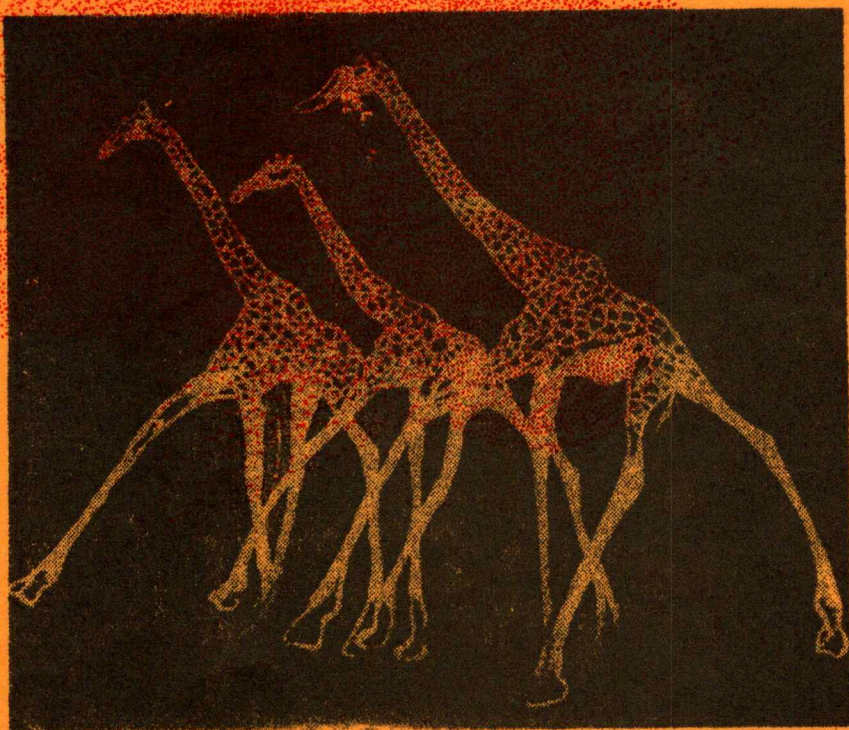


RECEIVED OCT 25 1966

SPY
RAY



SPY RAY, Operation Crifanac CCXXXVI, will be devoted this time to catching up on all the reviewing I've been not doing the past year. Those who grotch at an all-MC format are reminded that I've already got a genzine in the mailing, and if you want to you can consider it a preface to this, but why be so pseudo-Campbellish? Even if Campbell did sit at the SAPS table at the DisCon this year, all ready to spring up and grab his Hugo for Best Prozine, ahahahahaha!

It's Eney's Fault

DESTROYING THE HUMAN RACE FOR FUN AND PROPHECY Gordon Eklund was asking last time, I think, for details on the extermination of humanity and why I thought it unlikely with present-day equipment and techniques. (Some others sounded off too, but as they credited me with a doctrine which had actually been uttered by Walter Breen one gathers they weren't really paying attention to anything but the argument.) Well, the extinction of the race is a legitimate subject of science-fictional interest, so just let me expand on it a while -- the preface will be longer than the explanation, I think.

Fwun thing, we were discussing "reliable" sources of information; I guess I should say a few words about that, too. There are, unfortunately, plenty of sources -- in this general field of...what the devil should we call it, political science in the broadest sense? -- to which that quoted adjective can't be applied because one of the parties won't accept their statements while the other will; I fancy you can think of as many groups as I whose official organs would be considered automatically outside the range of honest discussion by their opponents. To name one egregious instance, The Storm Trooper -- the OO of the American Nazi Party -- indulges in such fancy lying that appearance therein would practically constitute a prima facie evidence of falsehood for a scientific paper on human racial genetics. Offhand I couldn't call to mind any source in the field of nuclear warfare that would be rejected quite so automatically as that, but there are other forms of distortion here. Was it Bertrand Russell who...no, I remember now, it was George Orwell who designated the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War as the point in time after which no official pronouncement is any longer trushworthy. Several fans have applied this to opinions by the AEC and other several have done the same for the Ban the Bomb folk; that is, have decided that the utterances of these folk -- either group, or both -- are not to be believed, because the sources are so resolved to make public belief suit their organization's policy that their statements must be understood as meant to influence opinion rather than to present truth. As special pleading, then, all such groups' public statements and printed material are suspect.

However, things haven't yet gotten so bad that there are no places where you can find data that will be accepted by just about everybody. If the Easter Marchers and the AEC can expect to be regarded doubtfully by all but their frank partisans, we can still fall back on some other groups like the Pugwash people and, except where partisan emotion is obvious, publications like the Bulletin of the Atomic Scien-

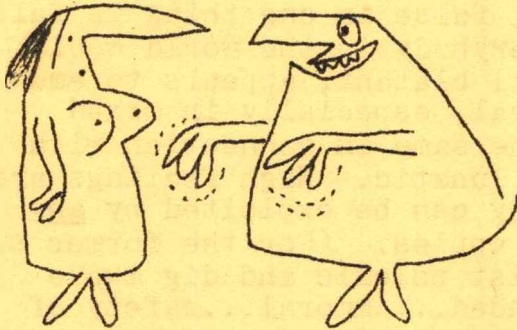
tists. These have published several calculations of the atomic-energy releases required for various results, and you should be able to get hold of them without much trouble.

There's a Bugger Factor introduced by the detail that what will do the damage to the race is mostly fallout, while the direct effect of blast and heat, being easier to calculate, is more likely to be the basis of the bombers' estimates of how much to use. And the total kilotons of fallout varies according to the proportion of fission and fusion bombs postulated in the explosions. (Incidentally, a kiloton of fallout is not literally 1000 tons of radioactive debris; it means the fallout from a one-kiloton bomb.) Nevertheless, the variant estimates have a range around one order of magnitude, roughly centered on 10^7 KT... that is, the fallout from 10,000,000 kilotons of nuclear explosions... for what we want, the "beach". The Pugwash people used this name for "the amount of radiation that would statistically sterilize an unprotected population of the Earth"; named after On The ditto in which that's what happens. A beach would miss some of us, no doubt, through the variations that'll foul up any merely statistical estimate, and the people in fallout shelters would be safe almost anywhere outside the country attacked, but that's not going to be much to rebuild with. Further, shelters are scarce outside the USA and the Communist Empire, which has an awkward effect I'll mention shortly.

Now, let's leave out the possibility that a deliberate effort would be made to get the largest possible amount of fallout; as George Stewart says, that would be magnificent, but not war. Assuming that the fighting is planned by people who want to destroy their enemies, not the whole world, we get a similarly variant set of results which hovers around 10^4 KT; some chap in the Bulletin wanted to designate this as the Kahn. (Herman Kahn's On Thermonuclear War deals with catastrophes of this size.) So at least we get to the grounds for my re-assurance to you that we prob'ly couldn't wipe out the human race even if we got careless; even if you figure that the Pugwash people are ten times too optimistic (and considering their orientation I doubt that like hell), and simultaneously that either through miscalculation, excess of zeal, or an n-nation conflict we set off ten times as much nuclear explosive as would do in a nation the size of the USA, we'd still reach only a tenth of the radiation level needed to sterilize the planet.

And just between the two of us, I'll bet you a quart of champagne for the next SAPS table that some gothically obtuse nitwit will read that paragraph as some kind of statement by me in favor of nuclear war. You remember what I had to say in the Cult about everybody having to Witness for Christ every time they mentioned the atom bomb.

Now, the shelter bit: the difference between the Kahn and the beach has been used to advance an interesting argument against the construction of fallout shelters in the USA. That is, the Kahn is calculated for a country without shelters; as these are installed, the energy needed to be sure of destroying a country mounts fairly sharply...and when the country deploys its own atomic weapons, we can pretty well assume that the attacker will do his damndest to mak



siccar. So, the argument runs, the extensive use of fallout shelters by either side won't save them, since if the fact is known it'll always be possible to allow for it by boosting the kilotonnage delivered on the target nation. The effect of fallout shelters, then, might well be not to save the citizens of the country under attack, but to ensure that the kilotonnage let off in the war rose above the 10^7 which would sterilize the rest of the world. Though the most convincing argument against fallout shelters I've heard, it's got obvious flaws in it: ICBM delivery problems go up geometrically, not in simple linear proportion, as target and KT requirements rise; thus boosting those requirements, as by adding

numbers of fallout shelters to the necessary targets, might well boost out of sight or hope the chance of a first-strike knockout in war. And where an aggressor must reckon that his chance of getting hit back with nuclear weapons has changed from Maybe to You Better Believe It, nobody but Mao or Mau-Mau -- that is, nobody not ruthless enough to accept 300,000,000 casualties or whacky enough not to care -- is likely to start the Big Show. (If you have to explain a metaphor, Eney, it's too obscure in the first place.)

As long as the two or three paragraphs I was going to whip off in answer to Gordon's query have stretched themselves out into an essay, I might as well deal with a question of John Foyster's, about what real difference it is to point out that we'd merely be decimated instead of annihilated. It means the difference between a population of 0 and 162,000,000 million, in our case; but I suppose John really meant by "decimation" something like "fantastically heavy", not "10%". (It may not be germane to explain this -- though when did that ever restrain a fan with an interesting squib? -- but the use of "decimate" to mean "inflict destructive casualties on" refers back to an old military rule of thumb from +XVII; troops who have suffered 10% casualties in one of those parallel-order musketry fights will break and be useless until recruited and refitted. As national interest replaced mercenary wages among the troops, their morale stiffened; at Auerstadt, elements of Davout's army took 30% casualties and fought on to break the Prussian main army, and several units in our own Civil War held together under even worse pounding; and so "decimation" gradually ceased to mean any literal 10%.) Good thing we're writing informally enough to allow long parentheses, isn't it? The general reason for drawing the distinction mentioned 'way back there is that which applies to all debate: an argument with a false element you can see is a false argument, and we are interested in finding true arguments. A couple of subsidiary considerations need mentioning here, too. First, an obviously false argument remains dubious even if the reader can supply a valid premise from which the indicated conclusion seems to follow. (I take it that "a nuclear

war is undesirable" follows just as readily from "90,000,000 Americans would become casualties" as from "everybody in the world would die". If not, that shows you're a bloodier-minded militarist than what I am...)

The presence of an evident error suggests the possibility of errors that aren't evident; as the lawyers put it, false in one thing is false in all. Second, arguments of the type "everybody in the world would die" are generally based on tacit, yet still blatant, appeals to emotion. Now, I don't oppose emotion in general, especially in mixed doubles; but whoso deliberately arouseth the same in connection with military matters is ninety-'leven kinds of lunatic. High feelings are fighting feelings; once they're roused, they can be exploited by any cause...they don't discriminate worth sour apples. (For the former sub-point, take an objective look at any pacifist polemic and dig those crazy adjectives: irresponsible...bloodyhanded...immoral...safety of humanity demands their removal...madmen with doomsday machines...except that the non-pacifists are not usually accused of atheism, it's hard to tell without looking at the cover whether it's Bertrand Russell talking about SAC, or Barry Goldwater telling us what he's got in store for the Godless Reds. For the second, if you've neither large historical knowledge nor leisure for research, I'll especially recommend to your attention the neat way in which Bethmann-Hollweg, in 1914, with a single speech and a lying one at that flipped the emotional excitement of the pacifist element in the Reichstag through 180° into support for the First World War.)

My, what a preachment I've got myself wound up for! But courage, he cried, I'm just about talked out. The critical and rational attitude seems to me the best one for deciding matters of war and peace; for one thing because the critical and rational attitude is best for all decisions on policy, but also just because it's opposed to the emotional attitude I was talking about above. Even in fable, did you ever hear of a government trying to get its citizenry into the proper frame of mind for a bloody war by arousing their analytical intellects?

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Thank ghod I don't write that much comment on most fanzines! I'm going to deal with others under their authors' names, since I've missed an entire mailingful of MCs.

ARMISTEAD: The Pink Platypus and company:

If you're concerned with the psychological impact on the operative, I think a gun would be better for killing things than a knife...the jar of the shot followed by sudden extinction, with no visible reason for it, is quite a shaking experience. Using a knife, you can at least feel why the victim has stopped operating.

BALLARD: Outsiders:

No sweat on those titles you mention. An instantly recognizeable cover for Ruddigore: spirits materializing from their picture frames. Princess Ida: Hilarion & his friends standing over Arac & his brothers, since this is the only on-stage sword-fight in all G&S. The Sorcerer needs only a scene with 70 St. Mary Axe in the background. This assumes

a good knowledge of Gilbert & Sullivan on the part of the audience but I trust no Vice-President of SAPS is so wild or so wicked as to have defaulted on that part of his education. Now a question for you: how about a cover to be instantly associated with The Grand Duke? ** If you make Ruth Berman into an Angry Young Man, several fans will roast you alive. In fact, I have a can of gasoline they could borrow. ** Did that fantasy-world hero of yours have a bulldog-type Springfield '03? If so, perhaps your world of imagination starred George Patton. ** The den on the cover of the Fort Hunt fanzine was Dean Grennell's old pad in Fond du Lac. ** If it's degrading for the SAPS table to have an editor from another APA, what about this year, when they had an editor from a Vile Prozine (Analog)?

BERMAN: The Dinky Bird:

The radio play was well handled and well resolved...I suppose to keep my image up I should wonder how one of the Good Folk would get along with bureaucratic red tape, but the plot neatly kept this question from arising. ** As a matter of curiosity, how many of your non-fan friends spotted Merle's nonhuman nature before the gaff was blown? I tumbled at the hints on page 9 and his reaction to Lebraun's speech on 15-16 clinched it. (Come on, Eney, spill it all: you spotted him as nonhuman, all right, but you thought he was an ET with powers paralleling our own ideas of magic.) To quiet the gentleman in New York who is grotching about fan intelligence, I wondered about Ruth's non-fan friends because I was interested in finding out if fannish expectation of stfnal/supernatural elements made a difference in sensitivity to Ruth's hints.

BERRY: Pot Pourri:

Peppermint flavo(u)red paper for Secret Instructions is another fine Goonish idea, even if the MI 5 feller did claim it as his own. ** Absolflippinlutely, the Goon In Russia is wanted. Take it either way... ** Jean Young and I collected about a cigarbox full of fossils for John on the way back from Detroit, but forgot to give them to Walt Willis when he was here for transportation back. Considering what happened to Walt's luggage, though, I guess it's just as well. ** Ah, but the saturation of the Earth with assorted lots of toxins is really the perfect answer to the complained-of dysgenic effect of civilization, its tendency to keep non-survival types alive. Hm, now I stop to think of it I hope the Apex Council won't liquidate me as a blabbermouth for tipping everybody off...

BREEN: Sapterranean:

Walter, your passing comments on things like the Yong Jow Wor Mein at Wah Kee's in New York suggest that you'd be a good contributor to the Berkeley Guide Book. How's chances?

BROWN: Plonk and Poor Richard's Almanac:

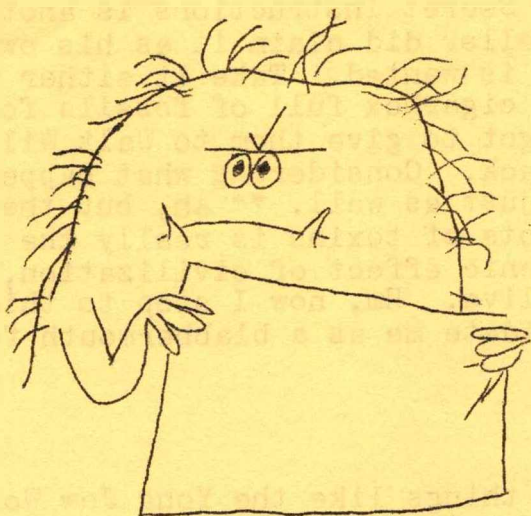
Your stanza for Young Man Mulligan missed scansion on three of the four lines. Since the fourth line is fixed, I guess that's just about

a record. ** Binding fanzines? I never saw the point in it, myself; a stationery box, made to hold 8½x11 paper, is only 25¢ in carton lots (about two dozen to a carton). It's big enough to hold about as much as one of those \$4 binding jobs, solid enough to stand straight, and -- being meant for presentation even if not for display -- is quite as presentable as the average library binding. And withal there's little problem with legal length stuff (fold the bottom) and none at all with the odd items that go lengthwise of a page rather'n crosswise, as I bet Bruce Pelz reflected glumly after he'd settled on bindings and ran across those Cultzines Larry Stark wrote at the wrong angle several years ago. Other advantages are that you can remove any magazine from the file for individual reference, and the box supports the whole works -- that is, you don't have to worry about fmz disintegrating away from the bindings as they take on age. ** No, I don't own any stock in paper box companies.

FM BUSBY: Retromingent:

I finally found out what it meant. A retromingent is an atavistic Emperor of Mongo. ** The idea that incompetence, stupidity, dishonesty, and/or malice shouldn't be attacked because it would start Another Stupid Feud In SAPS is your pacifism coming out. Peace and tranquility are not Good Things in and of themselves, and people who start feuds aren't de facto in the wrong, though you'd never know it to hear some Delian damned fools gabble. ** How did that 50¢ mimeo appear and where? It sounds like something that'd be interesting as a curio, at the least. ** There's a new clip-on tie that just hooks to the front of your shirt

instead of going all the way round your neck, and you can get larger-size collars & have 'em sewn on regular shirts, you know...but before you make the obvious comeback, yes, I think that would be going to too much trouble.



CARR: Hobgoblin:

Madeleine has already pointed out that she was the one who resolved the mixup at the airport and my record -- notes made that same day -- agrees with this. I think it would be profitless to pursue this point further. But I will note wryly that here's Terry mixing in another quarrel between His Buddy and those Nasty Other Fans. Of course, he was present at New York, which is more than you can say for SeaCon.

"Have I shown you my FTL drive?"
said Tom, swiftly. (Scithers)

DEINDORFER: The Gaseous Vertebrate and others:

A doublespaced zine was never worth reading; you kept the ball in the air without resorting to the imbecilities of a Higgs or Myers, but what else can I say? Without lying in my teeth. ** Meeting Gary was a surprise I didn't mention in my DisCon report...I was using him as a contrast and decided to censor the account of the kat to whom he was a foil. Deindorfer is a rather quiet, fluent, good-looking chap -- I'd call him clean-cut if I were sure he wouldn't throw something at me -- whom I simply couldn't correlate with the worse-than-Ellisonian Superclod some visitors to New York bynamed "Swinebarfer".

DEVORE: Collector Substitute:

Every user's account tags the Model 40 as a real nogudnik machine awreddy, but you made a sensational steal on the Model 80. The only trouble is one I might as well tip you off to: it won't produce lines fine enough to compete with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. ** Hey, I nearly qualified to swap stories with you about animals like your ocelot. 'S morning I was out on a house call when I encountered a curious Weimaraner somewhat smaller than a bison. Unfortunately what he was curious about was how a mouthful of people meat tasted...and by the blood witnesses of Belfast, if I hadn't had on a long-sleeved lab coat of good heavy cloth, he'd have found out. The owner explained that it was just High Spirits, but I'm making a little list of people I'll be sharpening my teeth for if I come down with rabies.

EKLUND: Pleasure Units:

Thought I'd said enough already, did you? ** Though the argument was a humane one before the fact, the recurrent claim that we might have scared the Japanese into surrender by dropping a harmless demonstration bomb is simply inadmissible today. How can anybody keep a straight face and not blush, claiming that the Japanese could have been persuaded to surrender by a demonstration in a desert spot, when if he's read enough history to have the right to open his mouth on the subject he knows perfectly well that the fact is they weren't persuaded to surrender by a demonstration in a populated spot? Anybody who thinks the latter demonstration less impressive than the postulated former is, I much fear, overpersuaded by these stories about Oriental contempt for human life. ** I am not Getting After you, Gordon; it's just that you happen to touch on these subjects that call for a lot of discussion. ** "Your /Ted Johnstone's/ themes are nearly as varied as the tone of Richard Eney's MCs on the publications of Ted White"? You mean that Johnstone also devotes most of his space to talking to other people than Tew? Read some of those MCs some day and do a little line counting. ** "I thought (Coventry) was a fantasy world"? Ghod, I hope the Air Force doesn't station you in England!

GIRARD: Yezidee & The Golden Harp:

I am overbearing because I am snotty, that's all. You needn't talk about it as if it were something unnatural for SAPS members. ** The story is one of the more enjoyable ones to emerge from Coventry, all the flaws I can find in it being those experience rather than in-

tellection before the fact must be called on to avert. Oh, wait... gotta keep up my Image, y'know...your protagonists should have nobbled their pursuers' horses, to forestall pursuit and delay the reporting to HQ of their last-known-location. (If it turns out in this installment that the surviving pursuer has followed them single-handed you are entitled to score one-up on me.) ** I got an even bigger kick out of the composition of THE GOLDEN HARP; if those echoes are in the voice I think they are, you've surpassed commonplace pastiche more than a little. Those interjected notes -- as, to grab one at random, the serpent is cautioning people to be quiet -- are in the very vein of Graves instead of being simple imitation-translation.

HULAN: Niflheim:

Well, now Skylark III is due out in FB, from Pyramid. I think that outfit is in a fair way to reprint more stfantasy classics than Lancer. ** Yes, you're absolutely right about nomadism not being the lowest stage of human culture; I was wrong if I implied it was. Anybody who can grow his own food is half way to civilization, even if the food is on the hoof.

HANNIFEN: Coconino:

You'll snap out of it eventually, and maybe be the better for the pains. Most people go through some sort of lunacy at, ah, a certain phase in their careers...me, I thought of being a pro author, you took up Scientology, Johnstone published his love poems...it gets worse, then it gets better afterward if you snap out at all. ** Ships of the line, scouting ships, and personal yachts are three different classes of vessel, designed for purposes which are almost mutually exclusive.

JOHNSTONE: Mest

40-25-26? Oh, come off it, Johnstone! Err...disclaimer, he added hastily. But shouldn't that have ended with a 36? ** I eagerly await the tale of your adventures in the Armed Forces. (If you happen to need a publisher while in training, by the way, just give me a holler.)

KAYE: Heiroglyphic:

Needles, curiously, seem to depend for their effect on individual circumstances and the operator. I have good technique...so patients tell me, and after they've been discharged and have no reason to flatter...because I hate hurting people and have sufficient empathy to care what the victim feels. (All right, White, you can stop now and have your laugh out.) Many people who learn in the service are RRRUFF! but on the other hand some are extra good; the only practical-duty influence I've noted as even approximately consistent is that people who do lots of work for charity and VA clinics, and female technicians more than male ones, tend to be less considerate of the patient's feelings.

FOYSTER: Wild Colonial Boy: Why not Donald Tuck for the '64 con? It's a good idea; let's try working it up.

LEWIS: When the Gods Would Sup:

Ah, but in this Hugo balloting FAMOUS MONSTERS was ruled out of the fanzine category, because 4e went pseudo-Campbell on us and gave it a Cover Price and accepted ads for Vile Pros. He also filled it with some pretty Vile Prose, too, but that's another matter.

RAPPS: Spacewarp/Ignatz:

Congratulations on your safe arrival in Italy. ** Probably Italian cooking has the wrong kind of spices for somebody brought up in Pennsylvania, not too much spice. Try some Italian friends some day with a good peppery Hasenpfeffer. If they turn purple, that was the explanation. ** See you in London? Bhoy, are we going to have a T*I*M*E arranging ESP runs with the present dispersion of the group!

PATTEN: Mistily Meandering:

I know nichts about the subject of your trip-reports, but they're so well-done I'm looking forward to your account of the convention. ** Damned shame JWC wasn't there to see the people in Frau im Mond trying to find water by dowsing... ** I find that that "Paulus Edwardum" jazz still touches off the first response it roused me to: "Pity. Mumps as a child, I suppose?" ** Bywater's The Great Pacific War is a classic of the military-stf type (and incidentally those of you who haven't run across this classification will be surprised how many unexpected science-fiction yarns you can turn up by consulting your library's card file under "Imaginary wars and battles"). It wasn't reviewed by deCamp -- maybe reviewed in a fanzine, but what touted me on to it was a mention by Fletcher Pratt. It featured -- in the 1920's -- America recovering from a surprise attack to advance on Japan by leapfrogging through the encircling islands, with a climactic battle as the US fleet attacked Guam. Now read up on the circumstances of the decisive Battle of the Phillipine Sea and think twice before you psneer at military prediction... ** "Fifty million San Franciscans agree..."? Swingin'. Did you use a crystal ball or a medium?

PELZ: Spelobem & Spectator:

We will definitely underwrite publication of the Convention proceedings this time. ** "TC" continues to be poison of premier crû. ** Hah, fake fan! You had a SAPS table this time only at the cost of admitting a Vile Pro. Have you no shame, Pelz? Well, but I meant fannish shame. ** That line about Kryptonite coming in all sorts of decorator colors was a real beauty. ** Closed-door parties allow for prior arrangement and rigid limitation of size...limitation to the capacity of the air-conditioner. I would like, myself, to see one with a doorkeeper as hard-hearted as either of us and a prohibition on smoking... ** Madeleine's conreport continues excellent, the visit to the Grenells is eagerly anticipated, and her instincts do not deceive her. The Alderson Fry is a Wrong 'Un...ask Boyd Raeburn. It's not so much that he is Malignant as that he's the sort who tries all these clever fannish ploys and overdoes it so much that they hurt. ** I trust all SAPS members will keep their mailing intact, despite temptation...

SCHULTZ: Die Wis ~~st/wlzy/olx~~:

Listen to a little dissent and don't specify you want nothing wiggly or raw. Of the three or four ways of preparing squid and octopus, the Japanese is best. ** The raw egg for the sukiyaki isn't as shocking to round-eye food habits as you might think. The sukiyaki should be so hot that egg which adheres to the outside will be cooked. ** I think (and suggested in Cy²) that the use of swords in fantasy yarns is so people can depend on skill rather than preternatural luck. Of the individual pre-gunpowder weapons suitable for infighting, the dagger is a mode alien to us, and pole-arms allow no fencing to speak of. ** Space forbids enumerating cases that make hash of your plaint about leaving military matters to the professionals, but to call the knightly militia pros is wrong. Mercenaries were professionals; the knightly militia was about as professional as the National Guard.

TOSKEY: Flabbergasting:

I think I inadvertently got one-up on Toskey last week. I got a planting from a rose bush which traces back, through recorded transplants and shoots, to one planted by George Washington at Mount Vernon. ** Don't be silly. Nomads inhabit their land, don't they? And as much of other people's as they think they can get away with. ** The characters in the Akrean history were the Greek, Celt, and Gatunan elements of the Akrean population or, alternately, the City, Crown, and Skanish demesnes, with barbarian and Gatunan characters in the wings. The plot was the development of a primitive society into one at approximately the technological level of, say, classical civilization and the intellectual level of the Renaissance.

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The fan who lost one volume of a series at the Worldcon left it in the convention suite. Heesh can have it back by identifying it in a note to Dick Eney.