

KNOWABLE

#2

January 1963

"The world and its laws are fully knowable; our knowledge of the laws of nature, tested by experiment and practice, is authentic knowledge having the validity of objective truth; there are no things in the world which are unknowable, but only things which are as yet not known, but which will be disclosed and made known by the efforts of science and practice."

— Joseph Stalin

THE STORY

In 1954 I began a round-robin story which has since ramified all over creation. It now comprises 21 chapters by 7 authors, and occupies a manuscript two inches high. In response to requests by some of the authors, and other people such as Jody Grasser who have heard of it, I will begin with this issue of KNOWABLE to serialize The Story. Since each author has full freedom to do with The Story what he will, this serial is not only an exercise in literary creation but also a case study in psychology.

As each new author's contribution appears in KNOWABLE, I will add a short introduction to the author. The first installment, consisting of the prolog and the first two chapters, begins on page 7. The prolog and Chapter I are my work, and Chapter II is by George Cowgill. Cowgill, an Idahoan by birth, is a graduate student in anthropology at Harvard University, and has master's degrees in both anthropology and physics. The Story is not our only work in collaboration; we also wrote "Proposal for the Foundation of a Demonological Journal", which appeared in Amra #11 and was reprinted in PITFCS #137.

Cowgill is also represented in this KNOWABLE with a series of speculations on the effects of space travel on Jewish customs and folkways. He and I want it understood that this article "שבת שלום" on page 5 is written in a completely frivolous spirit, with no intention of disrespect for religious convictions. We would appreciate rebuttal from readers, Jewish and Gentile, who wish to comment on the questions raised.

Also in KNOWABLE #2 are: more of "Science Made Too Easy"; "The Great Secret of Pandor"; some kind comments in the letter column "Things That Go Bump in the Mailbox"; and such information as I have at hand on future conventions.

Readers are asked to note my new mailing address: Box 22, New York 33, New York. My new telephone number is WA. 8-2657, or, as the telephone company will soon insist on calling it, 2129282657.

* * *

The FARLEYFILE: An attempt is being made to establish a file of punched cards which will correlate interests, skills, and activities of fans. Each fan listed in the file fills out a questionnaire on these topics, which data are then punched into a card. To be listed, write to Bruce Peiz, Apt. 209, 738 S. Mariposa, Los Angeles 5, California

THE GREAT SECRET OF FANDOM

For a long time there has been a suspicion that a common interest in science-fiction is not the bond that joins fans. There are fans who have read no science-fiction in years; there are fans whose "fanac" consists solely of partisan political commentary on national and world affairs; there are fans who are chiefly interested in folk music or old comic books or 16-mm. films or pornography. And yet people who haven't opened a science-fiction magazine since before Willis applied for his first passport become indignant if they are called fakefans.

This situation makes a little more sense if it is realized that science-fiction does not constitute the binding energy of fandom. A common, if minor, interest in the literature of science-fiction and fantasy does bring together potential fans. But the thing that keeps clubs together, that generates conventions and fills the pages of hundreds of fanzines, is clearly not limited to a mutual appreciation of science-fiction. Anyone with a year or more of fanac behind him knows this.

I offer the hypothesis that there is no one mutual interest, or complex of interests, that has caused the birth and life of fandom, and the recruitment and activity of fans. The common factor is not a mutual interest, but a similarity of intellect. What almost all fans have in common is a wide range of interests, above-average intellects which amuse themselves with these interests, and a gnawing curiosity which attacks almost everything with which that intellect comes into contact.

That such minds would be drawn to science-fiction might have been predicted. A curious mind looks towards the unrealized future, and is stimulated by other such minds' visualization of that future. Thus began the primordial fan clubs of the '30's. Even then, science-fiction and fantasy were not the only interests of fans; witness the controversy over the political orientation of fandom which launched Sam Moskowitz as a fannish Joe McCarthy in the late '30's. Since then, every phenomenon in the macrocosm has had its effect upon fandom.

This is as it should be. Fandom is not and cannot be divorced from the issues which interest the general population. Nor is science-fiction itself so divorced. Does a certain political party set up its members as Superman? E. E. Smith writes the "Lensman" series. Does the control of atomic energy bother humanity? Heinlein writes "Elwaps Happen". Does the specter of atomic war hang over humanity? Dozens of authors write about Our Barbaric Descendants. Does the military exert too great an influence upon the determination of national policy? Heinlein writes Starship Trooper. Do the biological sciences approach manipulation of heredity? Jack Vance writes "The Dragon Masters". Both pros and fans follow the activity of the wider world around them, and speculate on what will happen "If This Goes On..." Reading science-fiction is a good way to keep up with such speculation, but it's not absolutely necessary.

The network of clubs, apas, publications, and conventions which holds fandom together has long since gone beyond science-fiction. Fandom is now a sub-culture of intelligent and imaginative people, with distinctive customs and traditions. It goes beyond not only the traditional bounds of "race, creed, and color", but also the often stronger bounds of age, class, and position in the academic hierarchy. What will come of this is hard to say, since the urge to organize finds little response among fans. But it's going to be interesting to find out!

R R Random Impressions of the Philcon

(November 3, 1962)...First and Foremost: I had the great pleasure of meeting L. Sprague de Camp, who has been my favorite s-f writer from the time I was first hooked by science-fiction with the Predicted Issue of Astounding. (This is a now defunct publication which some of you older fans may remember.) De Camp's erudition is displayed as well in his conversation as in his stories, and it is science-fiction's loss that inadequate demand and recompense for adventure stories by s-f editors has led him to devote his talents in recent years to historical fiction...De Camp revealed that the episode of Earl Mikalegon and the bear in Fletcher Pratt's Well of the Unicorn actually happened in Alaska to L. Ron Hubbard...It's always good to see Anita Simon again. Abe, unfortunately, was sweating over a pile of hot statistics and couldn't get to the con...There was an informal muster of the Hyborian Legion at the party, for the purpose of exchanging limericks about trolls...Dick Eney outdoes the Coventranians on their own ground in the latest Stupefying Stories (Vol. VIII, #3)...Do you think H. Beam Piper would still be a conservative if he ever sobered up?...Larry Kafka's four-foot aluminum broadsword, which he wore on his back to, at, and from the Philcon, was the subject of much comment. The Hyborians, de Camp, Piper, and others went off into a long discussion of the relative merits and disadvantages of shortswords, longswords, and claymores, while a few die-hards of Viking ancestry like myself held out for the battle-ax...Larry's next project as an armourer will be a labrys...Who dragged in that damned pill-roller who came to lobby against the Kefauver bill to tighten regulations on the testing of new drugs?...Wollheim's talk on the economics of marketing s-f paperbacks was the most interesting single item on the schedule. It stimulated a discussion of copyright law and the recent copyright lapse of many of Edgar Rice Burroughs' works...BNF's I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time: Harriet Kolchak, Terry Carr, Mike Deckinger, George Heap...Jake Waldman, fan, had just been operated on by Dr. Christine Haycock Moskowitz, fan, for a minor scalp ailment. His scars showed through a stubbly regrowth. I had a brief Degleresque vision of a closed economy in the microcosm, with fans filling each others' teeth, teaching each others' kids, fixing each others' TV sets, and brewing each others' blog.

The Next Ones

10 March 1963 - Eastern Science-Fiction Association (ESFA), Annual Open Meeting, YM-YWCA Building, 500 Main Street, Newark. To the best of my present information, things get started at 2 PM.

21 April 1963 - Lunacon, Room 10D, Adelphi Hall, 74 Fifth Avenue (just south of Union Square), New York. Begins 1 PM.

29-30 June 1963 - Midwescon, North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Road, Cincinnati.

4-7 July 1963 - Westercon, Hyatt House Motel, about 10 miles south of San Francisco. Membership is \$1 from J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley 7, California. The formal program will last from 2:30 to 5:00 PM daily. There will be a masquerade on the 4th, a banquet the evening of the 6th, and movies on the 7th. Pro guest of honor will be Kris Neville. The fan guests of honor will be F. M. and Elinor Busby of Seattle fandom. Perhaps Busby will tell us what plans he has for the future, that make him object so strongly to the idea (continued on p. 6)

FOR SALE

All books listed for sale below are used, and many are in new condition. Books marked "*" are paperbacks. Several copies are available of books marked "#". Orders of 75¢ or more are postage-free; include 15¢ postage for smaller orders.

- Anand: Kama Kala. A folio collection of photographs and drawings from Indian Tantric art. This book contains photographs of the sculptures in the temples at Konarak and Khajuraho, and is an expanded version of Anand's article in Evergreen Review #9.....\$22.50
- *Anderson: The War of Two Worlds; Brunner: Threshold of Eternity. Ace double s-f.....25¢
- *Asimov: The Wellsprings of Life. An excellently written introduction to genetics and biochemistry.....50¢
- Baker: A Friend in Power. A novel of office politics on a university campus.....\$2.50
- *Boyer: Nouveaux Jeux d'Echecs Non Orthodoxes. Collection of dozens of variations on chess, including 3-D and 4-D games.\$3.00
- Creedy: The Next Step in Civilization. A utopian novel with Social-Christian orientation.....\$1.00
- Dallin: The Real Soviet Russia. An "expose".....60¢
- *Gilbert: Electricity and Magnetism. A broad elementary text designed mainly for experimentalists and engineers.....\$1.00
- *Goldstein: Classical Mechanics. The standard mechanics text.....\$1.00
- Granville: Differential and Integral Calculus.....\$2.00
- *Humboldt Verlag: Illustriertes Wörterbuch. Typically arranged and copiously illustrated. Gives German, French, and Spanish translations for thousands of common objects and actions.....50¢
- Jauncey: Modern Physics. An elementary introduction to the new physical theories of the 20th century.....\$1.00
- *Jenkins & White: Fundamentals of Optics (latest edition).....\$5.00
- *Jung: Modern Man in Search of a Soul.....80¢
- Lentz: Towards a Science of Peace. A thorough analysis of this vital matter.....\$1.00
- Lindsay: Physical Mechanics. An introduction to mechanics designed for the student who has had only one year of college physics and no vector analysis.....\$1.75
- *Panofsky & Phillips: Classical Electricity and Magnetism.....\$4.00
- *Piper & McGuire: Crisis in 2140; "Judd": Gunner Cade.....25¢
- *SEARS & ZEMANSKY: COLLEGE PHYSICS (3rd edition) THIS ELEMENTARY PHYSICS TEXT IS USED IN MANY COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES. NO CALCULUS IS REQUIRED.....\$4.25
- *Szilard: The Voice of the Dolphins and other stories. S-F tales by a leading scientist.....75¢
- Thirring: Einführung in die Quantenelektrodynamik. Chance to study German and physics simultaneously.....\$2.50
- Unicorn Press: Everything's a Puzzle. Collection of puzzles for the rebus fan.....25¢

Please refer also to the list of fanzines for sale or trade, and fanzines wanted, on p. 15.

שבת שלום

by George Cowgill

It occurs to me that a devout Orthodox Jew would be presented with some peculiar problems in being sure that he was properly obeying Yakweh's Law in this age of space exploration. Rules will have to be formulated to cover many hitherto unknown situations. We should prepare now for predictable difficulties. My own very limited knowledge of Hebrew law suggests some obvious dilemmas, and perhaps further perplexities will occur to other readers.

One obvious problem is the need for formulating rules for deciding, among edible extra-terrestrial organisms, which are kosher and which are not. Among the kosher, which are milk, which meat, and which parve. Mightn't this be very tricky if evolution has followed a very different course from that on Earth?

However, most of my bewilderment concerns the seven-day periodicity of Jewish life, every seventh day being Shabbat, a day of rest, rejoicing, and many special observances. As I understand it, each day begins at sunset, and I take it that this means that each sunset-to-sunset cycle is counted as another day, regardless of the length of time elapsed.

Without leaving Earth at all, how does this work out near the poles, where several months can elapse between one sunset and the next?

How are days to be reckoned by an astronaut in a low-altitude earth satellite orbit, who sees a new sunset every 90 minutes or so?

What does a Moon explorer do? Does he go by sunsets on the Moon, or by those on Earth? If by those on Earth, then by the time of sunset where on Earth? Greenwich? Jerusalem? If it is agreed that sunsets on the local body be used as the standard, would this principle also be followed on Jupiter, with a rotational period of 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or so? How would this principle work out on Mercury, where the same half of the planet is perpetually turned toward the sun and there is no sunset at all? What about a spaceship on an interplanetary or interstellar journey, slowly rotating to provide artificial gravity? Is it to be considered a body in its own right, with sunset determined by its own rotations? If so, should the same principle be followed by low-altitude satellites? What happens when one is on the safe life of another star? Is Alpha-Centaurus-set or Sirius-set to be taken as equivalent to sunset? What if the system's primary is a binary star?

I suppose almost all these cases will be solved by abandoning reliance on sunset as indicator of a new day, and adoption of a standard of one day for each 24 hours, with hours defined ultimately by reference to some atomic clock as a standard. But what will be done by an interstellar ship travelling close to the speed of light? Will a shipboard clock be used as a standard, or will there be an effort to regulate observances in accord with time as measured in a frame of reference unaccelerated with respect to the Earth? The former solution means that on their return to Earth the travellers can expect their calendar

to be out of step with that on Earth, while the latter solution might require observances of a whole weekly cycle in a matter of, by ship time, five or ten minutes or even less.

Another problem on which I can foresee a need for sharper definition is that of precisely what we mean by a journey. Is it a violation of the Sabbath to be in a free-fall orbit on that day? Here I have a fairly definite personal opinion, which is that this is no violation of the Sabbath at all. After all, the whole Earth is in such an orbit, as well as constantly rotating about its axis; consequently there could be no violation of the Sabbath as long as no power is applied on that day, and there is no manipulation or "piloting" of the vehicle.

What about uniform, unpowered acceleration on Shabbat, as might be the case with an ion-drive deep-space vehicle? At first glance this seems clearly to be a violation, and if the engines can be shut off for a day of free-fall coasting, it seems that this should be done. However, we must remember Einstein's celebrated Equivalence Principle, according to which the effects of uniform acceleration cannot be distinguished from those of being at rest with respect to a gravitational field. Now, surely the Earth's gravitational field does not shut off one day in every seven. Perhaps there is a basis here for permitting uninterrupted uniform acceleration?

CHANGE OF STATE

BORN - to Jody and Connie Gresser, a son, Edward Bellamy Gresser, 16 October 1962, East Cleveland, Ohio. Edward is named for Jody's father, who was in turn named for the author of Looking Backward.

MOVED - Charles and Jane Wells, Apartment #1, 200 Atlas, Durham, North Carolina.

MOVED - Tom Seidman, Apartment #7, 1720 15th Avenue, Seattle 22, Washington.

NEO - Ben Orlove, whose address is at present uncertain since he and his parents were burned out of their home at 825 E. 13th Street, Brooklyn 30, New York. I have known Ben's family for 11 years, and am glad to see the youngest of this brilliant outfit getting started in fandom.

UN-CHAFTIATED - Judy Orlove Glattstein, sister of the above-mentioned, temporarily at 2415 I Street, Brooklyn 30, New York.

NEO - Earle Stevens, Box 662, De Ridder, Louisiana.

THE NEXT ONES

(continued from p. 3) that liberals ought to defend themselves against conservative violence.

Labor Day Weekend 1963 - Washington (DC) fandom is knocking its collective self out to prepare the DisCon, this year's World-Con. Two progress reports have already come out from the DisCon Committee, Box 36, Mt. Rainier, Maryland. (Copy deadline for the third progress report is April Fools' Day.) Progress report editor Dick Eney (417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia) asks for Hugo nominations in the usual categories. The many-named Will Jenkins will be guest of honor. For further information send \$2 for a Con membership; make checks payable to Bill Evans, whose title is listed in the progress report as "Chief Receiver of Green Goods".

(continued on p. 16)

PROLOGUE

The Very Important Author was approached at a cocktail party by a Struggling Young Writer.

"Excuse me, sir," said the Struggling Young Writer. "I am trying my hand at writing, and I would appreciate any aids you may be able to give me out of your experience."

The Very Important Author had had four martinis, and a warm glow of generosity was spreading through him. "Certainly, young man," he said. "There are three essentials which you must always note when writing."

"Oh, what are they, sir?" eagerly asked the Struggling Young Writer.

"First," said the Very Important Author, "you must write about important people - kings, nobility, presidents, dictators, and so forth. Second, you must use profanity in your dialogue. And third, and most important, you must have sex in your story."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you," said the Struggling Young Writer.

CHAPTER I

by John Beardman

"God damnit," said the duchess, "take your hand off my knee!"

"Sorry, your grace," replied Sir Finly. "Your garter was slipping."

"You young scamp!" said the duchess, playfully snapping Sir Finly with a jewel-studded Nyswatter. "Now get along with you, before I lose my temper."

Sir Finly arose from his seat and whistled for his squire, Dumbert. However, Dumbert was out in the kitchen engaged in breaking down the resistance of the second scullery maid. The only response to the knight's call was made by a lean, crep-eared greyhound bitch who lay on the hearth gnawing a joint. The dog got up and trotted towards the two, carrying the bone in her teeth.

"Here, smart dog," said the duchess. "Here, Pyowacet, play dead for Sir Finly."

Pyowacet dutifully rolled over and lay limply on the stone floor. A spaniel scurried up, grabbed the bone, and ran. Pyowacet leaped to her feet and started in hot pursuit, pausing only to lick the duchess.

"See?" she said. "Smartest dog in the whole unprintable duky. Now get!"

Sir Finly bent and kissed the duchess's hand. "A thousand thanks, your grace, for your most excellent hospitality. As I continue my journey back to the King's court, I shall pleasantly remember -"

"Fuff!" she roared. "Out fit short and scram!"

Sir Finly bowed deeply to the duchess and turned to go. As he pushed aside his chair, she goosed him.

The knight strode into the kitchen, plucked Dumbert from the embrace of a hoddex-clad, greasy-faced girl, and headed for the stables without breaking step.

"Aw, gee, chief," protested the chubby squire. "Another half-hour and I coulda had her made!"

"A pox upon your backstairs seductions," said Sir Tinly. "We must off to court, to win some new knightly quest."

"Okay, okay. So leggo my ear already!"

Sir Tinly loosed his hold on Dumbert's ear. "And furthermore," he said to his squire, "your intemperate drinking, wenching, and playing the fool reflects scant credit upon yourself or upon me. In all humility I note that I hight Sir Tinly the Purest, and my reputation must be unscathed by a single breath of scandal. My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

"Humility yet," mumbled Dumbert under his breath. They arrived at Sir Tinly's quarters, and began the preparations for their departure.

"Oddis daggers, lad," said the knight as his squire helped him into his armor. "Have you not yet pounded out the dent received in my last joust with Sir Loinsteak? And sooth, this helmet is not at all polished well."

"Lousy grade of polish," Dumbert replied. "We can get better stuff at the court."

"Very well," said the knight. "And, if you ever expect to be a knight, like me -" Dumbert winced "- you had best mend your speech. The vulgar inflections of the common lot have no place among the nobles and knights of this realm."

"Sir Conference was telling me," said Dumbert, "that when you first came to court you said 'hisn' and 'hern', and as for the common lot, your father and mother were never -"

"Sir Conference is a fat, loose-tongued tosspot and a disgrace to the knightly order," interrupted Sir Tinly, "and if you persist in repeating his fabrications it will become my duty as your master and mentor to beat your backside raw with the flat of my sword."

Dumbert kept a prudent silence for the rest of their preparations. Finally, with Sir Tinly in full armor, they went to the stables to mount. The knight was hoisted on his great white charger Puritas by a block and tackle and two husky serfs, while Dumbert leaped lightly to the back of Harlequin, his small, brown donkey.

"Now," cried Sir Tinly, flourishing his sword, "to the royal court, where more deeds of derring-do are to be done, and more high quests to be entered upon."

As they rode off, Dumbert waved at a face in a small kitchen window.

CHAPTER II

by George Cowgill

In view of the dryness of that part of the country which lay between the castle of the duchess and the court towards which they were traveling, Sir Tinly the pure knight and Dumbert, his squire, were greatly relieved to observe, after some hours of travel, one of the wayside inns which all too infrequently in those days dotted that wild and sparsely populated section. Exclamations of joy leaped from their lips, and they spurred their steeds onward.

The tavern was very dark, smelling of sweat and stale beer and cheap wine. Dumbert observed that no one but an old beggar who arose from the door to ask for alms gave more than perfunctory notice to himself and the knight. Although, after the barest of recognitions demanded by feudal courtesy, the few peasants returned their eyes to the pedleroo game which they all either participated in or watched, he could not escape a feeling that considerable surreptitious interest was still being taken in the two of them.

Sir Tinly, evidently completely oblivious of the peasants and of any possible undercurrents in the room, ordered a flask of wine for himself, and for Dumbert and the two animals a keg of the local beer, which (though Dumbert) seemed, though with his little traveling, for never before last Grindleman when he had joined the service of the pure knight had he been out of a shot of the parish cellis (and not unusually loud bulging that) to be most probably, if not certainly, the poorest beer in all Christendom. The very fat landlord and a lanky youth of twelve or so who appeared to be dull-witted and who dived slightly into the keg, while his very long underhair dragged on the surface and as it vibrated with his motion became the center of a confusing, hypnotic series of ripples, struggled groaning under the weight of the keg as they went out to fill the animal trough. Delighted whinnies were heard, then scuffs and thuds, and a moment later the boy was back in, moving more rapidly than Dumbert would have wagered (had there been anyone there to have wagered with) possible a moment before. The boy was holding his hands to his face and dribbling a good deal of blood, so much that no features of the face could be seen. It seemed probably to Dumbert, to judge from the manner in which the youth bumped into things, that he could not see.

Sir Tinly smiled thinly. "A spirited charger, that Pufftas."

A moment later the landlord returned, bearing the half-empty keg, which now showed toothmarks, by himself. He slipped it down beside Dumbert, and on the table a quart tankard, from the tankard a toad leaped out. Dumbert crossed himself.

The immediate problem (Dumbert told himself) was the apparent lack of sullenness on the part of the landlord. It was not, truly, inconceivable that this was no more than an exceptional degree (more than one would have expected of a peasant) of self-control, here exerted in the light of the chain of reasoning which must surely in some incomplete (if not complete) fashion be coursing through his (the landlord's) mind; i. e., the utter undesirability of showing overt hostility to a member of the ruling caste.

No, not inconceivable, yet improbable. Dumbert's sense of human spirit (all unclouded as he admitted it to be by experience) was offended by this picture of the landlord. Rather a thousand times to explain him by thinking that the dull-witted lad had been a source of trouble to the host (and Dumbert thought how the lad had carried less than half the cask, and how amongst these boors, untrained in the rules of hospitality, and superstition-ridden, there must have been many times when no more than a few locks of hair in the beer, or a chamber pot carelessly overturned into it would have brought about the loss of trade, conceivably even lead to hard words) and that it was with genuine relief that the landlord saw the lanky youth thus damaged.

But then, who could plumb the depths of the human heart? Sir Tinly? Perhaps. It indeed often seemed so.

Another toad leaped from the tankard. Dumbert set it down

and crossed himself again. He gradually became aware that while thinking about his most recent problem (that is to say, the tale of the landlord and the idiot with the long hair) he had been gradually becoming aware of something. What then was this awareness of which so gradually (as gradually a beach, finding itself deserted by water as the tide recedes, is exposed, rather than as gradually a tree grows or as gradually any other sort of gradualness is performed) he had become aware? Of heat, cold, call of nature? Against some inner tally he ticked these off, uniformly negative. Was it then an awareness of the voice of Sir Tinty? This also not.

Here then was the dilemma more universal than that of any squint, the problem of awareness itself, the ineluctable enigma posed separately and similarly by each awareness: of every little knot of consciousness in existence, that is, of what?

For the peasant, though unanswered, this question would cause little pain, for so dimly perceived would its existence be. Yonder bumpkin would find it enough for his kind to be aware of awareness, without troubling over what the awareness was of.

But for Dumbert, his senses cruelly refined as they had been by his travel with Sir Tinty, how different. For days this oppression would not leave him, if it were not resolved in some Gordian fashion, some violence to disentangle his psyche from the web it was spinning for himself.

And of the dragon in the corner, what of him? Incredibly filthy dragon, decrepit beyond speaking, of what awareness was he aware that he was aware of, or (to turn the screw that last inevitable but unbearable notch) of what unawareness might he be unaware of? Was he aware of the way that his ribs made themselves intruders on the awarenesses of others (that was it of course, he, Dumbert, had been aware gradually, (and the ocean analogy was not so good as that of awareness of rocks in a stony field) of these very ribs and the lusterless scales that rustled a little as they dragged over them -- he saw this now with some distant part of his mind and with no time now for elation, for the center of interest had moved onward, while solved, this knot of awareness receded into the past, not unworthy of celebration, only another fact filled with utter (but passionless, unless passionlessness itself be a passion) care in some lost drawer of the memory), of the glassy drunkenness of his eyes, of the short-changing innkeeper, of the feeble, smoky, and guttering burning of his fire?

Of these, no, it would seem, for now by signs and motion the dragon indicated awareness and intention, and to have demanded of one so inebriated (and indeed, a voice murmured into the left ear of Dumbert's mind, of one so decidedly a farther step below the angels than was he (Dumbert)) awareness of more than one awareness at a time would have been too much. ("God give me the strength to know what I cannot change"... who had said that? Sir Tinty? The second scullery maid? A dilemma to be filed, this time carelessly, for reference if not in the future, then never.)

Awareness and intention, and now, of execution. The dragon had succeeded in what must have been its intent for some period either longer or shorter or (yes, by God!) equal in time to the time that it had been for Dumbert, that is, as evidence now showed it, of arising from his table and, slipping a bit on the blood of the lanky lad (uncongealed fully as yet, this could

serve as a measure of time, it could if under compulsion at least) joining the table of Sir Tinty the pure knight and of himself (Dumbert).

A third (or had there been others? Even for Dumbert awareness had its limits, its bounds) toad jumped from the tankard. It saw the dragon and jumped back in. Dumbert crossed himself backwards.

"Would you," said the dragon, his voice like autumn leaves in a whirlpool, "be so kind as to secure the attention of your master?"

Discretion. To this voice, those leaves circling in downwardness, no betrayal of awareness.

"Ah sir! I do not marvel that you ignore me. Most certainly, were I in your role, I would do the same. Perhaps you do not even know that you are speaking to a dragon.

"Yes, a dragon. And who would have thought it when I was a little lad? Why, do you know that not five minutes ago that fat beast of a landlord called me a bloodshot old lizard? And I said nothing back to him. I did not! What could I have said? I am a dragon, I was a dragon, and I still am one, but I am ashamed to admit it.

"Yes, that is what it has come to. I daresay that never before have you seen a dragon ashamed to defile his fellows by admitting that he was one himself. Ah, ah. My only joy is that my wife (oh my poor poor wife, and my little whytght, my littlest child!) does not see me in this degradation.

"Degradation. Yes, that is what it is. I will admit it, even proclaim it. I have lost shame. I have no more shame for myself, only for the other dragons, that I should reflect on them. Ah sir? You do not know, you cannot know, what shame it is to lose all shame.

"Why else, if not without all shame, would I address myself to a squire, not directly to your master? Have you ever (and no, you have never) seen a dragon that did not rush at a knight, breathing flame and destruction, ready to dash him to the ground in barbecued fragments? And here am I, swilling out my life in this miserable inn, and cringing up to a squire to ask recognition from his master.

"As a youth my prospects were wonderful. I came of a good family, and was the only son. Ah, that was my undoing. That and too much success and praise too young. When I was three hundred, while my playmates were still romping, I had eaten twelve knights in one day. They were knights who had first been scared senseless by my dotting mother, but I did not know this, and I was unbearably proud. Proud and naughty. Oh I'll tell you I had my pick of the dragonesses in those days.

"But things began badly after our marriage, and always became worse, never better. I drank too much. In those days I used to come into this tavern, this very tavern, all huffing and puffing and terrifying the customers. If they saw me coming and tried to lock the door I would burn it off its hinges. Then I would swallow wine casks whole, and perhaps a peasant or two. Finally I would go home and sleep for three or four years.

"And there was my ruin. For almost always I was asleep when a damsel chanced along. And, if I did catch myself one to lock up in distress, I was certain to be sleeping off another binge when a knight would come to rescue her. Soon the knights began to talk about me, they began to laugh at me. And my wife. Ah, that was worse yet. She was so proud and highstrung, and she could not understand what was happening to us. And then little whithssytytyt and quit vjt and w, otuthfmit and the other children, with what contempt they looked at their father! The home cave became unbearable to me, and I was there only to sleep off my wild debauches.

"and finally Grootulbore, the Mischief (continued on p. 13)

SCIENCE MADE TOO EASY - II

I. Physics (Cont.)

Electromagnetism

Electromagnetism combines the worst features of electricity and magnetism. Light is thrown in for good measure.

Electromagnetic phenomena depend upon Maxwell's laws. Beginning students learn that there are eight of these laws. In intermediate courses they are reduced to four. Advanced courses cut them to two. One of them is trivial. Physicists are now trying to figure out how to get rid of the other.

Spectra

A spectrum is a tame rainbow. Physicists do not like to hear two of them called "spectrums".

Spectra are studied in spectroscopy labs. Students thus learn that sodium consists of two yellow lines.

Light

For a while physicists thought that light consisted of particles. Then they thought it consisted of waves. They now believe that everything consists of both. This is the result of much specialization.

Light travels so fast that it takes only four years to get here from the nearest star. If this star were to disappear today, it would be four years before anyone knew. It would be even longer before anyone gave a damn.

Lenses

There are two kinds of lenses. The lenses in textbooks have no thickness and behave very well. The lenses in laboratories have thickness. Now guess how they behave.

Mirrors

Mirrors can be convex or concave. One of these terms means "curved out" and the other means "curved in". Nobody knows which.

Some mirrors are flat. These are used for shaving, and are not commonly employed by physicists.

Atomic Energy

Atomic energy occupies the last chapter of a physics text and the first page of a newspaper. Atomic energy depends upon a chain reaction. This means that if you split an atom, it will in turn split a city.

Physicists look very hurt when you accuse them of developing the atom bomb. They were just fooling around on a nice big billion-dollar government grant, and nobody was more surprised than they when the government took the results of their work and killed 150,000 people with it. Most physicists now vigorously denounce war when they can spare time from improving the hydrogen bomb.

Relativity

Relativists claim that the faster you go, the more mass you have. An aunt of mine gave up air travel for this reason until she was also told that the faster you go, the leaner you get.

The Uncertainty Principle

The uncertainty principle states that it is impossible to measure simultaneously the precise position and velocity of an electron. Some people claim that this proves the validity of free will. This is only true if you happen to be an electron.

Quantum Mechanics

Classical mechanics tells where things are. The newer quantum mechanics tells where things probably are. This is called the March of Science.

In quantum mechanics, time has a different nature from space. In relativity, time has the same nature as space. Relativistic quantum mechanics combines these two points of view.

Nuclear Physics

The nucleus is the core of the atom. Nuclear physicists construct what they believe to be models of the nucleus. Every year nuclear physicists build nuclear models out of paint, ping-pong balls, and glue, and take them to the New York meeting of the American Physical Society. A vigorous discussion takes place, in which most of the ping-pong balls are broken. The nuclear physicists then go home and build new models for next year.

Solid State Physics

Solid state physicists also build models. They come out of their labs once a year for fresh supplies of pencils, paper, paint, glue, ping-pong balls, and coffee. They then disappear into their labs again. Nobody knows what they do there.

Theoretical Physics

Theoretical physicists use ping-pong balls only to play ping-pong with. However, they prefer to construct theories which are not subject to experimental verification. This way, nobody can prove them wrong.

(continued in the next issue)

* * * * *

THE STORY

(continued from p. 11) giant who owned our cave, began to take liberties. One night I came home to find him tickling the tail spines of my oldest daughter, whichttititmitndtheInbn, with all the family looking on, too terrified to say a word for fear of eviction.

Well, I was drunk, and the sight touched my father's heart to the quick. Without thinking, I blew fire at Grootulbore. And nothing came out!

(continued on p. 15)

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

ED MESSKYS, Theor. Div., Bldg. 162, Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, P. O. Box 808, Livermore, California: You mean that recipe was actually called "crottled greeps" in the newspaper? ((No.)) Oh, how I agree on the Hugo fiasco. The best two novels didn't even get on the ballot (Three Hearts and Three Lions and A Fall of Moondust) and that mish-mosh won. I didn't think any of the nominees deserved it, but of them I liked Dark Universe best. ((Me too.)) Twilight Zone, ecch! Either of the movies shudda took it.

BILL OSTEN

Take a ton of APA material. Add humor from complete collection of Mad edited by FJAckerman. Add a year's subscription to Axe and throw in a random issue of Habbakuk. Distill and filter thru ground up Scientific Americans. Result?? Knowable.

Seriously, this goes in the small file of really good fan-zines. It is the only genzine there. Axe provides the news-zine, Amra the artwork, Hab the bulk and nonconformity. ((Bulk? Figured in pages per month, Habbakuk is probably the least bulky fanzine of them all.)) Nowhere had I found real humor in such quality and quantity, as well as news on future Cons. I agree thoroughly with your opinion on the Hothouse series, although I think the first 2 chapters of Stranger were quite well done.

JUDY WINNER, 3673 S. W. 24th Street, Miami 45, Florida: I had to write and tell you what I think of Knowable. It's wonderful. My father called you a Communist for quoting Stalin, so we know it's going to succeed. When my father doesn't like something, it's bound to succeed!

PAUL GLATTSTEIN, 2415 I Street, Brooklyn 30, New York: In your "Science Made Easy" several facts and such were omitted from the list, such as:

You forgot to mention that basic principle of physics - you can't push on a rope. You also forgot to include the basic freshman stumper - how come the moon can rise during the day but the sun can't rise during the night?

Thermodynamics:

- 1st law - You can't win.
- 2nd law - You can't break even.
- 3rd law - You can't quit the game.

All three laws stem from the fundamental fact that the percentages are definitely stacked in favor of the house.

And last (but not least)

- 1. Science can only investigate the properties of things.
- 2. Free space has properties.
- 3. Free space is nothing.
- 4. Nothing has properties.
- 5. Science can investigate nothing (and usually does).

GORDON EKLUND, 14612 18th Avenue S. W., Seattle 66, Washington I'd say that you've failed somewhat to live up to your policies in this first issue, but suspect that this too will change by the next issue. If you're really interested in doing a stf centered

fanzine, I shan't mind too much. I'm not particularly interested in reading about the field, at length, in fanzines just now -- probably an attitude brought on by reading pounds upon pounds of crude sci centered material in first and second, and sometimes even third and fourth issues of new fanzines (very few of these last more than four issues). I've had this opinion that writing good readable prose, especially critical writings, about science fiction is as difficult a task as any that a fan might attempt. ((Wait till I start reviewing things in the next issue.)) For this reason I've never been particularly overjoyed to see first issue editors and new fan writers spend most of their time writing about science fiction. ((Gotta keep those science fiction enthusiasts out of fandom, eh?))

As for slanting your zine towards science interests -- well, that's a different tale, for the most part. At first glance I had sad thoughts of many pages of writings on mathematics, popular science, and, even worse perhaps, unpopular science. The sort of stuff that I've come across rather often in reading fanzines of the past, and rather unfortunately still do come across here and there -- mostly there. I'm not at all interested in science. Especially I'm not interested in reading about science in fandom. But what the hell, it's your fanzine... Articles like those you allude to here on page one dealing with the political, and perhaps social, aspects of science may well be read with interest.

Your impressions of the Chicon were quite pleasant, John; there's even a good line here and there. The overabundance of the "whichame dolls" is unfortunate, but you manage to get a fairly good gag out of one or two of those... I agree with you about the Hothouse series. I managed to plow through two and a half of them, but, like, it wasn't worth nearly that effort. I think you're probably wrong about Stranger -- it isn't nearly so poor as you let on, and in a bad, bad year like '62 deserved the award.

FANZINES TO TRADE?

I am interesting in buying or trading for the following fanzines: I Palantir #2, Warhoon #14, Xero #7, Yandro #112 and #117. I have, available for sale or trade, Sigma Octantis #8, Ghurma #5, Crifana #6, Erb-dom #1 and #2, Improbable #3, and Impassible #3. All offers considered.

I am particularly interested in getting hold of the mimeographed first volume of Amra, and I need #s 2 and 3. To the above list of fanzines offered for trade I add Amra Vol. II, #18.

And, of course, if anyone has a copy of Mad #5 - I need only this one for a complete collection!

* * * * *

THE STORY

(continued from p. 13)

"You smile. You think I mean that only a little flame came out. No, sir squire, I do not mean that only a little flame came out. There was no flame at all.

"But the damage had been done. Grootulbore was offended. He would have turned us out then and there but for my wife's pitiful entreaties (and if you could only know what it was for a dragoness of her character to entreat even the least bit, and how

she abased herself before that giant that evening). Finally he agreed to give us three years to pay our back rent, to wit, twelve dozen kine, 18 dozen sheep, 35 children, 20 maidens, 8 knights, 16 priests, three bishops, and two abbots.

"And what did I do? I went back to drinking, more madly than ever. Only last Monday, I aroused myself and went in search of a damsel. And when I found her, by the most pitiful entreaties I made her agree to putting herself in distress in the cave. And now I have been searching for a knight to rescue her. But they will scarce notice me, except to laugh. None will attempt the rescue, for it would only lower their professional standing and make them the laughingstock of all the court. And the damsel vows that, pity or no pity, she will stay in our cave no longer. Fancy that, if you will! My wife and children are serving her day and night, my poor wife whose talons were so black and shiny when we married has worked them rough and shapeless in serving the whims of that damsel. But the damsel is bored, and she does not like the air in the cave, she says, and she will leave if I do not find a knight by today. Alas, all is hopeless."

The dragon collapsed onto the table top. A toad crept over the edge of Dumbert's tankard and spat in the dragon's eye. The dragon pretended not to notice.

(continued in the next issue)

* * * * *

THE NEXT ONES

(continued from p. 6)

The Silvercon, the silver anniversary of the first WorldCon, will be held in New York on July Fourth weekend of 1964. In connection with this Con, it has been arranged that 3 July is to be "Science Fiction Day" at the New York World's Fair. The Silvercon Committee (Franklin Dietz Jr., Chairman) is presently considering the Statler-Hilton and the Sheraton as possible Con sites. Hal Clement, Ted Sturgeon, and E. Beam Piper have promised to take part. For further information and the Silvercon Newsletter, contact the Silvercon Committee Chairman at 1750 Walton Avenue, Bronx 53, New York.

Worldcon 1964 - This is still up for grabs between Los Angeles and San Francisco, but Bay Area fandom is making a more determined effort for the convention at present.

Worldcon 1965 - To all appearances the Worldcon will make its second trip across the Pond in '65. London is the only site that your S. Pepys has heard mentioned.

Worldcon 1966 - Cleveland is getting its bid in already.

Worldcon 1967 - By this time the Neos pouring into New York fandom ought to be able to put on a pretty decent convention. To judge from the precedent set by the Clevelanders in propagandizing four years in advance, it wouldn't be too early now for the CCNY club and the fresh blood in ESFA to start their campaign. In the meantime, they could warm up with the Silvercon and get experience that way in handling a big show.

Worldcon 1968 - This one goes to the west coast. The same considerations that apply to NY fandom for '67 might be valid for IA in '68 if Frisco gets it in '64.

Worldcon 1969 - Be careful with your slogans for this one.

Parents read the mail of a lot of younger fans.

THROUGH MILBERT SPACE WITH SWEET FANNY ADAMS - IV

(Previous adventures of Our Heroine appeared in POINTING VECTORS #s 8, 9, and 10.)

In 1984, the great Pavlovian psychologist Dr. Fanny Adams was hurriedly summoned to the Neo-Confederacy by President M. Julep Westwater. The Confederate President asked her aid in combatting the widespread drunkenness which had swept the South since the nation's Congress had subsidized the moonshine industry.

Dr. Adams built a cage with electric wiring in the floor, and placed a bottle of white lightning at one end. As President Westwater looked on, she put an alcoholic into the cage. Just as the drunkard raised the bottle to his lips, the psychologist threw a switch. The subject of the experiment leaped and howled until she turned off the current.

"But look!" Westwater protested. "As soon as the electricity is off, he reaches for the bottle once more!"

Fanny Adams re-opened the current, and replied, "The souse shall writhe again!"

* * *

IN FUTURE TIMES

At a meeting of the Eastern Science-Fiction Association held in Newark on 3 February 1963, Don Benson of Pyramid Books announced that he is compiling two paperback anthologies of stories from Unknown Worlds. The first, "The Unknown", will go on sale for 50¢ in April. It will include Ted Sturgeon's "Yesterday Was Monday", L. Sprague deCamp's "The Gnarly Man", and H. L. Gold's "Trouble with Water". Isaac Asimov will write a preface, and 8 or 10 Cartier illustrations will also be included. If this is successful, a second "Unknown" anthology will appear later in the year in both paperback and hard cover. Benson has lined up for this book an Asimov story, "Author, Author", which was bought by Unknown Worlds and never printed.

Other future offerings by Pyramid will include an anthology of heroic fantasy tales, edited by deCamp, and the publication under one cover of Heinlein's Waldo and Magic, Inc. Benson said that other things shortly in store for fans will be a George Pal film based on H. G. Wells's The First Men in the Moon, and a novel by Bob Silverburg about the 1992 World's Fair, to be ready by the 1964 fair in New York. (See the Silvercon Announcement on page 3.)

* * *

THE NEXT ONES (Latest information)

Sunday 3 March 1963 - John W. ~~Gold~~ Campbell Jr. will mark his 25th year as a self editor by being guest of honor at the Annual ESFA Open Meeting, which begins at 1:30 PM at the YM-YWCA Building, 600 Broad Street, Newark. Willy Ley, Isaac Asimov, and Lester del Rey will be present. Campbell has refused to cast horoscopes for ESFA members and guests at this meeting. However, if the Y's regulations against blog can be circumvented, he may rise into the air.



18

- 0 At
- 1 Great
- 2 Intervals
- 3 This
- 4 Appears
- 5 To
- 6 Inflamm
- 7 Optic
- 8 Nerves

back. ...
 started to bring the first ...
 TIME #1 is a success, another TIME will be ...
 winner in 1968 to the ...
 Your contribution will help ...
 George ...
 Duke ...
 P. ...
 Jerry ...
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