



Phoenix

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Scott

not all worlds are square

Phoenix 5 Dec. '61

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Cover by Bill Scott

Columnists) Clay Hamlin Dave Hulan Jim Williams Floyd Zwicky

Starting nextish . . . a column by Alan Dodd

mimeo by QWERTYUIOPress, and thanx Ted for the help

CONT'D from page 8 .. JUSTICE ) ) ) which might raise false hopes, you must realize that what our opposition can do to gain recruits we can do as well. The contract you signed was perfectly valid and legal of course, but did not state that the terms of the contract could not run simultaneously for both parties. Therefore your term has been served, and very well served indeed, I might add. Perhaps you wonder about your son's unfortunate accident? This was your payment for the escapade with Miss White. So now the 3B clause of the contract takes effect. We are only too glad to welcome such a one as yourself to our establishment, and in this case it will be for eternity, if you consent.

In a daze Henry nodded, and stammered, "But...", then stopped as the angel said, "All these things will be explained shortly. But now we must leave to prepare a new home for your wife Mary who will be with you again very shortly. Shall we go?"



CONT'D from page 13 .. PIPE DREAM ) ) ) David V. Reed, Richard S. Shaver, John Bloodstone - with the six novels leading up to the revised TARZAN ON MARS story....

There is one thing that gives me hope. Palmer is still holding my sister's story SWORD OF ALDONES, accepted before Palmer began to publish Flying Saucer material. Possibly he is holding this story for use in a revived OW, and we shall one day see OTHER WORLDS upon the stands once more, bringing a great new Golden Age of science fiction. It is at least something to dream of while trying to force one's way through the latest F&SF, or while brooding over a pile of ancient WEIRD TALES.



Nix is an irregular publication from Dave Locke, PO Box 207, Indian Lake, NY, and is available the usual ways or 15¢, 4/50¢. #6 will be delayed for awhile, but there will definitely be a nextish . . . . (the same to you, fellah).

PHILLY in '63

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3. VIEWS

WORLD UNITY

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Dave suggests that I make a more or less regular thing of this amateur philosophizing, so I'll have a shot at it until either I run out of ideas or I find nobody is interested. I hope to make these things mildly controversial in the hope of stirring up some comment because I myself find articles more interesting when I can take a few pot-shots at them. So write, please, with praise or blame - praise is pleasanter but blame is more interesting.

Just for the fun of it, let's look at the late Mr. Willkie's One World to see if we can estimate whether this desirable situation is in the predictable future or is hopelessly visionary. Those of you who may have received copies of UNIFICATION No. 11, March, 1961 from the International "Prasu" Council (Holland) will know that Mr. Willkie's adherents are not alone.

For some years I have been fond of saying that our do-gooders fall short of workable solutions to the problems they are working on because they are incapable or unwilling to see the situation as it is. The One Worlders accept a number of assumptions as fact. I will list some of them and then we will examine them.

1. To learn to know a people is to learn to love them.
2. There can be love (or hate) between large groups of people.
3. Good feeling between the citizens of one country and another will or can prevent war between them.
4. Language is a barrier to understanding and the afore-mentioned love.

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My answers: 1. Look at the map of Europe and count the number of small countries, some now lost in political affiliations, such as Montenegro and Albania. All of these people have lived in close proximity for more years than is comfortable to think of and many of their citizens have traveled widely in other countries and speak languages other than their own. Surely they know each other about as well as nations can be expected to, so then we ought to expect slathers of brotherly love. But look what we do have; the British hate the Germans, the Germans hate the Italians, the Italians hate the French and the French hate everybody. To make it worse, even in those countries that have been linked together politically there is hatred and contempt between members of the alliance. The Croat will tell you that the language and the culture of

the Serb and the Slovene is obviously inferior; the Czech will announce that only Bohemian is the cultured and expressive language, in contrast to Slovak, and the Austrian will sneer at the Oriental origin of the Magyar. But certainly there are alliances, yet these are plainly due to expediency and they change with the political winds.

2. This is ridiculous. Surely we all know that we have no time for any emotions at all toward people so remote as those in other countries. Our real attitude is one of complete indifference; these people don't and can't touch us, so "out of sight, out of mind." We do read about such emotions, but please note that they belong either to people who have traveled widely in foreign countries or to professional writers who must have opinions to present to the public. For the rank and file of us, how in the world can we form opinions regarding people we have never met? Public opinion against citizens of another nation only comes into being when it is pressured by propaganda. As an aside, let us remember that propaganda is publicity circulated for a purpose; it may be true or it may be false. Rarely, if ever, is it possible to produce good feeling toward citizens of another country, possibly because this emotion is not sufficiently intense. Witness the indifferent success in selling the Englishman to the American.

3. Have you ever heard of war being declared by referendum? Of course not; the sentiments of the public have nothing to do with warfare. This is the province of the politician and the economist and the public seldom even understands clearly why it is necessary to engage in this primitive and uncivilized practice. This is supposed to be objective, but I can't resist inserting the excellent motto that Asimov invented for the "Foundation" stories: "Violence is the last refuge of the incompetent."

4. Language. Ask a soldier or a seaman who has spent some time in England and in Germany where he gets along best. It is a notorious fact that there is always friction between Americans and Englishmen - this is a truism among seamen. And it is also true that Americans invariably get along well in Germany. Granted that many Germans speak English, yet it is a foreign language to them. From my own experience in these two countries (not during war), I have evolved an explanation that will do me until I find a better one. Since the Englishman speaks our language we naturally expect him to think as we do and when we find he does not, since of course he is a European, we are shocked and repelled. The German, however, speaks a foreign language and we naturally expect him to think like a foreigner and so we are delighted when we find areas of similarity. Among Englishmen the similarities are even more prevalent but our attitude makes us ignore them in favor of the differences. And yet when we are back home again we don't hate the Britisher and love the German; we are again indifferent to them both. Remember we are talking here of the rank and file of people, not cosmopolites, diplomats and such exceptions.

Another point that probably should have gone under point 1. It is quite possible that when we get to know a people we might hate them intensely. Suppose, for example, we toured the Soviet Union and found that its citizens were like the characters in a story by Chekhov, Turgenev or Dostoyevsky. Invariably they are dirty, ignorant, unprincipled and mean. To know them is to love them? Or suppose we spent a reasonable amount of time in a country in which social and moral customs were strikingly different from ours. I am sure it is asking far too much of the average

citizen to expect him to be so tolerant. Here again I am not speaking of the cultural anthropologist, but just the average Joe.

All right then, what are we going to do about World Unity? Darned if I know; you figure it out. But when you do, base your solution on things the way they are, not the way you think they ought to be, or the way idealists in their ivory towers say they are. We know there is a Utopia in the immediate offing if people were thus and so. But darn it, they ain't, are they?

### HUMAN RIGHTS

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These words, if not the whole idea, seem to be peculiarly American; at least we talk about them a lot even though we don't do as much as we think we do.

Think the matter over a bit and the lack of human rights will positively scare you. When you say you have a "right" to something you must mean that somebody must give it to you, since such rights usually involve your reaction with others. There are even some who feel they have certain rights to a life undisturbed by phenomenon of Nature, but their claims may be dismissed as soon as we realize that Nature isn't even aware that the genus homo exists.

"Freedom from want" means you have a right to enough to eat, to clothing and shelter, doesn't it? Well then, who do you have a right to expect it from? And why should he give it to you when he has his own problems? So it is hardly reasonable to expect it from your neighbor. How about the government? Politicians are not philanthropists as a general rule, are they? Yet if they don't show some concern for their constituents they won't be re-elected. On the other hand, if the constituents don't indicate what they want done, the politicians are apt to become lax too. So when we trace it down, we find that this imaginary "right" resolves itself into a responsibility, something much less pleasant because it implies work - the work of selecting representatives who will serve us well and of keeping after these men to see that they keep on the job.

You have a "right" to work? And who is going to give you this work and why? Remember again that when you get something you have to get it from somebody, not out of thin air. All right, get it from the government then. How? Here we are involved with business, and we are properly afraid of allowing the government too much say in business. But if you were a Congressman and you could arrange matters so that each one of your people was permanently employed, they would only have minor gripes, wouldn't they? At least they would be minor compared with unemployment. Or suppose you were a business man, or the composite that makes up a big corporation. Wouldn't you prefer to operate at full steam the year round, with no problems of layoffs and retraining? And wouldn't you like to see your business grow so that you could easily absorb the new people coming into the labor market? Business, like government, needs and loves stability; they both want to be able to look into the future and plan.

From the above, the reason for unemployment becomes fairly clear - those entrusted with the problem just don't know what to do about it. If the people want a thing, if business wants it and the government also wants it, certainly we will have it if possible. Well it isn't possible,

and if you know of a foolproof way to do it, I am sure there are quite a few people who would listen.

Labor conditions in Russia under what the Russians erroneously call Communism have deluded many into thinking the Russians have solved the matter of full employment. But look at the country. It occupies the economic position of our country a hundred or so years ago. The land is being industrialized and in no respect does it produce near what the population wants. So certainly there is little unemployment and this will probably be true there until they have reached too near the saturation point as we have. Except that their situation will be worse, since by that time much more can be produced by many fewer people.

So much for your job; what about your life? Freedom from fear? If you believe God will give it to you, then the answer is prayer. However, it has been true that we must get out of the messes we make without celestial help and I suspect this is still true. So who is going to keep you free from fear? Same darn thing is true; you are stuck with the responsibility for making the kind of world in which you can feel safe. Certainly if you don't do it nobody else will.

One more - civil "rights." This one is not so easy. Say there are two men, one white and one black, so as to make it easy to remember which is which. Also assume the white man dominates the scene for the time being. The black man says he has a moral right to what the white man enjoys, and many white men agree with him. Well has he such a moral right? This is one of the knotty questions that involve absolute right or wrong, and it can't be answered in a word. Sometimes this can be right and sometimes wrong, depending on the circumstances, which are not as simple as many would have you believe.

Further, the black man says the white man ought to treat him so as to ignore the color. If this happens to be an absolute truth, which might be hard to demonstrate, then how can it be done? Can you legislate feelings, right or wrong? If a man insists he is right and if he is strong enough so you can't dispossess him of the idea, then it would appear that you have to accept his word while yet disagreeing with him. What has happened to the "right?" You have a right to make a man think differently on what he thinks is a fundamental issue? Or do you have a "right" to make him act contrary to what he thinks is basically right?

I offer an argument against civil rights, emphasizing that it is an argument, not my argument, so don't accuse me of various kinds of misanthropism. The white race is responsible for almost all of what the world considers valuable in our civilization. Aside from the fact that the civilization may be less valuable than we think, the white man may reason that since his race has produced these things, the black man is not necessarily entitled to them without having contributed to the production of them. This can be further amplified, but this much will do for now. It illustrates that those who disagree with you don't necessarily do so through blind, unreasoning prejudice; rather they may have their reasons, even though you may not think them good reasons. Few people do anything for no reason, unless they are insane.

Continue this for yourself and see if you can discover that we have any rights at all. Reminds me of the young man who told his father that the world owed him a living. The old man said, "Yes it does; now go out and try to collect."

## JUSTICE

As with all abstracts, justice is difficult to discuss because the conception of it differs from person to person. However, we might be able to analyze what it means to most persons from the way it is dispensed.

To use a concrete example, suppose a man commits a murder, say, in a fit of anger and not premeditated. Would you agree that we think that justice determines the penalty for the crime? Apparently this is the common idea, judging by the way the public and the courts react. So let us ask ourselves some questions. What purpose does any sort of punishment serve in this case? Is it a deterrent? Not likely, since men will get drunk and resort to violence without sober consideration of the legal angles. Prevention of repetition? It is not too likely that a man who did such a deed would repeat it, though he might. Isn't the real reason for punishment of all kinds a desire for revenge on the Mosaic theory that the "wicked must suffer?" "He must pay for his wickedness," we say, but we don't make him pay in any usable coin; we merely injure him in a way similar to the way he injured his victim.

Let us take a look at justice from a different angle, and one that must be new to penologists, surely. Let us suppose you own a priceless vase and, due to your own carelessness in setting it down, it falls and is broken. Or that a young child clumsily shoves it off the table and breaks it. Now a rational man will certainly not think of punishing himself, nor will he punish the child who is too young to realize what he has done. So what is his reaction? Remembering Aesop, he does not cry over spilt milk, but immediately examines the vase to see if it can be repaired. If so, he repairs it, and if not he throws it away with a regretful sigh, or even a few cusswords. The point here is that he wastes no time and effort in recriminations but directs his thoughts toward righting the wrong.

Now let's return to our crime. Undoubtedly the criminal will suffer conviction for some sort of manslaughter and will go to prison. Aside from satisfying the desire for revenge, what good does this punishment do society? Note that we do not concern ourselves with any attempt to right the wrong. Rather do we saddle ourselves with the support of a man who might be useful to society.

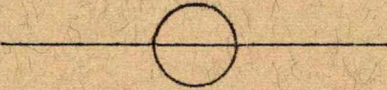
Now for the new approach. First, we examine the situation to see exactly what harm has been done. First, a life has been taken, but it can't be restored, can it? Then, we ask if the victim had a wife and/or children who would be deprived of his support and its benefits. Finally, we ask if the victim was of some peculiar use to society. And now we are ready to decide. How close can we come to repairing the damage? Well, the criminal might be charged with the support of the victim's family until they no longer need it. In this day and age, when everybody is required to carry various identifying documents, it is very hard to hide, except maybe in the underworld. In any case, I imagine some scheme could be worked out to take care of this if we took such an idea seriously.

Then, if the victim was engaged in a valuable work, we might set the criminal at similar work if he were capable of it, so as not to deprive society of any possible benefits of the victim's life. Now I respect-

fully submit that this is very nearly all we can do toward righting a wrong that can't be undone completely. And I also state that any further punishment designed merely to make the criminal suffer for his crime is uncivilized and unworthy of a species that fondly considers itself rational.

Now remember that I am speaking of wrongdoing against society of some consequence, not merely traffic violations of the minor sort and such misdemeanors. I grant that the likelihood of paying a fine will help to prevent speeding, petty thievery and the like. Yet even here there are those who cannot be deterred and I leave it to someone else to figure out a plan for that. Assuming, of course, that anything at all can be done to eliminate these tendencies, which I doubt.

The case that brings these thoughts to my mind is the one involving Eichmann, whose guilt is not at all in doubt, and the gravity of whose crimes cannot be exaggerated. But note that the predominating emotion is revenge - pure, simple savage revenge. What possible good can his punishment do the world? His crime cannot be undone and surely he is not likely to repeat it, nor will his punishment be a deterrent to prospective dealers in genocide. It is reasonable to insist that if he is now benefiting in any way from his actions, such benefits should be taken from him. I will stretch a point and admit also that we might justify life imprisonment on the basis that he ought not to be allowed to live a pleasant or even free life when he denied that privilege to so many. But this will not be the thought behind the findings of the courts that are trying him - their thought will be revenge and they will not trouble to conceal it from the public, most of whom will agree. In that case, let us not call it justice, which implies something nobler, but revenge, which is a short, dirty word for a short dirty action. The fact that Eichmann, as a naturalized Argentine citizen, was kidnapped by men from a country which was not directly injured because it did not exist at the time of the crimes, and was conducted illegally to Israel, doesn't help matters any. And the fact that neither Argentina nor any of the so-called justice-loving nations of the world did not protest this illegality doesn't speak too well for our civilization either. What would happen if an American citizen were so treated. What if it were you?



CONT'D from page 17 .. JUSTICE

Desperately looking for a way of escape and finding none Henry complied and held out his hand, shivering again.

The scene changed once again. He found himself in a quiet and lovely setting, with a sparkling brook running through green hills which seemed to radiate an ineffable glow of peace. He turned to find his guide behind him, but now completely visible. The being radiated a feeling of good will, and the lovely pinions opening behind him proved clearer than any words that this was surely no demon.

With a smile of welcome, the angel commented, "I am sure you will need a word of explanation. Although we are careful not to give any foundation

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CONT'D on page 2 ---



# Justice

Henry slumped into the chair in astonishment as he stared at the creature lounging on the overstuffed sofa. Only half visible, the being hardly seemed the demon that the old grimoire had led him to believe would appear at the summons. Except for the odd haziness that made it difficult to see the creature's form and features, he might well have taken it for a human being.

"Well," thought Henry, "nothing ventured, nothing gained." He half rose from the chair and commented, "I didn't really expect anything to happen, you know, so I am rather surprised to see you, but since we have got this far there is no reason not to go all the way. You are prepared to make a deal, I suppose?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the other. "Even though there is so little belief in such as ourselves in these days, we still do a rather thriving business in the usual merchandise ascribed to us. Our terms are most generous, and I believe you will find our services carried out by the very latest of modern business methods. Repeat trade, you know. You have something special in mind, sir?"

"Uh, yes," stammered Henry. "I was thinking more in the line of a short term lease, rather than the eternity you seem to prefer, according to the stories told of you. Are contracts of that sort available?"

"Indeed they are," answered the visitor with what seemed to be a disarming smile. "We have a choice selection of contracts which I believe will be completely to your satisfaction. And, all these short term leases carry an option for renewal with the consent of both parties. Just what is it you have in mind?"

Henry rose with a speculative gleam in his eyes, and stated: "My request is rather modest I believe; I was simply thinking in terms of, say, fifty years of reasonably happy life with my family, in exchange for an equal time in the service of, shall we say, your employer? Is such a deal available?"

"Oh, yes," answered the other, "the standard 23c contract." He reached up and from somewhere several sheets appeared. "You will wish to read this of course," he stated, "but I am sure you will find it all in order." Then with a laugh he added: "With of course the usual triplicate copies for the local field office, the central records, and for your own files. Well, red tape, sir, but necessary to satisfy the routine."

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Carefully reading over the contract under the letterhead of Afterlife, Inc., Henry stopped puzzled as he neared the bottom and asked: "This clause 3B is rather unusual... 'When the terms of the contract have been carried out by both parties, the status of the party of the first part reverts immediately to what it would have been had this contract not been made.' Isn't that rather unusual?"

"Not really, Mr. Smith," stated the visitor. "We find it rather popular among many of our clientele who; to use the local idiom; prefer to 'hedge their bets.'" Then he added in a sombre tone, "You realize of course that there is nothing in your power that can cause a cancellation of this contract, and rest assured that we also are bound to the letter of it as well. There are some rather unpleasant consequences which I will not discuss that make it necessary that we do not, as you say, pull a fast one. Now if you will sign on the indicated line we can put the terms into immediate effect. Your own pen will be sufficient, the old idea of signing with blood went out with the introduction of modern business procedures. They used to expect it, as they expected a brimstone breathing creature, but these are less superstitious days and the brimstone would be rather difficult to remove from your furniture. Anyway, to one used to the smog of many of your cities it would hardly bother you, which was the original purpose, nothing more than to make sure that our clients question whether such a serious step was really necessary."

Then with what Henry took to be a smile crossing his features he added, "I am rather busy today, Mr. Smith, and you have no doubt had time to consider, so if you could sign we can get these formalities out of the way, and this interview, which must be somewhat unpleasant to you, can be concluded."

With a mounting sense of frustration, Henry considered the history of his past twenty five years, the succession of minor jobs with little chance of advancement, the ever mounting bills that seemed hopeless to pay, particularly after the children were born, and most recently his discharge from the only job that seemed to offer any hope, due to the jealousy of one of those under him. Without considering further what it might mean, he removed his pen, and before he could change his mind scrawled his signature on the bottom of the contract. The being before him placed the papers in his pocket, handed Henry a copy, and vanished.

Although Henry was to think of the meeting long and often during the next few months, it gradually was forgotten as the years went by. That the terms were being observed became obvious, his new job in which he rapidly rose to the position of assistant manager, the gradual payment of all his bills, and his home life that became not only comfortable, but extremely happy, as the worries that had troubled him in the past seemed to disappear. In a few years he nearly forgot all the troubles of his earlier years, and the contract he had signed which had done so much to alleviate them. He forgot until the day when it was brought forcibly to his attention.

The day started out badly. His wife mentioned at the breakfast table that his youngest son John had brought home a poor report card the previous night, and something just had to be done about it. Then he missed his usual bus and arrived at the office in a decidedly unpleasant frame of mind. Where things went from bad to worse when his superior proceeded to literally demolish an advertising campaign which he had been

working on for nearly a month. By the time that the day was finished Henry's temper was near the breaking point. When he arrived home he found a note from his wife reading 'Uncle Harry arrived today, and I'm spending the night at his new home with the children. Yesterday's leftovers are in the refrigerator and you can open a can of peaches. Love, Mary.' In disgust Henry threw the note in the wastebasket and stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

In a mood of suppressed violence he strode down the walk. Reaching the street he was surprised to hear a voice saying "Why Mr. Smith, how are you?" Turning he saw a girl from his office who was noted for her conquests of the various male employees. In his frame of mind it took little suggestion on her part before he found himself inviting her to lunch. Things progressed inevitably from Mr. Smith and Miss White to Henry and Sandra, and when she invited him up to her room for a night-cap no thought of the consequences troubled his mind, but it was with a sense of eager anticipation that he accepted.

Reaching her rooms, she mixed him a drink and murmured, "Let me get into something a bit more comfortable and then we shall see what develops," in a tone calculated to raise the temperature of the room by several degrees.

Henry slumped back into the chair and considered the troubles that had beset him that day. His mood became one of accepting things as they came, and hang the consequences, until he was interrupted by a soft voice saying, "How do you like it, Henry dear?"

Looking up, he beheld Sandra leaning over his chair dressed in a diaphanous negligee which seemed to him to set the irreducible minimum of concealment several degrees lower than he would have thought possible. Definitely, like this, she was worth a third look and a long low whistle from any man. He proceeded to do both.

He reached up and she proceeded to entwine herself about him and with his enthusiastic cooperation attempted to remove her lipstick and makeup onto him. After one particularly torrid and satisfying kiss, she came up for air, and pulled away from his grasp, murmuring, "No hurry, big boy. Let me catch my breath and mix you another drink." She added gayly: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

The words shocked Henry like a cask of cold water. Of all the people in the world, that he, knowing what was awaiting him in a few short years, should do such a thing. Already he had probably ruined his last chance to make the best of a bad bargain. Mumbling half hearted apologies he rose and went to the door. He turned to see her standing there with an expression compounded equally of disgust and wonder.

He walked the dark quiet streets to his home and berated himself continually for what he had done. Reaching home, he spent a sleepless and particularly unpleasant night thinking of how he had probably ruined the last chance to at least salvage something from his bargain.

For the next several weeks he tortured himself with doubts about what the consequences of his actions would be. But with the passage of time it was gradually forgotten until the day he was in his office and received a hysterical and half incoherent phone call from his wife that their oldest son Doug had been in an auto accident and was in the emer-

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gency hospital. Dropping his work, he rushed from the office and tried to break all speed limits in rushing to his son. Arriving he was told Doug would live, but that it would be necessary to remove one of his legs at the knee. His wife was half out of her mind with terror and it took all his love and affection to calm her down enough to accept the verdict.

Once the first shock had passed Henry began to wonder how such a thing could have happened after the contract he had made, and for the first time in 35 years he opened the safe deposit box where the agreement reposed and read it over, to discover that it read only 'reasonably happy,' thus leaving some doubt about whether a breach of contract might be considered to have occurred.

After a long and heartbreaking period Doug finally recovered, and developed philosophical acceptance of his handicap, and the episode became much easier to accept for Henry and his wife. On the day of his graduation as an engineer, and his subsequent marriage they had learned to ignore it as one of life's inexplicable and unforeseen facts.

When Doug's wife presented him with a daughter, and Henry with a granddaughter the life of their household settled back into the calm and placid mood it had been before, and even his retirement from the office was unusually easy, as they decided to do the traveling which had been denied them for many years. Still, Henry, seeing the years rapidly slipping away and time growing shorter with each passing day was filled with a sense of quiet desperation, and the desire to extract that last bit of happiness while he still could.

Try as he might, Henry was unable to make the remaining days go slower, they sped away with the inevitableness of time, till finally arrived the day he had been dreading nearly all his life. Retiring that night, he was unusually tender to his wife, and when he was unable to get to sleep he went down to the kitchen where he found the familiar figure waiting for him.

"You are ready?" asked the being, seemingly in a voice of barely suppressed anticipation.

Henry nodded, answering: "I thought it best that I try to act as normal as possible, since I wouldn't want to hurt my wife. But everything is settled now, and she will be well taken care of after she gets over the shock, so we might as well go." The being reached out a hand and Henry took it.

There was a period of blackness and the sense of travelling enormous distances while at the same time not moving at all, but awareness immediately returned and Henry became aware he was in an ordinary (seemingly) office. The feeling of intense heat permeated the atmosphere and Henry, with a sinking feeling, realised that the traditional idea of his destination was undoubtedly the correct one.

The other occupent of the room was still only half visible and was seated behind a desk while an aura of power, and possibly menace seemed to radiate from him. He arose from the desk and commented, "This interview is necessary before you are sent to your ultimate destination. Let me get your record so I can make a decision of the choice for you during your stay with us. I hope you realise that this is the most

CON'D on page 17

Pipe  
Dream  
paul zimmer

My first introduction to OTHER WORLDS came with the November '55 issue, which my sister had sent me knowing that, as a Burroughs fan, I would be interested in editor Ray Palmer's article TARZAN NEVER DIES, in which Palmer had begun a campaign to appoint John Bloodstone (S.J. Byrne) as a "successor to Burroughs" to continue the Tarzan and Mars series. This project came to nothing, although Bloodstone was to have rewritten the story (TARZAN ON MARS) with new characters, and write a series of six novels to serve as a plot basis, which, however, were never published.

At any rate, it served to attract my attention to OTHER WORLDS, for which I am eternally thankful. Gads, the stories that magazine produced - stories such as had not previously been published since the Golden Age of WEIRD and the Munsey Papers. Here were stories such as THE DIMENSIONAL WASP by Barry P. Millar, with its nightmare story of a man's terrible duel with the extradimensional "Wasp" whose spawn fed on human intelligence; or Stan Raycroft's PILLARS OF DELIGHT, with its tale of a man who wandered through the cosmos, to ally himself with a strange feline race against a race of humanoid invaders into another dimension. Then there was THE TIMELESS MAN by Roger Arcot, THE PHANTOM MILKMAN by Jack Vance, THE METAMORPHIS by S.J. Byrne, THE GROVE OF GOD by Robert Moore Williams, GHOST PLANET by Evelyn Martin, Hal Annas' INFINITY trilogy, and many more.

But I had received only a single issue on my new subscription when the change occurred. Henceforth OTHER WORLDS was to be FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER WORLDS and would feature Flying Saucer articles and Science Fiction stories in alternate issues. Shortly after the launching of Sputnik, however, Palmer dropped Science Fiction entirely, and published only Flying Saucer material. OTHER WORLDS was gone.

Yet I still dream that someday OTHER WORLDS will be revived, once more to thrill us with tales of wild wonder and terror. Palmer had many stories scheduled for future issues that never appeared - Barry P. Millar, for instance, was to have appeared soon with a novel called THE LAST SUMMER OF LORRAN. Remembering Millar's earlier works I rage impotently at Palmer, even while praying that OTHER WORLDS will be revived that Palmer's ability will be returned to the Science Fiction field - and also that I will be able to read this story, and many another promised by Palmer but never delivered - stories by Hal Annas,

# UNKNOWN - a reminis

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In the February, 1939 issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION the editorial was devoted to what JWC Jr called "the most important announcement in the history of the magazine" (that he later applied the same phrase to Diagnostics is to be disregarded.). ASF was to have a new companion "a magazine of an entirely new type...fiction with only one requirement, that it be pure entertainment." With this not-inconsiderable buildup, the stage was set. And promptly on the first of February, UNKNOWN appeared. Leading off was a 50,000 word complete novel by Eric Frank Russell - the now classic SINISTER BARRIER. This alone would have fulfilled the promises, but there was a short which has become equally classic, HL Gold's delightful TROUBLE WITH WATER, and five other shorts of competent if no outstanding quality. The new magazine was off to a fine start.

The next issue was to introduce the two authors who would set the tone for UNKNOWN until the war called them both away from writing - L. Ron Hubbard, with THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE (an excellent Arabian Nights fantasy which should have been put into a book long ago), and L. Sprague de Camp with his well-known DIVIDE AND RULE, which appeared as a serial in the April and May issues. The quality of the shorts remained good but not exceptional - as Campbell remarked in the lettercol, it was hard to find authors who knew how to turn out just what he wanted when it was a totally new type of fiction. Actually it wasn't totally new - Lewis Carroll had written it, and E. R. Eddison - but it was new to the pulps. After these two issues, UNKNOWN hit a slump, probably because of this fact. The May issue was bad, being redeemed only by the conclusion to DIVIDE AND RULE and by Robert Bloch's weird little chiller, THE CLOAK. The June issue was only a slight improvement, featuring de Camp's THE GNARLY MAN and H. W. Guernsey (Howard Wandrei)'s THE HEXER.

Then improvement set in, with the next five issue featuring such novels as Hubbard's SLAVES OF SLEEP, Don A. Stuart's last novel, THE ELDER GODS, John MacCormac's delightful THE ENCHANTED WEEKEND, and NONE BUT LUCIFER - a chiller by the unlikely team of HL Gold and Sprague de Camp. Other important events of this period were the beginning of a series that is still going strong - TWO SOUGHT ADVENTURE, by Leiber, the first adventure of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser; the UNKNOWN debut of Lester del Rey; and perhaps most important of all, the first appearance of Theodore Sturgeon, who was destined to write more stories for UNKNOWN than any other author (and who, in my opinion, did his best work for UNKNOWN - I dislike his present style thoroughly).

In December appeared my candidate for the best imaginative novel of all time - de Camp's magnificent novel of 6th century Italy and a man who wanted to change history, *LEST DARKNESS FALL*. Let him who has a better choice in mind defend it! This one novel alone would have been worth the price of a year's subscription, without all that went before and without the superb novel by Hubbard which capped off the first year of *UNKNOWN* - the unforgettable *DEATH'S DEPUTY*.

In April began the finest period of *UNKNOWN*. Until then, it had been experimental, and there had been some bloopers along with some memorable and sometimes great stories. But beginning with Hubbard's *THE INDIGESTIBLE TRITON*, *UNKNOWN* published eleven consecutive novels which have since appeared in hard covers. Read this list and croggle: *THE INDIGESTIBLE TRITON* (as *TRITON*), *THE ROARING TRUMPET*, by Pratt & deCamp (as pt. 1 of *THE INCOMPLETE INCHANTER*), *BUT WITHOUT HORNS*, by Norvell W. Page (in *5 GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF SF*); *FEAR*, by Hubbard; *THE MATHEMATICS OF MAGIC*, by Pratt & de Camp (as pt. 2 of *TIE*); *THE DEVIL MAKES THE LAW!*, by Heinlein (as *MAGIC, INC.* in *WALDO AND MAGIC, INC.*); *THE WHEELS OF IF*, by de Camp; *TYPEWRITER IN THE SKY*, by Hubbard; *DARKER THAN YOU THINK*, by Williamson; *THE MISLAID CHARM*, by AM Phillips; and *THE CASTLE OF IRON*, by Pratt and de Camp. Can anybody find me another SF or fantasy mag, from whatever "Golden Age" you choose, which can match this record?

After this golden period, things began to decline. The war was on, and many of the best of *UNKNOWN*'s writers had but little time for writing. Still, the waning years of *UNKNOWN* produced such fine novels as Pratt & de Camp's *THE LAND OF UNREASON*, de Camp's *THE UNDESIRE PRINCESS*, Kuttner's *WET MAGIC*, and the magnificent *CONJURE WIFE*.

So far, I have been mainly concerned with the novels appearing in *UNKNOWN* because they are the outstanding feature of the magazine in my opinion. However, I want to devote some attention to the changes in the format, and then to the group of authors who may be said to typify the magazine.

*UNKNOWN* began in a typical pulp format, differing little from that of *ASTOUNDING* of the same era. The first cover was an excellent symbolic by HW Scott, but for a long time afterwards the cover was the weak spot of the magazine. It was almost a year before the next good cover appeared - Cartier's wonderfully hellish job for *DEATH'S DEPUTY*. He also did good work on the covers for *THE INDIGESTIBLE TRITON* and *BUT WITHOUT HORNS*, but it had become evident to Campbell that covers for a fantasy magazine were too much for most artists. Therefore, beginning with the July 1940 issue, *UNKNOWN* stopped using art on the cover and went to a solid-colored cover with print on it, listing some of the stories and capsule blurbs. This made for a very distinguished-looking magazine, although I wonder if the sacrifice in sensationalism might not have hurt the circulation. Apparently Campbell didn't think so, because *UNKNOWN* used no cover art right up until the wartime paper shortage killed it.

With the Oct. 1941 ish, *UNKNOWN* went to flat (bedsheet) size, and changed the title to *UNKNOWN WORLDS*. It seems that people were having difficulty at newsstands when they asked for an unknown magazine... With the new size, they were able to get around 100,000 words into an issue (compared with the bare 30,000 the average rag of today can manage), and the quantity of fiction available was increased considerably. This state of affairs continued until the paper shortage began to hit - then there was a return to pulp size for a couple of issues, and finally the magazine was

discontinued. In 1948 an attempt was made to revive it, with a flat-size anthology called FROM UNKNOWN WORLDS, but it didn't sell well enough to convince S&S that it was worth reviving, and since then the issue has lain dead. After Campbell took up psychoceramics he hasn't evinced much evidence of being able to edit a revival anyhow.

The following may be considered the leading authors of UNKNOWN (number of stories in parentheses following): Sturgeon (16), de Camp (14), Hubbard (14), Malcolm Jameson (11), Cleve Cartmill (9), Frank Belknap Long (9), Henry Kuttner (9), Leiber (8), Jane Rice (8), del Rey (7), Howard Wandrei (6), and Anthony Boucher (6). There were other good authors who did good work for UNKNOWN, such as Heinlein, Bester, and van Vogt, but a discussion of the styles of these twelve will give a general picture of the nature of the magazine.

UNKNOWN presented four basic types of story - what I would call the humorous, the adventurous, the weird, and the grim. The first two categories are combined in a great many stories, but as there are a number which are purely the one or the other I have decided to separate them in this discussion. The second two are also occasionally combined, but they are easier to separate in most cases. And in a few rare cases there are combinations of other pairs - Kuttner was particularly adept at combining the humorous and the weird. But in general the four categories which I mention are the basic ones.

In this issue I will discuss de Camp and Hubbard, and their forte, the humorous-adventure tale. Next issue I hope to discuss Cartmill and the grim story, and the neglected but immensely versatile and capable Jameson. In a third issue, if Dave hasn't decided to lose himself one columnist by then, I will discuss the remaining eight authors and their contribution to making UNKNOWN the legend that it has become.

L. Sprague de Camp is one of the few authors in the field of imaginative literature who writes as well or better in collaboration as he does by himself. The biggest part of his reputation was made in UNKNOWN, and much of his work there was in collaboration. His first collaboration in UNKNOWN was with HL Gold, and the product, NONE BUT LUCIFER, should have been brought out in book form long ago. But to those who have read the other work of these two writers, it seems that the guiding hand here was Gold's - the de Camp touch is not apparent. It looks as if de Camp possibly revised a manuscript by Gold, but that was about the extent of his responsibility. But a few months later he found his natural counterpoise, Fletcher Pratt, and the two began a partnership that lasted until Pratt's untimely death a few years ago. De Camp is an immensely learned man, with a positive mania for verisimilitude and the knowledge to put it across. At times this gives his works a slightly heavy-handed effect, an impression that the author is trying to show off. Pratt was also learned - he did several histories of naval warfare and an excellent work on the Civil War - but was not so inclined to let it show in his stories. The two working together did the classic "Harold Shea" series for UNKNOWN almost the ultimate in humorous adventure, with a truly well-reasoned background. This was the hallmark of de Camp's stories - a really well-reasoned and thoroughly logical setting. He was not much on emotional writing, but his characters were realistic, his backgrounds accurate, and his stories moved swiftly. And to me, this is the epitome of fiction writing - and de Camp the best writer science fiction has produced.



L. Ron Hubbard was a versatile writer who could write almost any kind of story, and did, but in UNKNOWN he specialized in the humorous adventure, usually against an Arabian Nights setting. He also produced two outstanding serious novels - the grim DEATH'S DEPUTY and the weird FEAR. He was an extraordinarily prolific author who never rewrote (according to rumor), and who used a long roll of paper to save the time required to change sheets. One wonders just how good he could have been if he'd bothered to revise a bit - he was one of the best anyhow. His humorous writing is best exemplified in SLAVES OF SLEEP and THE INDIGESTIBLE TRITON - both fine stories of outrageous adventure. Both also illustrate a recurring theme of Hubbard's; one which was later to show up as a violent anti-feminism in DIANETICS. In four of his eight novels for UNKNOWN, a rich young man is dominated by female relatives until through some magic he is transported to another world, where he acquires the necessary backbone to tell them where to go.

In FEAR he produced the best description of a man going mad that I have ever seen. In some ways it resembles Ward Moore's recent TRANSIENT, although it is a much better written story. And DEATH'S DEPUTY is a remarkable analysis of the feelings of an accident prone. Hubbard is a writer who may be little known to the present generation of fans, but his stories are well worth reading. TRITON and DEATH'S DEPUTY are available from Pick-a-book, and FEAR is probably still available from Galaxy Novels. I can think of few better investments for the younger fan who is interested in the stf of the early '40s.

Next ish I will deal with the "neglected authors" -- two who have never had collections published to my knowledge, yet who wrote much excellent stf and fantasy during the '40s. I refer to Cleve Cartmill and the late Malcolm Jameson. Till then...

---CONT'D from page 12 .. JUSTICE

comfortable place available. These suburbs are available only for the staff of this establishment."

In spite of the heat Henry felt a cold shudder running up his spine, and a glance through the window showed a bleak and dismal landscape with drifting fogs and mists. Every once in a while a vaguely reddish flash as of flame seemed to show through the drifting fog. At such times he seemed to hear at the limits of audibility wails and shrieks of people in torment. Henry shrank back, but realising there was little he could do he commented with a catch in his voice, "I expected it to be rather unpleasant, but if we must--"

The other nodded, and glanced over the pages before him, every once in a while stopping to read carefully. He finally spoke, "I must admit this is a rather boring and unadventurous life you have lead, with the exception of the interlude with Miss White, but ah, that is a most amusing interlude, and one that surely deserves something rather special from our proprietor. As I note you have already reached the conclusion that the later incident of your son does not leave you any alternative to claim breach, at least according to the exact wording of this contract." Then he stopped and stated, "I have reached my decision, so give me your hand again, I am sure you wish to get this over with as soon as possible."

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