not by American heroes and monkeys given a choice of apples and bananas, but by the ordinary folks which live next door. The most noticeable feature is a general boyscout attitude and style. The books, whilst plentifully stacked with detail and invention, were also filled to overflowing with "Mom" and "Sis" and naughty little brother.

Inevitable, you might say, considering that they were intended for the teenage market. And, as they were correct in that branch of fiction, I'm not complaining. But it was a far, far cry from the flamboyant, imaginative stuff which appeared in Astounding early. Why had Heinlein so changed his style? It wasn't because Astounding was no longer slanted to the UNIVERSE/BY HIS BOOTSTRAPS type of s-f. It still was. Heinlein's old contemporaries Van Vogt, Padgett, Sturgeon et al were still going strong, and often writing even better fiction than before. They were writing the same type of fiction too - the old pulp techniques, the old pulp ideas but with infinitely better workmanship applied to their stuff.

But remember that science fiction was slowly changing. The Golden Era passed more than a decade ago. Science fiction changed in form, in style, the same as mundane fiction has changed. Was it perhaps that Heinlein changed earlier than the old die-hards Van Vogt and Padgett?

Science fiction has always tended to be the most conservative form of popular fiction going. Seems strange, to have to call s-f conservative, but it was for many years the last outpost of the pulp magazines in their traditional format. Perhaps it is, to get off track for a few moments, that the s-f reader is conservative. He hates to see his favourites disappear. And being a vociferous character, a lot more vociferous than the detective story readers, for instance, he manages to persuade the publishers that it's still worth while carrying on with the old formats. But in spite of him, the change of literature is changing the s-f writers too. Their stories are changing in style in tempo.

And the transition, because of the conservatism of s-f, is most painful. The result is that s-f appears to be dying. Not so - but I'm supposed to be writing about Heinlein not the decline and fall of the once mighty Astounding empire.

Beginning on page 4, seperated in gestation by two days, I have to say, "there was I?"

Ah, yes. Heinlein, forsaking the magazines, was publishing a yearly "Juvenile". These were vigorous, full of ideas - ideas not as startling, as world-shaking as those behind UNIVERSE and BY HIS BOOTSTRAPS, but in their own way as fascinating. They seemed more to displace mundane settings into space. The training of the SPACE CADET was but an extension of the training of, say, an air cadet. Heinlein went into the problems with intense detail - and the same applied with his other stories. There was FARMER IN THE SKY. There was RED PLANET.

One a year, on the average.

But I found something highly anachronistic about these novels of the future. I don't pretend to be anything of an authority of current juvenile books. It occurs to me that there are, in fact, very few books published these days for the teenage market. I fancy that comic books caters for most of them. But I may be putting my foot in it, I may be wrong. There may be as many adventure stories published in the fifties as there were at the turn of the century when the boys' adventure novels were at their height.

But the significant thing is that, apart from their ultra-modern setting, Heinlein's juveniles read much the same as these fifty-year old boys books. There is a sense of unsatisfaction with the mundane surroundings. A sense of adventure, or exploration. And above all there is an intense patriotism. In Henty's day, the British Empire was still the imposing edifice two thousand years of gradual development had made it. The story of two boys who fought on their Jack Jones the French and the Spaniards, who hand in hand discovered new lands to be planted with the good old English Oak was the normal type of story. Everything was done for King and Country - and no horizon was too far away to be reached.

The same mood pervades Heinlein's juveniles. For the British Empire expanding its boundaries, infusing newly-discovered territories with the Oxford accent, substitute the Americans, building an empire in space.

The outward urge, to borrow a book title.

I said a page or two ago that Heinlein turned his back on the old Astounding formula somewhat earlier than did most of Campbell's school of writers. I'd like to revise that opinion in part - that he changed his market, but that he retained the Outward Urge of Astounding's science fiction. That he retained the basic extrovertism which typified sf of the Golden Era, and which today makes it still so eminently readable. Whilst fiction was gradually becoming more and more introvert, until such an author as Ian Fleming is the exception rather than the rule, Heinlein was resisting being channelled into the same dull rut.

And when, in the mid-fifties, science fiction was more concerned with the presentation of one philosophy or another, Heinlein was still turning out his Juveniles for Scribners with refreshing regularity. To satisfy the clamouring fans, however, he turned out one or two novels for the magazines. First came THE PUPPET MASTERS. This one shows, to a small degree, even Heinlein's edging away from extroverted fiction. But his downfall came when I presume Fantasy and Science Fiction collared him and specified that he write not a DOUBLE STAR, a novel firmly set in s-f's new pattern, but one of his Juveniles!

The rot began to set in. It wasn't so bad with STAR BEAST, but when Heinlein wrote STARSHIP TROOPERS, the extrovertism of his earlier work became lost in a sea of philosophising. And the sad thing is that whilst most of today's top writers are practised in the art of introvert fiction, having done it for ten years, Heinlein isn't. Instead of presenting the normal set of introverts and misfits, supermen who are bitter and twisted, he presents you with the skeletons of his usual heroes, and instead of kneading his philosophy into the actions and thoughts of his characters, presents it as exposition which is dull and out of place. At times, STARSHIP TROOPERS approached the general level of his other work. But at others it fell flat. And one of the biggest criticisms of STARSHIP TROOPERS was that it wasn't a novel. Just a series of incidents.

From the reviews of STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND that I've seen, I rather fancy that Heinlein has completed the transition.

When you think of the increasing mechanisation of civilisation, the thought of escaping to a more rural, more attractive world, is irresistible. However, which world to choose presents something of a problem.

Which one to go to?

Would I prefer to try my strength yanking Excaliber out of a slab of concrete to piloting a primitive sailing vessel between two rocks, just out of reach of the monsters sitting on each? Would I like to wield a club alongside Thor as Ragnarok approaches, or would I prefer to hang onto Mercury's coat-tails as he wings his way with the daily post?

I dunno. It's very hard to choose. There's part of me who would lap up hobnobbing with the fanciful creations of mythology and the even more fanciful creations of Messrs. Pratt and DeCamp. But there's part of me who isn't satisfied with that. I'm sitting here in a modern age. An age on the verge of space-travel. I think I'd like my fantasy world to be in a space setting.

I've not read any, though - any comparable to those I've read about since I was an innocent young lad. The only alternative was to invent one...

I'm indebted to Jim Cawthorn for providing me with the germ of an idea - with the first small glimpse of a world. The drawing which he made for me was intended as the cover of the last issue of a late, unlamented fanzine called SMOKE. It depicted a feathery-looking craft resembling a fan more than anything else piloted by a tiny figure, and apparently travelling away from a vast sun. One or two of you may remember that cover - assuming that any copies of that SMOKE reached their destination. Judging by the response, they must have mostly gone to the bottom of the sea.

I thought immediately that it was a sailing ship, blown across the universe by the winds of space. I became all poetic about the notion for a moment, feeling in my imagination those winds passing like gentle breaths across my face. Feeling the ship surge as a gust struck it, to carry it faster and faster to its destination. I thought of being at the helm, playing the sails to meet each change in direction, each change in mood of those winds. I felt the warm winds blowing from the sun. I felt the cold winds howling from the edge of the galaxy, where the stars ended. I felt the tornado of searing blasts emanating from the collision of two suns I had strayed too close to. And I felt the dreadful, silent horror of no wind at all, with only the force of gravity of a nearby world dragging me to death on the shores of that world.

Then, after a cup of tea, I wondered what could cause those winds. There had to be some basis in fact, however slight...

Of course! The pressure of light waves from any glowing object would serve.

That, of course, limits the scope somewhat. The winds would only blow in one direction - out from the suns and, to a lesser extent, from the planets. To approach a star would require tacking, and all your skill in sailing. And as hazards to navigation you could have bodied of collapsed matter which, radiating nothing, would draw you in towards them inexorably.

What of the people - the ships themselves? Ordinary matter obviously would be too massive. But how about matter of almost zero mass? Say matter composed of positive and negative electrons, instead of positive, massive protons, massive neutrons and electrons? Surely the light waves would be able to propel these. Surely a photon belting along at the speed of light would be able to knock an electron an appreciable distance?

And the scope for creating bizarre inhabitants of this new world would be as wide as that available to the space-opera writer.

And what could be the connecting link with us mundanes on Earth. How does my earnest hero get transferred to this new world?

Another idea...

Ghosts.

What are they? Nobody has found out for certain what they're composed, even if they exist. I can make of a ghost anything my imagination allows. Okay, I can make a ghost as being composed of light-weight atomic particles such as positive and negative electrons and neutrinos. I can specify my own conditions. I can say that when a person dies, part of him vanishes in the form of a body of positive and negative electrons, identical

with the original, but infinitely lighter. It retains its memory and power of reason. But with death comes the longing to explore this new world - this new world of wonders at present unknown. And it is so easy. Let the light of dawn project you at a tangent across the land, at first, until the curvature of the earth makes you rise and rise, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until you are floating free in space, a castaway on the biggest sea in the universe, a new-born babe waiting to be picked up by the nearest vessel - a boat seeking you for employment as a sail-hand, or a recruiting vessel building up an army to fight some alien menace.

But you might not be so inclined at first. You know that you are visible, particularly at night. You have been murdered by your best friend, and you want to wreak revenge. You are feeling bitter and twisted - you feel you can leave Earth until you have at least scared your best friend to death. You find you have perhaps some slight telekinetic powers. You can, perhaps, arrange that if he is too psychologically sound to be scared to death, he can at least have a safe dropped on him!

Perhaps you can be a superman in this new world. Perhaps the common inhabitants of the new space can only move by use of the wind to blow them along, can only guide their course as a sailing dinghy is guided. Perhaps you, on Earth, had been born with psi powers (Okay, okay, I haven't been brainwashed by Campbell, but psi is still a legitimate theme in science fiction as space travel.) This would make you a decidedly gifted gentleman. You would have a power of movement denied to most of the common herd. Would you have the ability to move the same weight of substance as you could with your power back on Earth? How much would it be? A gramme or a ton? If it were a ton, you could perhaps move even the electron worlds of your new universe, which might weigh a ton or two. But if it were only a gramme, you would be limited to moving small objects. Maybe, by exerting superhuman, for you, force, you could save a ship from death on one of the collapsed matter stars you've invented on the last page.

You probably wouldn't be the only entity in this universe with telekinetic, etc, powers. You would probably take charge of a single nation. You might come up against another nation similarly led.

And all the while, you have the fresh breezes of space blowing on your face.

Thank you, Jim Cawthorn, for providing me with a new world in which to travel.

Seriously, it's a theme which has intrigued me for a long time. This is the first time I've got the thing down on paper, and I'm surprised at the way it's developed from the initial thought. I feel I have enough material there to write quite a long fantastic story on it. The only thing is - you've seen it. And whether I write it to 20000 words or 40000 words or even more or not, I think it will be the last you will see of it.

Even granted it was well enough written to be publishable, I think the very nature of the story, almost pure fantasy of the dream-world type, would deny it publication. Is there any market left for fantasy of this far-fetched sort? Or would I have to pay for its publication myself?

One of the most regrettable trends in modern fiction is the rejection of pure fantasy. How often does a work like THE LORD OF THE RINGS appear? How often does something as far from normal endeavours as this appear?

To hope for publication, would I have to dress the thing up in scientific terms? Treat it as science fiction, thus robbing it of most of its romantic appeal?

Twenty years ago there was a definite market for a story like this. Ten years ago there was still a small one. Today - there is none that I can see, save maybe to bribe a vanity publisher to run it on payment of a hundred pounds, or whatever the rates are? And with that course - I'm damned if I'll do it.

That's the reason I haven't written the yarn, why it's now presented merely as an idea for IPSO.

Should I start on it now? I'm awfully tempted, because the idea appeals to me. Or should I stick to science fiction, pure and simple.

I'm sure I'm not the only person with an idea up my sleeve like this, and that is the most regrettable part of it.

NOLO

EPISCOPARI

2

There is more than a slight possibility that my contribution to this IPSO mailing will be somewhat bitty. This is because although I am most eager to read what the other members will have to say about Heinlein, I don't feel that I can say very much, myself. This means that I will more or less stick to the alternative subject, where I can let what little imagination I have run riot. However, I don't feel that I can just ignore Heinlein, so I will set out the few thoughts I have about his work (that which I have read at any rate) and see if I reach any conclusions.

I can't start this part of my contribution without feeling rather presumptuous. This feeling arises from the fact that I don't believe anyone should attempt an article like this unless he has read all, or at least a very great deal of the works of the author in question. Although I have read a fair amount of Heinlein's stories I don't think that I have read most of them. Many of those I have read I did some years back, when my outlook on Science fiction, and life in general, was very different from what it is now. Bear these points in mind, and don't judge too harshly the following thoughts about Robert A. Heinlein.

Delving into the depths of my memory, I would say that the Heinlein stories I liked best were the future History series as found in the anthologies 'The Green Hills of Earth' and 'The Man Who Sold the Moon'. It is quite a while since I last read them, and in those days my sense of wonder was all bright and shiny and new, so if I read them now I might not feel the same, but the characters in those stories were real for me. Not all of them, but quite a few. Then perhaps I matured, and required something more than a perfunctory description of the hero in order to make him real...or perhaps Heinlein slipped as far as character building went, but for me none of his characters in the past few years has come alive.

But this doesn't mean that I don't enjoy what Heinlein writes nowadays. In fact, I seem to be one of the very few people who read and enjoyed 'Starship Troopers' as a story. Most everybody else talked about it as the presentation of an argument (as it was), and finished up by saying 'Of course it wasn't much in the way of a story'. Well, I for one, disagree. As a story I thought it very good indeed, and the fact that many of the points of Philosophy that he tried (note, tried) to make, nearly made me burst a blood vessel, and write rude notes in the margins (something I have NEVER donebefore), is quite irrelevant... I still liked it as a story. Looking back at it, it seems rather peculiar that I did enjoy it. The characterisation was downright weak, and many places the characters almost reached the proportions of caricatures, while our hero, Rico, is a complete nonentity. I think that there are probably two reasons for my liking Starship

Troopers. Just prior to reading the book I had read no Science Fiction to speak of, but had gone off on a modern literature binge. Starship Troopers therefore, was a complete contrast to the stuff I had been reading, it was a fast moving adventure story, uncomplicated, all the issues either black or white, and it could be read on a superficial level. So the first time I read it I enjoyed SS as a story. Later on I went back and read it again, and this time I enjoyed it from, I suppose, a more intellectual point of view (if you will excuse the expression). The story didn't matter this time. What I liked was pulling Heinlein's arguments to bits.

I have gone on a bit about Starship Troopers, but only because this is the last novel of his that I have read, and it is the one I can remember best. One last point I would like to make about it is that although I am glad I read it, I hope that he doesn't do too many like this. This one was fun to read, but the one after the next will probably bore me to tears...we will see when I get down to reading 'Stranger in a Strange Land'.

To conclude, I will only say that Heinlein, over the years that I have been reading Science Fiction, has given me a lot of pleasure, and I hope will give me a lot more. He will do if he sticks to the sense of wonder stuff that he does so well, and leaves political arguments to those who can do it so much better.

* * * * *

I was sorry that I couldn't get anything into the last mailing, but it was impossible for me to do so. Thanks to Bruce Pelz, though, I am able to tackle a similar subject this time, and although there seems to be a fair number of limitations on the localities available, I think I will enjoy myself wandering about, trying to find a fantasy home to lay my weary head.

One advantage that going to a fantasy world has over time travel is that there is no need to worry about things like adaptability, and language. This means that we can go to the world of the Arabian Nights, for instance, and this might not be a bad idea. All those exotic princesses, slaves pandering to your slightest whim, riches beyond the dreams of whatever his name is, adventure, being eaten alive by a djinn ..?.. well, perhaps we can think of something a little more sedate.

When I think about it, there hasn't been very many kinds of fantasy world written about. Most fiction, even SF deals with worlds which are just variations to a greater or lesser degree, of the one we live in now, so if we are going to play this game straight, and stick to worlds we have read about which aren't just our own world with some slight difference, then I feel that there is a fair limitation on where we can go. Perhaps I am imposing too many inhibitions which are unnecessary, but that's the way I feel it should be done, and that's the way I'm going to do it - so there.

Let's have a look at some of the worlds which are still available to us. One of the first ones which springs to mind, mine at least, is that of the Shire, where we would be neighbours of the Hobbits. If we go here we really must assume that all the trouble they had, about some ring or other, was well and truly over, and that everything was peaceful again. The advantages of the Shire wouldn't be many, but the one that would make all the difference is the real peace you would have there. Just think, no politics, TV, strikes, nothing to break the serenity of day to day life.. boring isn't it? But this is not the reason why I wouldn't care to go to the Shire very much. For five years I could exist without fanzines, ice-cream, the Science Fiction Club of London, the Sunday Observer, H-bomb tests. No! what puts me completely against the idea is the thought of five years of Ted Johnstone, Bruce Pelz, and hordes of other fans crawling in and out of my little burrow making notes for articles they intended to write when they got back here again.

Oh well, let's have a look and see what else there is. I suppose there is always the Never-Never Land, but this never did appeal to me. I always thought of it as a very dull place to live, and I never went all dreamy at the thought of going there. Or then there's all those places that Ulysses visited, but the thought of Scylla and Charybdis, and grappling with one-eyed muscle men just doesn't fill me with the enthusiasm it did when I was ten. Mediaeval legends don't appeal to me too much either. The whole trouble there is that to get anywhere you had to be a daring knight, prepared to die for the honour of some fair maiden, and although I agree that this is a high, noble and most worthy cause for any man to lay down his life, I am rather glad that to do so now has gone out of fashion.

Where, then, can I find the sort of place that I'm looking for? Somewhere where I can laze around all day, indulging myself, without worry or care. It may come as a bit of a surprise, but I am going to take refuge in the works of Walt Disney, or at any rate I will use his interpretation. The basic idea is from the Greek legends, and of course the development of the theme is in Fantasia. Yes, the world depicted in Disney's interpretation of Beethoven's Pastoral is the place I would like to go. As far as I am concerned the place has everything - peace, quiet, any worries so small as to be virtually negligible. In fact a wonderfully uncomplicated life.

Now, not only am I plumping for this land of the gods, but I insist on going there in the body of my own choosing...there's nothing in the rules to say that I can't do this. No, I'm not going as one of the gods, and all you smart people out there can stop suggesting that I go as a Cherub, but that(s out too, my body will be that of a Centaur. Just think, all the advantages of a human being and yet a body capable of more than a human body, (unless you want to climb trees that is). What appeals to me about being a Centaur is that I would be able to run about at high speed. Now I don't know why this should appeal to me, because at the present time the mere thought of running around madly makes me collapse exhausted on to the nearest chair, but nevertheless that is what I would like to do. Another thing that makes this my choice is the thought of all that sun-shine. After the winter we have been having I am beginning to think that any place at all that has sunshine is indeed a fantasy world.

So there you are. That's where I would spend my five years in the marmalade..and come to think of it, those four legs would come in very useful when somebody came to take me back.

Having another page to fill up, and having nothing else to say on the set subjects, I will attempt to use up most of it with some comments on the last mailing.

One point I think most worthy of comment is the fact that IPSO 3 contained two pieces of pure fiction. Now I must say that I quite enjoyed both of them and especially Dick Schultz's but it got me thinking along the lines of what it would be like if every member decided to write a story for a particular mailing. Two pieces of fiction I found quite acceptable, but a couple of dozen, all on the same subject would probably put me off for good. I believe that fiction in IPSO should be acceptable, but slightly frowned upon.

It was a little surprising that of all contributors, the only one who wouldn't even consider the past, the only one who would take a chance on the future we all say we are so interested in, was wee Sister Ethel. The only woman in the ranks, taking the plunge while all the he-men decided it was too risky. Frankly I agree with the he-men...to hell with coming up in the middle of a great radio-active hole.

Probably the most interesting issue was the one by MZBradley, when she asked whether anything could exist before its time, and even suggested that it couldn't. For my money, sure you could have penicillin before Flemming found it...that is if you knew how to go about looking for it. MZB seems to forget that almost all our present day gimmicks depend on a natural law. What I mean is that someone discovers a natural law, and very often some other bright person comes up with an idea on how to use that law for doing something useful. Some of these laws are Universal, which, when you think about it, and always accepting MZB's postulate, would mean that nowhere in the Universe could there possibly be any culture further advanced than ours.

I'm not going into any detail about any other of the contributions but I would say that I enjoyed this mailing no end. In fact before reading it I thought I would have to drop IPSO due to lack of time, but when I started to read it I phoned up Ted to find out whether or not I had time to get something in this mailing. All this is in the way of being an excuse for the hurried look that this contribution will surely have, but I have had only two days to get the whole thing completed.

So ends the seconds issue of Nolo Episcopari. See you all again next mailing, I hope.

*

The third IPSO FACTO brought quite a variety of attitudes and responses to the idea of time travel. My accolades go to those who took the idea seriously, and wrote with realization of their own limitations, should they take a trip in time. I don't say that one couldn't take over the world in ancient times, but he'd better be (1) a damn good linguist, (2) very knowledgeable on the minor details of the era and country, and (3) sneaky (or at least very clever), to get out of a power-play situation alive. Sneaky I may be, but the others I am definitely not.

I would award Dick Schultz the prize for the best contribution to IPSO #3, on the basis of presentation, attitude, and, again, recognition of limitations. A fictional presentation is more enjoyable than straight discourse (Bruce Burn, yours was good, but begged the question of where you would go); the serious attitude is more acceptable than a frivolous one (John Berrv, your usually excellent flippant humour seemed a bit out of place here). Metcalf you lazy clod, why not TRY investigating the library at Alexandria? It would take you a couple years to learn the language, but you could probably set yourself up in a position to save the thing without too much trouble, after that. You've wasted an excellent idea for a write-up. Pfui on people who won't take some time to be creative.

Of the discursive members, Harry Warner's was best thought out and most logically surveyed. And even though you couldn't get back to the 20th Century to write up your findings, Harry, you could at least make sure the facts were recorded in publications of the 18th that would last through the interval. I guess I'm biased in liking your idea -- it's rather close to my own, just a different locale and a century earlier. But there are so many creative lives that were ended or botched up while they were still going strong, that one ought to be able to do something about it as a time-traveller.

And MZB brings out an idea I hadn't considered at all: before the discovery of things like penicillium, did they actually exist? Maybe the stuff just recently evolved when it was discovered -- which would indeed make it impossible to "discover" it years previous. An intriguing thought, which should be kept in mind when one tries to sort out the arguments about the nature of time.....

Vic Ryan says it is impossible to go back in time. What about the relativity bit: travel faster than light and subjective time differs from "objective time" -- isn't this a form of time travel? I should think it was. But then I have a lot of strange ideas. Once you accept the idea that someone may be able to travel into the past, then you have the questions of what happens to him. Does he become insubstantial because he shouldn't exist at that time? If he's substantial, can he change anything that "did" happen? If he can't, is he off on a merry-go-round of futility or does he realize he can't change anything? If he can, does he set off an "alternate world" scheme, or just influence the one and only "time-track"? If he lives back into his own time and meets himself, what happens? Or is this impossible?

The questions are endless, and -- for the time being -- futilely philosophic. One of these days, perhaps I shall get around to studying what the physicists thing Time is -- or maybe by the time I get around to that, they'll have figured out how to time-travel. I rather hope so.

 Dulatuc Nastur Quana, he said, and left

OPERATION FLIPBACK

The original idea was fairly mild, and sprang from three sources. The first was the fact that some people, myself included, have a very high degree of empathy -- they can become completely immersed in a good movie or a well-written book within minutes; they identify with one or more of the characters and take part in the plot. For the duration of the story, their minds have left Earth and are wandering in some distant world until they put down the book, or until "The End" flashes across the screen.

The second factor was the parallel world theory that show up in the SF stories so much -- the idea that somewhere, somewhere, any kind of a world which can be imagined may exist. A different universe, a different dimension, a different plane -- or somewhere. To this was added the story of "Five Years in the Marmalade," in which a Martian has a machine that transports him to and adapts him for living in, and fantasy world in which its creator believed at all, since their belief had made the worlds real somewhere.

And the third factor was stolen from a comic book -- the time-travelling of Batman and Robin, under hypnosis, where they arrive in the past and relive events, taking actual part in them and influencing the future to be what it had been when they left it.

From these three I got the idea that it might be both fun and instructional to try being hypnotised into a fantasy world, to see how thoroughly I would identify, with what character, and how much I would take part in the action -- would the action follow the book, or would I be able to change it? What would happen if my character were "off-stage" at some time? A hypnotic total recall or running commentary into a taper while under hypnosis would provide the answers to the questions once I came out of it. The hypnotist would have to be a professional, preferably a psychologist, and not one of the usual party-game hypnotists that are running around. I see no point in taking chances.

The next branching out of the idea was that there are various degrees of difficulty (or complexity) in fantasy worlds, and it might be an idea to start with the least complex and work up gradually. As a starting point, I took A.A. Milne's Winnie the Pooh, and went from there to Peter Pan, to the Hans Christian Andersen stories, the Grimm Brothers tales, and to Alice in Wonderland, whose large amount of nonsense makes it much more complex than the fairly logical (assuming magic) fairy tales. The last step in the sequence was to be Middle Earth, whose scope and detail made it much more complex than Alice.

All this was formulated while I was still living in Florida da. When I moved to Los Angeles, I mentioned the idea to some of the fans, and found some of them liked it. Bjo suggested that a number of people could take part in the experiment, including some who were not empathetic to such a degree who could serve as controls. Ernie Wheatley fit the specifications, and was interested in the idea, so we counted him in. A few others, such as Ted Johnstone (who is empathetic) wanted in, too. It was also suggested that as the fantasy worlds grew more complex, regular hypnosis might not be good enough to achieve the rapport; instead, the experiment could be moved to laboratory (medical lab) control, and use hallucinatory drugs such as LSD. (Punster's side-query: how much LSD for LSD?) It would take all sorts of signed waivers and red tape, but

experiments are being conducted with LSD, and there is a good possibility this one would be accepted.

The next addition was that of a new top rank to the series of fantasy worlds: Coventry. Coventry is a combination of the realms of Leiber, Van Vogt, Tolkien, Asimov, Howard, and others, transported to a group of islands near the Arctic, then rebuilt as a spindizzy-world a la "Universe" and shipped off into space. It was originated by Paul Stanbery of Pasadena, California, and a number of his friends, including Rich Brown. They set themselves up as rulers both behind the scenes (the space-travelling) and in front (the countries of Coventry, most of whose inhabitants have no idea that they're not still on Earth.) They wrote in their friends as sub-rulers, and their friends wrote in their friends, so that Coventry is peopled with fans, Pasadenans, and a conglomeration of other characters who don't even know they have been used to populate Coventry. I was written in as a Grand Marshall of one of the Corps of the army of Linn (Rich Brown's country) and wound up with several other titles as a result of politicking around. At any rate, of the IPSCO members last mailing, Ellick, Pelz, Rapp, and Johnstone are in Coventry, and Dick Schultz is in the process of being written in. The trouble is, it is getting crowded, and the long lists of names that show up in GIMBLE, Ted Johnstone's Coventry fanzine (#3 is now ready), are not *made-up* characters, so they can't be easily deposed.

I decided that Coventry was a degree of complexity higher than Middle Earth when I realized that Coventry is formulated, but not written out. It has definite bounds, but the entire history is not delineated -- one could do most anything as long as he didn't step on too many toes while doing it. (The Church rules Coventry from behind the scenes, but very few Churchmen have been written in as yet.) And it has one definite advantage over almost all other fantasy worlds -- an advantage which Rich Brown pointed out to me when I pulled this same "Marmalade" stunt in my genuine PROFANITY several years ago: The higher-ups in Coventry are immortal (they are the Amaranth Society, swined from Vance's To Live Forever.) Rich was more specific as to his reason for choosing to go to Coventry: "I am immortal in Coventry," he said. And so am I. (Armchair psychologists may chuckle at the obvious thanatophobia.)

So we put Coventry into the scheme of things, to follow the visit to Middle Earth. All of those who were interested in the experiment had their avatars in Coventry -- Bjo is Barana, Queen of the pirate empire of Trantor; Ernie was another Linn Grand Marshall, but got relocated to Trantorian citizenship; Ted is Tedron, Duke of Methylenia, a dukedom which runs itself quite well while its duke is out roaming around Coventry as a minstrel or some such; Ruth Berman is a Princess of Tarpinia; I am Bruziver or Heorot, Autarch of the sub-kingdom of Azhparad in Linn (again, it's lucky Azhparad can run itself fairly well.) With the identifications more or less "built in" in Coventry, it should make quite a rapport with empathetic people taking part in the experiment.

So far there was nothing for people to get alarmed at -- medical lab control, all sorts of precautions, not going off halfwittedly on a hare-brained scheme, even if this was a here-brained scheme. And so far, this was not Flipback.

The more I considered the idea of visiting Coventry in this way -- or considered visiting any fantasy world (though usually it was Coventry under

consideration), the more it looked like a good idea. As you may have surmised from my article in IPSO FACT 3, there are times when I don't care much for the present -- or for this world, even. A visit to some other world would be fun, and it would probably be a better world. No more of this "I a stranger and afraid/ In a world I never made" jazz. In Coventry, I might be afraid (I'm a definite coward about most things, though I've tried to build the Bruziver character cautious but not cowardly), and for a while I might be a stranger -- but it damn sure wouldn't be "a world I never made." I at least helped.

So I took the plans one step further than the experiment, and this time included only myself. Given the desire, and slight push -- LSD, perhaps --, it should be possible to go deliberately schizophrenic, and live in Coventry a la "The Jet Propelled Couch."

I liked the idea when I came up with it. I still like it today -- as an emergency measure in case of H-Bomb, multiple-amputation, or any such incapacitation. It is very definitely the coward's way out of a situation he can not face. But I think anyone should have the right to run if he needs to -- and no one has any right to block the exit. If you can talk someone out of running, or bring him back if when he finds he's run into a worse mess, Okay -- but don't try to stop him, as he'll just hate you for it, and run as soon as you're not looking.

Now, before you go calling the head-shrinkers or the men in the little white suits, let me assure you I haven't even tried the hypnosis scheme yet, and in all probability will never get around to it, let alone getting around to Flipback. I merely reserve the right to talk on the idea -- and rights to try it if need be. Anyone who has read the book Mama's Bank Account should be able to appreciate the idea of being able to talk about something being around for security, even if it isn't -- or if you're not sure it is. Flipback is a sort of "Mama's Bank Account."

It is also a story gimmick. There are five or six levels of reality to Coventry, of which two are major: Coventry qua Coventry, the lands and peoples of the countries themselves, and what happens there, is level 1; Coventry qua spindizzy, the interstellar aspects of Coventry and its workings behind the scenes (there are two lower decks, one of which is a Krell city stolen from "Forbidden Planet"), is level 2; Coventry qua Arctic, the references to the original islands and their history, is level 3; Coventry qua Pasadena, the streets and buildings that formed the basis for the original play-world of Coventry (it started as the Mariposan Empire, but expanded; hence the sort of fan-code for my apartment on Mariposa: The Empire,) is level 4; Coventry qua imaginary world -- our "real" level of existence -- is level 5. These levels I formulated, but I have had to admit a 6th level: Coventry qua other fantasy worlds. It seems that several other fantasy worlds overlap Coventry because of characters common to both. Example: Rick Sneary is Count Ricarde of Chan, Guardian of the Rimland, in Coventry. But Chan is Rick's own fantasy world, located on Mercury, and including such characters as Ted Johnstone, Steve Tolliver, and Bjo -- all of whom are in Coventry. Adrienne Martine's world of Tombemonde overlaps in one or two places, too. So we have to admit level 6. Level 7 is entirely the property of Jack Harness, and the rest of the Coventranians want nothing to do with it: Coventry qua Camarillo (the state insane asylum). Tho we may wind up applying for admission, I refuse to recognize this as a level of reality of Coventry.

Now, if you've struggled through all that, you can forget al-

most all of it. Stories of Coventry are usually 1st and 2nd level -- in fact, so far the stories have been all level 1 in GIMBLE. The first of a projected series of double-level stories (level 5 and a combination of levels 1&2) will be appearing in Ernie Wheatley's zine AFFAMATO 2, which should be out by the time you get this IPSO FACTO. It's called "Tuzun Thune II," and uses hypnosis as the gimmick (title reference: Robert Howard and King Kull). There is a second on the boards, which should be in the SAPS mailing this January, if I get/got it finished. If you're interested in either of them, write either Ernie or me. For GIMBLE 3, write Ted Johnstone or me. (To get out of hearing about Coventry, quit IPSO and SAPS. Actually, I am trying to limit Coventranians to SAPS, but this looked like a good way to get IPSO off on some discussions, including the nature of reality (and exactly how far round the bend Pelz may be.)

Flipback came in for quite a bit of discussion locally several months ago when several fringe-fans decided I/we were a bit too far round the bend about Coventry, and decided to get us out of it. They went at it the wrong way, trying to destroy an imaginary world, but that's another story. During the period there were times I actually felt like trying Flipback -- or at least letting on that strains were getting too much -- and a sign for Flipback was invented: both hands, curled into fists, knuckles down, along side of each other in front of you. (One hand making the curling motion was a sort of joking reference to the idea.) It all seems silly, and probably reads even sillier -- but is it? What is reality, and who can say whether or not one can create his own? And does anyone have the right to take someone else out of his own "reality" when the latter is more at home there, and not bothering anyone else? I read the Lindner article ("The Jet-Propelled Couch,") and somehow I feel that Lindner had no right to foul up John Carter's double-reality. (I have forgotten the character's name in the article, but his real name was John Carter, according to Dean Dickensheet, who says he met the man at White Sands.) Perhaps Carter could have written more of Barsoom and its people.

I mentioned Flipback to Ted one time, and he said he wouldn't be interested, as he didn't like to get into things he couldn't get out of. He says he had no choice on this plane of existence, and I'll let him argue with Harness on that matter.

But it had occurred to me that if Flipback was a way of getting into Coventry, there ought to be a way of getting out again -- not necessarily getting back, just getting out. So, as long as it was still a sort of "Typewriter in the Sky" affair, I wrote in a couple of characters on my Corps staff -- a hypnotherapist and a drug expert, and just for good measure one of the few characters allowed to have any magic at all in Coventry: one of the Elves of Tolkien. Stanbery has turned thumbs down on magic, but allowed the Elves in, with perhaps minor parapsychological powers. Exactly what their powers would be, I don't know. Stanbery hasn't said (he's arbiter for things Coventranian, and until a sort of appeal board is set up, what he says goes. You have to argue him into things if he doesn't agree with you the first time.), and I haven't tried to delineate the powers myself. But I have set one of the Elves (in Coventry they're the Quenyari in spite of the fact that it would more properly be the "Quendi," says Jack Harness) in my EQ, Swertholme, as Keeper of the Gate. If I have to get out of Coventry for some reason, going to another "reality," the Gate will take care of it even if the hypnosis and drugs do

not. (It's nice to have faith in things like that, don't you think?) I have little idea exactly where I would go from Coventry. I doubt that I would just return to Earth (level 5) unless there were some way of telling that whatever had caused me to flip in the first place was no longer valid. I could go to Middle Earth, perhaps -- my identification should be with Gandalf. Or perhaps to one of the other "personal" fantasy worlds that are around -- in the Los Angeles area, there are so many personal worlds that they were threatening to start a World-of-the-Month plan, and Bjo commented that she thought she'd give me a world of my own for Christmas. I declined, as I'd rather leech off Stanbery's world. Adrienne Martine's Tombemonde is not yet completely formed, but it, like Stanbery's Coventry, is a Tuckerization*, and I have an avatar there. It's a rougher world than Coventry, and it runs on magic. Could be fun, but I'd probably have to wait until the story of the world, The White Witch, gets finished.

But Flipback could be self-perpetuating, and one could set up the next world's exit before moving on from his present one. (I wonder if maybe I set something of the sort up here, and have merely forgotten about it? Must check with Harness, who is the expert in this past-lives, other-lives bit.)

There are so many answers I'd like to have, that only an actual Flip could provide: What happens if you flip and try to go against what has already been written? What happens if two people flip to the same world and try to run things two different ways? Could it be that the world would run itself just as if there had never been interference from an other-level person at all? I think this most likely -- even fantasy worlds must have some system of rules and regulations by which they run, and no one person should be able to upset them. I'd probably try, though. I see it now: I flip, and everywhere I turn, trying to do something, I find Paulus Edwardum Rex (Stanbery), Emperor of New America and President of Coventry, saying "I'm sorry, Bruziver, but you can't do that in Coventry." Bet he'd be the cause of a second Flip -- out of Coventry. ("Is it true, Paulus, that you and your arguing drove Jommar Lynn (Rich Brown) to roaming the starways far from Coventry?" Splutter, fume, facepacepace.)

I've rambled on for an unprecedented four and a half pages on Flipback and Coventry. It's up to you to decide how much is serious, how much joke, how much undetermined. If you decide I am serious, then you must decide whether to ignore, argue with, denounce... or join me. And I leave you with a part of a projected Coventry parody on "Camelot." It's the last couple lines, by Ted Johnstone:

Because, my friends, the world is filled with sadness --
And so it was, and so will ever be;--
But once there was a fleeting, happy madness
Called Coventry.

Bruce Pelz
15 December 1961

This is Rider's Shrine #4, for IPSO Mlg. 4, January 1961
It is Incunobulous Publication #60.

*Tuckerization: using people you know (or just their names) as characters in a story. Or can you think of a better term?

BEFORE WE GO FORWARD into the alternate topic of travel into a Fantasy World, let me pause to give forth with a few well-chosen screams of agony at a few irkesome points in the third mailing.

First off, the idea of giving Earl Kemp a membership for one year without having to do anything. While personally I think Earl is one person who wouldn't abuse his privledges in this respect, and would become a working member upon completion of the ChiCon III, I must remember something else. I'm an IPSO member, and as such am duty bound to scream in outraged horror at the idea of allowing someone to slide along as an "Associate" member or somesuch. Especially not while I've got to produce my four pages every mailing or else.

This would start the highly dubious precedent of Associate or Limbo memberships, something that IPSO, as a young just-starting APA must avoid. Especially in the light of its especially frequent activity requirements.

An alternative.... If Earl is willing, why not let him be a subscriber for the 5th through 8th mailings, with it clearly understood that Herr Kemp will immediately go to the head of the Waiting List, or before that if he feels able to do so. Any objections?

Two, Robert Heinlein is too broad topic for me to discuss that it is ridiculous to attempt to say anything original about the man. I know too little and too many other people know too much more than I about this noted author. You might just as well have said, "Here's Bob Heinlein. Say something about him! But onwards

FIVE YEARS IN A PAPER DOLL FACTORY

OR

Thots Whilst Playing A One-String Bull Fiddle.

Before anyone calls me entirely bats, let me state here and now now that I would not willingly project myself into a fantasy or alternate world, even for five years. None that I know of, anyways. The future may be healthier or have travel to the planets or what have you. But no place could guarantee the individual comfort to which this nation in this century is so accustomed. And for a more feudal environment... No thank you, a guy could get kilt back there.

But if I must go back, and if it's just for five years (or slightly longer), I would chose a backwards world, in order to allow myself the advantages of knowing the inventions and techniques of a more advanced civilization, with all the opportunities for wealth and power that that implied. Coventry would be my choice.

Most of you have probably just heard of Coventry and nothing more. It is strictly a fantasy land, with four or five levels of existence. It has no relation to the story of the same name by Heinlein, and is almost totally the invention of Paul Stanbery, lately of Pasadena and now of Seattle. He and a number of school buddies invented the land and rationalization for it years ago, and it has caught fire amongst a number of LA fans and their cohorts in the midwest and east, all of whom have adopted characters and roles within the fantasy world.

They have taken on Coventranian names, have drawn maps, written histories, and Ted Johnstone has even fought a full-scale war over an immense map. There is commerce, intrigue, crop failures, the works, it is a complete world.

This is how most of the inhabitants think of it, as a world.

But Coventry is in actuality an artificial environment set up on a huge extra-solar spaceship. On the other side of their "earth" lies the city of Crimzoidia, a city of engineers and ship's personnel, operating the alien "spindizzy" motors that slowly drove the giant starship towards the distant suns of the milky-way. This is how the controllers of Coventry see it. To them, Coventry was re-created here in the ship to provide not only colonists for the stars, but to preserve an ancient way of life.

Back home on Earth, there was/is supposedly another Coventry, the lands on Earth which are a supposed duplicate of the world re-created on The Ship. It is in the North Atlantic, and the main section of Coventry is an irregular peninsula sticking out from a frigid Polar land mass, with many, many islands on either side of it.

Then we come to the place where it actually does exist. Much of Coventry has been bodily lifted from Pasadena and environs. It's cities are named after people and characters in real life here. And each member of the LASFS-and environs in-group of Coventry is busily adding his own mythology and esoteric references to the history and geography of this imaginary land.

And so we come to its actual real, 102% honest-to-Degler existence. It's all a dream, a mad complex wonderful fantasy world, which has no existence outside of the light-hearted imaginations of a few fans. To me it is fun, tho I can't help continually thinking, "What Am I Doing Here?" It's Schizophrenia, Unlimited. But it's fun.

I might mention something else. One, that the ship's personnel are immortal or nearly so. And they periodically give immortality shots to some selected greats in Coventry and bring them into the section of the ship that runs it. And two, that if I ever did go back to such a place, I would never be able to quit myself of the idea that I have completely flipped my toupee and I'm actually biggering at the walls in some funny farm while my mind races 'mongst the stars, etc.

As to where and when in Coventry I'd like to go....

In the Wilhelmshaven Sea there lies an 11-by-13 mile big island. This is the island of Wilhelmsburg, and upon it lies the city of the same name. This is the Free City State of Wilhelmsburg, home of the Neue Hanseatic League, with the Head Factor of the League being also the Burghermeister of the City State

The cultural level of Coventry ranges from the Futuranian Democracies (mid 19th century) to the general level of the Middle Ages in Europe, complete with castles, swords, arbalists and the sort. Since Wilhelmsburg occupies a central position, is protected by water on all sides (and is a natural sea nation for that reason) and was founded by a number of commercial minded German Burghers in the first place, it has/had naturally evolved into a commercial center, a free port and home of an immense trading fleet. The Hanseatic League is the outward effect of this drive to commercialism, it being a tight league of traders, free cities and sea-faring folk wielding political and economic power in its own right. It's Factories, or trading posts, lie in many of the biggest cities in Coventry. The seat of this commercial and naval power lies in the hands of the Head Factor and in Wilhelmsburg.

Across the bay lies the city of New Illium, a Trensensian city, member of the Confederated Republics and chief naval rival of Wilhelmsburg. It is the Carthage to Wilhelmsburg's Syracuse. It is impossible to attack Wilhelmsburg without acquiring the aid of New Illium's fleet and merchants.

Linn, Buckland, The Confederated Republics and Trantor vie for

power on land, Terpinia seeking it in the water. New Scotland and Trantor are pirate nations, giving refuge to those who prey on the sea lanes...and Wilhelmsburg's ships as part of that preying, of course.

A host of power-groupings abound here and there including the Free State of Hobbiton in the mountains of Buckland to the south of Wilhelmsburg. Wilhelmsburg itself, tho, is strictly a lassize-faire set-up. No more government necessary than that required to keep commerce running smoothly. Its business men more frequently decide the course of a war, through their banks, than do whole divisions. But just incase, Wilhelmsburg has a commando-like Frei Korps, an army composed of natives and mercenaries. Strictly a fast-hiting small force. The navies of Wilhelmsburg and the Hanseatic League. And the Kreigsmarinen, or Marines of the naval arms.

Wilhelmsburg and New Illium themselves are in a 1750ish culture, and are up the scale from most of Coventry. Sail and wooden ships are still everyone's stock in trade.

The era is now a few years before the period that Tedron (Ted Johnstone) chronicles in GIMBLE #1 and #2 (and #3 due to come out.)

There's a sort of pop in the air. And Lo, and Behold, yours truly drops out of nowhere. It is behind some bushes by the North-east Gate, on the Avenue of Woods. I'm dressed in pants, boots, jerkin, cape, and tri-pointed hat, nothing dramatic or unusual about its features at first glance. Just the sort of thing some stranger to the city might wear. A sword at my side, a quiver with bow and arrow on my back and a pouch with a bit of gold that might have once been a few soft gold coins at my side. I enter the city.

~~Naturally before~~ taking such a trip (Fletcher Pratt and Lyon Sprague deCamp notwithstanding) I took trouble to brush up on my German. Quite a good deal of brushing up, in fact. Since both the city of Wilhelmsburg and the counties of Westmarch, the place I'm supposed to be from, spoke German originally, it would do to know the language. Naturally, as I go through the city, I find that German has changed quite a bit in their hands. So I quickly decide that my identity will be from New America somewhere.

The city is a city of foreigners, tho. Only five of the 11 Factors of the Neue Hanseatic League are from Wilhelmsburg, or even from one of the Hanseatic League's founding cities. Not even the Head Factor. Foreigners abound in the street, foreigners who have come to buy and sell and trade and receive their goods and set up shop and emigrate to this city of opportunity, free from the normal run of petty lords and dukes. The city produces weapons or cloth or carriages or cannon for whoever will buy them, and even finances their purchase, through their banks.

If a stranger comes to town, and he isn't intimate with all the eccentricities of custom and trade of the city, he must halt somewhere and study them. He should then seek employment in the civil service of the city or the League, or put his quiver to use in the Kreigsmarinen or the Frei Korps. He can make himself known, but study is needed of the usage, slang and developments of the language of the natives if he is to become a successful businessman and become a trusted servant of the League and the City.

Let us skip a year or so. Our hero's term is now up, he's managed to salt away a bit of his pay (good for the period) instead of squandering it like his fellows. The civil service was safer, but he chose the Frei Korps because of the chance of booty and adventure. He got that all right, and is moderately wealthy. And he also lost an eye and an ear on Flintridge, one of the La Canada island group,

helping teach a petty despot that he shouldn't mess with the League.

A hint; Never join the Army if you can help it.

Now he is ready to go into business. He can prove to all and sundry that he is a good Wilhelmsburger and a loyal League man. And he has the loot to put into practice a few new innovations of his.

Within a few weeks, a casino employing Roulette, black-jack, Tonk and other novel card games, is in business. Our hero is busily personally working the Wheel of Fortune, and working the treadle under the rug whenever someone has too long a winning streak.

Soon the money is pouring in, and our hero makes the bankers and merchants happy by putting it in their banks and taking out part ownership of a ship or two. He soon branches out into other spheres of commerce. Practically all profitable. He invents the male-female system of screw threads for pipes, bring a new era of indoor convenience to the city. A simple lathe aids a furniture maker to quadruple his output. And it is soon applied to metal-working, with the simple addition of bits of carbon and chrome and wolfram to a steel mixture bring out forth a new era of steel. He can save the Bessemer and open-hearth methods of producing steel for later.

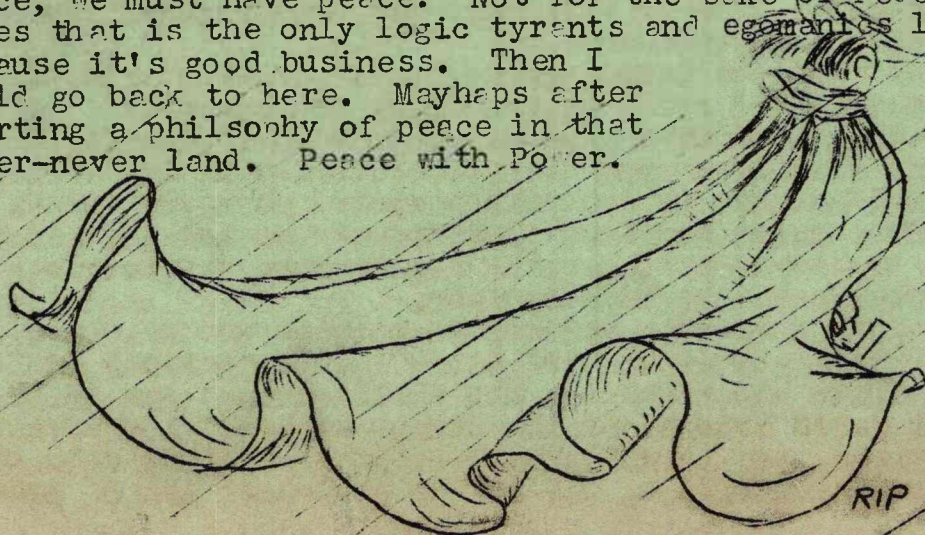
He turns to defense, and comes forth with a number of innovations. Super-guns too heavy to move and aim accurately? Mount them permanently on carriages, with the carriages having one end free to swing on wheels in little tracks. Tracks. Horse-drawn railroads are next, as soon as tracks are thought of. Use an elevating screw to lower and raise your siege and fortress gun. Bravo, what else does this inventor have up his sleeve?

Until everyone is copying him, our hero makes a fortune selling a new product. Breech-loading rifles, with a sliding bolt and cartridges. The age of armour is about at an end. Pistols are about the next logical development. Rolling chambers and primers are quite a novelty to a city used to flintlock pistols.

Patents are non-existent, but until everyone catches on, our hero makes a fortune with each new development. He even takes on entertainment. Guitars, bongo drums, the valved trumpet, and even the tin can phonograph.

Mortars and timed fuses (let the machine gun alone), TNT and nitroglycerine. And even poison darts and blowguns. Very handy (he would say to the Head Factor) for doing away with pesky despots and enemies of the state. Much cleaner and cheaper than a war....

That would be his chief contribution to the philosophy of the city. Peace, we must have peace. Not for the sake of Peacealone, for at times that is the only logic tyrants and egomaniacs listen to. But because it's good business. Then I would go back to here. Mayhaps after starting a philosophy of peace in that never-never land. Peace with Power.



Harrison's began, two lines to the north, its third issue. This is meant to be part of the fourth IPSO mailing. Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, U.S.A., thought up these words and cut them into stencils. Dick Eney is probably the muscle that transfers things to paper.

Once again, I must omit comments on the preceding mailing, only partly because I have doubts about the advisability of mailing comments if IPSO is to be something different enough to preserve. Undoubtedly, I would indulge myself in at least a couple of pages of the things, if time permitted. But IPSO 3 came on November 21, almost simultaneously with the FAPA mailing and the Philcon. The latter kept me out of town three days, the former demands reading and publishing, and to be represented in IPSO 4, I must get these stencils cut before I submerge completely in the pre-Christmas rush. So this time, I'm not commenting for the logical reason: I haven't read anything to comment on as yet.

Of course, I did skim through the official pages of the newest IPSO omnibus, to make sure that it was permitted to write about other phases of Heinlein than his newest novel. I have not read *Stranger in a Strange Land*, and probably shan't. It has been called a poor work by several critics whose opinions I value highly and there isn't time to gamble on long books. Nor do I want to write anything about *Starship Troopers*, because it has become a deathly bore as an argument-producer in fanzines: every discussion that starts around it veers away almost immediately to a cataloguing of the individual's opinions on nationalism and militarism. Besides, I note a pronounced tendency since the Season to go easy on Heinlein in fanzines. It's quite obvious that nobody will speak too harshly about him as a writer, after enjoying him so much as a host at Seattle. Fortunately, the statement of the current subject provides enough leeway for me to spend several pages on Heinlein's earlier work, hopping off from the springboard which gives impetus to members who want to "discuss....the literary values of his writing". If there is an expert on grammar in the audience, I would like to know if it splits an infinitive to sandwich it around a direct quotation mark, as I just did.

One thing that I've often wondered about Heinlein's fiction is this: what sort of grades it would get if he were to submit stories to an instructor in a course in fiction-writing. He breaks consistently and successfully almost all the silly rules that you are expected to learn if you take a correspondence course or specialize in creative writing in college. For example, every now and then some professional writer will comment on a story published in a fanzine by hopping on the author's liberal use of variants for "said" as verbs to introduce direct quotation of conversation. There is an old saw among teachers of writing and among bad writers that this is the sure sign of the amateur; that the professional with real ability sticks to "said" or omits the explanation of the quotation altogether. I can't think of anyone writing science fiction today who is a professional in more senses of the word than Heinlein. Turn to pages with much conversation in any of his stories, and you'll find alternatives

and synonyms for "said" in quantities sufficient to stock the entire NFFF amateur fiction contest with verbs. For example, look at the fourth chapter of *The Door into Summer*:

Belle answered, "Keep your nerve, Chubby."

Belle shrilled, "Stand clear, Chubby!"

"You too," he answered, "in spades."

"He's nutty," Miles commented.

"Assigned it!" repeated Miles.

"To us," corrected Miles.

Miles returned later, and announced, "It's not anywhere."

"Oh yes!" I grinned with relief.

"Yes," agreed Belle. "I'm his sister."

There are lots of other dialog fragments that are introduced with saids in this chapter, and more than half of Heinlein's dialog pops in without explanation of who is speaking and how. The true professional simply remembers not to throw out the baby with the bathwater.

Another ancient phobia of beginning writers and their mentors is overuse of the first person pronouns. I can remember back in elementary school how repeatedly I was warned against beginning sentences with "I" except in the most critical cases of necessity. The explanation usually given for this rule is that your reader will consider you an egomaniac if you keep referring constantly to yourself. There might be a morsel of logic behind this reasoning. Unfortunately, the rule produces two nasty habits in many persons who try to follow it. It seems to be the cause of the custom of many letterwriters to omit the subject altogether from sentences that would naturally begin with "I". "Wrote to John last week. Don't know what to think about the way he refuses to answer." English can't afford to dispose with the pronouns as Italian does, because the verbs aren't sufficiently inflected in English. The other bad habit is too extensive reliance on the passive voice. "It was noted that the sunset was beautiful" is substituted for "I thought the sunset was beautiful". Now, if you keep this useless taboo in mind, then add to it the current belief in literary circles that fiction narrated in the first person became obsolete at the end of the 19th century, you can understand another way in which Heinlein breaks consistently and successfully these little clay gods. Much good Heinlein fiction is written in the first person. I haven't taken the trouble to make a statistical survey, but I suspect that there are chapters in *The Puppet Masters* where at least 15% of all the sentences start with the first person nominative pronoun. I think it's begging the argument to say that the hero who constantly tells about himself will repel the reader for his self-absorption. The hero who is too invariably heroic and triumphant will be an unbearable bore, whether the story is told by himself or by the impartial and invisible third person narrator that today's teachers and editors recommend. I can't imagine anything except first person narration making as concisely effective and clear the hero's actions in a page like this one from *The Puppet Masters*:

I had to keep her from killing me--and I had to kill the slug--and I had to keep the slug from getting at me or I would not be

able to save her. I let go with one hand and jabbed her chin. The blow did not even slow her down. I grabbed again, with both arms and legs, trying to encase her in a bear hug to immobilize her without injuring her. We went down, Mary on top. I shoved my head into her face to stop her biting me. I held her so, curbing her strong body by sheer muscle. Then I tried to paralyze her with nerve pressure, but she knew the key spots as well as I did--and I was lucky that I was not myself paralyzed.

Note something else about that quotation. Heinlein seems to have managed to sell some fiction without heeding another bugaboo of the writing courses, the one invoked whenever the writer describes violent action. As the pace of the story increases, the books on writing insist, the writer must shorten his sentences to convey a greater sense of urgency and increased ease of reading. If anything, Heinlein does just the opposite.

One more example, and then we'll go onto another way of looking at Heinlein's writing excellences. This last matter involves the very opening of stories. Many teachers of writing impress on their students the value of beginning a story with an opening sentence that will grab the reader's attention irrevocably. Judging by some instructions on this matter, I would consider the story a failure if the reader did not utter a piercing scream of excitement and leap six feet in the air, the instant he had reached the period that concludes that first sentence. I think that this is complete hogwash, probably a dim distortion of the instructions that city editors gave their reporters on the sensational tabloids of big city newspapers back in the old days when the public was expected to read the news instead of the advertisements. Heinlein gets along very well by opening story after story with a sentence that is either neutral in effect or contrived to give the reader some hint of the general situation, but never demands that he simply must read the next sentence to obtain still more excitement. Here are several Heinlein opening sentences, followed by the title of the story they begin:

It wasn't much of a fair, as fairs go. (Requiem)

Just as they were leaving the telephone called his name.

(Space Jockey)

It takes both agoraphobes and claustrophobes to colonize the moon. (Gentlemen, Be Seated)

This is the story of Raysling, the Blind Singer of the Spaceways--but not the official version. (The Green Hills of Earth)

"What the hell goes on here?" Whitey Ardmore demanded. (Sixth Column)

After all that attention to the things that Heinlein does not do to write fine science fiction, let's try to figure out some of the methods that he does adopt to stay among the favorite authors over a span of two decades or longer.

One little trick that I've not seen described in any analysis of Heinlein occurs in the dialog. He is one of the few writers who realize that conversation contains a very large proportion of sentences that lack either subject or predicate, sometimes both. It would probably be absurd to think of Virginia Woolf as a cohort of Heinlein, but her direct quotations are effective for exactly this reason. You don't even notice this bit of verisimilitude unless you go through any good Heinlein story and pick out the sentences which are sentences in the direct

quotations only through the technicality that Heinlein makes use of a period. Here are a few, pulled out of context from *The Man Who Sold the Moon*:

"Sure." "The old space-station setup." "Then--" "Right."
 "Why not?" "Take the landing arrangements for the fifth-stage power ring. "Looks like we made a mistake in trying to launch it from the states." "Might work." "Two years--eighteen months, with luck." "No good, Bob." "You can't build a moon ship?"
 "Money." "What sort of trouble?" "More or less." "Then we had this--"

Those come from just three pages of the paperback edition. They also demonstrate accidentally and yet logically another important thing about Heinlein's writing. Both in narration and in dialog, he uses a tremendously high proportion of monosyllabic words. This is one of the few ways in which his science fiction style's evolution can be traced. He started out as fond as any pulp writer of an occasional avalanche of long words. As the years passed and his ideas became more serious and his messages more complex, the language that he used to express himself became more plain and lean. In a very early story like *Let There Be Light*, you can find narrative sentences that are almost unthinkable in the later Heinlein:

In all his long and unsavory career he had never had the etiquette of shadowing treated in so cavalier a style.

He left the outer door open and the elevator down in anticipation of Doctor Martin's arrival, then he busied himself by trying to locate the cause of an irritating vibration in his centrifuge.

Worse yet, his characters in early stories like that one often take deep breaths and plunge into the kind of conversations that gave Gernsback's prozines their present reputation:

"Great Scott, kid! I think you've hit it." He got up, and strode up and down, talking as he went. "They use ordinary quartz crystal for the usual frequencies, and tourmaline for short wave broadcasting. The frequency of vibration depends directly on the way the crystal is cut. There is a simple formula--" He stopped, and took down a thick Indian paper handbook. "Hmm--yes, here it is. For quartz, every millimetre of thickness of the crystal gives one hundred metres of wave length. Frequency is, of course, the reciprocal of wave length. Tourmaline has a similar formula for shorter wave lengths.

Contrast that with the way Harriman talks in *Requiem*:

"Oh, yes. Don't sell those. Set up a trust. Should have done it long ago. Tell young Kamens to draw up the papers. He knows what I want." This, I submit, is the way that a man of the world would talk under these circumstances. A less experienced author than Heinlein would go to the library, take out a couple of books on law and finances, and would put into his mouth highly impressive technical terms involved in drawing up a will, in order to impress the editor with the research he had done for the story. He would ruin the yarn in the process.

I'm reminded of Harlan's famous description of the sensations of a man about to fire a

rifle in some Ellison story or other. At interminable length, the reader learns the feel of the weapon, its appearance to the eye, the mechanical movements involved in readying it for fire, the impression that its weight makes on the body, and a host of other details involving all the senses of perception. This tells the reader one thing: that Harlan took the trouble to get hold of such a rifle and go through the motions of using it. He couldn't have described it so vividly without this personal experience. Unfortunately, we also know that this was something new to Harlan and it is out of place in the story, because an individual accustomed to using a rifle is unaware of these sensations, just as you are not aware of the exact height above the ground at which you hold your key, the degrees of arc through which you turn it and the amount of resistance that it offers to you, the tiny noise that is produced when the mechanism obeys to the key's command, the slight upward heave you give as you turn the doorknob and open your door to get into the house; all these things do not register on the mind unless something goes wrong and you can't get the door unlocked and you try to recall how it should be done.

At his best, Heinlein now writes in an astonishingly compressed, information-packed style that produces a bigger effect on the emotions and glands with grammar school words and plain syntax than you will find in the works of any contemporary science fiction writer on a consistent basis. I think that Heinlein would make a superb librettist for operas. I don't know how long he spent on the first three sentences of *The Door into Summer*, but they set up the whole environment and background for the story as if they had been condensed from an entire introductory chapter:

One winter shortly before the Six Weeks War my tomcat, Petronius the Arbiter, and I lived in an old farmhouse in Connecticut. I doubt if it is there any longer, as it was near the edge of the blast area of the Manhattan near-miss, and those old frame buildings burn like tissue paper. Even if it is still standing it would not be a desirable rental because of the fallout, but we liked it then, Pete and I.

And consider the climax of the book. The grown man plus little girl theme has produced complicated literary results, all the way from *Portrait of Jennie* to *Lolita*. When Heinlein comes to the climax of his happy ending, he may not attract the attention of an entire nation in *The Door into Summer* but I admire very much the effect that he puts over. He has the man, the suddenly matured girl, and the cat as his characters and he tells the climactic part of his story in exactly two sentences:

She raised both arms--and I saw that she was wearing my Tech class ring on her left thumb. Pete chirrlupped and jumped on the bed, started doing shoulder dives against her in an ecstasy of welcome.

One strange thing about the Heinlein popularity in fandom is the scarcity of detailed information about his biography. I recall in fanzines nothing but the most vague sort of sketchy information about what he's done besides write science fiction and take a stand on current international questions. I don't recall

the appearance of any autobiographical material in either fan or professional publications. Undoubtedly, many fans have heard a lot of his experiences, viva voce, but that doesn't do me any good. It would be very nice to see a lengthy account of his life published, to supplement the tantalizing morsels of information that appear on the jackets or back covers of his books. It's very obvious that Heinlein has spent a lot of time around politicians, big business men, union men, and scientists; the stories dealing with those trades are written with a confidence that is impossible for anyone who has gotten the information on his characters by reading books about those occupations. But I would like to know what experiences he had, where and when. It would also be nice to know, as an irrelevant sidelight, if accident or intent caused the man on the cover of the Signet edition of *The Man Who Sold the Moon* to look so much like Heinlein's younger self.

We also need badly a really long, thorough study of Heinlein's science fiction stories. The amount of misinformation contained in the occasional articles about them is entirely too generous. Mark Reinsberg wrote in 1951 a little article that shows how completely and promptly the facts in the matter are forgotten by someone in a hurry to fulfill an assignment. He refers to the future that Heinlein had invented as "a bid for the kind of future he wants.... He is fascinated by the possibilities of tomorrow and he's doing what he can, in his writing, to influence the vote." Only two years earlier, Heinlein himself had used the clearest sort of language to tell exactly what this history of the future was. In his preface to *The Man Who Sold the Moon*, he predicts a surprised Heinlein if any of his stories turned out to be prophetic, he denies that he was attempting prophecy, he explains that he simply imitated Sinclair Lewis' creation of an imaginary state and city in order to prevent inconsistencies between his stories, he laments the fact that he was forced to use pseudonyms when he wanted to write a story that doesn't fit into the basic pattern, and he points out that advances in technology had already made some of his datings impossible. Other statements by Heinlein make it unlikely that he is eager for the "gradual deterioration of mores, orientation and social institutions, terminating in mass psychoses" that he had scheduled for the 1960's, the lack of space travel for the first three-fourths of the 21st century, the puritanism and priestly controls soon after the turn of the century, and the failure of civil liberties to return until a century from now.

After six pages of journeying through Heinleinland, with a dubious amount of direction and coherent progress, I feel just about as if I'd tried to see all the sights in London during the four hours between trains. I feel that I've brushed against but failed to come to grips with a couple of dozen facets of Heinlein that would justify detailed and well-researched articles of their own. Now that Lovecraft fandom is one with Nineveh and Sidon, and we seem to have emerged at last from the worst of the Tolkien fandom's more violent manifestations, I would like to suggest that it is time for fanzines and research papers centering around a Heinlein fandom.



Harness

votes for Ancient Egypt. There was a period from the fall of the Roman Empire until well after the Renaissance which got no votes at all -- unless you count my own vague consideration and dismissal of the period -- the Middle Ages are like war or modern art: they're horrors close up, but improve with distance. Then came a vote for 1785 and the period of the great classical composers. After the opening of the 19th Century comes the big rush: 1850, 1868, 1900, 1922, 1929. Well, five votes may not seem like much of a rush, but they all landed within 80 years of each other, and I think some value may be allowed for grouping.

Of the four remaining, two (Bruce Burn and Vic Ryan, may posterity sneer at them) begged the question, tho the former went as far as saying he wouldn't go. The other two -- the only stf fans left in this whole mob? -- chose the future. Sister Ethel, for the Time That Is To Be, I salute you.

AND WHAT WOULD THEY DO? Ten people shoved off for the past -- four for the Ancient World. Two of them went to Egypt, and both took over the whole world. How they learned the language, established communication with the in-group, and worked into positions of power, they didn't say. One went to Greec... and invented the mimeograph. I must admit this is the idea I like best of the whole set offered us -- Ghu, wouldn't Socrates have written fabulous mailing comments? The other, uncomfortably aware of her femininity, nevertheless chose the Glory of Rome, and a spot as a practical nurse.

Ten people shoved off for the past -- six of them on a fairly short hop of less than 200 years. One wanted to study music of the masters from the original; one would become a powerful industrialist with advance knowledge; one wanted to save at least four highly creative lives; one just wanted to go into Vaudeville when it was young -- and I grok this fully, being of the same turn of mind for the deceased field of radio drama myself -- and not try to change history to any noticeable extent; one wanted to prevent World War II, and outlined his plan in such detail that one feels sure he would succeed, even at the cost of his own life; and one wanted to go with Byrd to the South Pole.

Two people shoved off for the future -- to do nothing but watch and wonder, and learn.

And two little fans stayed home...

THE THIRD IPSO WAS THE BEST YET, in my humble opinion.

Discussion is starting to find the mean between mailing comments and the pre-assigned subject. Those as write comments spend most of their time at that popular sport, and those as carry on serious discussion are also in force to give the others something to talk about.

Being always a liberal sort of conservative (or, as we say in politics, "wishy-washy") I'll try to spread myself around ~~like a dog at a table~~ to cover all the angles that offer themselves. Besides, I can't think up four pages on any single serious subject.

FOURTEEN MEMBERS CONTRIBUTED to the third issue. Of

this number, four wanted to go back to ancient time (c.3000 BC -- c.300 AD) with two

Of the four remaining, two (Bruce Burn and Vic Ryan, may posterity sneer at them) begged the question, tho the former went as far as saying he wouldn't go. The other two -- the only stf fans left in this whole mob? -- chose the future. Sister Ethel, for the Time That Is To Be, I salute you.

AND WHAT WOULD THEY DO? Ten people shoved off for the past -- four for the Ancient World. Two of them went to Egypt, and both took over the whole world. How they learned the language, established communication with the in-group, and worked into positions of power, they didn't say. One went to Greec... and invented the mimeograph. I must admit this is the idea I like best of the whole set offered us -- Ghu, wouldn't Socrates have written fabulous mailing comments? The other, uncomfortably aware of her femininity, nevertheless chose the Glory of Rome, and a spot as a practical nurse.

Ten people shoved off for the past -- six of them on a fairly short hop of less than 200 years. One wanted to study music of the masters from the original; one would become a powerful industrialist with advance knowledge; one wanted to save at least four highly creative lives; one just wanted to go into Vaudeville when it was young -- and I grok this fully, being of the same turn of mind for the deceased field of radio drama myself -- and not try to change history to any noticeable extent; one wanted to prevent World War II, and outlined his plan in such detail that one feels sure he would succeed, even at the cost of his own life; and one wanted to go with Byrd to the South Pole.

Two people shoved off for the future -- to do nothing but watch and wonder, and learn.

And two little fans stayed home...

SO COMMON SENSE OVER-RIDES THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE in almost all cases. The well-known S.A. would direct me to the previously-mentioned middle, or dark, ages. There isn't much in the real history of the time to recommend it to a sensible person, but *Spirits of Adventure* are not noted for being sensible -- the old escapist idea of making like Douglas Fairbanks all over Europe has incredible pascination. But nobody was foolish enuf here to think they could get away with it. Almost everybody thought about the little problems which are glazed over in time-travel fiction -- languages, sanitation, health problems; and like that -- things which make life so easy, when you have grown up with them, and so hard, when you haven't.

Incidentally, let's take a look again at the Ten Who Went Back. Of the four who chose the Ancient World, the two went to Egypt both did so with the avowed intention of taking over the world. The Fan (and I upper-cased that because he deserves it for the plan) who went to Greece wanted to change the entire stream of history, and the one who went to Rome only wanted to help a little.

Of the Modern Six, only one wanted to rise to Wealth, Influence and Power. One wanted to save the world from the destruction of the Second Great War, one wanted to save a few specific lives. The other three wanted to go, not for any noble, or even ignoble, purposes -- they wanted to have fun. So be it; after all, the question implied that you choose a time you would enjoy going to.

The two that chose the future did so for selfish reasons -- they want to KNOW. And the two that refused to go? Hmph. Too much common sense; no spirit of adventure left at all. No urge to get out, to see, to do, even only to attempt. To them, as to no other members, my pity.

A COUPLE OF PERSONAL COMMENTS and then we'll get on to the discussion subjects for this round. Dick Schultz: My sincere congratulations and thanks for having, once again, probably the best contribution in the generally excellent issue. For some reason, your narrative style, in this and a couple other items you've recently written, strikes a responsive chord in me, and from what I have heard, in others, too. Alan Rispin: Special appreciation for the most fannish idea in the issue. The implications of introducing wide-spread written communication into the earliest culture that could utilize it is fascinating. Mayhap you have read Plato's recounting of one dinner party attended by Socrates, Euripides, and -- was it Apeulius? Some medical chap-- and a number of other people. The conversation, even after all the translations it has gone through, has a sort of fannish ring to it. But I'm afraid we'd have to do something about Pericles -- he was too fuggheaded to swing with the bit.

Tears make lousy corflu...

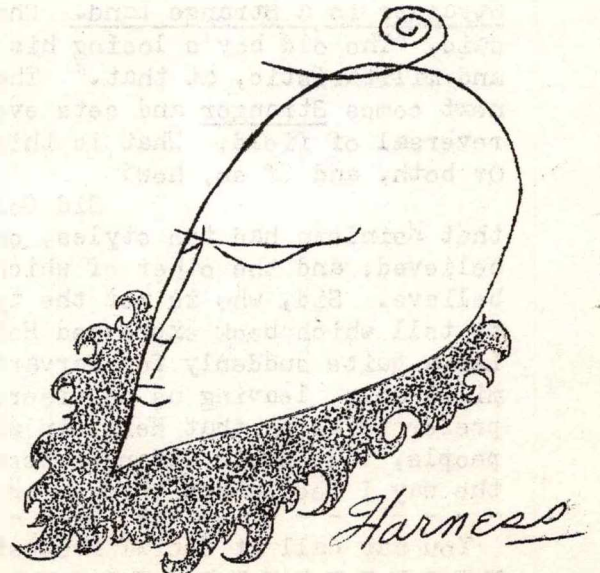
FIVE YEARS IN THE MARMALADE was offered as an alternat subject for discussion this time -- being, as I said before, wishy-washy, I'll do my bit on both subjects. Naturally, when it comes to fantasy worlds, there is no contest as far as I'm concerned. Coventry would be my destination for a five-year sojourn, especially if I was given the right to cash in my return ticket at the end of the five years. There's one point that wasn't mentioned in the statement; would you come into this world as an observer or as a participant? In this case, the question has great significance, not only for me but for the others in similar circumstances -- of the current membership of IPSO, four are involved in Coventry, and three would choose it as their "Marmalade" goal. And, due to the nature of the creation of Coventry, they already have...what would you say? Avatars? in Coventry.

Would they, then, find themselves as these characters, replacing them; would they simply drop into a running situation with their other self there running the show; would they actually become their other self, with dual memories? Interesting. For the sake of literary validity I would say the last-named. And what control would... to hell with generalizations -- what control would I have over my environment, considering I'm writing the stories? What about the stories I haven't published? What about the stories I haven't written? What about the stories I haven't even plotted? Even unwritten adventures/incidents I know about -- these, I presume, would go as they had been planned; I'd simply have to choose to land at a time five years before the conclusion of the incidents I've been plotting. What if I ran over the end of the known stories? Would everything fade out? Could I make them up as I went along, exercising complete control over the totality of the environment from moment to moment? Would things run along by themselves, by momentum, as it were, without my creating every unit of existence every instant? An interesting theological problem, to say the least....

COVENTRY IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE (FANTASY) WORLDS. For those of you who don't know Coventry, drop me a note and I'll bung off GIMBLE #3, which is 42 pages of Coventraniana. I also recommend you to sections 23 and 27 of this IPSO FACTO, wherein Bruce Pelz and Diok Schultz comment at marvellous length on the subject. Suffice it to say that Coventry is a highly complex fantasy world, existing now on five reality levels (with construction on a sixth). Technological levels, somehow balanced and co-existing, range from the barbaric to fairly far-out sfnal, averaging around the late 19th Century. Almost everyone who matters is conditionally immortal. There is a type of environment for all tastes, ranging from Conan-lovers (go to Linn) through Medievalists (Rowania or Buckland) and Merrie Englanders (try Rhun for outlaws in the forest) to Victorians (Westmarch or Isengrad) and even Futurists (Crimzoidia). If you happen to dig the Legendary Ireland, I personally recommend Methylonia. And if none of these suit you, and you want a little magic, by all means see Miraleste.

The one weak point of Coventry is its realism. Only one small spot of real magic exists -- the rest is all scientifically created and run from behind the scenes. It's like Disneyland, only bigger. And what does that really matter? You can have all your adventures, battle murder and sudden death, if you like -- or you can sit behind a desk and control a gigantic army in war, or a mighty corporation in peace. Or you can sail the wide seas, among "fairy isles fantastical", with pirates both rough and crude, and svelte and cruel. What is your pleasure? A bearskin over the shoulder and a notched sword? Flowing robes and a small dagger? A cloak and hood and a harp? A satin blouse and black boots? A business suit and umbrella? A space suit?

Coventry has all these -- they interact, they function together (most of the time anyway), and they hold adventure of every kind -- as well as other areas which I haven't even touched upon. Tarpinia has no counterpart -- if you want peace and contemplation, go to Tarpinia. For something quite indescribable, go to Haidrqn (and I'm never sure of the spelling -- pronounce it "HI-drome").



I suppose I ought to start with an apology for the Ghod-awful play of words there in the heading. But if you never see worse than that, you'll be lucky. But the subject for discussion is not just "Stranger In A Strange Land", but all of the works of Robert A. Heinlein.

HOW 'BOUT THIS GUY, ANYWAY? Unless I've gotten a few figures crossed, isn't Heinlein the only author who makes his sole living from stfsy field? Doesn't everyone else make their living, or a lot of supplementary income at something else -- writing mysteries or hystorical novels, like Poul Anderson, Tony Boucher, Fred Brown and others; or at a relatively honest job like teaching or engineering or running movie projectors?

Heinlein has been writing the stuff about 20 years now, and as far as I know, most of it has been pretty good. Some of the juveniles after The Red Planet I didn't like -- Farmer In The Sky and Between Planets especially. I might find they have mellowed with the years -- I may go back and try them again. But in general, let's take a specific case. Have Spacesuit -- Will Travel had one of the most hokey plots I can remember -- and it still came out as a great story. Why? If I could tell you why, I could write like that myself, and I wouldn't be cutting stencils for 40 fans -- I'd be batting out manuscripts for F&SF.

THE FUTURE HISTORY has come under some discussion lately, but most of the brain-batting took place back when the series was new and still going. It seems to have run down now, with only six stories to go -- tho I must confess I would dearly love to read "Word Edgewise", and even more, "Da Capo". "Take it from the top" -- what a way to end a Future History...

The numerous shorts and novel-ettes that don't fit into the Future History I lack the space to go into here -- suffice it to say they include an item more nostalgic than Bradbury ("The Elephant Circuit" aka "The Man Who Travelled In Elephants"), and a tale worthy of Gavagan's Bar ("Our Fair City"), as well as a story of Cosmic intricacy van Vogt might have written ("Unpleasant Profession of Johnathan Hoag"). Out of this literary network, how can anyone say what Heinlein himself is like? Looks to me as if he's like all the rest in some way, but at the same time different. That's a mealy-mouthed statement if ever I made one.

BUT WHAT HAS HE DONE FOR US LATELY? Probably of more concern to us now are his two latest novels -- Starship Soldier and Stranger in a Strange Land. When the former was published, there were those that said, "The old boy's losing his grip -- he's gone into political pamphleteering, and militaristic, at that." There were others who agreed with the whole book. So next comes Stranger and sets everybody on their collective ears, with an apparent reversal of field. What is this guy for? Love and kindness, or battle and death? Or both, and if so, how?

Sid Coleman, that erudite ex-Chicagoan, commented recently that Heinlein had two styles, one of which he used when he was writing something he believed, and the other of which he used when he was writing something he didn't believe. Sid, who is not the type to bluff, added that it was therefore quite easy to tell which book expressed Heinlein's real feelings. Unfortunately, Sid left the LArea quite suddenly for Harvard or some similar den of learning several thousand miles away, leaving us no wiser, and rather more frustrated. Personally, I would prefer to think that Heinlein wrote Starship Soldiers just to get a rise out of people, then wrote Stranger because he believed it. I hope so. Because that's the way I feel about things, and Heinlein seems like an eminently reasonable man.

You may call it Social Protest -- I say he isn't housebroken!

...Taj

Like most fans, I have read most of what Robert Heinlein has written. Of all his novels and collections only 3 remain unread -- The Menace From Earth, Space Cadet, and The Rolling Stones. Since I own copies of the first 2 I expect I will read them some time during the next year but I don't know when I will ever get to the third.

I think I'll start off by commenting on some of the stories I found to be particularly good or bad. As with just about any author's works, most of Mr. Heinlein's produce approximately the same subjective reaction [in regards to quality, of course, and not content] while a few stand out as considerably above or below average. The quality of this average varies, of course (again), from author to author and an author's exceptional stories vary from reader to reader. I found Gregg Calkins' bibliography in the 30th and (apparently) final issue of Oopsla! a great help by reminding me of just what I had read by RAH.

Of his fantasies I found the story of the sentient whirlwind, "Our Fair City", the most delightful and "They" poorest. (Apparently Waldo And Magic, Inc. and The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag [= 6 x H] contain all of his fantasies and 2 of his few borderlines -- "'All You Zombies'" & "'And He Built a Crooked House'" leaving "Lifeline", "The Year of the Jackpot", Stranger in a Strange Land, and perhaps Sixth Column [like, I mean, those conspirators had some real wild powers, tho really nothing unusual when compared with today's Anal-oh-gee...hmm, has anyone thoat about the racist implications of this business of the bloods of peoples of different races being different enuf for their gizmos to effect the conquerers selectively?].) ((Oh, ghu! How was THAT for a clumsy construction?)) But back to the point -- I don't care for the "the world exists only to deceive ME" type stories for the same reason I don't like "time trap" stories -- once you've read one you've read them all. Perhaps one is more skillfully written than another but they all say essentially the same thing in the same way. A bore.

As for what I suppose is his longest fantasy, "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag", I first read it in a 2nd hand Unknown some 2 years ago. At that time I thoat it dragged quite a bit and thoat little of it. I bought the hardcover anthology for the other stories and the paperback reprint because I was then still trying to be a pb completist. (First the Galaxy/Beacon books, then the flood of re-reissues, and finally the recent flood of Beacon imitators killed that urge for completism.) I hadn't gotten around to reading either copy until this Summer, and I had intended to skip the "Hoag" story. However somebody at work (probably Mark Walsted) told me that RAH had tightened up this version by cutting it down somewhat, so that it read much better. It is.

Of the sf titles, I think I liked Tunnel in the Sky least. First of all it was a mundane "Robinson Crusoe"(sp?) type story with a stefnal beginning and end tacked on (it could just as well have taken place in a terrestrial jungle). A minor point which irritated me was the bit where he tried to arouse a feeling of anger towards news reporters towards the end of the story, just as he later tried to arouse the same feeling towards the "evial" army early in Starship Troopers. I don't like this "anger" analog of the "tear jerker" just as I don't like the "tear jerker". And the ending of Tunnel -- GLYARRRGH!!!! Covered wagons pulled by...horses? oxen? rolling thru the matter-transmitter in order to colonize a new world! How corny, illogical, and sickening can you get?

A book that I enjoyed very much was Time For the Stars which was written just after the above. I think the thing which gave me the biggest kick was the scientists worries about instantaneous telepathy and what that did to the concepts of simultinaiety and hence relativity. This showed that at least here Heinlein knew what he was talking about. Come to think of it, aren't thesequences in this book when they visit alien worlds very much like those in Methuselah's Children?

Another book that sort of grotched me was Starman Jones -- at least one aspect did. Now I might be misremembering things a long time after reading the book or I might have misinterpreted what I read, but as I remember it the hero's job was to carry a book of tables with him, get decimal system numbers shouted at him, look them

up in the book, and shout back the binary equivalents so that they can be put into the computer. Now RAH is right when he says that computers -- at least digital ones -- use binary numbers in calculating something BUT even as far back as when this book was written special sub-computers had been developed which would convert decimal into binary and vice-versa and it would have been a simple matter to extrapolate to today's situation where almost any computer can be fed decimal data and be relied upon to convert it to binary for itself. With the system RAH used, they might as well have done the calculations with desk-calculators for all the speed they were getting. And the hero's photographic memory which allowed him to do away with the book was a major plot gimmick of the story, if I remember.

There still remain his two latest books, which are the most commentable he has yet written. But back to them a bit further down....

Looking down the list of future history stories I see that they were not written in the order they are supposed to occur. And in some cases this is visible from the stories themselves. For instance "The Black Pits of Luna" appeared in the 10 Sep 48 ish of SatEvePost while "The Long Watch" appeared in the Dec 49 American Legion Magazine. Now since the latter story did appear in a minor publication it is possible that it was written before the former and ALM served as a "salvage market" for a story which could not be sold elsewhere for a long time. But in "Black Pits" the tourists went past the ruins of an old military base and the guide said that it was never learned why the stockpiled atomic weapons had blown up. However in the other story there IS radio contact between the base and earth when the (if I remember correctly) Technocratically minded crew took over, and they even went so far as to send a threatening radio message to earth. However the hero's didn't blow the place up, but just wrecked the bombs by ruining the plutonium parts' finely machined surfaces. Thus the parts couldn't be properly brot together to achieve effective critical mass, but in the process the heroes received fatal doses of radiation. Thus it appears that when RAH first plotted out the series he intended the heroes to blow up the base before the villains could even send their threats to earth, and wrote "Pits" accordingly but when he came to write the prequil he changed his mind and found it more convenient, dramatic, or something to do it the way he actually did. But I am puzzled that he hadn't revised "Pits" when he included it in The Green Hills of Earth -- only a very minor passage would have had to be deleted. I wonder if that is the only inconsistency present in the series -- it's the only one that I remember noticing when I first read the books almost 10 years ago.

Wonder what got Heinlein interested in reincarnation. If any of you remember the horrendous Amazing 30th Annish with its dozens of short articles about what the future will bring, you might remember that one was by RAH. One of the things he said there was that the "Birdy... er, Bridy Murphy experiments" proved reincarnation. Now I don't remember any mention of reincarnation in Stranger in a Strange Land -- tho I do remember a rather unusual concept of life after death with the departed watching over earth and controlling things -- but at least one reviewer mentioned it. Oh damn, I DO remember the scene now. Several characters in "heaven" were discussing how things were going back on earth, and one said that he would soon be going back in a new guise. This latter bit by itself means nothing of course. But taken in conjunction with the article [not listed by Gregg under "Articles, introductions, and prefaces", by the way -- you goofed, Gregg!] it indicates a continuing interest in, if not belief in, reincarnation. As I said, howcum?

And so I finish with all of my notes on RAH dealing with matters other than his last 2 books. I think the goof in the above paragraph indicates that I should have used a first draft instead of just notes. But then, I could just as well have remembered the scene while copieng the draft onto stencil, and I would have been faced with the same choise of corfluing 2 lines or leaving the goof stand. But anyhow my point wasn't weakened but in fact strengthened by this.

As I said above, Starship Troopers and Stranger in a Strange Land are the most

commentable of his books. However these aren't the only ones which push or propagandize some point. Ferinstance, if I remember correctly Tunnel in the Sky pushed rather hard for physical fitness, exercise, and all that. Then RAH was as the March 58 ESFAcon (also referred to as "open meeting") which was a few months after Sputnik and the Vanguard fiasco (see Polhode #1). Tho it wasn't on the official program in any way many of the speakers touched on it, including Heinlein. Much of the talk was about the failure of the American educational system, and how the fiascos had waken us up, etc. (Also that perhaps it happened too late to do us any good, and we would never be able to catch up.) Heinlein spoke at length about what he had done locally in Colorado to beef up their educational system. Then a few months later (about 6) Have Space Suit, Will Travel was serialized in F&SF. And there in the early parts of the book was all sorts of propaganda about how "analytical geometry and even calculus can be fun", etc. Need I say more?

As for Starship Troopers itself, I suspect that what with all of the quires of stencils, pounds of ink, and reams of paper expended on this topic RAH helped a certain segment of american industry just by writing the book. I interpret his chief thesies to be "be prepared for whatever may come" and "only someone who was willing to do something for his country for a certain minimum period of time and (preferably or was it neccessarily?) risk his skin while doing it is worthy of having a say in the running of the government. (Remember when the brat first enlisted and put down his preferences for type of service? He filled in every military aspect, including K-9 and infantry which he really didn't want on the grounds that they were preferable to non-military positions. I believe he also said he wouldn't go in if he couldn't get a military position.)

Now I kinda like this idea of doing something to get the vote (tho I'd probably be too lazy and selfish to qualify myself -- even thru some non-military part of the "service"). This I figure would tend to cut down the burocratic "something for nothing" welfare-statism so prevalent today simply because the demagogish politicians wouldn't be able to buy themselves votes like that and wouldn't be afraid to repeal already existing laws.

Digging into that Heinlein article in the Amazing annish I see some remarks which are particularly interesting when viewed together with what was later written in Troopers and the subsequent arguments in fanzines.

"But possibly the most important discovery we have made about ourselves is that Man is a Wild Animal. [This is written as a "looking back from 2001 AD article.] He cannot be tamed and remain Man; his genius is bound up in the very qualities which make him wild. With this self-knowledge, bleak, stern, and proud, goes the last hope of permanent peace on Earth; it makes world government unlikely and certainly unstable. Despite the fact that we are (as always) in a condition of margional starvation, this fact makes all measures of population controll futile--other than the ancient, grisly Four Hoursemen, and even they are not effective; we finished World War III with a hundred million more people than when we started.

"Not even the H-bomb could change our inner nature. We have learned most bloodily that the H-bomb does nothing that the stone axe did not do--and neither weapon could tame us. Man can be chained but he cannot be domesticated, and eventually he always breaks his chains.

"Nor can we be 'improved' by genetic breeding; it is not in our nature to accept it. Someday we may be conquered by super-beings from elsewhere, then bred according to their notions--and become dogs, rather than wolves. (I'm betting that we will put up a fight!) But left to our own resources, improvements in our breed must come the hard way, through survival...and we will still remain wild animals.

"....

"On the physical side we can be certain that the speed-of-light barrier will be cracked this century. This makes it statistically likely that we will soon encounter races equal or superior to ourselves. This should be the most signif-

icant happening to mankind since the discovery of fire. It may degrade or destroy us, it may improve us; it cannot leave us unchanged."

Now while there is a good possibility that the author does not believe what the hero of his book believes (even the hero^{end-of-book}) the chances are good that he means just what he says in an article of this type (unless he says something just to shock his readers, and then he is usually trying to get them to believe something he believes in or to get them to temporarily believe something false [a favorite Campbell stunt] and then make them feel foolish by showing that it is nonsense. But the eventual point even then is to get the reader to believe or think as the author.) This seems to be rather heavy ammunition for the anti-Heinlein faction and I am surprized that nobody has yet made use of it.

Finally, there is Stranger in a Strange Land. This too is a book of propaganda-- for a rather unusual philosophy and way of life. Quite frankly, I am surprized it has raised this much of a stir in fandom simply because it has had only hard cover publication. I suppose that the SFBookClub edition, libraries, and the loan of copies by fens who did invest in them helped spread the book to a reasonable number. The last 2 are indicated by the fact that only now, some 6 months after the book became available, is the discussion reaching a fair spread.

Well, I read the thing soon after it was published (having picked up a copy at Steve Takacs' a few weeks before the official publication date). I liked the first $\frac{1}{3}$ very much, found the next $\frac{1}{2}$ not bad, but the last sixth was just awful. Now the book does explore a lot of ideas, and if ^{for} no other reason than to look those over again and get them straight I would like to someday re-read the book. But I didn't enjoy it as a story and keep putting off the re-reading. I sort of have the feeling that it is a distasteful job I will eventually have to get done. On the other hand I just finished reading Lord of the Rings 2 days ago and it is a temptation to start over again right now. New there is a story which was just delightful to read and also had quite a bit of meat to it in order to make re-reading worthwhile. I will probably re-read Poul Anderson's Three Hearts and Three Lions which was (if possible) even more delightful per page than LOTR but was quite empty of meaning and so was little more than a simple story. (In fact, it is because of LOTR that I will have to again send this zine to the IPSO OA special delivery -- the stencil for the first page stood in the typer for almost an entire week during which time only some 4 lines were cut on it.)

I think James Blish did the definitive article on this book in the last issue of Warhoon and I don't see how I can add anything worthwhile to what he said. So I'll leave the topic by just noting that at the ESFA meeting devoted to the book Henry Moskowitz (who works for the Scott Merridith agency) said that it was cut by some 20% before any publisher would take it, and that many long passages went in toto. SAM then said that if it had been offered to her, Cele Goldsmith would probably have run it complete -- as a 6 part serial if need be. Wonder if she really would've, and how much was "if only if..." type chatter on her part and how much reading into and interpreting of her statements by SAM was involved.

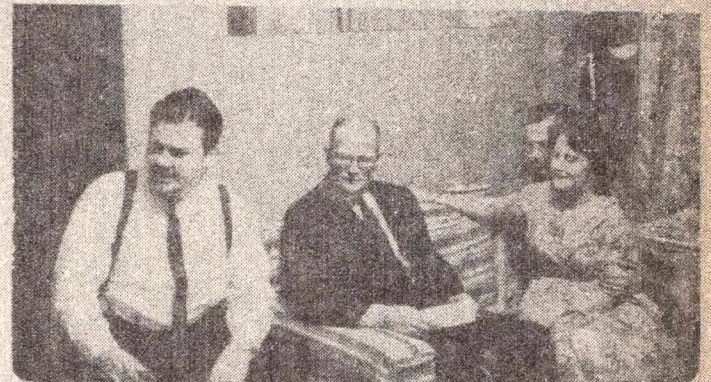
And one last note on the whole fershlugginer topic of Heinlein before I drift on --looking again at the checklist in Oopsla! I note that after the "Hoag" story in the Oct 42 Unknown RAH had nothing published untill "The Green Hills of Earth" in the Feb 8 '47 SatEvePost -- a gap of 5 years. Now I know that he stopped writing in 42 because he went into the service at that time, but what the heck kept him from resuming before he did? What did he do in that interval? And what was he doing while IN the service that kept him SO busy that he couldn't write ANY sf? Finally, why (after his initial successes) did he abandon the lucrative slick field? Did he find the medium too restricted to be able to write what he wanted to write how he wanted to do it? (The pulp market has of course as many restrictions (and maybe more) but these are apparently ones which don't (or didn't) interfere with what he wanted to write.

Looking back into that same old Amazing annish I noticed the following from Hugo Gernsback among the notes of congratulations printed on the inside front cover:

(→ page 7 please→)



Ella Parker in action (victim: Ian Macaulay) "You.... you mean to say that my fanzine is THAT bad?" Actually a last parting shot as we left the ship.
left: Jock Root, Ella, and Les Barber on the ship.



Randall Garrett, Arthur C. Clarke, and Sandy & Joy Sanderson



left: meself, the SCOW, and Les Barber (taken by Jock Root in his apt. on the day of sailing)



Ella and Avram Davidson



Belle Diets



Phyllis Macaulay

It isn't THAT bad Ella-- after all, isn't PAPA WORTH a 7 year wait?



James Blich



Ted Sturgeon



L. Sprague de Camp & Avram Davidson



Tom Purdom

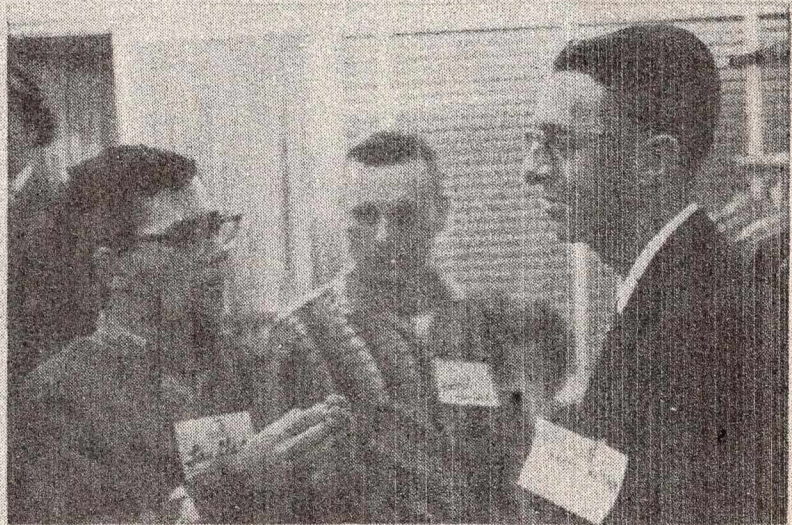


David Fisher A.J. Budrys Roy Freed



Forry Ackerman

Peggy Ree
McKnight



Les Gerber

Harry Warner

tion. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the group, the members meet at a restaurant for dinner, walk to the home of one of the members ((usually Frank Dietz or George Nims Raybin)) where they have a 20 or so minute business meeting, and then an informal evening till things break up about 2 or 3. (A few leave as early as 11.)

Anyhow, it was at this party that I first got to talk to Ella to any real extent. We spent that time discussing (of all things) IPSO and its troubles. Also present were Arthur C. Clarke (in town for the American Rocket Society meetings the previous week), Hans Santesson, Avram Davidson, Randall Garrett & some woman he brot along, Ian & Phyllis Macauley, Geo. Raybin, Belle Dietz, Frank Dietz, & Harriett Kolchak. The Macauley's said they were going to Europe for a year or so and would be spending some time in England. Now if during that time Ian McAuley comes down from Belfast there should be considerable confusion among the fen. Incidentally, I don't know why but Ian looks much stouter in these photos than he really is.

Clarke was a fascinating person to meet, and spoke mostly of his skindiving adventures. Sharks, it seems, have definite times of the day when they eat, and are harmless unless threatened at other times. By carefull choise of time + persistance he has become quite friendly with one and is well on the way to taming it. But most fascinating was his discovery of a treasure. Somewhere off Ceylon (he carefully avoided being more specific) he found a ship which had been carrying a load of freshly minted silver coins several hundred years ago. For some fortuitous reason (barnacles quickly covering them, if I remember) the silver had not decomposed and the coins remained in remarkably good shape. (He passed a few around -- they were about the size of a nickel.) But he said that he probably would get more in royalties on the book that he will write than for the coins themselves. (He'd given a large lump of stuck-together coins to the Smithsonian Institute.) On another topic, he mentioned that a British film producer had bought A Fall of Moondust, and that this producer has always filmed quickly everything he purchased. So things look good.... He also mentioned that a competant producer has recently taken over John Wyndham/Harris' Day of the Triffids so that might finally be filmed.

Some time during the evening I got to talking to Randy Garrett and asked him about Langart -- despite similarity of names and styles, he categorically denied being the other author too.

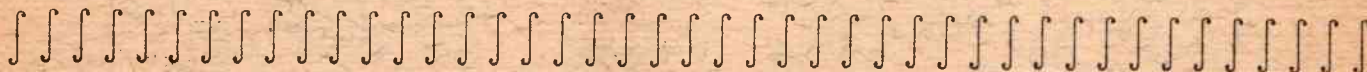
When the party broke up I thot I'd seen the SCOAW for the last time, but she surprized us by staying on in the US to make the Philiconference. Thus she had the nerve-shattering experience of running into me still one MORE time. I saw her around the con a number of times, but the longest must have been at the impromptu party at the Lupoffs' hotel room early Sunday morning, after Harriett's party had broken up and we happened to meet several people coming out of Pavlat's party. Other people present, aside from the SCOAW & the Lupoffs, were Les Gerber, Ted & Sylvia White, Bbob Stewart, Andy Main, Gary Deindorfer, and mebbe 1 or 2 others. But I've already written a 2 page report on the Philiconf for SFTimes and want to say more on it in SAPS where I have more room, if I have the time to do so, so I'll cut that off now.

A few days later the IPSO mailing came, so I phoned Ella at Jock Root's to let her know the details. While we were talking she said she'd be sailing early Friday afternoon, and asked me if I'd come up to help her get the stuff to the ship then. I arrived about noon to find her still in the early stages of packing, and Les Gerber showed up shortly thereafter. We gayly chattered away untill all was ready, and we took a cab to the ship. All along the principle line of joking had been about her not leaving now after she'd postponed it some 5 times already. Why the ESFAcon was less than 6 months away, and after that there would be an average of a con a month untill the ChiconIII rolled around. And it would be a nice thing if she stayed long enough to greet Willis upon his arrival and help make him feel at home.

Anyhow, we finally got to the ship (the Sylvania -- which I'd somehow typoed as Mauritania in my letter to Cry [and now watch this turn out to be an even bigger

typo]) and ran into all sorts of red tape there. While Ella checked in Jock Les & I took the luggage to the appropriate place. A large sign proclaimed that the Cunard Line had paid for all baggage handling and no further payment was needed, but the people wouldn't take it without a "tip". This irritated us so we decided to take it on ourselves. When we got to the visitors' entrance we found a mandatory 50¢ donation to some retired seamans' home for each "free" pass. Now there is nothing wrong with charging for these things, but why must they be so hypocritical about it and pretend that it is voluntary? Now we would gone on the ship even if we weren't carrying the baggage and I suppose we would have even paid \$1 each if it were necessary but we found all this nonsense most irritating. Anyhow, we got the stuff into her room and stayed with her some 45 minutes untill we had to leave. It was on this day that I really got to know Ella, and all I can say now is

C O M E B A C K , E L L A -- W E M I S S Y O U !



I distributed a few copies of my last IPSO contribution (on crackpottery) very erratically, missing many friends who should have gotten copies, and -- lo and behold! -- I received an LOC. Sooo,

L A I S K A S

MSgt L.H.Tackett, USMC
H&HS-1 (Comm), MWHG-1
1stMAW, FMFPac,
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed, I'm inclined to go along with your analasys of Campbell and Palmer, however, you fail to point out one important difference--Palmer's magazines were 99.99% crud while Campbell consistently had, and still has, the best magazine in the field. I can put up with a great deal of crap from

JWCjr as long as he continues to give me good stories.

I will admit that, like most everyone else, I'm a bit tired of all this psionics that has been the main stay of the zine for the past couple of years and am waiting patiently for Campbell to get off the psi kick.

I should think that he sincerely believes in the psi phenomena and is trying, through the medium of Analog, to get others interested. And Analog's readership is the group which he wants to interest since it contains a lot of bright young brains.

Don't know what the situation is now days as I've been out of touch for quite a while but about 10 or 12 years ago ASF was almost requiered reading around some of the universities.

As for psionics itself, I'm not going to put it down. There is too much evidence pointing to the existence of telepathy at least. There is enough evidence of the existence of telepathy to have set the Soviet Union onto serious research into the subject and, it would seem, the U.S. government, too. (And for more about that see Dynatron 8.)

R o y

→ → → Yes, I hate to admit it but ASF does seem to be still the best mag around. I voted for Amazing for the Hugo because they're trying at least, but by just coasting Analog remains the best. But even tho they're poorer magazines, I think I get more enjoyment out of Fantastic and Science-Fantasy because of the presence of fantasy and absence of psi. I think next time around I'll vote for Fantastic. I have a dozen or so recent New Worlds -- I think I'll have to make time to read a few soon and see how they are. Mebbe it will be worth while switching from ASF to NW for the mag that I read each month no matter how little else I do read.

As for the popularity of SF at colleges, I really can't say. At St. John's all the science departments are small (except for Pharmacy, which really isn't a science) and the physics dept is smallest of all (graduating about 5 BS's & 1 MS per year -- nobody has yet gotten as far as a PhD). Perhaps half the physics majors read SF, but not too regularly and some read only books. And there are no engineering departments in the school, either. So I guess we can't be considered typical.



These 10 pages have been written and published by Edmund R Meškys, 723A 45 St., Brooklyn 20 N.Y. for the 4th mailing of the International Publishers' Speculative Organization, to be distributed on 13 January, 1962. Copies will also be distributed on Jan. 15 as a part of my SAPSzine, A. Merritt's Fantasy Magazine, and the photosheet will be included as part of my N'APAZine for the 15 March 62 mailing, presumably Pesky's 11. -QWERTYUIOPress-

Last time the "topic of the quarter" was time travel. Like many of those who had anything to say on the subject, I would rather NOT make a 1 way trip into the past with no "gadgets". First of all I am most definitely not the adventurous type who would want to go looking for a more romantic era in the quest for excitement or a less developed or sophisticated era where one could hope to climb to "the top of the heap". (Again, I am not the "leader" type.) Then there is the matter of pure survival. Unless I could get my glasses replaced I'd be lost. (Without them I focus 2 1/2 inches away -- 1 inch beyond by nose. Also, from a detached retina some 10 years ago I have no sight at all in the left eye.) And I can't imagine a less athletic person than myself and am in no way fit for any rigors of a more primitive era. Finally, there is the matter of languages. I can only speak English and broken Lithuanian, am extremely untalented when it comes to trying to learn the Δπδ7++ things, and am sure I would never have the patience to learn one even if I were given the opportunity to do so before leaving.

On the other hand Brucifer's idea of "5 years in Marmalade" -- travel to a fantasy world -- does have greater possibilities. Presumably one would automatically acquire enough of the language and customs of the place to be able to get by, and hopefully be physically transformed too sufficiently for survival. Well, even then I don't think I'd want to go to a primitive era like that of The Incomplete Enchanter, Broken Sword, or Lord of the Rings -- I'm just too fondly attached to the comforts of home. But I would like to leave this world for one without the threat of atomic (or even "conventional") war, infringement and lessening of freedom, and the grifters and criminals preying on the weak. In short, I want an old fashioned utopia of the technological (as opposed to rural) kind, and of course this does fall into the class of pure fantasy. Now the Robert Krepps story from which Bruce Pelz took the title for the topic spoke only of a vacation in such a world, and not permanent residence therein. I think I would find a vacation in almost any fantasy world interesting to some extent, but a lot would depend on the point in "history" one would arrive at, and space too. It would not do to arrive in Middle Earth outside the gates of Minas Tirith at the height of the seige by the forces of Mordor, would it?

I think a logical extension for one of the topics for the 5th mailing would be a general discussion of imaginary-world type fantasy, such as LOTR, Broken Sword, the Peake books, which has recently attained such wide popularity in fandom. Or if it is too late for the 5th mailing, why not make it one of the 2 topics for the 6th. (And I do like the idea of having 2 topics to choose from -- long may it continue!)

Just that I'd mention that while I was disappointed somewhat in Broken Sword & Silverlock after the big build-up they'd gotten, LOTR lived up to everything I'd hoped for. I joined the "Fellowship of the Ring" by accident [and dammit Brucifer, my name is Edmund and NOT Edward as you put on the membership card!] but now I am an enthusiastic supporter. Perhaps I'll be able to do an article for I Palantir this Summer. (I don't care for the Conan stories, but Amra is one of my favorite fanzines. So I went to the FotR meeting at the Pittcon 'cause I heard there was to be a fmz and I wanted to sub to it. I found the meeting itself interesting so I stayed still without intention of joining. But somehow I wound up a member--I'm still not sure how.) I also tried to get other fmz on the subject, and the books themselves. JBStark was out of stock when I ordered, but I finally got them locally. After finishing them I dug out I Palantir, Nazgûl's Bane, the appropriate SAPSzines, and everything else I could find on the subject and re-read them. They then made a heck of a lot more sense, and were much more interesting than the first time around. PLEASE MEZB, can I have a copy of that FAPAZine which was about LOTR? And put me on the list for your Tolkien genzine?

I can't ever remember a time when I wasn't fond of books and able to read them. I suppose I must have learned but I don't recall where or when. Can you remember learning to read? If so, how old were you, do you think? I can remember falling downstairs, head over heels, when I was very tiny - it is almost as if an older me was standing by watching this happening - but, I can't remember learning to read. Surprising really, when you think how many hours I've spent doing nothing else.

I love riffling through other people's book shelves and this I've been able to do by reading a number of book lists that have been published frequently by some men. I've watched out for favourites of mine but so far, no-one seems to have read the conglomeration I have collected through the years. None of them are of any great Intellectual or Educational importance but, they have entertained me for hours and still keep me company when I'm in the mood to go and rake them out.

As a child my one and only favourite was BLACK BEAUTY. Oh, the tears I shed over that poor old horse, when I was a child. I wonder how it would read now. Another book I remember, but not half so fondly, is one called JACKANAPES. No, I don't know what it was about. It bored me stiff from the very first paragraph and, even at that age, anything boring, made me impatient to be done with it. If I tried to read that book once, I tried six times. I wouldn't allow myself to succumb to the temptation of looking at the last few lines to see if it ended in an interesting way. So, I never read it and, to this day, can't forget it. I know I was always getting into trouble as a child because I'd rather sit indoors on my own, to read. The adults thought I'd be better employed playing outside with the others. I shudder to think what trash I must have read because, with the one exception I have named I can't for the life of me recall any one other book that caught my fancy or attention then. There must have been others, they just didn't have the same appeal as BLACK BEAUTY.

I must have been about twelve when I read LITTLE WOMEN. It made me sick. I thought it soft. I don't know what kind of child it's supposed to appeal to but, it certainly didn't make any appeal to me. Ghod! Those girls were just too good to be true. I wonder what girls of twelve feel about that family these days. I can imagine they would find them as cloying and sanctimonious as I did. Kids of the age these girls are supposed to be, aren't as good as that unless they are downright unnatural or trying to 'suck-up' to some adult for purposes of their own. Sanctimonious and hypocritical was my verdict on that lot, even if I didn't use those words. I didn't know them then.

Just about then I found another book that has been a favourite of mine ever since. Jack London's WHITE FANG. Another animal book, you see? I can't tell you how often I've read it. I still take it out for a reread even today. STRING *LUG* THE FOX is another of my all-time favourites that I often reread. When it comes to Radio, T.V., or books, it will always find favour with me if it's about animals. I'm a real sucker for them. Paul Gallico's JENNY BALDRIN is yet another I've read many times. Anyone who has kept a cat just knows that this is how they behave. When I was in South Bend, staying with Betty Kujawa, I remember how pleased I was when, one morning, she was doing something and got muddled. She paused and said to herself: "when in doubt, wash." I whipped round and said: "Jenny Baldrin!" Oh, we were pleased to find we had something more in common. The next ghod knows how long, was spent in remembering the book together.

"But, hasn't she read the Classics" I can hear you ask. No. I haven't. I know most of the stories....or should I say, plots? I've had a bash at Dickens and don't care over much for him. The only one I could stomach to the end was DOMBEY AND SON. Tiny Tim and his dad in A CHRISTMAS CAROL are every bit as sick

making as the family in LITTLE WOMEN. I know that in Scrooge's place, if I had someone like cratchitt(sp?) working for me, his servile manners would make me long to kick him. He got the treatment he asked for. Oh, I know they were of Great Social Significance, those books but, when I read books I read them for entertainment. If Dickens wanted to preach, he should have written tracts. They were all the rage in his day.

Shakespeare I never learned to like. Maybe because I don't care for poetry. Thackeray's BOOK OF SNOBS I find delightful. Most of Thomas Hardy I like. In my time I have picked up all sorts of old stuff about London. I have a set of five volumes....I never could find the sixth, about London. In here it tells of how the London bridges were built; describes the days when goods were taken from one side of the Thames to the other by barge. The bargees didn't like the idea of bridges taking their livelihood away from them and tried to get the building of the bridges stopped.....without success, you may have noticed. I have a large, thick, old book called NO NAME. Actually, it's a collection of magazines of that day, all bound in one volume and it has been named for one of the serial stories in it by Wilkie Collins. There are many old-time advertisements to be found here. One, I see, saying Mr. Charles Dickens will read an instalment from his latest story. There are all sorts of uplifting snippets, like for instance this one called: - "Paint, and no Paint." I quote. "The recent revelations in a public court, of an artiste in what is said to be the art of enamelling ladies' faces, did not disclose any novelty. Those who remember to have seen the late Madame Vestris on the stage must have observed the covering which that lady is believed to have usedand so it goes on. Some one had been using inferior chemicals in the making of makeup. The reporter is declaiming against its use as much as its manufacture. The name of the magazine thus bound is ALL THE YEAR ROUND, with which is incorporated HOUSEHOLD WORDS. No wonder Dickens had an advertisement in it; he's one of the editors! The date of this gem is 1862. Just 100 years old! There's a very touching little article here called A GOSSIP ABOUT FLOWERS. Now doesn't that sound real matey? There are other serial stories too, mainly by Wilkie Collins. These are ideal books in which to browse.

Another quaint collection I have is called CHAMBERS MISCELLANY and is dated for 1847. This, in its way, is even more uplifting than the other one. There's a charming treatise here called HINTS TO WORKMEN, and it has some lovely chapter headings. Get this: CULTIVATE HUMILITY; or WASTE OF TIME; no, I don't think they are telling them how to do it. Here's another chapter; ATTENTION TO LITTLE THINGS, or would you prefer this, A TASTE FOR READING. Oh, here's an article for fans! WONDERS OF THE TELESCOPE, or how about this; WOMEN'S TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE. Who, after reading any of these would want to indulge in Time Travel into that past? Not me, that's for sure. Makes for fascinating reading, tho'.

When I'm not browsing among the old stuff there are others I take out to read, from time to time. The worst thing about me is my terrible memory. If I thoroughly enjoy a book it means I'll remember what it was about, but, that doesn't mean I'll recall who wrote it or what it was called. In CRY, I mentioned something about Sammy Davis Jnr. and other negros. Betty picked me up on it in such a way it made me dig out a book I hadn't read for some years. I've not long ago reread it but I can't recall who wrote it. It's called THE WINDS OF FEAR and is about a negro community trying to live under the terror of a Sherriff who hates blacks. He, himself is white but what they call 'white trash'. Actually, he is given the job because it's reckoned to be a degrading one; keeping the niggers in check and the like. This chap loves it; it gives him all the excuse he needs to go looking for trouble and, if there isn't any, he makes it. Horrible, frightening and all like that. It doesn't make me change my opinions about Davis just the same.

I don't know how many of you saw the interview on T.V. Sammy Davis gave, on the occasion of his wedding? It was revolting. The words that made me so angry were, roughly: "and I'm grateful to the Fine American People for being so Gracious." This because they allowed him to live among them! Damn it, he was born American! I gathered from what he said he knew he was doing wrong in marrying a white woman; he knew lots of other people would feel strongly about it and, he was thankful to have got through the day with a whole skin. When I think of it, his apologetic air still makes me mad. He married the girl so why apologise? Not very complimentary to her, was he? I'd far rather he faced up to who-ever it was he feared and said; we're married, so what. If this had been a small place where the locals could be influenced to give a rigged verdict when a coloured person is on trial, then I could have understood it, but this was New York. In a way, it's like cratchitt again. They expect to be kicked, so you kick them; but you are angry with them for making you feel like that. You hate yourself as much, if not more, than you hate them.

At one time I was the proud possessor of the entire WHITEOAK stories. There was a talent for you! Every member of that family came alive in the pages. I followed avidly every detail of their lives. The old Grandma and her parrot Nap. Rennie, the head of the family since his father died. Meg, his sister who was fat and made a pretence of not eating because she wanted to be thought 'delicate' when in reality, she had the houseman bring large trays to her room where she gorged herself in what she fondly thought was secrecy. Actually, the whole house knew of her habit and pandered to it. I was really mad when a friend's youngster said she would love to have them and I parted with them to her only to find that, tho' she's had them for over five years, she still hasn't read them. Once in her possession she lost all interest in them.

Round about now I began to prefer weird, supernatural and books of that ilk. I have one book with which I would never part. It's an odd book called MAN MADE ANGRY. It isn't particularly well written; it isn't even cleverly done. After I've read it it leaves me feeling vaguely uncomfortable, I don't know why. I haven't opened it for more than ten years but I can still remember it clearly. It's a murder story but one with a difference. I suppose you'd call it a psychological thriller. Girls are being murdered all over the place. This man, very quiet, mild in manner, keeps himself to himself, hears about them. He and some of his friends set out to try and trap the killer with a decoy. Of course, it's he who is doing it all the time. Not much of a tale when you strip it down to its bones but, Bob Bloch's PSYCHO was a romp compared with how this one made me feel. Ugh! Just in talking about it I can feel that creeping horridness coming back.

Of the Supernatural tales I have collected THE MONKEY'S PAW was spoiled for me by hearing it done as a radio play before I read it. The play was done so well I have never been able to shudder over reading it as I have over some others. I think my favourite of all is HOW LOVE CAME TO PROFESSOR GULDEA. The real horror here, for me, at least, was the way in which he cherished his privacy and had it invaded at any and all times. The proffered love, unwanted tho' it was, seemed only an added indignity.

I have been fascinated for as long as I can remember by the thoughts of solitary confinement. Never having been subjected to it, I often wonder if it would hold the terrors for me it seems to have for those who have had to suffer it. From here, I don't think it would be any hardship. How do you feel about it? Mind you; I don't know for how long I could stand it but I'd be game to try it out to the limit if it were possible to make such an experiment. Maybe the secret is to live each moment as it appears. Not to anticipate the next second even until it comes up in its turn to be lived through. How would you tackle it. How long do you think

you could hold out? What mental reserves do you have to make solitary confinement bearable? I suppose really, it all depends on the kind of person you are. It would seem that the introvert could stand it better than the extrovert...or could he??? Maybe the mere fact that he is an introvert and, therefore, less likely to mix with his fellows, he'd have less stamina to stand him in good stead. I don't know but I'd like to.

Having had a wide grounding in the realms of horror and/or supernatural tales; it takes something pretty special to raise the small hairs on the back of my neck. We have a series running at the moment on T.V. called ONE STEP BEYOND. All the cases shown are supposedly fully authenticated. To say the least, they are creepy. At least I can watch and enjoy them because I haven't already read them in a book.

So, as you can see, all of my reading has been of the inconsequential kind. I have only scratched the surface of the many books I've read and enjoyed but they all have one thing in common. In some way, even the horrible ones, have given me some measure of entertainment. I have to be careful when buying new books or I'll find myself buying those I already have. I told you I have a lousy memory. Often I can recall the story long after I've forgotten what it was called or who wrote it. Usually I read the first paragraph and buy or reject the book purely on the strength of the amount of interest it rouses in me. This may not be the prescribed way to buy one's books but it's the way I buy mine. This method is handy for recognising old books reissued under new titles, too. I'm thinking now especially of S.F. where this is an all too common and dishonest practice.

I've got to stop here because there are household chores waiting to be done. Fandom and its commitments are all very well but they have to take a back seat sometime; like now. Maybe later I can get back to fill in this half page with a message to George or something. I'll see. At least I've made the effort to get something done. I have been trying to wriggle out of it. Need I point out, I failed?

I really did think I was going to get away with it this time. After all, I have been away from home for three months and I had a lot of catching up to do on my return. In a mad rush ORION has been published and I thought I might be allowed to sit back and look smug. Not on your nelly! I've been chivvied and chased from pillar to post by Forsyth. I'm sure George could have left someone else in charge. Someone less likely to adopt a threatening attitude if you don't come up with 4pp on demand. Roll on Easter. This really is all. Still a few lines short, I know. It can't be helped.

This article might better be titled "That's Spreading it a Bit Thick" or perhaps "My Five Years Were All Jammed Together" or even "Buttering Up Before Spreading Out" or something like that. And hello to you good people out on Airstrip One. As you may recall, I dropped out due to non-publishing. I still haven't gotten used to the thought of having one month, rather than three months between mailings, in which to compose and execute a zine. But as a pre-New Year's Resolution, I'm mailing in these pages and some money and trusting that the roster isn't complete. But back to our article.

My first thought was to write an article on Coventry, the wonderful new parlor game that's sweeping fandom, from the point of view of Coventryac: the interaction of people and the struggle for domination of one's own ideas when you have to give and take with the other people who are in the same dream world and (theoretically) Paul Stanbery has to pass on anything to make it official. At times, that procedure is downright complicated, like going through channels in the Army. You think you know enough about Coventry to fashion a story or compose a kingdom -- only to find that there is another aspect of Coventry or another interlocking directorate or another facet swiped from yet another Science Fiction story, and that you have to change your plans to fit them in with the official version, unless you want to be shunned as a deviate. If anyone's interested, I'll throw in a page on that subject next mailing.

Dreamworlds? When I came West to Los Angeles from Washington, D.C., I found a local phenomenon that was new to me. D.C. had a respectable, stodgy type club composed primarily of adults. LASFS, on the other hand, had a much larger number of young people and a correspondingly more varied interest in the fanciful. Situated in the heart of the lunatic fringe and cult belt of California, Los Angeles has a totally different outlook on the off beat, the unusual, and the eccentric from most other cities I have known. An unspoken attitude of "Well, maybe, who knows!" -- or at least a tolerance bordering on encouragement -- prevails in Los Angeles. People aren't as shocked if you tell them you're affiliated with some extraordinary group with unusual beliefs. After all, there's another group just as weird down the street. Los Angeles, in effect, will let you dream, if you want to, many an unusual dream. The citizenry may not believe you, but they're less inclined to try to run you in.

Perhaps other cities have fan groups as disposed to composing dream worlds as LASFS. But when I made the scene in 1958, there were so many people enthralled with Tolkien or other fairy lands forlorn or simply building or talking about their own imaginary worlds that we dreamed up a "World of the Month Club" to disseminate the news evenly. Ted Johnstone would discuss, on occasion, the world of Coventry; Don Simpson was collaborating with someone else to construct multi-colored maps of Donelan. Sneary (I found out later) had peopled the planet Mercury with his own imagination. We compared notes and I thought that I could do maps or whatever as well as the next fan, so I started blazing away. And that is what these pages are really about: MY WORLD, Ilzhar.

Consider the effect that one slightly different plant or animal could have on Earth, and then transfer that plant or animal to another world. I came up with a narcotic plant that seasonally choked the waters of a continent spanning river so that the water could be evaporated into an opiate. A pure

white flower with a shape like a poppy. Further toward the equator, the water was itself sleep-inducing (Lutilsudu: The River of Dreams) and further toward the equator, the concentration of narcotic essence actually crossed to a threshold where it caused death to the drinker, if he were not given medical treatment in time. The very air could sometimes cast a by-passer into lethargy and slumber, although the essence was generally released into the water. And there was a town close by variously called Dream's End, or the City Where the Dream Dies Dies, below which point the river became Lutilhesti, the River of Death. The narcotic would, of course, be extracted for a drug used by the worshippers of Gorgza, in their underground temples. Curiously, the drug prolonged life for those whose body chemistry was right (eating citric fruit seemed to help); for many, however, the drug produced a hashish extacy. (Throw in a bit of Seven Foot Ball to Satan and borrow from Simpson's chilling sketches of black-robed priests beating drums in an underground circular chamber, Harness: borrow that which seemeth good.)

Now, the world Ilzhar was colonized from Earth twelve thousand years ago and then forgotten or bypassed while memory died and the races of Ilzhar recalled only in dim legend their origin on another planet. But leave a few of the original devices carried on the spaceship -- lamps of corrosion-proof metal shaped like hourglasses...Books buried in time capsules...a few other items, secreted and revered and jealously guarded. Take a child born intelligent but amoral and let him find a capsule, containing three books. Have him kill a playmate to gain possession of the books. Let him decipher the first one, a dictionary, with glee and diligence. Let him discover the second is a book of poetry and have him curse eternal hatred to the person who sent such a useless book to be preserved. And let his mind team with dreams of power when he finds the remaining book is a text on power machinery and that one of the Sacred Lamps can be converted into a weapon of disintegration.

Ilzhar has a late-Medieval technology but a pre-Industrial grasp of scientific theory. Man has progressed along a straighter route, at least in certain portions of this new world, than man did in the older one of Earth. So the evil child can perform certain experiments and recognize the uses of copper, iron, and mica insulators.

Now, how to obtain a lamp? They are used in underground chambers and sacred and guarded. Thus, he must become a priest of Gorgza to gain access of any kind to a lamp. Very well, he is intelligent enough. But to be alone with a lamp... that is his goal. He finds that it would take perhaps an hour to convert the lamp into a weapon. A novice cannot be left alone with the lamps. The evil child, now a young adult, cannot spend the time -- ten years -- until his actions would not be closely watched. One chance remains. There is a lamp in the cell of those detained for summary torture and execution. And so a plan begins to form in his mind.

It is a complicated and risky business to store materials to climb the wall of the cell and pry the lamp from the ceiling, but the novice manages to put the materials there another way. He kills a master of the temple and so according to ritual is beaten with stout sticks and cast, together with the sticks, into the cell. Battered but grimly determined to succeed, the novice

scales the walls of the cell and pries the lamp from the ceiling with the wooden bars. He opens the lamp. Now he must work in the dark to change the circuitry inside; he's trained himself to make the change in the dark, by means of mockups, before entering the priesthood.

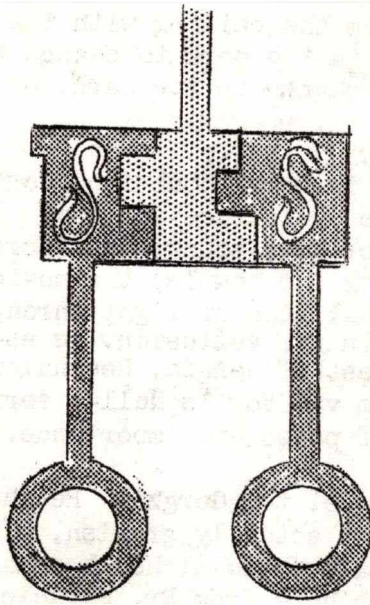
He had been sentenced to be alone with his fears, without food, for six hours while the temple prepares the instruments of torture for him. After three hours of working in the dark (and his sacrilege toward the Sacred Lamp has been observed with terror and foreboding by the temple) the novice burns through the door of his cell and sends a lethal beam of light through the temple and proclaims himself the new Master. In the confusion, he escapes. Now he is the Gorgzid Reesha (Gorgzid: Priest of Gorgza; Reesha: outcaste, Pariah. The name, of course, is swiped from van Vogt's Null-A series) and during the next fifty years he becomes a man of power and importance.

Fifty years after his sacrilege in the temple, the Gorgzid Reesha is assured of longevity but not youth. His skin is actually grayish, his eyes deepset and rimmed in shadow. His head is nearly bald although some few white hairs struggle forward across it. (I crib here from Dr. Miracle in the movie version of "Tales of Hoffman".) The Reesha's breath comes in hisses although he moves lightly on his feet. He dresses in black and dark gray robes and carries a rod of death in his sleeve for rapid fire.

Take another man who had been changed by a derivative of the death poppy: Anduriyan, sometimes called Anduriyan the God. Anduriyan's mental processes had been so enlarged by the chemical that he was en rapport with many other people simultaneously and had formed a chain-mind of friendship with the entire population of one of the eight Drumvarzadrakh, the Cities Under the Sword. He had formed an oasis of containment and calm in a world full of violence.

During the year 4711, Rakhadhian reckoning, Anduriyan was approached by an emissary of the Rakhadians and asked to intercede with the Reesha for the life of one Elgan, a merchant prince. Elgan had played the game of Golden Keys with the Reesha and had lost first his estates and fortunes and finally his life. For various reasons, Elgan was important to the Rakhadians and they felt that only an opponent such as Anduriyan could whet the curiosity and desire of the Reesha and thus tempt him into a further game. Anduriyan accepted and met the Reesha and won.

Now, what is the Game of the Golden Keys? Here I fear my imagination is not sufficient to create something unusual and Ilzharian enough to warrant any attempt to describe the Game. All I have come up with so far is that the game would be played with actual Keys, in the shape of keys. There are two players and each selects a certain number of keys, such as eleven, before each game and places them on a large keyring which he holds in his left hand during the game. The blade of the Key is thick and cut in various semi-prescribed patterns, so that they interlock. The first player puts down, on a table between the two players, the first key. The other player must find a key to match the slots and tines of the first key, in such a way that his key will interlock perfectly. (See diagram, next page.) If he cannot, he is subject to forfeit, and the forfeit is generally determined in advance by the players. It may be the loss of a turn or the loss of a key from his set.



Thus the Game is something like dominoes. The person who #completes the set# by putting down the second Key with a blank end facing outwa#d wins. The Game is a war of nerves and many of the players are not above rattling the opponent in order to cause him to put down the wrong Key. It takes a play of three Keys to constitute a game.

In the Game between Anduriyan and the Reesha, I envision Anduriyan being given first move and playing a key blank on one side, a daring and extremely hazardous play. The Reesha smiles and says he will play that game and puts down a mate to Anduriyan's Key.-- and it also is blank on the outside. The Reesha has, in effect, made a draw game and proposed a second game. Anduriyan, however, says he will continue the game and plays a double-blank Key beside the Reesha's!

Anduriyan then points out that there are three keys now, constituting a valid game, and that the set is complete. As their game was played before witnesses, Anduriyan is adjudged the winner and the Reesha retires in a huff.

Now, what other plants and animals could this world have? Being partial to dragons, I wrote in a large lizard on the Desert of Disoord. The saurian has a throat sac where a symbiotic bacteria/yeast produced alcohol as a waste product. The dragon could expel from the sac a high-pressure stream of alcohol and have teeth constructed to make sparks. Or it could carry flint rock and make sparks with that. (And dibs on the idea if anyone's going to write a science fiction story with that as an explanation for a dragon.)

There's also an octopus-needle plant on the desert, a many-branched plant lying flat on the ground, near oases. An animal or man triggers the closing reflexes of the plant by treading on it midway to the hub of it and then the plant closes and stiffens the spiny thorns, catching and literally chewing the victim to death. The grey dragons, which are smarter than the brown variety, sometimes transport the needle-net plants (as they are more commonly called) for their own purposes. And there has been at least one man who has enjoyed the company of the grey dragons, although the intimacy is more profound and less a meeting of minds as was Tarzan's with the apes: the dragons took the men as curious and dangerous pets, for study.

But one of the first things I worked on was a language, that of Rakhadh. I started by making up names for english words (DRAKH, sword; DOLGAR, man; DRUMVAR, bit; SHALA, friend; RAKH, lord; SHIL or LISH, fire, for example) and forcing a transliteration or substitution cipher from these "fixed" points; thus, S-dr; D-kh; R-l; L-r; M-d; N-g.

It's a world I could live in, a world that would be interesting to write about. In fact, I plan to. Merry Xmas, everyone, from the Swinging Scribe,

Jack Harness

