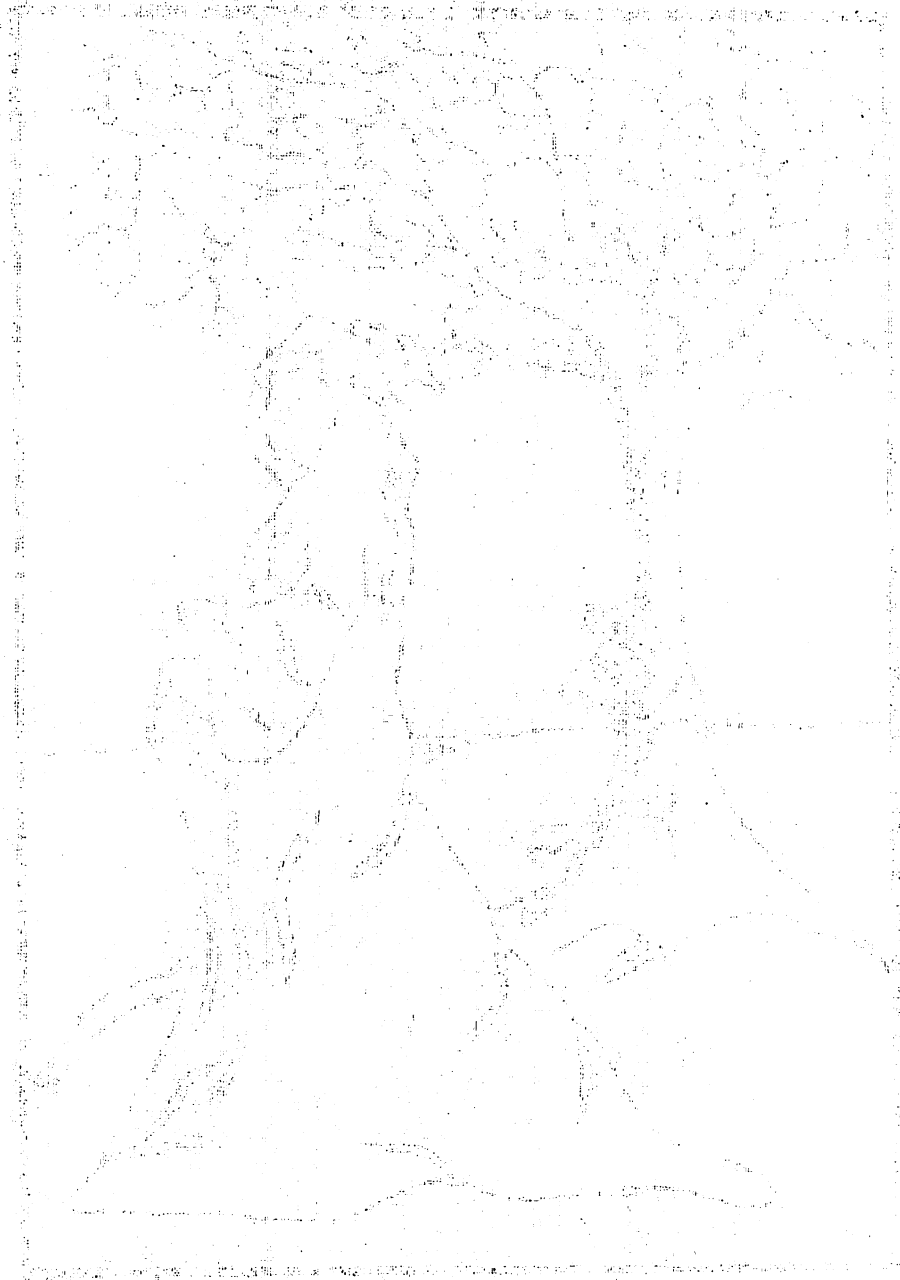




NO II



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Ron Whyte (c/o Angel Marzin, 317 West 99 Street #3A, NY NY 10025), wants to assemble a library of "junk" - the sf crime stories, pornography nurse novels, westerns, etc., which people buy, read, and throw out, and which libraries don't collect. He asks for donations of "junk" books and will repay postage costs.

## JOSHER SF: A REACTION

by Dave Hulan

I won't argue with your basic case regarding the general lack of religiously-based SF, though I might point out that with the exception of a rather small class of stories (most of which you mention) religious questions are not as effectively probed in an SF type story as in a more conventional setting. Religious questions, if they are meaningful, are essentially independent of time and space, and are therefore most easily tested in familiar settings. Putting in an SF element only obscures the essential issue. That's why I think the first two books of Lewis's Space Trilogy are so bad, even though I like That Hideous Strength; in the first place THS was less involved with specifically religious questions, and in the second the setting was fairly familiar, only warped. (That's not the only reason I think the first 2 books are bad, but it's another good one I just thought of...)

Actually, del Rey's "For I am a Jealous People" stands out in my memory as the SF story in which both the SF and religious aspects were most prominently necessary -- I didn't care all that much for the story, but if religious SF has a really valid form I think that is it: not a story set in some other space or time that analyzes the same basic religious questions that could be handled in a mainstream story, but a real speculation on a religious question -- "What if God really...?" whatever.

But I have to disagree with the idea of a person's being unable to be both interested in science and devout in religion without compartmentalizing his mind. I'm not only interested in science, I'm a professional scientist (well, engineer really, but my degree is in science -- only I found out I was better at making things work than at theorizing, or at least enjoyed it more, so that's what I do), and also consider myself a tolerably devout Jew. Not Orthodox, no, but I consider the hyper-Orthodox types you seem to be referring to to be a 16th century aberration that is out of the main historical stream of Jewish thought entirely, and only bulks so large because of the huge population explosion in the East European Jewish centers in the 18th and 19th centuries, just at a time when the Haskala started and the religious authorities, feeling themselves threatened by Change, placed themselves in opposition to all secular study in a vain attempt to retain control.

The vast majority of American Jews came (a generation or two back) out of that specific background that causes the impression that Jewish tradition emphasizes the study of the holy books as the only spiritually worthwhile occupation. But that was true only during a very narrow span of time and over a limited space (though it happened most Jews of that time lived

in that space). Even as late as the mid 18th century, Elijah Gaon of Vilna, one of the all time great Talmudic scholars, was strongly in favor of secular education and was fairly active in secular studies himself. And in Western Europe even the Orthodox community, led by Samson Raphael Hirsch in Germany, took up secular studies as not only permissible but obligatory by the mid 19th century. The Sephardic and Oriental Jewish communities never did go through a period of rejecting secular learning, although the Oriental Jews shared in the intellectual decline of the Islamic world after about the time of Saadya Gaon, and the Sephardi concentrated more on commerce than on intellectual activities after the Spanish Golden Age. (The major Sephardic thinker after the expulsion from Spain, Spinoza, was excommunicated for essentially dropping all pretense of accepting Judaism.)

Your statement -- that people who believe in Higher Realities must consider mundane things relatively trivial and secondary -- is basically true when applied to a religion like Christianity or Buddhism, where the emphasis is on salvation after death; however, traditionally Judaism is concerned primarily with the things of this world, not with an afterlife, and because of this there is excellent authority (if not unanimous agreement) for considering scientific investigation a mitzvah of high order. There are a number of Talmudic warnings against excessive speculation about any Higher Reality; the general trend is strongly in favor of the concentration of efforts on the improvement of the human condition in this world, and to ignore as unknowable and thence immaterial what may happen after death. It is one of the major differences between Judaism and Christianity that the latter sees the Kingdom of God as a Kingdom of Heaven which already exists and to which the souls of true believers are taken, whereas the former sees it as a Messianic Age on Earth, when all men will live together in peace, justice, and holiness, and which it is our duty to work toward bringing about.



Since many major causes of war and injustice are rooted in lack of material well-being, work which improves material well-being for people (which scientific -- or at least technological -- work generally does) is by that token holy work. Also, since the world is God's creation, study aimed at understanding how the world works, what its guiding laws and principles may be, is an investigation of God's laws as surely as is study of the Torah. The two forms of study do not, by and large, appeal to the same kinds of minds (unless it be a giant intellect such as that of Maimonides), but the one is not in itself holier than the other.

I'm not quite sure what problem Chaim Potok deals with; he's a writer I've been intending to read someday, but haven't gotten to yet. I don't really see the conflict between religious Orthodoxy and creative art. Particularly in Judaism, where it has been extremely rare to consider it relevant what a person thinks. Within certain fairly broad limits, what one thinks and writes are wide open, even in the field of religion; the operative requirements are actions, not thoughts, and as long as one acts in accordance with the traditional rulings he is free to disagree with them to any degree he likes. This latitude is in accordance with even Orthodox teaching, as far as I know. Of course, if one disagrees sufficiently strongly with a traditional ruling, he isn't going to follow it, but that still seems to me the answer to the problem of the creative artist who yet wants to remain Orthodox. Not that I'm saying I've solved Potok's problem, because he obviously must know everything I've said -- but I'm wondering what it was in more detail, because as you've stated it I can't see a problem.

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I hope you do stimulate more people to read Singer, because he's one of the finest writers going today, I think. I've only read two of his books -- Magician of Lublin and A Friend of Kafka -- but I own all of them now and intend to read them when I have some time. I find in one way that my reaction to him reminds me of my reaction to John D. MacDonald -- both of them have an ability to involve me at a gut level in their stories, which is true of no one else I can think of, and I sometimes can't take it. When I read Magician I got so caught up in it that when the protagonist's mind starts coming apart after he hurts his foot in that fall from the balcony, it was like mine was going the same way. I had to put it down for a couple of months before I'd gotten detached enough to go back and finish the book. I don't know if this is a peculiarity of my own psyche or if it's Singer, but whatever, he has a stronger impact on me than any fiction writer I know of. Including MacDonald, who involves me about as much, but whose stories seem much less important in an ultimate sense.

AVALON  
by Nan Braude

The apple isle of Avalon,  
Above the Western Sea,  
Where Arthur went for healing  
By Morgan and the three...

\* \* \*

The amber shores of Avalon  
Are ardent with delight  
Beneath the argent northern sun  
And milky northern night.

Apollo walks in Avalon,  
The god the Druids serve,  
Caressing with enchanted smile  
The ripened apple's curve.

His music sighs through Avalon  
Beneath the summer stars,  
And Arthur dreams of Guinevere  
And rubs his half-healed scars.

The music sobs in Avalon  
And Arthur in his sleep  
Begins to dream of Camelot,  
Remembering, to weep

For Guinevere and Lancelot,  
The Table and the Grail;  
He reached for Excalibur  
And wakes; his brow is pale.

The music whispers "Avalon,"  
And Merlin, far away  
Enchanted, dreams of Vivien  
Beneath a rock of gray.

The music pours from Avalon  
Across the Western Sea;  
Morgan in her silken bed  
Murmurs restlessly;

And far and far from Avalon,  
Veiled in her amber hair,  
One the world knew as Guinevere  
Wakes all night long in prayer.

\* \* \*

Apollo sleeps in Avalon;  
The music is no more.  
The lute is dumb, and silent is  
The apple-scented shore.

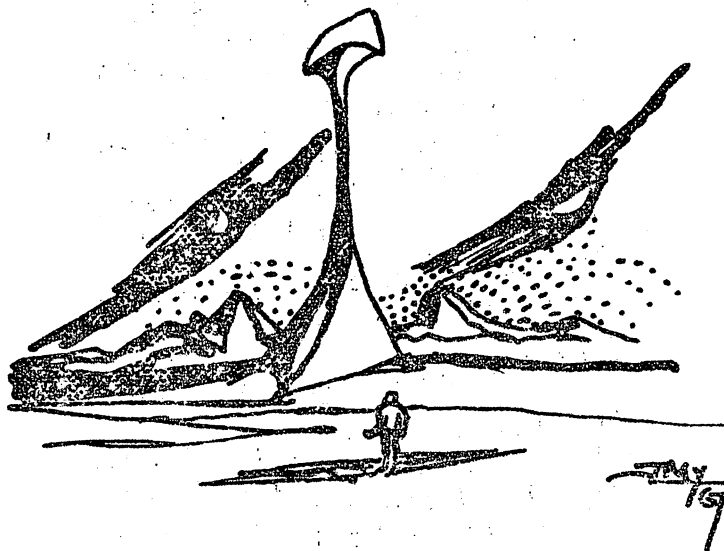
The music sleeps in Avalon  
And Arthur sleeps again:  
In dreams returns to Camelot,  
Forgets his ancient pain.

Now Morgan sleeps in Avalon,  
And Merlin, far away;  
But in her convent Guinevere  
Remains awake to pray

And dream of silent Avalon  
Asleep in amber peace,  
Until the cold gray morning  
Bids prayers and weeping cease.

She rises from the chapel floor  
And stumbles to her bed,  
For Avalon is but a dream  
And Lancelot is dead.

Across the sea in Avalon,  
Arthur, lost to care,  
Dreams of his young bride Guinevere  
Veiled in her amber hair.





KENNETH GRAHAME: AN APPRECIATION  
by Mary H. Schaub

I suspect that every reader accumulates over the years a selection of books that he considers his own special favorites. Some such favorites lose their attraction eventually, and are dismissed from the company, but other books, evoking a particular time or mood, remain lifelong companions. They may come to you by different routes -- you may encounter them because of a school assignment, or a friend's recommendation, or because, by some momentary chance, your hand happened to fall on that book to fill a leisure hour. I came upon the combined edition of The Golden Age and Dream Days by the third, serendipitous method. As soon as I read about the intriguing game of "muffin-man," I knew that I had found something rare. These two books by Kenneth Grahame established his reputation as an exceptional observer and reanimator of the luminous, kaleidoscopic world of childhood. The Golden Age and Dream Days formed the cornerstones of Grahame's literary celebrity. When he later wrote The Wind in the Willows, many critics and readers were disappointed that Grahame had exchanged the engaging children of his earlier stories for a group of small animals, however charming they might be. With the passage of time (and partly due, no doubt, to the strenuous efforts of Grahame's widow) The Wind in the Willows supplanted his two "people" books, to the extent that he now appears to be remembered chiefly as the author of that magical book about Mole, Rat, Badger, and the madcap arch-hobbyist, Toad of Toad Hall. Popularity in books, as in most other things, waxes and wanes, as generation succeeds generation. Perhaps the readers who cherish C.S. Lewis's Narnia series and Tolkien's hobbits may revive and preserve in memory and affection the staunch band of children eternally inhabiting the sunlit downs and shaded nooks of Grahame's first two masterpieces.

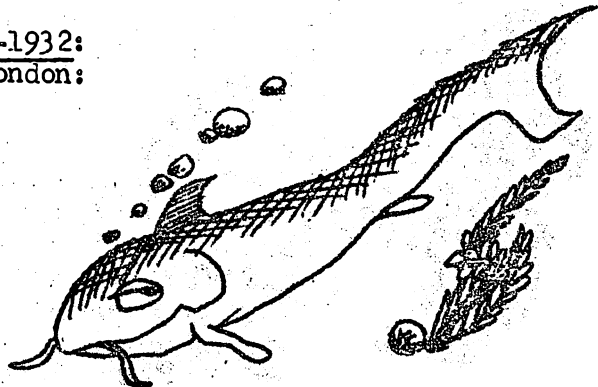
Grahame was born in Edinburgh in 1859 -- the same year as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle -- as the third of four children. His mother died of scarlet fever when he was five, and his father, devastated by the loss, dispatched the children to their maternal grandmother in Berkshire. Except for one dismal attempt to settle again with his children in Scotland, their father effectively fled from their lives, dying penniless in France nearly twenty years later. The lives of Kenneth and his brothers and sister thus fell under the direct control of more distant relatives -- those well-meaning, but aloof relatives who inspired Grahame's creation of the fictional "Olympians." Indeed, Grahame's life seems to have been marked by a long succession of dreams thwarted by the pressures of reality, pressures embodied in his youth by the capricious Olympians. More than anything, for example, Grahame yearned to go to Oxford, but the uncle in charge of financial matters ruled that

Kenneth should become a clerk at the Bank of England. There was no appeal of the decision; Grahame, sorely disappointed, went into the Bank and worked his way up to become, in 1898, one of the youngest Secretaries in the Bank's history. After some years of sending essays and poetry (anonymous at first) to various literary magazines, Grahame's initial collection of sketches on childhood was published in 1895 as The Golden Age. It was an immediate success. While some stuffy, overly sentimental critics felt stung by Grahame's accurate delineation of the pompous Olympians, most critics and the public found the stories both warmly nostalgic and emotionally authentic. Grahame had unconsciously touched the wellsprings of countless other lives. (The octogenarian Dean of St. Paul's was discovered in tears after he read the book. "You see," he told the observer, "I also was brought up by an Aunt."<sup>1</sup>) Dream Days, which continued the adventures of the same characters, appeared in 1898 to an equally enthusiastic welcome.

Then, in 1899, Grahame, never a completely healthy man, developed a serious case of pneumonia. It was the chance that the predatory Elspeth Thomson<sup>2</sup> had been waiting for; she bombarded the poor man with grapes, wine, and countless notes. A dominant, tiresome woman who insisted on imposing her own beliefs and fancies on those around her, Elspeth had decided that Grahame would make her perfect husband. His position at the Bank guaranteed his social status and security, while his publishing successes convinced her that he was a childish sentimentalist after her own heart. The marriage was a disaster for Grahame. His writing stopped, and it wasn't until their only son prompted him to invent bedtime stories about the animals of the streams and fields that Grahame returned to creative literary activity. With the encouragement of an understanding friend, Grahame wrote The Wind in the Willows, which was published in 1908. It was his last piece of significant writing. Stifled by his wife,

<sup>1</sup> Peter Green, Kenneth Grahame 1859-1932: A Study of his life, work and times (London: John Murray, 1959), p. 163.

<sup>2</sup> "Star Trek" fans may find Elspeth strongly reminiscent of the hapless Harry Mudd's wife, Stella. In her single-minded determination to force her picture of Grahame on the public after his death, Elspeth also resembles the odious Isabel, widow of Sir Richard Burton, who burned priceless diaries and journals of his after his death in order to prevent the world from seeing evidence of what she considered his unprintable interests in foreign cultures.



depressed by the tragic loss of their son (there is strong evidence that his death was a suicide), add dogged by his own illness, Grahame withdrew further into his fantasy world. As Naomi Lewis observed, "Kenneth's dreams were always better than the reality."<sup>3</sup> He died in 1932.

In his 1891 essay "The Olympians" Grahame set the stage for his first two books, evoking the curious sense of capricious fate felt by children left in the hands of indifferent aunts and uncles.

"These elders," he commented, "our betters by a trick of chance, commanded no respect, but only a certain blend of envy -- of their good luck -- and pity -- for their inability to make use of it. Indeed, it was one of the most hopeless features in their character (when we troubled ourselves to waste a thought on them: which wasn't often) that, having absolute license to indulge in the pleasures of life, they could get no good of it. They might dabble in the pond all day, hunt the chickens, climb trees in the most uncompromising Sunday clothes; they were free to issue forth and buy gunpowder in the full eye of the sun -- free to fire cannons and explode mines on the lawn: yet they never did any one of these things.... They cared not to explore for robbers' caves, nor dig for hidden treasure. Perhaps, indeed, it was one of their best qualities that they spent the greater part of their time stuffily indoors."<sup>4</sup>

Fortunately, there were a few adult exceptions, such as the curate, who "was always ready to constitute himself a hostile army or a band of marauding Indians on the shortest possible notice: in brief, a distinctly able man, with talents, so far as we could judge, immensely above the majority. I trust he is a bishop by this time. He had all the necessary qualifications, as we knew."<sup>5</sup> Several other similarly uncommon adults enliven the stories, to the children's delight.

Besides the youthful narrator of the tales (who displays numerous interests and a lively imagination), one meets his sister Selina (who is beginning to enjoy some aspects of the Olympian world, but is redeemed by her expert knowledge of British naval history -- in one story, Selina redresses the general lack of awareness of the day's importance by building a huge bonfire to celebrate Trafalgar Day); his younger sister, Charlotte (who regales her dolls with an extraordinary condensation of Alice Through the Looking-Glass); his brother -- the

<sup>3</sup> Naomi Lewis, "Forward," in The Golden Age and Dream Days (Philadelphia: Dufour Editions, 1965), p. 7.

<sup>4</sup> Kenneth Grahame, ibid., pp. 19-20.

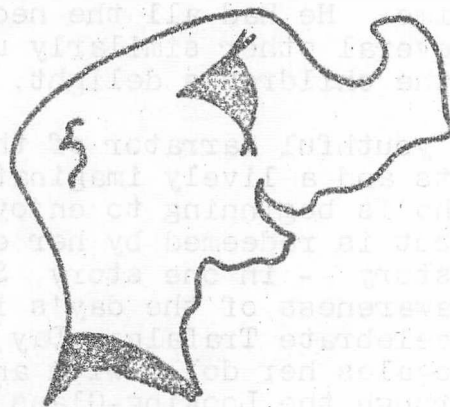
<sup>5</sup> Ibid., p. 20.

eldest child - the practical Edward (who, if less imaginative, is always the bold leader in forbidden escapades); and the youngest, his brother Harold, whose shining knack for inventing solitary games is endlessly entertaining. It is Harold, for instance, who invents the eminently satisfying game of muffin-man: "day and night he went through passages and up and down staircases ringing a noiseless bell and offering phantom muffins to invisible wayfarers. It sounds a poor sort of sport; and yet -- to pass along a busy street of your own building, for ever ringing an imaginary bell and offering airy muffins of your own make to a bustling thronging crowd of your own creation -- there were points about the game, it cannot be denied."<sup>6</sup> Harold is also responsible for the games of "club men," "Argonauts," and "conspirators" ("He had dug a small hole in the walk and had laid an imaginary train of powder thereto and, as he sought refuge in the laurels from the inevitable explosion, I heard him murmur: 'My God!' said the Czar, 'my plans are frustrated!'"<sup>7</sup>). It is Harold, too, who composes a forward-looking death-letter which drives the furious Selina to write a counter letter of her own when she discovers that Harold has cut her out of his estate.

There are 25 stories altogether in The Golden Age and Dream Days. In them, Grahame has preserved the spirit and charm of childhood. His Victorian gardens are waiting, and the afternoons there are almost always sunny. I recommend a visit.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid., p. 23.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid., p. 155.



((I don't usually put any fiction into No, but I thought I'd make one of the exceptions for this story, written by my 12-year old nephew.))

A BOX IN A BOX  
by James Appelbaum

The public address system blared out the count-down. We, all six of us, were preparing to go in a state of suspended animation. Everything would be brought to a stop, including the atoms that made us human.

We would not turn into energy, as a twentieth century physicist said, going at the speed of light to the billionth power. Since we were in suspended animation, we would be protected from being energized. When we got there, the ship would slow down before we left the freezing tubes.

Our mission was to take our saucer-shaped space ship to the edge of the universe. It would take us two thousand years to get there. Our solar powered space ship would make it.

The P.A. system yelled, "Suspended animation engaged," and everything went black.

\* \* \*

I felt control and consciousness returning. The tube opened, and I stepped out, as my crew followed suit.

There was an emergency! The alarm bells were going. Instantaneously the crew and I put our emergency training to good use. We were going off course, and the automatic system had reinstated us to overcome the problem. It also slowed down the ship for our benefit. But we could not overcome the problem. We were going farther off course. We were becoming lost in space.

We worked frantically at the controls, trying to correct our course. Our machinery engineer went down to the service deck, which was a low-ceilinged crawl-around place, in the hope of correcting our space ship. After about ten minutes a call over the intercom bellowed, "Eureka!" I immediately switched on the navigation equipment, then watched our hero come out of the hatch in the floor. After a short period of congratulatory measures, we went about trying to find our position in space. With our repaired navigational system, this problem was easy to solve.

Using the repaired navigation system, we plotted a course towards our destination. After this task was completed, we prepared to go into the suspended animation tubes. As soon as the crew were in their tubes, I set the delaying time for 15 sec-

onds, and climbed into the tube. About 10 seconds later, blackness enveloped us.

This time we were brought out of the state of suspended animation more slowly. The tube opened, and we stepped out in unison. All 12 of our eyes were directed to the view port. Before our eyes was the barrier of the universe. It was composed of big spots that looked like atoms, always changing to a new form, always shimmering, shimmering, shimmering. We were being hypnotized. I suddenly reached for the switch that closed the view port shutters. I was later to learn that this action saved us from standing, gazing at the spectacle for eternity (almost).

All of us were re-instated except one. I felt his pulse. He was dead. We tossed him out into weightless space.

The question now was to turn back or go on. We decided to take a vote. We kept in mind that our families were long dead and rotting in the ground. After much thought, we executed our decision and sped toward the shimmering blockade.

About 24 hours later a slight tremor ran through the ship: a slight lurch, and then a normal ride. We were in the barrier! About an hour later we felt a complete stop, a lurch, and then... A miracle occurred! The pressure gauges rose to an infinite amount of pressure, but our eardrums didn't hurt a bit. Deciding it was a malfunction, we left the repair job to the automatic repairer.

I pushed the view port shutter button as the spectacle unfolded before us. In front of us we could see stars infinitely larger than our own. Through a small port hole in our aft, we saw our universe behind us taking a spherical shape.

We continued on, our one large view port and our three portholes wide open, agape at our surroundings. We sped on.

After a while a solar system loomed up on us. We decided to direct our space craft toward the system. When we were about a hundred million miles away from the sun, the crewman watching the right porthole exclaimed, "That's our solar system! I'm darn sure!" It, of course, was an unbelievable statement, but he remained sure of it. We shrugged it off with a laugh, thinking his eyes were playing tricks on him.

We sped on, giving the sun a wide berth, then went back to our original course. We passed the first barren planet. While our eyes were directed to the wasteland below, our ears were suddenly directed to an explosion in the service deck. At once the space ship went into a dangerous speed drive. The second planet, fog-shrouded, loomed up on us, as we were saved from a crash landing by the quick reflexes of my assistant pilot. But the third planet presented a problem. This time no quick reflexes

could save us, and so, firing the retro rockets, we prepared for a crash landing on planet number three.

It was soft, as crash landings go, because of a newly designed retro rocket for our craft. It was a very good landing. The first thing we did was run off a long, boring, but important post-landing checklist. We then analyzed our surroundings. The analyzer provided us with the unbelievable information that this was an enlarged replica of the planet earth. Were the view port watcher's eyes not playing tricks on him?

With much reluctance we stepped out of the airlock into the giant "earth." Our eyes almost popped open, agape at our surroundings. We were in a jungle of grass blades. We went back into our damaged craft to get some sickles to clear a small path through the growth.

After retrieving the sickle we went on, swishing our way through the thick growth. We formed a procession. We went in an arc around the ship, dropping off each man to the servicing center of his specialty. It took about half an hour to complete the arc around the ship.

About an hour after the latter task was begun, a large, deafening roar filled our ears. We put on our ear sound absorbers, and were saved from being permanently deaf. Still, the loud sound continued, as one of the dials on my portable gauge-a-tometer revealed. The sound continued, and then a gigantic black-toothed thing came along. It was coming toward us! About five seconds later, we started feeling a wind increasing in strength.

We hit the dirt. Only one of us forgot his emergency training and didn't follow suit. We recorded a lingering choked off scream, and then the roar of the wind.

It still continued on: 50 yards, 20, 10. We looked up to see the monster going right over us. There was a blade-type thing, rotating around, cracking off the tree tops above us. About five seconds later, the thing and the wind passed.



If I hadn't known better, I would have thought it was a lawn mower. It was a lawn mower! Gigantic! Then a very far fetched but very true theory occurred to me.

I called a crew meeting of all six minus two of us. I told them my theory. I told them, "My theory is that our universe is just a speck in this universe, which is many times as big as our own. By chance, just like you (the view port watcher) said, 'This is our solar system.' And we have landed on planet Earth in the gigantic universe." I told them that I thought the monster was a lawn mower, and if we had looked beyond it, we probably would have seen a giant. Then, as our minds turned toward space, we asked ourselves a frightening question: was this universe inside another, even greater universe? Were we a box in a box?

After a short rest period, we continued on fixing our ship, without hindrance. One by one, each of us completed his task, and went to help others, who were still working on their tasks.

Finally the last man completed his task (the hardest). We went into the ship to retire. It was still daylight outside. As I passed inside, I noticed the pressure guage still showing erratic indications as I walked in. I was alarmed for a moment, then, remembering my theory, went to bed.

In the morning the countdown program computer blared out the countdown as loud as blast-off two thousand years before. At last we were going to blast off. All of us climbed into the freezing tubes for suspended animation since the G-force created by blast-off was too great for us to withstand. We would be reinstated after blast off for post-blast off check. As the monotonous computer voice said, "Suspended animation engaged," everything went black.

We were reinstated about 12,000 miles from "Earth." We ran through the checklist. On a blast-off from Spaceport 1, this checklist would have been done by Space Control. Anyway, we went through the checklist, and every system was "go."

Next order of business was to decide what our destination was. We chose the end of this large universe, not knowing what was on the other side of this universe's barrier. We also kept in mind that since this universe was around 600 times as large as our own, it would probably take 600 times as long to make the journey. Although our space ship was built to run indefinitely, we were still in doubt about its performance. We stepped into the animation tubes and froze.

I felt the state of suspended animation leaving, as the tube opened. I stepped out, as the others did the same. I looked toward the view port and saw the flickering light of the barrier. Remembering the plight that we had last time, I quickly closed the view port shutters.



Remembering the question about the length of time to reach the barrier, I glanced at the chronometer. It showed 2,000 years since the time we left "Earth"! After calling this phenomenon to the attention of the others, I realized that this question would have to remain an unknown curiosity.

About a day later we felt the tremor and lurch of hitting the barrier. We were in the barrier for the second time. The lurch and stop of coming out of the barrier occurred about an hour later, as the pressure guages went crazy. This time we attributed the malfunction of the pressure guages to the size of the universe, and therefore the pressure.

Opening the shutters, we saw an even larger universe opening before us. Through the rear porthole, we saw the smaller universe receding behind us, taking the spherical shape of our own universe we completed passing two thousand years before.

We decided to try to land on the Earth, if there was one, of this universe. Using the same course we set on in the last universe, we headed toward Earth.

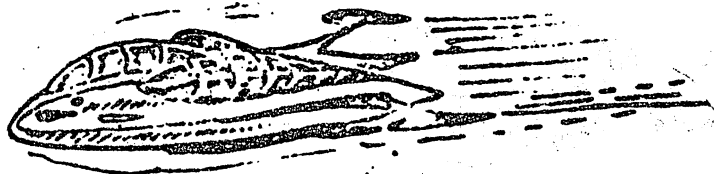
We programmed the computer to alarm us when we reached "our" solar system. About five minutes later, the computer followed its programming and alarmed us. As all systems locked in on the solar system, I set a course for a landing on Earth in what looked like North America.

Swinging around the planet, slowing down at the same time, we prepared for a landing. A slight bump, and we were landing. One by one, the systems we did not need switched off to conserve energy. We put some gear in our packs and stepped out.

Looking at our surroundings -- brush, brush, and more brush -- we went back in to get some sickles. We started taking turns at the strenuous job of taking the lead.

Finding the going rough, we trudged back to the ship. We decided to assemble our motorized vehicle and use it to contend with the plants. Assembling the motorized vehicle (M.V.) was easy, since there were only four pieces to assemble.

Employing a rotary saw in front of the M.V., we forged our way through the plants. About  $3/4$  mile out, we heard a loud booming sound. The M.V. was rising up! There before us was a giant! We started going very fast in the air. We were in his hand!



There was a stop, and then we were going again. We heard two different booming noises, and then we were set down on a vast plain with towering glass, silver, and stone structures scattered in a pattern on it. Everything happened so fast, we had no emotional reactions, and now we almost did. Keeping ourselves in control, we managed to avoid an incident.

Suddenly in a loud, booming voice, and quite plainly, someone said, "Who are you?"

Using a megaphone, I replied, "Earthlings from Earth."

Peals of laughter rang out. He replied, in between chuckles, "How could you be from Earth? This is Earth?"

"We are from Earth. Earth in another universe, much smaller than yours."

"I don't care where you're from. I'll kill you on the morrow!" He pronounced "kill" very loudly.

He walked away. He started talking to another person in, to him, a soft voice. But to us it was nice and loud, and we could hear it very plainly: "Keep them in sight. They are so small they can escape very easily. It was a one-in-a-million chance that I saw them riding along in their little car in the first place."

After hearing the door shut, we set about trying to escape extermination. We decided to employ the magnets in our wheels and travel down the legs of what we now judged to be a giant table.

About an hour later we started the engine and employed the engine silencer. With me in the driver's seat, we headed for the corner, where the leg would probably be.

We reached the corner, and we could see the leg extending down to the ground. I turned on the magnetism and drove over the side. The wheels clung to the side very well, and we drove on in a vertical position.

As we drove on, I began to notice that there was about a five-foot drop between the edge of the table and the table's leg. We would have to make the five-foot drop because the magnet would not cling to the underside of the table, if we wanted to go on it to meet the top of the leg.

Calling this to the attention of the others, I decided with them to attempt the daring jump. I drove the M.V. to the edge of the side, hesitated and then drove off into space. We missed the leg! We were falling about a foot to the side of the leg. I

ordered the men to lean toward the leg passing behind us. The fall stopped. We had a safe grip on the leg.

Upon reaching the bottom of the leg, I drove on to the door, judging we could slip between it and the floor. Suddenly we heard a door opening. The giant was returning! We heard quite plainly a loud booming voice, "Where are they?"

Probably making a quick search of the room, and not finding us, he went out the door, leaving it wide open for our departure. Going over the threshold with ease, we escaped to freedom in the bus.

We drove to the ship without incident. After disassembling the M.V., we prepared for a takeoff. About an hour later, I was climbing into my freezing tube, thinking of what a close call we just had. Then everything went black.

The tube slid open as I stepped out. We ran through the post-blast-off checklist, as each system flashed "go" light.

The question now was to go on or turn back. We took a vote. When I called, "Who's for going on?" I remembered that I was very tired of this journey, but I still found my hand rising in agreement. We voted unanimously to continue to this universe's barrier.

After programming the navigation system, we stepped into the freezing tubes for the fifth time and froze.

We were being reinstated. The door opened, and we stepped out. We didn't have to worry about being hypnotized by the barrier, as I took the precaution of closing the viewport shutters before we were frozen.

We hit the barrier about an hour after we were reinstated. For some reason, we hit the barrier in a far shorter time than our last two encounters with it.

About two and one half minutes later, we went out of the barrier. Opening the viewport and all the portholes, we saw two surprises. We were in a very, very large boy's room, heading involuntarily toward a line of two space ships, one bigger than the other. Behind us, not only could we see the third universe receding in the distance, but also the second universe, and, just inside of that, we could barely see our own universe.

Five minutes later we set down in perfect line with the other space ships. I found myself against my will going toward the hatch and beyond. My crew followed in a perfect single file line. Unknown to us, the exact same thing, but with giants, was happening in each of the space ships beside us. We left the hatch, and, looking to our side, we saw that the exact same thing was happening at the other two space ships.

We stopped -- we included the other men giants -- facing a door. The door was opening! It was a giant!! The giant was probably a boy of its kind, but still larger than the largest giant in the space ship resting one giant space ship length away from us.

The giant spoke. "So you finally came, you from the first universe." He pointed at us as the other eight giants' eyes rested on us. The giant spoke again, "So you want to know where you are," almost reading our minds, "you twelve. Well, I'll tell you. That thing from whence you came belongs to me. I have been getting tired of that thing, so I am going to destroy it. I brought you here, representatives from all three -- what do you call 'em -- universes -- so you could witness the destruction of the thing. Now I shall lock you in my toy jail, while I confer with my father on this matter." Just as he said this, like robots, we walked right into the enormous toy jail, as the door clanged behind us.

I heard voices outside: "Son, you must not destroy my present I gave to you."

"I want to, and I will."

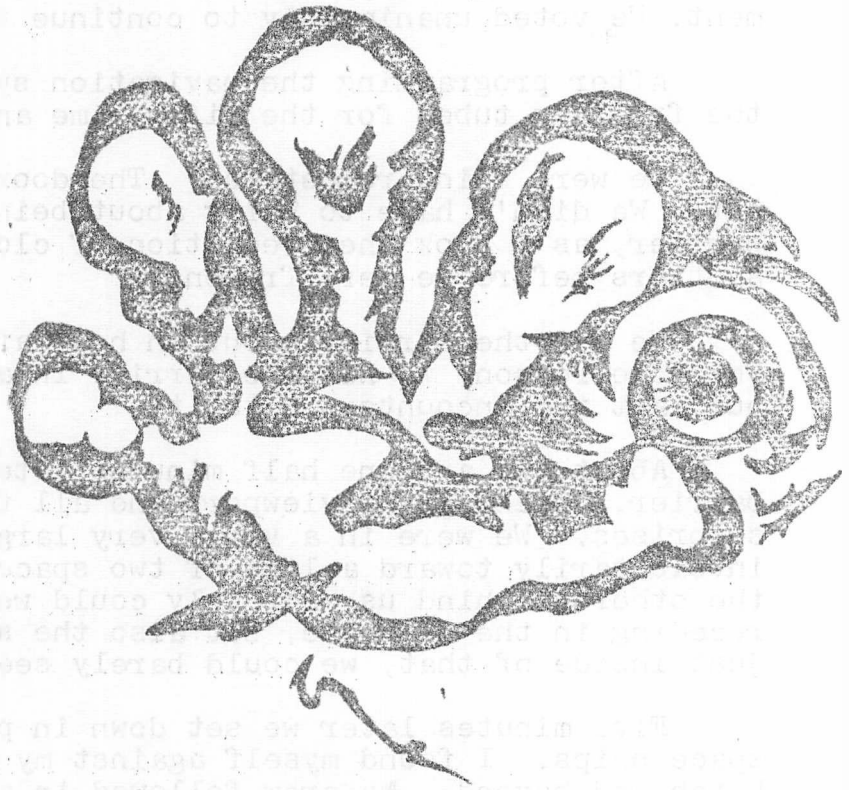
"Don't."


"I want to."

"Well, I'll leave it to you son. Whatever you want."

We heard the door close.

The door to the toy jail opened. "I will destroy your universes, whatever my father says." We mechanically walked over in front of the thing, with the giant boy walking behind us. He walked beyond our line and picked up the thing. There was a large clatter. Fifteen seconds later, the blackness of death enveloped us.




 SOME NOTES on OWEN BARFIELD  
 by Ruth Berman

On April 17 Owen Barfield gave a talk at the U. of M., followed by a "conversation hour." Barfield is a retired solicitor with interest in philosophy and philology, the author of such books as Words Apart: a dialogue of the 1960's, Saving the Appearances, Romanticism Comes of Age, etc. None of which would normally be close to my field of interests, except that he was a friend of C.S. Lewis and the other Inklings.

So I went to the conversation hour (the talk itself, unfortunately, coincided with my class, and it is generally considered unfair for the teacher to cut). I was startled to find that I recognized him by sight. Bonnie Goodknight did a drawing of him once in the Mythopoeic Society's fanzine Mythlore (now merged with the Tolkien Journal; subscriptions to the combined zine are one/\$1 or four \$3.50. The Mythopoeic Society, Box 24150, LA CA 90024). The drawing hit off his likeness neatly, except that it gave no indication of height. Lewis and Tolkien are both said to be tall, and I was half expecting Barfield to be another of the people who are so tall as to give me a crick in the neck when I try to talk to them. Looking around the room more carefully, I realized that Barfield would have been recognizable in any case - he was the only man in the room wearing a suit and tie. One long-haired, young man wearing what looked like underwear made an amusing contrast to Barfield - the one lounging on the floor, asking questions about the meaning of "meaning," the other sitting straight backed on a hard chair, eagerly answering, and both of them having to stop and ask each other to repeat at frequent intervals, because we found his accent somewhat unintelligible, and vice versa. (Besides, he has a soft voice and a shy man's habit of talking with his pipe in his mouth and his hand up adjusting the pipe.)

In his introduction to the collection of articles, Light on C.S. Lewis, Barfield has told how he once wrote a poem about Lewis as a type of the myths of Perseus and Bellerophon. I started to ask him about it. "It hasn't been published...has it?" he said, as if wondering how I'd heard of it, or else wondering how anyone could be interested in it. I agreed that it had not been published, but said that I wanted to know if he found that his poetry and his philosophy tended to work together, one imaging the other, as seemed to be the case with Lewis fiction/poetry and philosophy. He promptly said that he didn't think Lewis's philosophy and fiction did go together (and he never did get around to answering the question as it applied to himself). "Lewis allowed himself much more neoplatonism in

his stories than he could ever allow himself to believe in life. The universe of the Perelandra books and the Narnia books is very neoplatonic, but he could never believe that of this universe -- as I do, to a much greater extent."

Someone asked him what he meant by saying that neoplatonism was true. He said, "Well, the detection of correspondences between the macrocosm and the microcosm -- the sun is like a lion, is like the heart of a body -- that is truer than the scientific dissection of them into their elements, nerves cells, atoms."

Someone asked him what he meant by truer, and he said, "I couldn't attempt to answer that." But he added that it is characteristic of scientific thought, "Newton, Darwin, Einstein, and so forth," to look only at the separate elements of which a unity is made, and never at the unity. This remark brought him back to the topic of his morning's speech, "Language and discovery," when he had discussed attempts at finding a new language in which it would be possible to talk about unities, and so perhaps combat the tendency to view everything as fragments (a tendency which he sees as a pervasive modern problem), to complement the scientific language which has been developed over the past few centuries and which enables people to discuss analysis so well. (He didn't say that "analysis" is literally fragmentation, and that what he would want is a return to the medieval scholastic tradition, in which synthesis was as important a part of a discussion as analysis, but I assume that those ideas underlay his remarks.)

However, he said, there are some alternatives to analytic language presently available even so, figurative language, myths (which, he believes, date back to a pre fragmented-thinking state of humanity), art (meaning all the arts, although he gave examples only from painting); "science could be, although it hasn't been."

He was asked what influences led him to develop the line of thought he has. He hesitated, obviously taken aback, then said earnestly "I was born of poor but honest parents." Then he tried to form a straight answer, and said, "Poetry changed me. I came to it at a later age than most -- I think I was in my 20's. It wasn't so much whole poems as single lines, phrases, images. It was then that I began to think about poetry in the way that led to my ideas about poetic diction."



The talk then veered to poetry, and Barfield was able to avoid giving any further biography, although later on in response to

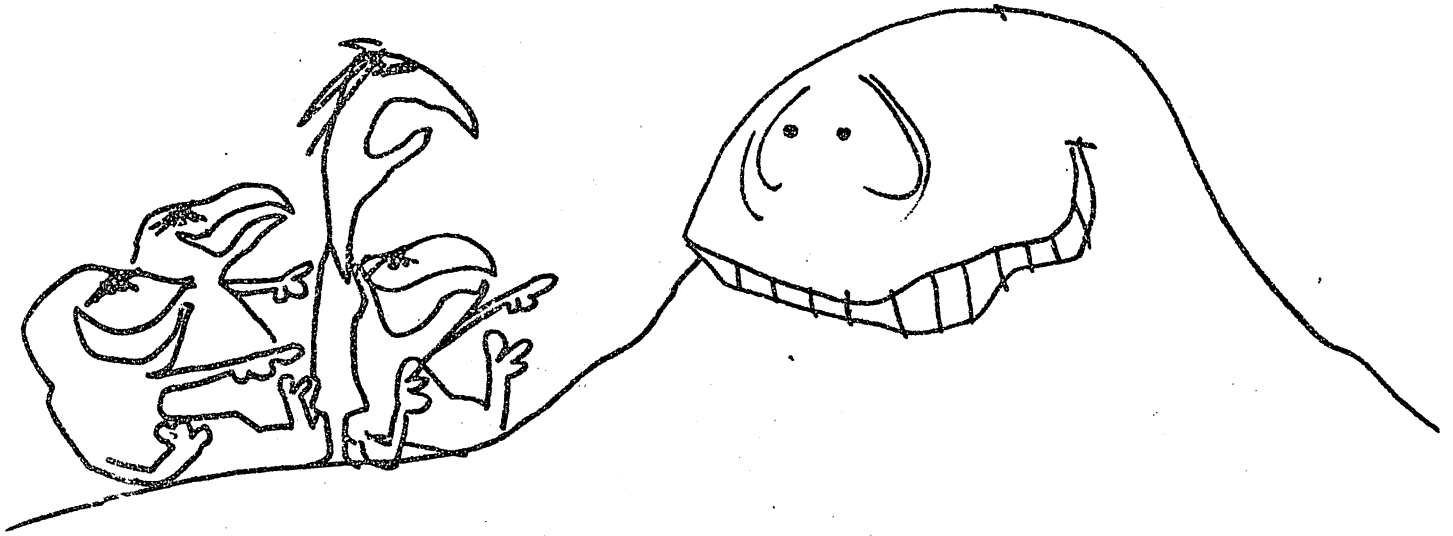
a question on Steinerism and religion, he mentioned that he had been brought up as an agnostic. The fact that Lewis had already said as much about him in Surprised By Joy may have had something to do with his willingness to say even that little about himself. Left to himself, he would obviously rather not discuss himself (not with strangers, at any rate).

One student asked what Barfield thought of McLuhan. Barfield answered that McLuhan seems to deny the possibility that messages delivered in the same medium can be significantly different from one another. Discussion of the effects of mediums on messages caused another student to remark that he found lectures to be a poor way of teaching, because the medium itself was boring. ("Not necessarily," I said, ready to discuss the equal potential for boredom in such alternatives as Class Discussion -- the English Department here has been encouraging Discussion and Discouraging Lecture to the point where some teachers now avoid lecturing even where it would be more appropriate than discussion. However, I shut up, not wanting to get into an argument which would probably prevent any wider discussion in the time available.) Barfield thought a moment, and then said, "Oh, no. A really good lecturer -- not someone like me -- produces a work of art."

The student said hastily that he hadn't meant Barfield's talk that morning when he complained of boring lectures.

"No. I don't go to many lectures myself," said Barfield. "Unlike the Central European, I am not a lecture-going animal. But I've been to enough to have a sense of what a good lecture is. For one thing, a good lecturer doesn't rely on notes the way I do. But the gestures, the tones of voice are a dramatic performance."

Footnote to what I was saying last issue about sf stories with Jewish characters. Bob Silverberg slipped out of the neat generalization I'd set up, as soon as I got it into the mail, by appearing in the July Galaxy with the first half of a new novel, Dying Inside. Like all his work in the past few years, it's brilliant -- fascinating both for its style and for the depth of its characterization. Here and there, even so, it gives me a feeling of pastiche. It's hard to write about New York Jews without sounding like Roth (and Bellow and Malamud and...). In fact, it's hard to write about Jews at all without falling into a takeoff of Newyorkese, which is all very well if the character is a New Yorker (as Dying Inside's David Selig is), but it gets tiresome applied to all Jews.



SMILE AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU...

NO and YES: letters

from Norman Hochberg, 89-07 209 Street, Queens Village NY 11427

Great cover (and p. 9 illo) by Grant. He's one of the finest fan artists around and my choice for a Hugo this year.

"Kosher SF" reminded me of a very funny story by Carol Carr in Orbit 5, "Look, You Think You've Got Troubles." It was told in stereotypical Jewish dialect by the father of a Jewish girl who has married a Martian. "When I close my eyes, which is rarely, I see our daughter when she was fourteen years old, with skin just beginning to go pimply and no expression on her face. I see her walking up to Sadie and asking her what she should do with her life now she's filling out, and my darling Sadie, my life's mate, telling her why not marry a freak; you got to be a beauty to find a man here, but on Mars you shouldn't know from so many fish. 'I knew I could count on you, Mama,' she says, and goes ahead and marries a plant with legs." There's a curious quality to that passage that instantly makes it particularly human. Maybe it's just because I was raised as a Jew, I don't know.



You note that much of religious sf tends to symbolically portray human concerns. I wonder if it doesn't often go the other way, too. Does "normal" sf (as opposed to the "religious" sf you talked about) present religious concerns symbolically? Childhood's End comes to mind immediately, as well as the Ellison short "I Have No Mouth..." Each touches tangentially on religion or not at all, yet both have strongly religious atmospheres.

Re: the stone. I'll granite you that a stone's life may be interesting. People are always immortalized in you, and you're only a throw from someplace someone wants to go (of quartz!). (Sorry.)

What did you think about the Ellison film? I saw it at Noreascon and thought it was horrible, an example of "Author, plug thyself" with no really valuable discussion on sf at all. The other Gunn films I've seen have also suffered from this and a decidedly simple-minded approach to the camera and editing techniques. ((I thought much that was said in the film was interesting, but of course -- as is pretty much inevitable in a discussion format -- some of the things said were cliches. And I'd agree that the use of examples mostly drawn from Dangerous Visions with a profusion of closeups of the book made some sections resemble a hard-sell commercial.))

from Jeff Glencannon, 5049 Tacoma, Philadelphia PA 19144

Regarding your puzzlement over the use of a Catholic structure for most religious sf: While I have long since left the Catholic Church and am a committed atheist, I still have considerable respect for the Church (I left it not because of supposed horrors, but simply because, to my eyes, it wasn't true, and truth is the only important value that a religion must hold. Belief is not the same as admiring a piece of poetry). I'd suggest that the reason it is used is that it is the only "Western" religion with the exception of Orthodox Judaism which offers a fully realized intellectual structure to work with. It is possible to stand outside the Catholic Church and say that this is not true, but if it were, such-and-such would be the consequences, just as it is possible to stand outside a structure such as magic, or such as Communism, and work with it as a set of postulates. I know of no Protestant religion (I include Anglo Catholic with Catholic as you do) which offers any similar intellectual structure. Most Protestant religions offer heavy doses of emotionalism (so does Catholicism, but that is not all it offers) and almost no theology that stands up. They certainly do not offer a comprehensive world-view. In some cases, such as Unitarianism, they seem to reach, not exactly a Deist position, but almost a "To Whom it may concern" position towards God. Perhaps this is why there are a considerable number of Catholics

among the sf readers who are science-interested, and some Jews, and a few Deists, but relatively few sincere Protestants, very few certainly who would do the equivalent of some Catholics' getting up for six o'clock Mass during a convention.

In Re the Gold confusion, I might as well add to it. In the first place, Horace Gold is H.L. Gold. There is also Herbert Gold, who writes best sellers and pieces of Playboy and all like that, but he is neither Horace nor H.L. Since Horace was around longg before Herbert, could your English Edition's "L.E. Gold" have meant to identify "Lit's Earlier Gold"? Just a thought.

from Ted Schulz, 180 Mt. Lassen Drive, San Rafael CA 94903

I particularly enjoyed Dick Martin's "Oz Ad Nauseam" -- and though I won't share it with my ten year old neighbor who is also a member of the International W.O.O.Z. Club, I will share it with her parents -- over Martinis, of course.

Grant Canfield's cover and sketch on p. 9 are fine. Has he ever tried his hand at anything Sherlockian?

I enjoyed John Berry's narrative of his excursion along Hadrian's Wall. When I was teaching World History at Bayview High School (in the sub cellar), I found my students very interested in the Wall -- perhaps because I showed a film that gave a few glimpses of Hadrian's Wall.

from Sandra Miesel, 8744 North Pennsylvania Str, Indianapolis IN 46240

So you're a Singer fan, too! His fantasies really ought to be better known in fandom. But I'd be apprehensive about urging unstable people to read Satan in Goray. (Does anyone else suspect Rosemary's Baby is a pallid copy of this book?) Have you read Elie Wiesel's Souls on Fire, a lovely descriptive history of Hasidism which helps put Singer in context? The scarcity of Jewish SF is odd, considering the backgrounds of so many of our writers. A few other titles: Asimov's "Unto the Fourth Generation" and the light folkloric fantasies of Leonard Tushnet. I thought the ethnic humor of Carol Carr's "You think You Got Troubles?" was badly strained.

I agree that colorfulness has a lot to do with the preponderance of Catholic motifs in religious SF. Poul Anderson varies his usual formula by bringing a Lutheran pastor into Operation Chaos instead of the expected Catholic priest. When Oriental mysticism is ascendant, he contrasts it with strict Calvinist Protestantism (Orbit Unlimited and The Enemy Stars).

from George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101

"Oz ad Nauseam" is superb! In the matter of Kosher SF, I'm surprised that no one's used the idea of Earthmen, wandering through the Galaxy after the loss/destruction of Earth, adopting Judaism as a religion & philosophy appropriate to the circumstances.

from Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dri, St. Louis MO 63131

Have you ever revealed the meaning of "no" as your title? It might be negative, but then again it might refer to No masks, since your previous issue showed your familiarity with drama. Someone confessed that it might be just abbrev. for number, so... ((Actually, it's half of Nous, the title when my sister Jean and I co-edited it. I figured, half the editorship, half the title. But I like negatives.))

Cover is neat and breasty, but the girl seems somewhat bored about the whole thing. Back cover is hideously good.

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Kent State University Press,  
Kent Ohio 44242, sends a flyer  
to say that they are publishing  
Science Fiction Criticism: An  
Annotated Checklist, by Thomas  
D. Claerson, the editor of  
Extrapolation. Earlier versions  
of the checklist appeared serially  
in E. \$7.00.

As a footnote to "Oz ad  
Nauseam," I should  
probably (?) mention that  
the address of the Wizard  
of Oz Club is c/o Fred Meyer,  
220 North 11th Street,  
Escanaba MI 49829. Member-  
ship (includes subscription  
to the club's journal,  
The Baum Bugle) is \$2.50/  
year.



"SIGH" A BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
JUST TRIPPED OVER ME...

*hch*

THE SAGA OF OLAF LOUDSNORE: Chapter CIC  
by John Boardman

After Olaf entered the service of King Erling of Norway, he spent much of his time fighting off the attacks of Finnish raiders. Under his leadership the Norse defeated all the Finnish war-bands except that of Waino the Wineskin. When the King saw that Waino was too powerful to be overcome, he sent Jarl Olaf to treat with him for peace.

Jarl Olaf found Waino to be a fat, drunken man, very proud and with many strong warriors. Waino mocked at him and at King Erling, and said he would cease his raids only if he could wed the King's daughter, Hedwig the Headstrong.

"The King of Norway agrees to your terms," Jarl Olaf told him. "Princess Hedwig will be sent to you, and with her a priest to wed you to her."

"No priest of Rome will wed us," Waino replied. "We will be wed in the pagan fashion of the Finns, as is the custom of our land."

Jarl Olaf returned with this message to King Erling. The King did not like this rebuff, but for the peace of his land he agreed to Waino's terms. Princess Hedwig was sent with Jarl Olaf and a great escort, to wed Waino by the pagan rite.

When Jarl Olaf presented the Princess to Waino, he asked, "What is the pagan manner of wedding?"

"On the day of the ceremony," Waino replied, "I will enter one door of the hall, in a robe with a long train. The Princess will enter another door, and will also wear a long train. Acting in the place of her father, you will tie the trains together. Such is the manner of our marriage rite."

On the appointed day, Jarl Olaf escorted the Princess into the Finnish chieftain's hall. But Waino was so drunken that he fell on the floor and spewed up his drink. So far from the Princess did he fall that Jarl Olaf could not tie their trains together.

"Norse traitor!" demanded Waino's men. "Tie their robes. Does your King mean to mock our chieftain and us?"

When Jarl Olaf could not tie the robes together, the Finns attacked him. But the Finns were drunken, and Jarl Olaf and the Norsemen withstood them. They slew many of the Finns, burned the hall over them, and returned homeward with the Princess.

King Erling rejoiced at the safe return of his daughter and the overthrow of his enemies. "But how came it," he asked Jarl Olaf, "that the Princess did not marry Waino?"

"Norse is Norse," Jarl Olaf replied, "and souse is souse, and never the trains shall meet."

