

5 Jan 58

# KNOWABLE

#4

June 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 not yet known, but which will be disclosed and made known by the efforts of science and practice."

- Joseph Stalin

## THE MASTHEAD, THE DITTO, AND THE COLOPHON

The letter column of KNOWABLE #4 will not include any of the many adverse comments on the poor quality of the duplication of KNOWABLE #3. Such comments may be taken for granted in any letter cited, as they were virtually universal. The poor duplication of KNOWABLE #3 may be attributed to a sleazy brand of paper, "Eatonian Duplicator", manufactured by the Brightwater Paper Co. of Adams, Mass. This paper is labelled "20-lb." but obviously is not. My apologies are extended to all readers who had to make sense out of the vague purple blur printed on this paper.

The press run of KNOWABLE is increased with this issue to 150, a number of copies of which not many ditto masters are capable. I have just bought a used Gestetner 120 of venerable ancestry, and will use it for all future issues of KNOWABLE and other OPERATION AGITATION publications. For the record, KNOWABLES #1 and #2 were dittoed by Steve Stiles, and #3 by myself.

The OPERATION AGITATION colophon, which may be seen on the last page of this issue, appears on the following other publications:

POINTING VECTOR, a personal newsletter of political, social, economic, religious, and philosophical opinion. The current issue, #15, contains book reviews, strongly partisan political opinions, and personal news on my doings and thoughts. It is \$1 for 5 issues.

PILLYCOCK, circulated through the Cult, an amateur press association. Not for general distribution.

GRAUSTARK, an outgrowth of the article on "Diplomacy" in KNOWABLE #3, p. 15. So many people expressed an interest in starting a postal version of this board game of international intrigue that a newsletter has been started to carry the news of this game.

The numbering of OPERATION AGITATION publications is as follows:

1-12	POINTING VECTORS 1-12	19	KNOWABLE #3
13	KNOWABLE #1	20	PILLYCOCK #3
14	PILLYCOCK #1	21	PILLYCOCK #4
15	POINTING VECTOR #13	22	POINTING VECTOR #15
16	PILLYCOCK #2	23	GRAUSTARK #1
17	POINTING VECTOR #14	24	KNOWABLE #4
18	KNOWABLE #2	25	GRAUSTARK #2

The mailing list of OPERATION AGITATION publications has just been revised and put in the form of a card index. This has involved clearing out a lot of deadwood, including people whose copies of OPERATION AGITATION publications have been returned by the post office. Since third-class mail is not forwarded, undeliverable copies come back to me at a cost of 8¢ each. If any addressee's copy is returned to me for this reason, his name will be placed in the inactive file unless and until he sends me his correct address. If a reader moves without making notification of his new address to me, I will assume that he is no longer interested in getting KNOWABLE.

As always, permission to reprint from KNOWABLE or any OPERATION AGITATION publication is granted on condition that the reprinter acknowledges the source and sends me a copy of the reprint.

When I used as a masthead for KNOWABLE the quotation which gives the magazine its name, I wondered how long it would be before someone rose to the bait and commented adversely on the fact that those eminently sensible words were written by Joseph Stalin. At last a vehement objection has arrived, from a man who will remain nameless for the time being since he has not explicitly authorized the use of his name in connection with this criticism. He said, and I agree with him, that Joseph Stalin was one of the bloodiest rulers of history. However, KNOWABLE is not a political journal. It deals with science, science-fiction, and fantasy. As a philosopher Stalin must be judged on other criteria than those applicable to a public figure. The views expressed in the masthead, which are central to the materialistic philosophy upon which the advance of science is predicated, bear no relationship to the purge trials of the '30's, to the Hitler-Stalin Pact, or to the Korean War. Similarly, I will not refrain from teaching the Stark Effect to my physics classes because Johann Stark was a Nazi, nor will I refuse to refer to Pascual Jordan's papers on relativity theory on the same grounds.

I will be glad to print and reply to comments which attack the views expressed in this quotation on their own merits. But the autocracy of their author is not relevant.

"Science Made Too Easy" will conclude in KNOWABLE #5 with an article on astronomy, unless some biologist wishes to carry the series further in the biological sciences.

KNOWABLE will not carry further news of forthcoming conventions, as there are now two very good s-f newsletters whose work I don't feel like duplicating. "Fantasy Fiction Field" is published bi-weekly by Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm Street,

(continued on p. 24)

## SCIENCE MADE TOO EASY - IV

## III. Chemistry

## The Elements

Chemistry is concerned with the elements and their compounds. As we went to press there were 103 elements. See your daily newspaper for further information on this point.

At one time chemists named new elements after countries. This continued until they ran out of countries. Then they named them after planets, until they ran out of planets. Chemists now name new elements after physicists.

The Earth's most common element is oxygen. It is so common that everybody can breathe it. Next most common is silicon, which nobody breathes. It never pays to be in second place.

## Inorganic Chemistry

Chemistry is divided into two branches, organic and inorganic. Organic chemistry is concerned with the compounds of carbon. Inorganic chemistry is concerned with the compounds of the other 102 elements. Chemists regard this as a just and equitable division.

## Organic Chemistry

A separate section is given to carbon because it forms long chains. A separate section is not given to iron, even though it also forms long chains.

The principal distinction between organic chemistry and inorganic chemistry is that organic chemistry smells worse.

## The Periodic Table

The periodic table is an arrangement of the elements in rows and columns. Elements in the same column have similar chemical properties. We thus learn that gold and sodium have similar chemical properties, and that iron is chemically similar to platinum.

## Acids

Beginning chemistry students learn that hydrochloric acid eats holes in metals. Advanced chemistry students learn that hydrochloric acid eats holes in the stomachs of advanced chemistry students.

Acids combine with bases to form salts. Very little table salt is produced commercially by this method.

## Bases

Lye is a base. Chemists call it "sodium hydroxide" so that their textbooks will be longer.

Bases are neutralized by acids. If you should accidentally swallow lye, be sure to neutralize it by quickly swallowing sulfuric acid.

## Salts

Salts are not to be confused with salt, which is only one of the salts. Some salts are not white, do not dissolve in water, and are not even good on scrambled eggs.

Acids combine with bases to form salts. Very little - oh, we went through that already, didn't we?

## Chemical Nomenclature

Each element has a symbol. The symbol is usually an initial, such as K for potassium, or Pb for lead. Chemistry students are taught that  $H_2O$  is the formula for water. Some of them manage to remember this after graduation.

## The Noble Gases

The noble gases include helium, which is used in balloons, neon, which is used in lights, and xenon, which is used in crossword puzzles. They refuse to combine chemically with other things. It may be, however, that other things simply refuse to combine with them.

## The Noble Metals

The noble metals are not quite as noble as the noble gases. They can occasionally be persuaded to combine with other elements.

The most noble metal is gold. Gold will dissolve only in aqua regia, and reappear only in Fort Knox.

## The Rare Earths

The rare earths are found in Sweden and in footnotes to the periodic table. The chief characteristics of the rare earths is their rarity. In fact, one of them was so rare that it did not exist at all, and had to be made artificially.

## Analysis

Analysis is divided into two parts, qualitative and quantitative. In qualitative analysis the student determines what is not in a sample. In quantitative analysis the student determines how much is not there.

## Theoretical Chemistry

A branch of theoretical physics.

## Physical Chemistry

A branch of chemical physics.

Certain researches can be assigned to either physics or chemistry. The problem is classified by determining whether the majority of the men working on it are physicists or chemists.

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## THROUGH HILBERT SPACE WITH SWEET FANNY ADAMS - VI

In the year 2963 a dispute arose between the frog-men of Batraky VIII and the insectoids of Pul X concerning the possession of the newly settled planetary system of the star Ing. The Imperial Republic of Terra sent Fanny Adams to collect testimony from the governments of the two races, and to adjudicate the dispute and determine which race should be awarded the Ing system.

First to state their case were the frog-men. "We have priority in this new solar system," their ambassador creaked. "We discovered the system ten years ago, settled our first colony there five years ago, and now have eight colonies on three of the Ing planets. The insectoids have only one colony, which they established just last year."

"Your Excellency," buzzed a dignified grasshopperoid, "what the Batrakian ambassador has told you is true. However, thousands of years ago during the great Golden Age of our race, our space explorers discovered and colonized the Ing system. We therefore have priority."

"Nonsense!" snapped the frog-man. "Can you prove this preposterous claim?"

"Certainly," replied the insectoid. "Our race has left an indelible mark upon the Ing system. What you call the fifth planet of that system is actually an immense statue which was built as a memorial to our Interstellar Emperor, Podiculus the Great."

"I repeat, nonsense!" returned his adversary. "Who ever heard of a planet shaped like an insect?"

Fanny Adams decided that the only solution would be an inspection of the Ing system to determine the validity of this claim. After a quick trip, she delivered her verdict in favor of the insectoids.

"There's no doubt about it," she said. "Ing V is a leuse."

## THE STORY

The Story is a literary monstrosity (see the letter column) which has been written by several authors. Each author has complete freedom to do what he wishes in the chapter which he undertakes. When the present total of 21 chapters has been printed in KNOWABLE, The Story will be opened to further volunteer authors.

## SYNOPSIS

Sir Tinly the Purest and his squire Dumbert have just returned to the royal castle after slaying the giant Borygmus. On the way home they stop first at the Duchess' castle, where Dumbert has an all too brief meeting with the Duchess' second scullery maid, and at a dirty inn, where they pick up a drunken and disreputable dragon. The dragon has imprisoned a maiden in his cave and desires Dumbert to arrange a match for him with Sir Tinly, but no knight will fight him because his fires have gone out with too much boozing.

Upon their return, Dumbert conceives an ingenious but bawdy riddle which he tells to his friend, the court wizard Lysenconius. Lysenconius is much amused, and promises to tell the riddle after supper at the royal table.

## CHAPTER VI

by John Boardman

Dinner at the royal table was always a great event. In the rigidly ordered structure of the feudal castle, Dumbert and his fellow-squires sat in the places appointed them by custom of long standing, i. e., just above the king's hounds. The royal dinner table was in the form of the Greek letter pi; the King sat at the center of the head table, with the great ones of the kingdom on either side, while the two long tables at which the other diners sat in order of their rank joined the head table at either of its ends. The tables forming the legs of the "pi" were each one hundred yards in length and the head table was ten yards long; the entire arrangement seated over five hundred people. The space between the tables was occupied by servingmen, musicians, jugglers, wrestlers, dogs, and, by royal permission, suppliants petitioning for the redress of some wrong. The table was renowned throughout the nations for its size and shape; it was popularly known as the "pi" table, a name which gave rise in distant lands to the rumor that the table was round. Once Lysenconius had remarked that the table was a pi of five hundred places, which remark had caused a ripple of laughter among the handful of educated men in the company.

Dumbert finished extracting the last morsel of marrow from a beefbone, and threw the bone to a dog. Washing down the last of his meal (and a good meal it had been, too; the

royal table was the best in the land even at a distance of three hundred feet from the king) with a tankard of cider (the use of alcoholic beverages by the squires was frowned upon, though not expressly forbidden), Dumbert surveyed his surroundings, including Sir Vey and Sir Roundings, who were playing at dice about two hundred feet higher up at the other table. The King presided at the festive board, with the Queen beside him. On either side sat a bishop, and next to them were Sir Tindeth and Sir Inge, the two greatest knights of the kingdom. At each end of the head table perched a huge black bird.

Among those at the heads of the side tables Dumbert recognized Lord Osis, he of the bent back; Earl Ybird, Count Miyin, and Baron de Toppe with their ladies; Messire Lysenconius with a strikingly beautiful woman by his side - Dumbert saw even at that great distance her midnight-black hair, pale skin, and black robe, not a dead black but a soft gray-black like wood-ashes, or like a thick cloud before the sun. (Was she looking in his direction?) On her other side sat Sir Cumference, senior of the active knights of the kingdom. At the head table sat Sir Tindeth, the King's Champion, who was no man's inferior at toumoy or war; his broad shoulders and bluff face towered over a huge ham from which he cut and ate thick slices with a gusto belying the fact that he had already devoured three chickens, a turbot, and a shoulder of mutton. On the other side sat Sir Inge, the Queen's Champion, a tall, handsome man with thin neat mustachios and a dapper manner, belying his great abilities on the jousting fields and, some said, elsewhere. As Dumbert watched, Sir Inge finished his third plate of oysters and summoned a page to break another egg into his tankard of beer.

Dumbert's own neighbors at the lower end of the table were hardly as distinguished, although just as distinctive in their own ways. At his left sat Pompey, who had finished his meal and was with some difficulty reading an old soiled manuscript entitled "XII Knyghts ynne a Gurlis Schole". On his right was another squire, Pustulis, a pop-eyed, pimpled youth about two years Dumbert's junior, who wore a gray tunic curiously emblazoned with a triangle flanked by two circles. The circle on the left was transixed by a vertical line, the one on the right by a horizontal one, and the entire symbol was covered with grease-spots. As Dumbert watched, their number was increased by a drop from a pork-chop which Pustulis was gnawing. Across from Dumbert sat Yankel ben Kalvah, a Jewish moneylender with whom at one time or another virtually every man at the table, the King included, had had dealings. Ben Kalvah, according to the laws of his religion, had refused all meats offered him, and was eating with little interest a serving of fish, unaware that it was eels.

The King finished a huge silver bowl of bread-pudding - his liking for this peasant dish rather discommoded the Queen, who preferred to finish a meal with confectionries imported at great cost from the Holy Land or Byzantium - and clapped his hands. Instantly servingmen hustled away the remains of his meal, and a group of musicians ceased the playing of "Quho Caste

Ye Over-Tunic Into Mystresse Murphy her Chouderre?"

"Let all who have pleas and supplications come forward," boomed the King, "and I and my knights will set them aright."

A travel-worn, wizened little man stepped from the group of attendants, entertainers, and suppliants, and haltingly headed towards the King.

"If it please Your Majesty, Sire," he began, "I represent your dutiful subjects in Ireland. These four years past we have been subjected to the attacks of a most notorious brigand against whom we are powerless. He rides from out the bogs with his minions, and strikes, throwing confusion everywhere. All who stand against him he disfigures with huge handfuls of odorous black bog-mud, so that none dare oppose him for fear. If any man speaks against him, he hears of it and rides him down ruthlessly, covering him with stinking mud until he is shunned by friend and foe alike. His power grows with each year; the knights he has overthrown are beyond counting. First there rode against him the Knight of the Terrapin, and this bandit did treacherously him overthrow and bury under a huge heap of muck. Then did he similarly defeat the Knight of the Wooden Nutmeg in this fashion. Following this victory, he dug up the body of a man four years dead, and beat it cruelly before a huge multitude. Next, he attacked an entire army, and singlehanded hurled it back in confusion so great that a mere footsoldier took the command over captains-general. Upon hearing of his victory over the great army, seven knights rode against him, vowed to restore justice. This brigand won over four of these knights to his cause, and with their aid drove back the other three. At his shoulder rides a devil from Hell, who whispers advice into his ear. Against him we are helpless. Sire, I pray you have mercy upon us, and send one of your great champions, mayhap even Sir Tindeth, or the peerless Sir Tinly the Purest, to rid out land of this scourge!"

The King stroked his chin a moment, then surveyed his surroundings, including Sir Vey and Sir Roundings, who had differed over the stakes in their game and were in low voices casting aspersions on each other's sex lives.

"Who would aid this man and his folk?" shouted the King.

"I, Sire!" answered Sir Tinly, the Purest. Dumbert groaned; he had hoped for a few weeks of rest at the palace before another quest.

"Nay, good Sir Tinly," said the King. "You have just returned from slaying the foul giant Borborygnus, and must needs rest."

"Sire," spoke up old Lysenconius, "I would, if I may, use white magic against this scourge, since his power has overborne many good knights and true." (Was there a slight tinge of sarcasm in his voice?)

"What plan do you have, Messire Lysenconius," the King asked.

The court wizard mumbled something, then clapped his hands. Instantly six small men filed into the hall from the door which led to the old east wing of the castle. The men were clad in gray, and carried a long silken cord, of the



thickness of a gavel's handle.

"What aid can this be?" asked the bewildered suppliant as the six small men in gray filed past him with their cord.

"Peace, good man," replied the wizard. "These men are the offspring of Courage and Decorum, and their cord is called Order. These are powers which will bind fast the brigand, and make him helpless."

The emissary from Ireland retired. Next, a hooded young woman in a brown shawl, who carried a tiny infant in her arms, began pushing her way towards the front of the group. Dumbert saw at least a dozen of the knights hastily slip coins to members of the Royal Guard, who strode with calm haste to the low end of the hall and gently but firmly escorted the entire group of suppliants to the door.

"If there are no more who claim redress for wrongs," said the King, who had not observed the details of this last maneuver, "let the music recommence."

The musicians before the royal chair picked up their instruments and began the playing of the tune "Ye Lyttle Broune Jugge."

"Sire," Lysenconius asked, "by your leave I would set a riddle before this company."

"Sobeit better than the last," the King replied. "'To get to the other side' indeed!"

Pompey laid aside his scroll. "I'll bet this is your riddle," he whispered.

"Shhh!" hissed Dumbert. At a distance of over 250 feet the old wizard's voice was not too clear.

"Is it not true, my lords and ladies," said Lysenconius, "that of a person's ancestors one-half are men and one-half are women?"

"Aye, true it is," replied Sir Cumlocutius, who had perhaps the readiest wit and most eloquent tongue among the knights of the company, "unless one credits the tales told of monstrosities engendered from unnatural parentage in far countries, but I deem these to be but mere figments of the imaginations of minstrels, travelers, wizards, and other such learned rogues."

"Then, good Sir Cumlocutius," said the court wizard, "read me this riddle: How can it be that a person can have three-fourths male ancestry, and that but one man?"

"Faith, it sounds like just such a marvel from distant lands," Sir Cumlocutius replied.

"Nay, for such actually took place in this very realm, and the person in question lives not one day's journey distant from this spot."

"Howso, then?" the knight asked.

"Suppose that a man begets a daughter on a woman, then the daughter is one-half his, is she not?"

"Aye, so she is, though there be many who would deny the fact."

An uneasy ripple of laughter went up around the table, punctuated by the hearty roars of a few knights who, whatever they may have been, were not hypocrites.

"Then," continued the wizard, "let us further suppose, that when this daughter comes of childbearing age, this same man begets a child on her; then this child is one-half his for being his child, and one-fourth his for being the child of his daughter, or, in fine, three-fourths his."

"Well reckoned, Messire Lysenconius," Sir Cumlocutius laughed, slapping his thigh.

Sir Cumference leaned forward, looking past the dark-haired lady towards the wizard on the other side. "Tell me, sir wizard," he boomed in his hearty voice, "who told you that riddle, for I judge by your recent efforts that it was none of your own devising."

"Your reckoning is true, Sir Cumference," Lysenconius replied, "for this riddle was devised by Dumbert, esquire to Sir Tingly the Purest."

"By God's wounds!" Sir Cumference roared. "The Duchess's second scullery maid, an I miss not my guess. Dumbert, you are a perceptive lad, but By'r Lady, you've not carried your theorick far enough! Better had you asked how a person could be seven-eighths from one ancestor!"

The diners at the pi table dissolved in laughter almost to a man, save only Sir Tingly the Purest, who rose and began to stride deliberately towards the low end of the table, with fire in his eyes, and Dumbert, who hastily scuttled through the doorway into the kitchens and hid under a heap of rutabagas in the pantry.

## CHAPTER VII

by George Cowgill and John Boardman

The King rose and strode from the room, carrying a goose drumstick in one hand; some half-dozen servingmen followed. Etiquette permitted the other diners to rise and leave, to sit and converse, or to otherwise enjoy an after-dinner relaxation. Dumbert, concealed behind three scullery lads in the butler's pantry, observed Sir Tingly leave the other end of the long hall, and cautiously crept back to his seat.

"Hey, Dumbert," Pompey said. "We're having a little game in the pantry with a couple of the scullery boys." He flipped a greasy tarot deck in one hand. "Wants join us?"

"No thanks," Dumbert replied. The dark lady seated between Sir Cumference and the wizard Lysenconius drew his attention again, and the squire slipped through the shadows at the side of the hall until he stood not ten feet from them. The three had by then risen, and were talking in low but firm tones. Dumbert noticed that she was almost as tall as the two men, and certainly taller than he. Her skin was a rich ivory-white, and her somewhat slanted eyes were two black stars. Although she gave no sign of it, she seemed to return his gaze as she talked with the two older men.

"No wonder you're out of touch with current ideas!" she was saying to Lysenconius. "Buried up in that dusty tower among your alembics and stuffed salamanders and your gray magic! If you took a look at the world outside your dusty,

hide-bound books, you'd come out for one side or the other soon enough!"

"My dear Lilith," replied the wizard, "I simply will not have you talking to me like that. Remember that I found you as a starving child wandering on Blackham Moor. It was I who taught you your first steps in occult law and grammar, inculcated into you the principles of Trismegistos and the use of the Shemchamphorash, and sponsored your initiation into the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Sorcerers, Warlocks, and Witches, Local 348."

"Don't 'my dear Lilith' me," the young woman replied, her eyes flashing proudly. Dumbert had always thought that flashing eyes were a poetic figure of speech, but those of Lilith were actually emitting a pale coruscating light like summer lightning. "I have penetrated far deeper into the dark science than you, and I will not be ordered like a common servant or sprite of the air by a mere gray magician!"

The two paused, facing each other adamantly. Sir Cumference, usually the most merry and talkative of men, hovered about them in a feeble attempt to restore good feeling. Dumbert noticed that, beside the tall, proud, queenly Lilith and the venerable bearded Lysenconius, clad in his robe of dark blue embroidered with moons and stars, the knight cut a ridiculous figure, like a fat, middle-aged schoolboy. Indeed, Sir Cumference was getting old; at his close vantage point Dumbert noted that the hair was thin on his round head, and that deep lines had appeared around the corners of his eyes and mouth.

"Indeed, Lilith, you are quite incorrigible, and I fear further remonstrations with you to be useless," Lysenconius replied at last. "You have not the scholarly detachment required by the science which you profess to serve, so you embark upon these schemes of soul-damning and black deviltry like a county-fair wise-woman or a rural witch. The sorcerer has an obligation not to moralize over the uses to which his science is put, nor to prostitute his art to material gain or personal pleasure." He turned to go. "Forgive me, Lilith, if I break off this discussion, but I fear we are repeating ourselves once more. Besides, I have a distillation of alicorn liquor to complete, and must this night titrate it against deadly nightshade to determine its strength." Lysenconius strode majestically away towards the stairs which led to his laboratory high in the east tower.

"Ah, Lilith, don't let him upset you," said Sir Cumference, clumsily attempting to put one arm about Lilith's slender waist. She adroitly slipped out of his grasp, still keeping an eye fixed on Dumbert.

"Nay, Sir Knight," she said coolly. "But go to your chambers so luxuriously furnished. Order a page to bring a bottle of the good white wine of Jerez. Prepare for bed, wearing that embroidered silken nightshirt which was given you by the Sultanah of Iconium. Let your servants lay upon your bed three featherbeds, stuffed with the soft underfeathers of the Greenland duck. Extinguish all the lights in your bedchamber, save only the black candle which burns before the inverted cross in that secret niche behind the tapes-

try of the martyrdom of St. Walburga. Take the goat-horned image from this same niche, and set it upon your bedtable in place of the blue-robed plaster virgin who stands there now, and light before it that pungent incense of Karakhitai. Anoint your body with oils from the distant city of Simbava, where black men wield the lash over white slaves. Thus arrayed and appointed, wait for me at the middle hour of the night - and I will not be there!"

Suddenly an old man, Sir Cumference turned and stumbled out of the hall. Lilith and Dumbert were left alone. With outwardly firm resolution the squire stepped out of the shadows and stood before the young woman.

"You are a witch," he said.

"And you are a squire," she replied, smiling slightly.

"A squire who in one night has seen the triumph and the downfall of a man who might have been a saint."

"Sir Cumference?" Dumbert asked in astonishment.

"Yes. At no time in his long and bibulous life did he laugh longer, louder, and with greater pleasure than tonight. And now he has realized with full certainty his - damnation!"

Dumbert stood silently before this beautiful, terrible creature. The great room, deserted now save for them, seemed to extend its distant walls to the horizons. It was as a man standing in the midst of a desert hears a voice from the air that Dumbert heard the sweet soft voice of Lilith say,

"Come with me."

Mutely he followed her into an unfamiliar part of the castle, through sumptuously furnished apartments, and into a huge, curiously decorated bedchamber. It was there that the witch Lilith lay Dumbert beside her on a broad luxurious bed and silently, expertly, seduced him.

## CHAPTER VIII

by George Cowgill and John Boardman

Dumbert was aroused from sleep by a vague gnawing sensation at his chest. He tried to get his bearings; beneath him was not his usual hard cot in the squires' dormitory, but a soft, comfortable bed. He sleepily opened his eyes, and in the half-awareness of the newly awakened saw Lilith's breasts biting like serpents at his chest.

The eerie sight galvanized him into full wakefulness. Seeing him awake, Lilith laughed softly. Her breasts looked, as far as Dumbert's pitifully meager experience went, much like any other breasts.

"What ails you, squire?" she said in a low voice.

Dumbert was at a loss for a reply. Presumably a young and beautiful witch, with arcane powers beyond guessing, would not take kindly to a remark that her breasts had appeared to be serpents. His seduction by Lilith had been the squire's initiation into the amatory art, and he consequently felt vastly inferior to the smooth, competent, sophisticated young woman who lay at his side. He searched his mind frantically for something to say, but every thought that came up seemed either inane, irrelevant, immature, or dangerous. He lay back and gazed at the silken canopy overhead, on which was woven a sacrilegious parody of the famous tapestry "The Conversion of the Magdalene" which hung in the Royal Reception Hall.

"Has Bast seized your tongue?" inquired Lilith. Naked, she retained perfect selfpossession, her pale white body seeming to glow against the rich brocade. Dumbert nervously pulled part of the disordered bedclothing over himself.

"Er - ah - I - or - what did you mean when you said that Sir Cumference might have become a saint?" he asked nervously.

"So, after desperate brain-wracking, you have hit upon something to say?" she smiled. "Well, as a device to make conversation, 'tis not as irrelevant as most. There is innate in some a capacity for greatness; whether for great good or great evil depends upon their surroundings, their mentors, their companions, and-" she stretched herself languidly "- their temptations. Yes, Dumbert," she continued, stroking his forehead with a hand that felt cool, dry, and reptilian, "full many a man has gone to Heaven simply because he was not exposed to the proper temptations. Sir Cumference, true, was a wench and a winebibber long before I was born, but a true and loyal knight he was also, and devoted to the best of his ability. Had I died on Blackham Moor, Sir Cumference would have undergone - wholeheartedly, after his fashion - repentance of his really not too serious sins, entered a monastery in his later years, and no doubt died in the odor of sanctity. But where there is great strength there is also great weakness. I sought out those weaknesses, found them, penetrated them, turned them to my service, and possessed him. He is now consigned to utter damnation, as he might have been to utter sanctity."

Dumbert fell silent for a while. "Then - then am I too damned?" he asked finally.

"No, squire," laughed Lilith. "No such grand destiny awaits you. At worst, you will expunge this night with a temporary bed in Purgatory; at best, the judges of these matters may never even get their hands on you. No, Dumbert, I fear that the capacity for greatness is not in you."

The squire mused on these matters. A frown creased his brow as he did so; Lilith, noticing, sat up, laughed lightly, and said:

"Be not disappointed, Dumbert. If the capacity for greatness is not yours, something of another value belongs to you, which even I may not possess. Know, squire, that the sons of Adam are divided by their natures into seven categories, which I shall enumerate. First - aha, but you think that I am turning philosopher in the small hours of the morning. Nay, I am no Scholiast, albeit I am as learned in the works of Aristotle as in those of Astyanassa. I will admit that I find the lectual arts of Helen's lady-in-witing more to my taste than the intellectual arts of Alexander's mentor, but in my line of work one must use both. But let me illustrate my point."

Lilith rose from the bed, lit a black candle, and took from the bottom drawer of a bureau a small talisman. She handed it to Dumbert, who examined it closely in the flickering light. It was of bone, about three digits in length, and flat; its shape was that of the segment held in common by two conjoined circles of equal size, or of the cross-section of a lens. The left end was colored a deep jet black; the right end, a pure oyster-white. Next to the white end was a larger section of a cream color, and next to the black end was an ashen gray area of equal size. The central zone was the largest; it was checked in a pattern of cream and ashen gray which Dumbert could barely make out in the faint illumination. Along the top of the talisman ran a long arc of neutral gray.

"What does this signify?" asked the squire.

"The left end, the jet black, represents those servants of evil such as myself, who are privy to the secrets of Hell, and who are constantly engaged in spreading sin in the world. Those who are similarly engaged in the service of virtue are represented by the white end; among these is numbered my worthy and courageous opponent, Father Nominis, the King's Chaplain. Nay, do not think that I waste time or effort in hating him, or he, me. We most cordially respect each other's powers, and our contest for the souls who inhabit this castle is as a joust between two honorable and capable knights, vigorous and skillful, but without petty personal animosity. 'Tis only those lesser and weaker ones on either side who imagine that hatred exists between the left and right ends of the talisman, projecting their own petty nature upon their leaders. Similarly, the ashen and the cream represent those with a capacity for greatness, who early in life remove themselves from the herd and move towards a greater destiny, towards one end or the other. Your master, Sir Tinly, is of the cream color, and my slave, Sir Cumference, is of the ashen. The central portions represent the commons - that vast herd

of clods and louts - and not all peasants, either, for our noble King is among their number - who are worth neither salvation nor damnation. For public consumption, of course, Father Neminis is obliged to state that he desires the salvation of these souls; similarly I am in theory working for their general damnation. However, their eventual disposition is not a matter of great concern, and each year approximately equal numbers of them enter the lower reaches of Heaven and the upper chambers of Hell, with little difference between those of one place and those of the other."

"What is this gray arc?" Dumbert asked.

"That represents those who would have a foot in both camps," she replied. "Here belong those gray magicians such as Lysenconius, moneylenders like ben Kalvah, and others who would be neutral. Neither Heaven nor Hell would they have, and neither will receive them. In this class fall most skeptics and men of great learning, and those who will have none of superstitions, and those who would profit from both good and evil."

"Where am I on this talisman?" asked the squire.

"No place," replied Lilith. "You are aloof from this classification, and beyond the reach of either end. You are not a person destined to spectacular salvation or spectacular damnation; to your deathbed no angels will come singing to carry you into Heaven, nor will strange footprints and a smell of burnt sulphur attend your passing. Indeed, your death is a far-off matter, for the Sons of Earth, as your kind is called, are a long-lived lot; perhaps both Heaven and Hell would postpone acquaintance with such as you.. You are neither a man of action nor a man of learning and shrewdness; your role in life is as a spectator. Towers may fall around you, or great men may rise or fall at your side, but you will endure and observe. Neither I nor Father Neminis, neither Heaven nor Hell, has power over the Sons of Earth, Dumbert, and on this account you are to be envied. Here, take this talisman; I cannot wear it, nor can any whose color appears thereon. Take it, Dumbert, endure, and observe!"

Dumbert accepted the talisman from her hand, his head ringing with her words. He rose and put the object in a pocket of his tunic, then began to dress. Lilith leaned back upon her broad bed and sighed.

"It is a busy life in the service of evil," she said, "but a pleasant one. Ah, Dumbert, were you a captain-general, and had gathered before you all the men who have served the pleasure of my body, you would count yourself able to storm the greatest burg of middle earth. Yes, I have led into the ways of sin by this route one pope, two caliphs, four emperors, nine kings, hundreds of nobles and knights, and others beyond number, even brutish slaves from Africa and the far Indies. Nor has every servant of my pleasure been of the sons of Adam; the gray ape of Barbary and the huge black ape of Africa have been fuel to my lust. Others of my lovers are of no earthly stock, but have appeared in clouds of brimstone and possessed me amid black candles and

pentacles; it is these that give pleasure far beyond that of the men of middle earth. Also have I waited upon the deserts of Libya for the winged griffin, and in the mountains of Thrace for the horned satyr or the horse-thighed centaur."

This reminded Dumbert of something. "I wonder where that dragon is?" he said under his breath.

Lilith's pointed ears caught these words. "Is there a dragon here?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," the squire replied. "One followed Sir Tinly and me here yesterday - or - day before yesterday."

"And he is around the palace?" Lilith asked, sitting up. "A live dragon here, in this seething nest of knights?"

"Yes, but I don't know where he is," Dumbert said. "He's not much of a dragon - a bleary-eyed old drunkard with wife trouble."

Lilith leaped from the bed, ran naked to the window, and gave a short ululating call. A howlet flew to her outstretched hand.

"Madge, my sweetling," said the witch, "tell me whether a dragon sleeps at the castle tonight."

"Aye, madame," said the howlet hollowly. "The pismire has told the mouse, the mouse has told the cockroach, the cockroach has told the cat, the cat has told the flittermouse, and the flittermouse has told me. A dragon sleeps among the swine in the pigsty behind the castle."

"Well done, Madge," Lilith replied. The howlet flew off noiselessly, and the witch quickly threw on her clothes. "At last, a dragon," she breathed. "In the Alps I searched, and on Mount Kaf, and in the mountains of Barbary, but never before have I discovered a dragon. Au revoir, Dumbert, and a thousand thanks."

With a sweep of her long black skirt, Lilith left the room. A few minutes later Dumbert, looking from the window, saw a dragon fly off against the moonlit clouds. On his back rode Lilith.

The squire turned, left the chambers of the young witch, and slowly wended his way back to the squires' dormitory. Exhausted, he crawled into bed amidst the light snoring of his fellows, and went instantly to sleep.

The next event that met his awareness was Pompey shaking him awake. The light of dawn beamed into the narrow window, and the other squires were busily dressing. Slowly the import of the words that Pompey was shouting came through to him.

"Dumbert! Dumbert! Sir Cumference is dead! He poisoned himself last night!"

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE



## HUGO'S KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

By this time, everyone who has sent his membership fee of \$2 to the DisCon Committee, Box 36, Mt. Rainier, Maryland will have received his Hugo ballot. Ballots must be post-marked no later than 1 July and received no later than 15 July. KNOWABLE's recommendations in the various categories follow.

Best Novel is resolving itself into a two-horse race between H. Beam Piper's Little Fuzzy and Philip K. Dick's The Man in the High Castle. There is no question that the latter book is far more stimulating intellectually than the battle between Piper's cuddly little aliens and a heartless interstellar bureaucracy. Dick seriously considers what would be the state of an America and a world a generation after an Axis victory, and how various individuals of the conquering and conquered peoples would react to this state of affairs. Piper, on the other hand, apparently believes that all wrongs can be Set Right by an appeal to a benevolent and all-powerful authority at the top of the power structure. In Little Fuzzy this authority is, save the mark, the military!

Jack Vance's "The Dragon Masters" is the only real claimant to Best Short Fiction. (See POINTING VECTOR #9, p. 4.) Fritz Leiber's "Unholy Grail", considered against the background of the other Fafhrd-Gray Mouser tales, falls a little flat. I also found it somewhat disillusioning; I had pictured the Mouser as the product of a Lankmaas equivalent of Bedford-Stuyvesant or Alameda Street, and was surprised to find this experienced habitue of urban alleys to be just a country boy at heart. Furthermore, the meeting between the Mouser and Fafhrd implied in this story is at variance with the description of their first encounter on the dust-jacket of Two Sought Adventure. And Theodore Sturgeon's "When You Care, When You Love" is unreadably saccharine.

A vote of "No Award" best expresses the quality of 1962's dramatic productions. The Best Professional Artist is Roy Krenkel by a slight margin over Virgil Finlay, who has an equally slight margin over the ingenious dragons with which Gaughan illustrated Vance's Hugo-worthy story. Krenkel is chiefly noted for his drawings of the human figure, except among demented connoisseurs of skinny women.

Best Prozine is practically in the "No Award" category. Fantastic, while spotty, does show promise for the future, and deserves the award on the basis of its improvement in recent years. Galaxy runs second. Analog will probably get some kind of award from the Richardson Foundation, and therefore can get along without a Hugo.

If it weren't for Rule 12, which rules out fanzines produced by members of the DisCon Committee, Amra would get the Best Fanzine award. In its absence, the award should go to the Lupoffs' splendidly edited and duplicated Xero. Warhoon was good in 1962, but not quite as good as its Hugo-winning year of 1961.

## THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

DICK ENEY, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia:  
 Bhoy, did you ever screw up with the blast at Jack Speer! Juffus is currently one of the more intelligent and vocal liberal voices in the fannish microcosm.

A lot of history is involved in the shift, but over a period of years Speer substantially reversed the position suggested by his exchange with Rothman and, presumably, the racist one too. At least, I recall an exchange with G. M. Carr in which Speer was defending the progressive income tax because it put brakes on the snowballing increase of control by people with very high incomes, illustrating the very high income people with corporation executives and so on, and the downtrodden folk-to-be-defended with (N)egro sharecroppers. Other less clearcut remarks have indicated the same change.

Of course, you haven't any handy was of knowing that the description of Speer as dominating the organization ((FAPA)) is just wrong. Speer almost went gafia after 1947 or so, when he was plunging into Democratic Party politics in Washington State; his writing of the FAPA Constitution in 1958 marked almost the beginning of re-activation.

A couple of assorted points could do with clarification: the move to expel anybody uttering racist thoughts was an obvious move to Get Speer personally, and doubtless beaten on that ground; the comments on Wollheim's "nationality" reflect other observations of the time, which I believe are still partly valid -- namely, that the racial extraction of fans is different from the national average. Strikes me as pretty indisputable that there is a lot higher percentage of Ashkenazim ((Jews of central and eastern European ancestry)) in fandom than in the general population. I can't guess, with my present information, whether the well-known Ashkenazic valuation for intellectual activities is more responsible for this or whether we should credit the higher number of fans in New York, where the population distribution is atypical to begin with.... Could we make out a case for the idea that Fandom is a modern development of Kabbala?

((A Sense of FAPA was presented to the non-FAPAN reader as a representative selection of FAPA writings over the past quarter-century. In the absence of information to the contrary, which ought to have been presented in the introduction, the reader can only assume that the views presented are the views now held by the writer. For example, the editor of a collection of American radical fiction would be severely criticized if he included works of John Dos Passos without informing the readers that Dos Passos is now an outspoken conservative.

((The points raised in the last paragraph are covered in letters from George Scithers and Walter Breen. But first we'd better let Speer speak for himself.))

JOHN B. SPEER, 160 Washington S. E., Albuquerque, New Mexico: Thanks for the copy of Knowable, which came yesterday. It has verve as well as intelligence, a welcome combination.

I tried to refer the lead article to Juffus<sup>1939</sup>, but was unable to evoke him, so I'll have to comment from my own standpoint:

When a controversy was as arguable as the close vote in 1944, indicated that to be, I think it's incumbent on one criticizing a position on it to show where he stands: Do you think an organization like FAPA should have such a constitutional provision? ((See Scither's letter, below.))

Of course i was not a lawyer when i wrote Up to Now, being only eighteen. I used "nationality" in preference to "race", but any remark on Wollheim's ancestry was un-called for, especially in the context of 1939. ("Race" is an even vaguer term than "nationality". I would prefer to stick to well-defined terms like "citizenship", "religion", and "ancestry".))

On the other hand, i don't think calling Communists Communists -- unless it was irrelevant to the matter at hand -- would have been considered "red-baiting" by any of us in 1939, and i doubt that it would be today.

One of the ironies of time is that i have completely swing over to Rothman's position in regard to labor unions, and in general am probably left of him now.

I can't go along with your criticism of the remark on the Charlottesville speech. In 1940, of course, Pearl Harbor lay in the future. I don't agree with the revisionist view that Roosevelt engineered the Pearl Harbor disaster, but there is no question that he did want us to get into the war, and in 1940 and 1941 was doing anything he properly could to bring this about.

I don't share Scithers's view of the FAPA machinery, either. The mills of FAPA grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

Moving on into other parts of Knowable, i enjoyed the criticism of Campbell of course, though i haven't bought ASF for some time and haven't seen this new format you mention. (Hmm. Can we do anything with "Format's last theorem"? No, i guess not.) ((You said it!))

What the heck is gravitational radiation? ((See "Spherical Gravitational Radiation" by John Boardman and Peter G. Bergmann, Physical Review 115, 1318 (1959)))

...The Story was only indifferently good in my eyes.

GEORGE SCITHERS, Box 9006, Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia: As for the remark on page 2 of Knowable #3, beginning with "Rejoice O FAPA" ((and continuing "You are free to distribute the most offensive and disgusting sort of racist propaganda, and no man may say you nay!)). I feel that freedom of expression is the key freedom, without which all other freedoms (including freedom from racist words of evil) are meaningless. Otherwise, Knowable is appreciated...

((You're probably right. But what an issue at which

to point with pride in your freedom of speech.))

WALTER BREEN, 2402 Grove Street, Berkeley 4, California: My own impression from Seacon, Chicon, mailing lists, and the Pelz farleyfiles is that in fanzine fandom (a) females run about 14-15% (b) of both sexes, Jews run between 5 & 10% (c) (N)egroes are very rare, less than 1% (d) orientals are probably even rarer -- there are none in West Coast fandom (e) rural types are underrepresented (f) WASP ((White Anglo-Saxon Protestant)) types are overrepresented -- except that many of them are no longer churchgoers (g) Roman Catholics are the 2nd most frequent religion in fandom, the most frequent by a small margin being agnostic/unaffiliated. More data when the farleyfile statistics get published in FAPA or S.A.P.S. Age distribution seems multi-modal, incidentally.

((The religious data should be compared with that of Mensa. In Mensa as well as in fandom, the non-religious are represented far beyond their proportion in the general population. That Roman Catholics and Jews are represented to a considerable extent is not too surprising. These religions both have intellectual traditions, whereas the foundation of Protestantism is anti-intellectual -- any illiterate slob is encouraged to interpret scripture with the same authority as a man who has spent a lifetime in study. Thus, the fans of Protestant background have largely abandoned the religious training of their childhood.))

FRANK HILLER, 99 Sellinger Street, Rochester 5, New York: "The Great Secret of Fandom" the bond which holds fans together is that of "superior intellect". Oh, please! Not that old bucket of hogwash. What of the petty feuds, back-biting and even law suits? What of those in fandom who embrace astrology (the Almighty Deity JWCJr notwithstanding) Theosophy, water witching (again, Almighty Ghod notwithstanding) viewing the "aura" and such. If this be "superior intellect", make mine imbecility.

It's more likely the bond of the mentally adolescent and the pseudo-erudite. Seth Johnson calls it "Fangdom"; oh how right he is.

((I said fans in general have good minds; I didn't say they have good judgment. Look at Mensa -- its members are in the upper 2% of the human race as far as intelligence is concerned, and yet some of them go in for such things as dianetics, parapsychology, zen, anti-gravity, and the repeal of Social Security.))

ROBERT E. BRINEY, 459 Littleton Street, West Lafayette, Indiana: Especially liked the "Science Made too Easy" section. The paragraph on differential equations hit close to home, since I am currently teaching a course in DE. The physics students don't have a chance! (It is a large lecture section of several hundred students, mostly engineers.) ((Shame on you.))

FRED LERNER, 152-B Donor Ave., East Paterson, New Jersey: I very much enjoyed George Cowgill's article "Shabat Shalom" in Knowable #2. I was exposed to Orthodox Jewish teachings for many years, and would often ask similar questions of my Hebrew school teachers. All I ever got for my troubles was a request to shut up. Wouldn't some of the difficulties which are mentioned in the article be cleared up by simply calculating, with the use of the giant computers, the hours of sunset, and feast and fast days to be observed for the next few thousand years? By then the Messiah will surely have come, and such worries will no longer be necessary.

Another problem faced by such Orthodox Jews as went into space would be the calculation of the Lunar month. I should hate to have to celebrate every time a new moon was observed on Jupiter or Saturn, for instance.

There is also the possibility that when Earthmen first establish contact with intelligent Aliens, they will encounter religions which are equivalent to their own. Men such as Christ, Mohammed, Buddha, Kung fu-tze, and Moses could have their counterparts on other worlds---and I see no reason for a Christian to believe that Earthmen are the only creations of God which need to have their sins expiated. It has been stated by many anthropologists and psychologists that all human societies have religious institutions, and this could probably be said of all sentient life forms.

((Why go off Earth for this? Moslems believe that the Earth is inhabited by another sentient race than our own, the Jinns, who are also subject to salvation or damnation, and who were created by God from fire rather than from clay.))

BEN ORLOVE, 845 East 14th Street, Brooklyn 30, New York: "Shabat Shalom" is true of practically any religion. Almost all are based on the earth, its calendar, climate, geography, agriculture, etc. The primary exceptions are more philosophies than religions and aren't completely universal, only applying to humans.

I have my doubts about all fans being intelligent. It is true to some extent, but it's quite hard to tell, from the inside. Another reason is that the in-groupishness is satisfying to many people. This ties in with the garb(led language that passes for speech.

The new Analog is getting worse. J. W. Ghod Jr. can't seem to realize that a magazine, at least a prozine, does not center around editorials and such. An editor may shape a magazine (look at what Davidson did to F&SF) but not to the extent he is. Apropos of that, I doubt if Davidson and Asimov are really feuding. ((They aren't. A number of fans, including myself, jumped to that conclusion.)) It's just that the Kindly Editor forgot Accidentally to capitalize the Sarcastic Remarks.

STEVE STILES, 1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, New York: Mallardi has so completely begged off responsibility for his article ((hackneyed racist stereotypes in Double Bill #2, reviewed in KNOWABLE #3, p. 4)) that I scarcely know what to

say. My reaction, plus that of other fans', was similar to Pauls'. But Mallardi was so much on the defensive, saying that everyone was misinterpreting his stand that I can only conclude that either he was making excuses, or had better polish up his writing abilities considerably so that they can be understood correctly.

((I wouldn't know; apparently it has been decided that I should receive only even-numbered issues of Double Bill. In #4, Mallardi is still busily engaged in backing down off such remarks as "When I first heard the news ((about two vicious crimes committed by two Negroes in his town)) I could almost agree to getting a lynch mob together and taking care of the personally...Integration would never come about if things like that occur too often" and "It's also my personal belief that (N)egro girls, generally speaking, have just about the lowest morals than the white girls would ever have"(sic). Or should I say (sic sic sic)?))

"The Story" is enjoyable, somewhat reminiscent of The Sword in the Stone in subject matter and spirit.

E. JOSEPH BAKER, 2215 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 16, California: As for the round-robin story I have started reading, it doesn't seem bad at all, in fact quite good. ((You see, someone does like it.)) Science Made Too Easy: Hilarious, I say! I would shout hallelujah (or should I say alleluia?)(that depends upon whether your religious background is Protestant or Catholic; different translations are used) even if this were the only part of your zine. ((Perish forbid! as an old friend is fond of saying)) There is a kind of dry, dead-pan humor about them that really tickles my funny-bone. I read them aloud to my younger brother Robert (engineering student up to his ears in physics, math, slipsticks, ktp) and they made him howl too, so I figure they must be good.

MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr Place, For ds, New Jersey: Your little essay on page 2 ((of KNOWABLE #2)) gives rise to some pertinent points but I don't think it's advisable to overlook the part science fiction has played in the formation of fandom ((Was I?)) or as a unifying point, the core about which the completed entity is constructed. There is an undeniable distinction between fans and faans, i. e., science fiction fans and fandom fans. An individual may belong to both categories, or one of them, and yet still be considered a member of the field. Perhaps today science fiction does not constitute the binding element because of the degree of unification that fandom has achieved within the past years. In the early thirties, when fandom was little more than a glimmer in Ackerman's eye and a spot on Tucker's vest, the common discussion point of science fiction was a vital element. Fans were arranged in such disorganized conglomerations that the only common ground was the pervading interest in science fiction. Other topics provoked discussion and thought, but science fiction was undoubtedly the mainstay. But as organizations became more

tight knit, and fanzines and apas began to appear in a frequency comparable to the growth of the creative urge in fans, the other subjects that were relegated increased in importance as well. Fandom has basically been a creative ground, in which all talents manage to gain some recognition, whether it be one's intellectual and literate approach, the quality of his ability to produce artwork, his mimeographing capabilities, etc. etc.

What I'm trying to convey is the conviction that science fiction can never be overtaken by the confines of fandom. It will always be a focal point of discussion, no matter how minor or how superfluous. Undoubtedly there are fans who care not one whit for science fiction, but this outlook is definitely in the minority...Fandom is by all means the general population; something like a balanced cross-section age-wise, with a definite edge in the intelligence and intellectual capacity. I always felt that one of the factors that makes fandom unique is the manner of acceptance in which an individual, no matter his age, is granted, provided he displays definite signs of intelligence and common sense...In fandom the only proof of one's capabilities that need be cited is his intelligence, not his years.

George Cowgill's article does explore some minor points which I haven't seen treated before. But why limit himself to just one religion? After all, there will undoubtedly be a problem to the faithful flock, who, once venturing into space, will be required by their religion to periodically prostrate themselves in the direction of Mecca. In a weightless spaceship, racing through the void at such a speed that the Earth is a dot of light, I'd like to know how this difficult feat will be accomplished.

((L. Sprague de Camp's interplanetary con man, Darius Koshay, faced this same situation in "The Animal Cracker Plot". While being transported from Vishnu to Krishna to stand trial, he suddenly recalled that he was a Moslem, and asked the ship's navigator to calculate five times a day the direction of Mecca.))

"Science Made Too Easy" was most enjoyable. But since this is an East Coast publication, the situation may not necessarily apply to other areas of the country...Explain, for instance, the Southern outlook on relativity. ((In parts of the rural South it is believed that Jesus Christ was the only man who was exactly six feet tall. Prof. M. A. Melvin of Florida State University calls this "the quantum theory of the New Testament".))

DON FITCH, 3908 Frijo, Covina, California: "The Great Secret of Fandom" deserves reprinting for a larger audience... I've long had in the back of my mind the idea of a collection of such articles by various fans, which could be mimeoed and distributed to prospective neofans...You cover the field with accuracy (considering the brevity of the piece) and much of it is almost identical with what I would say/write on the subject. I liked especially your notice that fandom transcends the strong bounds of age, social, and educational classes.

Maybe I'm too easily pleased, but Knowable seems to be outstanding in that all of its contents were at least enjoyable--either you're an outstanding editor or you've been unusually fortunate in the contributions you've received.

JOE PILATI, 111 South Highland Avenue, Pearl River, New York: ((20 February 1963)) "The Story" is 3rd rate DeCampery -- what else can I say?

((19 March 1963)) The latest Knowable was disappointing, especially since you insist upon continuing publication of that second-rate DeCampish roundrobin. ((Thanks for the promotion.)) I agreed with you entirely on the new Analog. You can pick up an occasional National Review for the Sturgeon reviews, but there's no need to read the rest of it anymore....it's all in JWCjr's editorials in more colorful wrappings.

JEROME J. McCANN, 1453 North Harding Avenue, Chicago 51, Illinois: I like your intelligent attitude towards the force that holds fandom together. It is the thirst (sic) for knowledge which is so successful in banding (sic) together so many different people into one group...

You really find the way to my heart with your "Science Made Too Easy"...I never thought any one could make me see mathematics in a humorous fashion. It even soothed all the lumps I received in science (mainly math) in my past three years in high school. I can now smile when I think about the experiences I've had and am going to have in this marvelous field (sic). I bet you must know a great deal about science, because it takes a great insight on a subject to make fun of it. When I showed the one on mathematics to my math teacher he was quite amused. Probably he remembers all the hours he spent studying math also. That's life I guess.

((Whow! Talk about bright-eyed and bushy-tailed neos! Were we all like that once?))

(continued from p. 2)

Grafton, Ohio, and is 13 issues for \$1 or 26 for \$2. In addition to pro and fan news, FFF carries tables of contents of forthcoming prozines, and a running index of old s-f.

"Starspinkle" is also biweekly, on the same alternation of weeks as FFF. It is 3 for 25¢ from Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. Unlike Inman, Ellik will not accept trades in lieu of hard cash.

(However, neither newszine has mentioned the cancellation of the Silvercon, originally scheduled for the Fourth of July Weekend of 1964 in New York.)



## 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 \$1 or more are postage-free; include 15¢ postage for smaller orders.

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- \*Sing Out, October-November 1961. Folksong magazine with words & music to "Great American Bum", "The Rand Hymn", "The Bus to New Orleans", etc.....60¢
- Thirring: Einführung in die Quantenelektrodynamik. Chance to study German and physics simultaneously.....\$2.50
- Unicorn Press: Everything's a Puzzle. Collection of rebuses (rebi?).....25¢

Fanzines for sale or trade (make an offer): Amra #18, Grifanac #6, Ghuvna #1 (backcover missing), Impossible #3, Improbable #3, Sigma Octantis #8.

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