

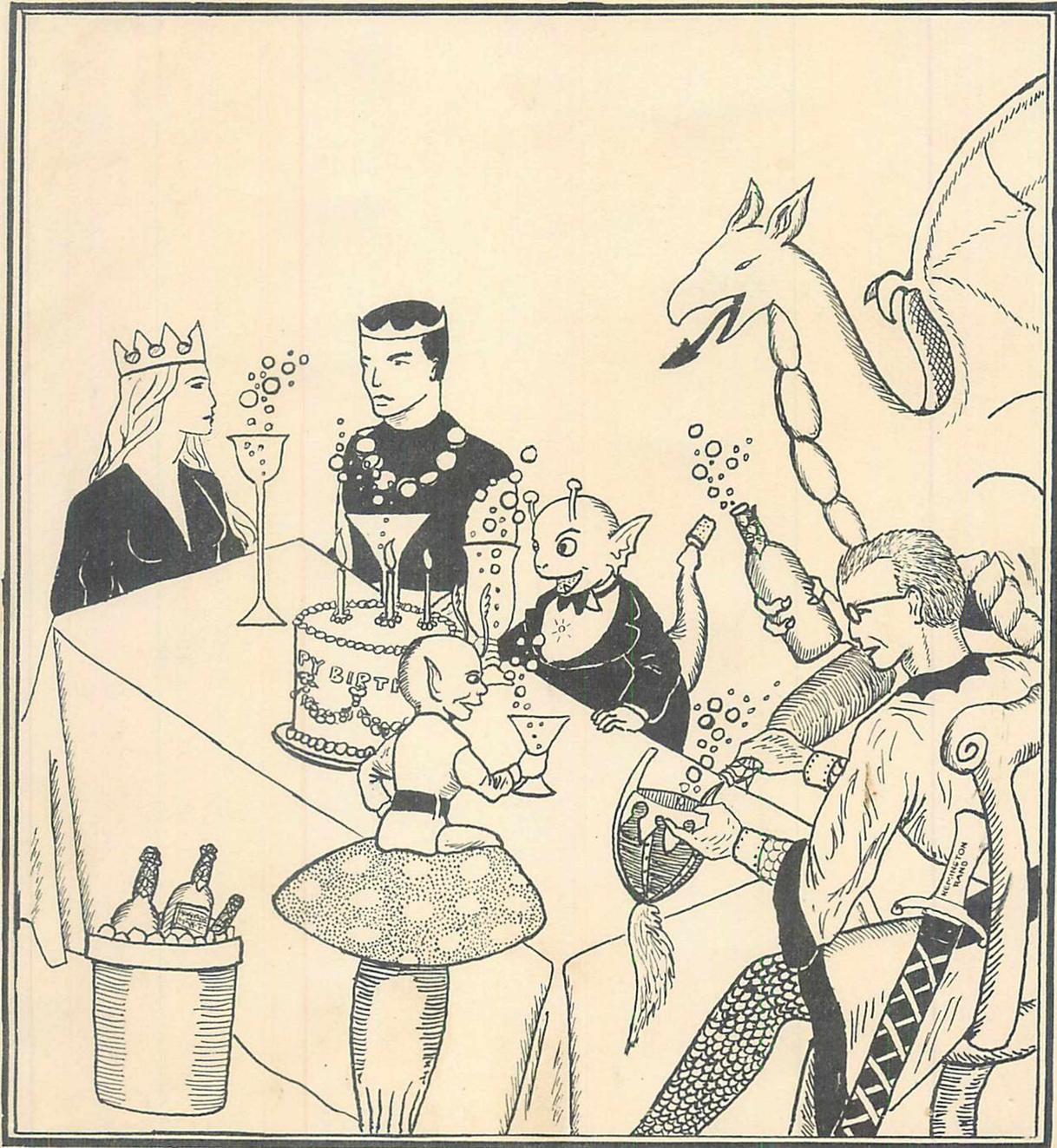
ZED

THIRD

ANNIVERSARY

ISSUE

NO. 783·0° V.D.F. 21·S.A.P.S.35



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THE ZED (DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FUR VOLLSTANDIGEN UNSINN) is published quarterly for the benefit of the Spectator Amateur Prees Society by Karen K. Anderson, 1906 Grove Street, Berkeley, California, with the help of Poul Anderson, P. A. Kingsley, and a copy of WHO GOES THERE in the original German. Anybody who wants a copy can have one for the asking.

SCHEME

and Vollständigen Unsinn, my guardian demon. In case you've forgotten, this publication is Die Zeitschrift Für Vollständigen Unsinn, and I've no doubt that it looks it.

Think upon the Macedonian oyster, having indigestion in his watery cloister, so that Marsinah could have a pearl. **-"Kismet"

Apropos "The Demolished Slan," Poul himself suggested the example of "Genius" to Sanders, though perhaps some slight professional jealousy was involved in his demolition of it.

Winston Sanders is an old friend of Poul's, from Minneapolis. I think you'll be hearing the name again elsewhere, so remember you saw him first in the Zed. (plug-unplug)

tension, apprehension, and dissension have begun tension, apprehension, and

MAGNET was written in that dim past when Irene and Terry were living in Berkeley, and Lee Jacobs in Oakland. Alas for those days. . . one-shot sessions at the drop of a stencil, sensitive fannish parties every time you turned around, nuclear fizzes being silped in the insurgent manner.

I even saw Les and Es once in a while back then.

Do you read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?

The Relaxicon will be in about three weeks. Looks like we'll be working too hard at trying to make money, though. Who ever started this notion that pros are rich? Ech!

Well, anyway, I suppose we can afford bus fare to go downtown to the Westercan.

(plug)

SUPPORT THE WESTERCON

(unplug)

ATTENTION! ACHTUNG!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The Westcon, otherwise known as Western Regional Science Fiction Convention, will be held in Oakland, California, this year. All fans living anywhere on or near the West Coast, or who can make it out there, are cordially invited. A full-two-day program is being planned, to include talks, panel discussions, an auction of collector's items, a banquet, and general entertainment and conviviality. Come meet such notables as the best speaker in science fiction, ANTHONY BOUCHER; the most beautiful pro in science fiction, MILDRED CLINGERMAN; the nicest guy and grisliest imagination in science fiction, RICHARD MATHESON; also MARGARET ST. CLAIR, MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD, R. BRETNOR, CHARLES BEAUMONT, MARK CLIFTON, RAYMOND E. BANKS, FORREST J. ACKERMAN, LES COLE, POUL ANDERSON, and other congenial souls. And let us by no means forget the private bar.

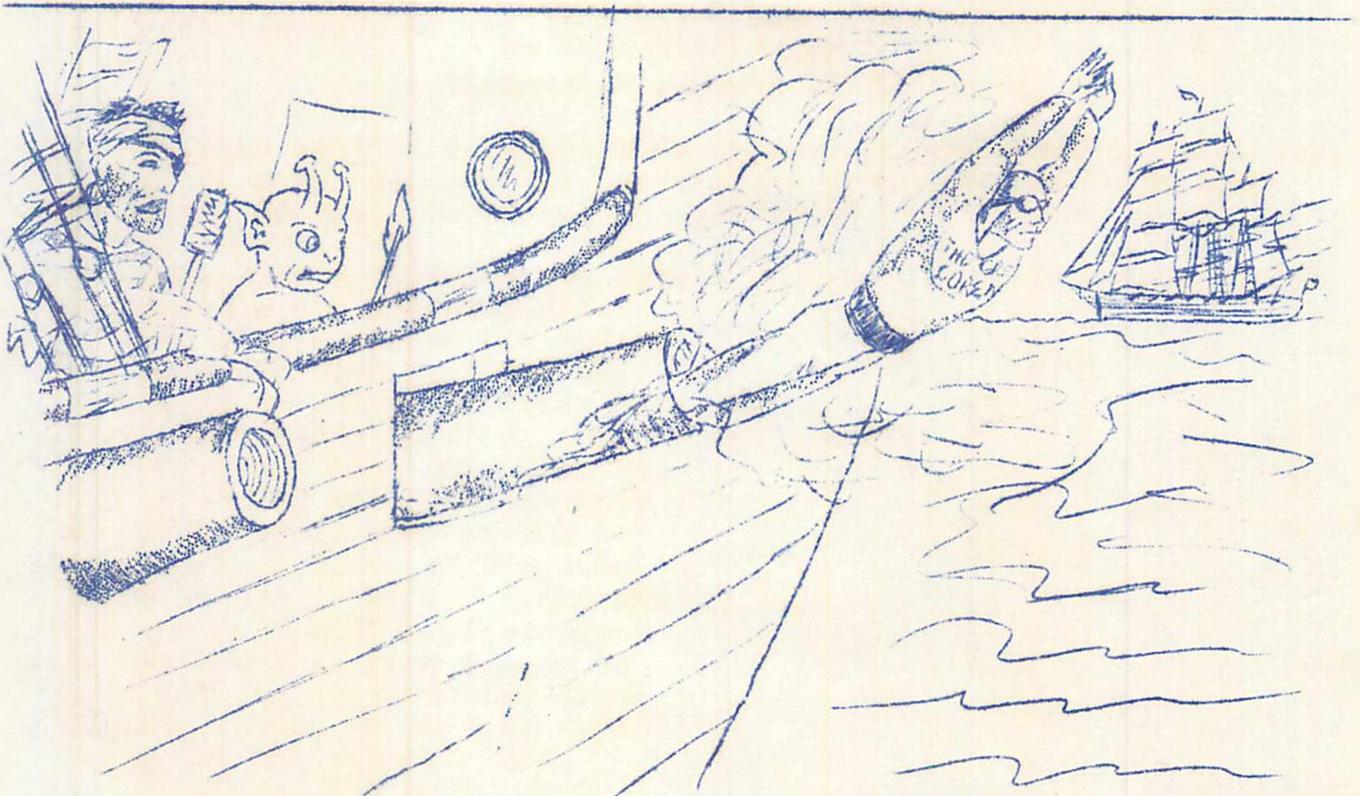
PLACE: Hotel Leamington, Oakland, California

TIME: July 30 and July 1, 1956

GUEST OF HONOR: Richard Matheson

For information, send your one dollar registration fee NOW to
Marilyn Tulley
432 - 23rd Avenue
Oakland 6, California.

We'll be seeing you!



THE DEMOLISHED

SLAN

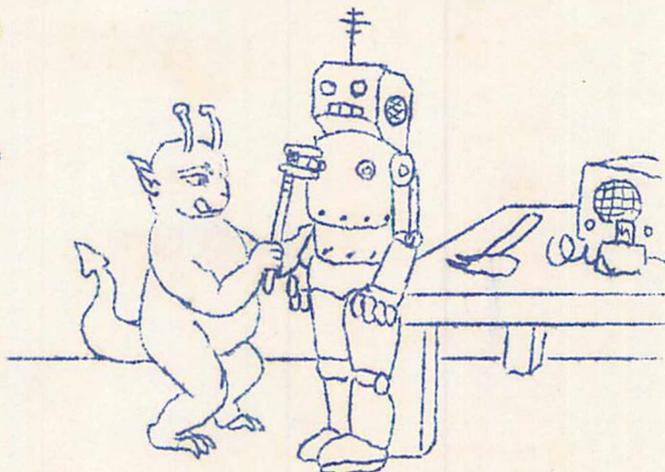
by Winston P. Sanders

It seems to us that science-fiction writers are too dogmatic. Here they come up with all these fine concepts and tell us the results will be such-and-such. Why shouldn't the results be thus-and-so instead? Let's take a few examples and show that an entirely different outcome would be just as possible, or maybe more so.

The Equalizer
by Jack Williamson
(Astounding, March 1947)

In this one, an expedition to outer space returned after a number of years to find the dictatorial government of Earth had vanished. In fact, there was no government at all. People were living placid lives out in the country, looking bronzed and fit. Eventually, the spacemen discovered that a simple new gadget had been invented in their absence. It amounted to little more than a few turns of wire, and anybody could make one. With it, you could tap unlimited energy. Therefore every man was the equal of an army--- so the dictator had to go--- and every man was entirely self-sufficient--- so there was no more reason to have cities, business and labor organizations, or in fact anything but the natural life.

Could be. But maybe what happened was more like this. The equalizer was invented and the



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dictator overthrown by a few people who had a grudge against him. These people naturally tried to form a new government on democratic principles, but learned--- a few seconds before they were blown into atoms--- that there were other people who had it in for them. A series of grudge fights decimated humankind and wrecked civilization. The survivors took to the hills and did pretty well for a while, being able to furnish all their own material wants. They started to rebuild.

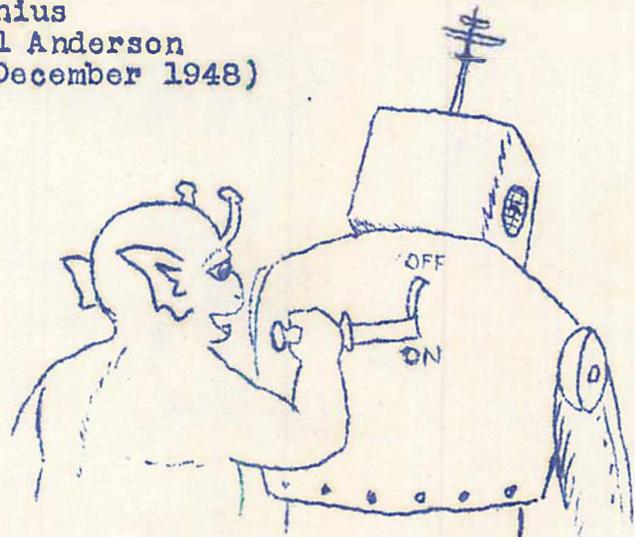
However, Smith still hankered for Jones' wife, so he bushwhacked Jones with his equalizer and took her. Jones' brother then went out and killed Smith; to do this, he had also to kill Smith's friend Thompson, who tried to defend him. Thompson's friends and relatives then took off after Jones' brother.

This sort of thing, complicated by natural-born homicidal maniacs and fanatics, went on for a while till nobody was safe. In self-defense, people withdrew into fortified communities and only ventured out in large, armed groups. They had to have leaders who could plan strategy and direct tactics; not everyone is equal in respect of military ability. These leaders, both from arrogance and necessity, exacted unquestioning obedience as the price of their services; to keep order, they took charge of all the equalizers, only lending them out for special use and then only to reliable warriors or workers. However, it was still possible to be well fed, clothed, and housed with small effort, so there was no incentive to progress--- not that the incessant petty wars and feuds left anybody time to do research.

So the space expedition came back, took one horrified look at an Earth divided into stagnant strong-arm feudalisms, and lit out again for other planets.

Genius
by Poul Anderson
(Astounding, December 1948)

Here the psychologists of the Galactic Empire set up a world of geniuses, selected by some unspecified means to breed absolutely true, ignorant of their own origin and in fact of all human knowledge. Then they watched to see what would happen. The geniuses were too sensible to fight wars, and wasted no time or energy that way; in a few generations they evolved a utopian society with a tremendous rate of scientific progress. Unbeknown to the Empire, they finally deduced the truth of their situation, smug-



2 →

gled out secret agents, and took over the government from within.

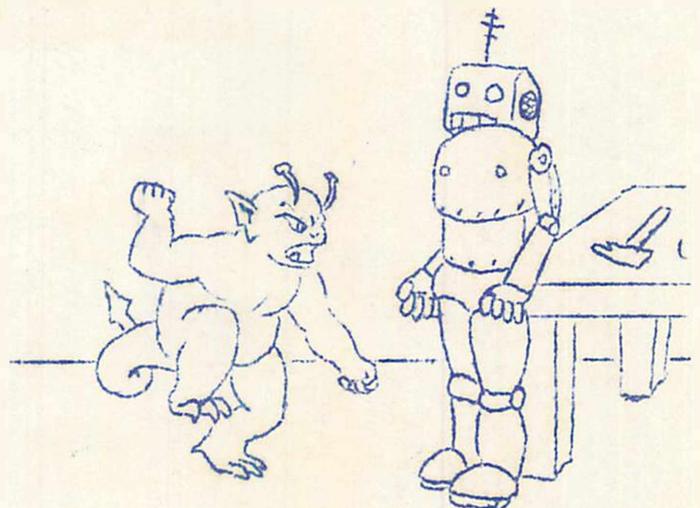
Let's look at it more closely. It seems to us that the essence of genius is the ability to think independently of accepted cliches, to be original. It takes a certain ruthlessness to discard sentimental myths in favor of scientific knowledge. Generals, dictators, and even some criminals have been extremely able people. In present-day Western society, the man with an IQ of 140 or better is seldom given to physical violence--- true; but that is only because under present conditions he can accomplish his ends more easily in other ways. Genius created the hydrogen bomb. In short, high intelligence has little or nothing to do with inherent angelic temperament.

Below a certain level of technology, war pays off. It probably originated here on Earth as robbery--- it's easier, and often more fun, to steal something than to make it yourself, and the first man to realize this was a genius. The communities attacked had to organize their own fighting forces in self-defense. It just doesn't ring true that the geniuses in the Galactic colony would do otherwise, especially when famine hit their home territories. So the colony would have its share of wars. Maybe it would have more than us, because its people would always be brewing up new, revolutionary ideologies.

Moreover, who's going to do the dirty, monotonous, menial work necessary to any culture? In the story, this was shared out. In practice, we suggest that a few boys brighter than the rest found ways to weasel out of their part and went into government. Now, no matter how smart you are, you can't argue with the army, the police, or the tax collector. So there was a class of underdogs. But being intelligent underdogs, able to understand their own situation, they resented it more than most slaves on Earth have done. They were forever revolting a la Spartacus, running away, or conspiring with outside nations. The resulting turbulence made the eventual planet-wide dictatorship a positive relief.

When the scheme was hatched for taking over the Galaxy, some disgruntled character was clever enough to see that he could be well paid for sneaking off and giving the plot away to the Imperial authorities.

The only people with an in-born cooperativeness and sweet temper happen to be Mongolian idiots.



The Marching Morons
by C. M. Kornbluth
(passim)

Besides an understandable distaste for Madison Avenue, Kornbluth's favorite bete noire is the following. Since only high-grade people practice birth control, while the yuts continue to breed freely, in time nearly everyone will be a moron. The few surviving geniuses will have to spend most of their time looking after the stupid majority.

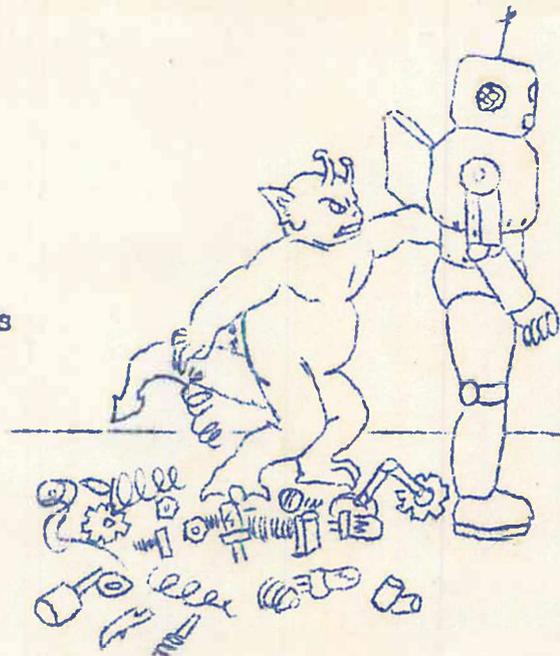
Sorry. That differential birth rate was a passing phenomenon of the 1930's. The current fashion is for larger families, and since able men are usually paid better, they can support more kids and therefore tend to have more. Census figures bear out this theory: at present, college-trained people are turning out more than their share of babies.

There is a basic fallacy in all eugenics proposals. It won't ever help much to sterilize all the morons, because we run into the complexity of the human chromosomes. Geneticists estimate that such a sterilization program, carried out with no exceptions, would eventually reduce the incidence of moronism by about ten percent. Thereafter the yahoos would continue to be born at a stable rate. Probably everyone alive, no matter how gifted, has morons among his ancestors and will have them among his descendants.

Even if Kornbluth's nightmare came true, can you really see the geniuses wasting their time as servants of the knuckleheads? It would be so much easier to enslave them, sit back, and live comfortably. The few geniuses who still clung to the old ideal of service would be frowned on as dangerous radicals intent on upsetting a Very Good Thing.

And Then There Were None
by Eric Frank Russell
(Astounding, June 1951)

An expedition from Earth found a colony where the settlers had done away with all government. In fact, there was not even money. If you did a service for anyone, he owed you a service in return, or you could buck the "ob" on to someone else whom you owed. Those who didn't meet their obs got no help and starved to death. Otherwise a man was considered to have the right to refuse to do anything.



The Earth militarists hung around for a while, but their men kept deserting to this peaceful, utopian culture, so all they could do finally was blast off again before they lost the whole crew.

Hm-m-m-m. Since the colonists had no weapons or military organization, not even a government with the right to grant asylum, it should have been simple to track down the deserters and fetch them back in irons. For that matter, it would have been no trick to bombard the planet till the surviving colonists gave up and started obeying the imperialists.

Fortunately, though, people are still ornery enough to survive. When this Gandhi-type outfit was set up, it probably wouldn't have lasted long anyhow. To be sure, the original settlers were selected for peaceful and cooperative traits, but once again the complexity of human heredity would make the clone unstable, especially in the absence of social controls.

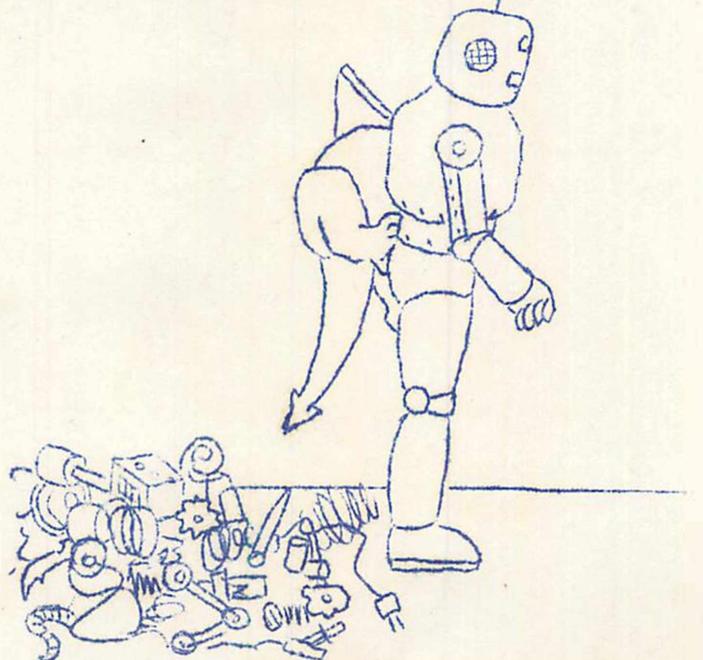
It got to be too much of a nuisance evaluating obs: if I put up a fence for you, how many hours of skilled labor repairing my car do you owe me? So pretty soon we started printing money, and to prevent counterfeiting we need police: Passive resistance doesn't work too well on congenital bastards, either, so law-abiding people started carrying weapons and banding together in self-defense. This was also too much trouble, so before long they turned the common safety--- the police power--- over to the treasury authorities already in existence. But cops will trample all over you unless you write a body of laws defining what they may and may not do; also, you need taxes to pay the cops, courts to settle disputes---

Accordingly, when the villains from Earth landed, they were taken to the local administrative authorities. When they demanded surrender to Earth tyranny, the tough, well-armed planetary police brought up an atomic howitzer and blasted their spaceship to pieces. Small pieces.

Bring the Jubilee
by Ward Moore
(F&SF, November 1952)

In this world-of-if, the South had won the battle of Gettysburg and therefore the Civil War. By the present day, it was a vast empire dominating an impoverished, decadent North. Because the North, the center of American industry, had been ruined, science and technology lagged in this world, though oddly enough, one of the inhabitants knew how to build a time machine.

Let's see. In the first place, the battle of Gettysburg



Aliens invade Earth. Why? What in heaven's name would a planet
 able to mount an interplanetary invasion gain by a long, costly
 war? It would be cheaper to rebuild a "Dying Mars." Could they
 come as conquerors, annihilators? Perhaps. But judging from our own
 history, ideologies only generate friction between great powers.
 The Holy Land was in Moslem hands for centuries before the Crus-
 ades and nobody cared---not till the Seljuks began existing off
 trade routes to the East. France and the other distasteful, but we
 don't mind, because they don't menace us. It would take a pretty
 far-gone nut to get lightning mad about whatever government they
 have on Mars, so why should the Martians care about ours?

About the only logical invaders of Earth would be refugees
 kicked off their home planet. That sort of thing has happened of-
 ten enough; in a way, it's happening today in Israel. But whether
 a band of fugitives would have strength enough to take over an
 entire world is an open question. In all events, they would be
 remarkably stupid if they attacked us in the indiscriminate sel-
 once-friction manner and asked us against them. It would be as
 much easier to join one of the factions on Earth, help it take
 over, and then dominate the exhausted victor. This is, in fact,
 the classical method of conquest: Rome in Greece, the Saxons in
 Roman Britain, the English in Ireland and India, Corsica in Mexi-
 co, etc.

Earth invades aliens. Some objections as above.
 Space travel gives man a common goal, opens new frontiers,
 and thus ends the era of nationalism and war. Well, making the
 improbable assumption that such colonization will not cost more
 than it gains, we need only look at the land-grab wars of Europe
 after the Americas were opened to predict what would happen.
 Telegraphy eliminates crime, since the police can read minds
 and tell who's guilty. God forbid if world violence every con-
 stitutional safeguard which a thousand years of martyrdom have
 established against tyranny. McCarthy with a committee was had
 enough. McCarthy with telegraphy would be unendurable.
 The Galactic Empire. England don't just happen; they grow
 out of a need, either for defense or for closer economic ties.
 We have already dismissed war between planets as highly impro-
 bable, to say the least. As for economics, what does an entire
 planet with a high level of technology need to import? Even if
 you established such an imperium, the problem of governing fifty-
 million worlds, each with a billion or more people aboard, is
 in all likelihood insurmountable. The Galactic Empire would fall a-
 part of its own enormous weight. Small regional alliances
 seem to be the very most one can expect.
 The superman. Since when have natural laws been suspended
 for the benefit of the human race? In all the past, the change

of Species A to Species B has been an imperceptibly gradual process. It is just plain impossible, by all we know of genetics, for a sign to be born of a human mother. Furthermore, organisms evolve, like political, as not an accident, but a response to some definite need. With the advance of medical science, man can compensate for the deficiencies of his own body; as for increasing the intelligence, we already have gadgets to do our thinking for us, eye typing from writing and the absurd to symbolic logic and digital computers. There is a still the requirement of creativity-- as far, only a human brain can meet that. But man is doing all right with the IQ he already has; he doesn't need more to survive, and evolution is a response to a survival challenge.

Science despises science-fiction. Nonetheless we wouldn't go to all this trouble if we didn't love that great Buck Rogers stuff.

SHAGGY AND SHORN

Years ago in Manhattan, the peasants were much plagued with the depredations of a mutant bear. It was known to be a mutant because it was not only as clever as eleven all traps and hunters, but because its feet left tracks just like a boy's. Finally the Great Hunter Chan was called in. After some thought, he devised a new kind of trap made of teak wood, and with this he caught the bear. Great was the joy in Manhattan when they learned they had gotten rid of the boy-foot bear with the aid of Chan.

The biology professor was lecturing on the reproduction of fish. "And at breeding time," he said, "the female fish lays her eggs and then the male fish comes along and fertilizes them by ejecting his milk into the water." A girl in the front row blushed, hesitated, and finally asked: "Well, I mean, or, isn't there, well, something else? Don't they do, well, anything else?" "No," said the professor, "and that is undoubtedly the origin of the term 'your fish'."

A group of colleagues, these degrees B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. look rather awesome till you remember what B.S. means and start asking that M.S. stands for more of the same and Ph.D. for Ph.D. Higher and Deeper.

A BETW EEN SE EING WITH ANTHONY SLAUGHTER

(from The Anglo-American Chronicle)

Though only a few years old, the Smallbook of Dreamland and World-Knowledge says is one of the leaders in its field. This is owing to Woden Outfolings, embodied, which issues a high standard of goodness in all its work, such as the well-known Little Queen's Story Smallbook. But still more is it owing to the bookman, William A. F. White, who uses the shamanism of Anthony Slaughter. Under this name he is a much-detailed writer of many other sayings and a forthcoming kind of Stangey Writers of Vietnam. However, he has also done many world-knowledge tales, and with A. M. Compton was a lively fighting for headman of the new religion. Slaughter Compton had had to withdraw, but there Slaughter has fast food and the smallbook has become a monthly.

After taking over the preparation for a betw eening, we drove to his home on Dan's Street in Slaughter, Slaughter, where he also works, and halted the water before a great handsome house. As the door was opened by his betw eening wife, Slaughter and his wife, Lawrence and Dajima, who led us into a large living room and bed us as seated. At one end of the room is a shelf of the many books. The Slaughter has written, topped by the twin heads of Slaughter, given by the S. A. F. for the year's best number says. Elsewhere the walls are decked with shelves of books, for he is a great writer of the acolyte and has one of the biggest collections of books on Slaughter's shelves in Vietnam.

The Slaughterer became shortly and asked us if we would like something to drink. We took a dark Danish beer in a Dutchman's glass and forthrightly our Slaughter and Slaughter Slaughter. "Well," we began, "do you feel your work goes well?" "Yes," said the Slaughterer, "though there is so much to do I can only keep up with it. Not only so, I have Slaughter headman here, but I gainse books for two newers in New York and have a Slaughter once a week on the broadcast where I play my own tunes. Then I must also make Slaughter things out of town on weekends, and I go to many of the world-knowledge-sages gatherings. But I liked it."

"Do you feel your own writing has suffered from this?" "No, it is good that I have small time to write, but I can still do a sometime says or even a Slaughter." "What are the greatest woes in your work?" "Well, there is not much worry. I hope we can Slaughter the writing; with a greater respect, we could betw eening our writers were and thus get better wordcraft. But even as it is, I think our standing of Slaughter is not low."

"What waitings have you for the morning?"
 "There is much coming, in our next translation we will cut
 a new two-deal booklets by Theodore Sturgeon. It might
 be [Widger], and Bell," said Dr. Slaughterer,
 being foreseen to outstay the breakfast. "I think it is one
 of the best and most notable things we have had. With all the
 leading writers have outshone in our small book, and they will do
 so again. We wait also to run something as well as eggs."
 "What would you say is the chief between the world-knowledge
 tale and the breakfast?"
 "I do not think there is any. It is a tale labeled world-know-
 ledge, first deal of it should be faithful. We do not want mis-
 taken meanings about the things known to man today. But when
 you go on to speak of what we do not yet know and may never find
 -- on, say about falling to another time, maybe one where
 the horse lost at Stamford Bridge and the Normans won at Hastings
 in 1066 -- well, then I cannot see where there is any right be-
 tween accuracy and ghosts or waterholes... which do have some
 small likelihood of something, you know. I would jump the whole
 field together and call it all world-knowledge-greatness, but
 most of our followers will not talk with me on that. Whatever
 you name it, what we want is good eggs."
 "Theater Dr. Slaughterer kindly stood for our dinner and
 we took some lightnings. He had to leave soon for a meeting,
 so we bade him goodbye and thanks and wanted our way homeward.



"I'll never get off the ground."

A BRAIN-TWISTER

एक कठिन प्रश्न है
जो आपको सोचने पर मजबूर करेगा
क्या आप इसे पढ़ सकते हैं?

CAN YOU READ THIS?

CLUE: "ONE RING TO RULE

THEM ALL, ONE RING TO FIND

THEM ONE RING TO BRING

THEM ALL AND IN THE

DARKNESS BIND THEM"

RAMSUNG



CLASSIC NOVEL BY
ZIKI DE BOURBON-PARMA

MEMORABLE NOVELS

BY MELVILLE GRATCH

CADWALLADER THIRK

O. ZANONBERRY TATCH

ALSO STORIES BY
MURRAY LEINSTER
JACK WILLIAMS
EDWIN PALMER AND
PHILIP WYLLIE
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
J. R. R. TOLKIEN

NO PLACE LIKE FOAM

by Earl Anderson

worst was, it was pure water--
not a speck of dry land. The
Robin floated, and since there
wasn't any soil for sails to be
lashed out of, the ocean was
fresh; we had our water syn-
thesizers to make food and as
forth; but it looked like a
monotonous wait.

The planet had three moons,
pretty big and close. Out of
curiosity, we turned astronomer
and studied them. They were odd
pieces of rock, all
right. One was pure carbon di-
oxide, frozen under a thin
layer of cosmic dust that kept
it from boiling away. One was
a great mass of dried, porous
ed-dagether grains, barley and
hops and wheat, over a small
rocky core; life had evolved
there, you see, built up in
thick strata, and been pre-
served by the cold after it
died. And the third moon, by
some freak of fermentation,
was pure, frozen ethyl alcohol.
Captain Gumbins wasn't one
of these martians fresh out
of Annapolis. He knew what to
take from it. Him and the en-
gineer, Machinery, put their
heads together. " ought to be a
menagement to them two heres.
We still had our tractor
beams, and we could anchor one
end to the sea bottom. It was
a big job, but we did it. We
pulled them three moons right
down out of the sky!

Well, you can see what hap-
pened. They hit the ocean, and
melted away, and in a couple
of weeks we were floating on
a world-wide sea of cold beer.
Wants had at all, and there
was plenty of it.

The synthesizers worked on--
Continued on p. 21

Well, son, it's pretty se-
rious, but I figure it's better
for you to know why. When the
ships always bottom around
the Grape Cluster than to go
spreading wild rumors about
alien powers in there. I've
sort of got the right to tell
about it, too, seeing as how I
was one of the guys responsi-
ble for the situation. The
fact is just that the Navy
couldn't want the ships near a
certain planet in the Cluster;
they'd have to give liberties
on it, and there'd be too damn
much work for the SP.

Now I been in the Navy a
long time, since back when we
whipped the Uranian invaders.
That was one of their still
things in my ears: "Up Uranus!"
since then I seen many strange
worlds, but the strangest was
this here planet we're avoid-
in, today.

I was born a mate on one of
the old Slyark class-- the
Robin she was-- when the Navy
sent her in to survey this re-
gion. Didn't much happen till
we were entering the Grape
Cluster, when a big shield
showed, took our whole engine
room with it. Nobody was hurt,
but we'd never travel faster
than light again without re-
pairs we couldn't make our-
selves. Luckily there was a
star close by with one oxygen
atmosphere planet. We landed
in on jets which gave out just
as we landed. So there we were,
stuck on this world till a re-
scue expedition should happen
by, which could take years.

The planet was pretty far
from the sun and kind of chilly,
though not unbearable. The

WOLFE!

by John Watson

Inertial and gravitational phenomena are explained by general relativity; and who can doubt that quantum mechanics will before long be brought into general field theory?

In short, physics may very well reach its end-point in the foreseeable future, with all the laws known and nearly explained. Of course, we will never know for certain that we have discovered all the laws, but after centuries during which research turns up nothing not already predicted by theory, it will begin to look very probable and nobody will bother continuing a hopeless quest.

The laws of chemistry, biology, and psychology are so much more complicated that it will of course take much longer to explain them. I suspect that some of these phenomena are so complex that they will never be reduced to formulas; our minds aren't that good, nor can we build or program computers to do it for us. A finite human body has some 10¹⁴ cells and God knows how many molecules and atoms; it is really reasonable to suppose that we or any robot of ours can ever think precisely in terms of so many interacting units? Quite apart from these theo-

Allegedly science fiction extrapolates from what we know today to the possibilities for the future. A lot of imaginary futures have been constructed, but most of them have a ring of intellectual insincerity. One wonders just how much thinking the authors did.

A favorite cliché is that also technological progress today and the socio-economic revolution it brings about are proceeding at a headlong pace, this advance will continue indefinitely. Doubters are referred to the Patent Office official who resigned on the grounds that everything important had already been invented and to the 19th century physicist who said the coming generation would not be able to do anything but measure... the next best place! It does not seem to have occurred to many that the boy who cried "Wolfe!" was finally right.

Really fundamental advances require that new, unsuspected natural laws be discovered. But how long can this go on in a finite universe, the variety of laws must also be finite, and perhaps not even a very large class. Physics, for instance, is able to sum up the whole of mechanics and dynamics in 5 statements: conservation of energy, conservation of momentum, and increase of entropy.

terial and military sense they cannot compete they change or perish. The inter-... and cross-fertilization of differing civilizations has always been one of the great forces for progress. A planet united in one society whether this be done under the aegis of Communism or the capitalists, will not have that external challenge, that new mode of thinking, to vitalize it.

But how about other planets? Will not colonists there, relatively isolated from Earth, produce their own distinct culture? It's possible, but not very probable. The evidence is all against interplanetary life existing elsewhere in the Solar System; and why should man, an enormous cost, colonize a forsaken cold planet like Mars or a poisonous hell-hole like Venus? What could he find there worth all the expense and effort?

It looks as if most stars have planets, and in that case interstellar travel would give us back our frontier. But to be conducted on a meaningful scale, such travel would have to be done faster than light; and theory and experiment both show that this is impossible. Of course, some new discovery like a space-warp might be made, but at present there is absolutely no indication that this will ever turn up. I like a good interstellar story, but frankly consider its premises as fantastic as a ghost or a werewolf... or psi.

In conclusion, then, since once fiction ought to take more heed of the strong probability that the world will stabilize within the next few centuries and that nothing of great importance will happen

material limits, it's entirely possible that man will lose interest in the whole science-fiction enterprise. Already we see science struggling in a race of secrecy, red tape, and over-organized "projects"; and we see anti-intellectualism on the march. In this country, the Oppenheimer case offers an ugly example. The Soviet Union, like the Nazis before it, is forcing certain branches of science into a sterile conformism for political reasons; how long before our own rising fanaticism goes as far?

I don't expect that we will ever give up technology; it's too useful. But pure science, the lifeblood of modern invention, may be closer to the end than we think.

Even if psychology and the so-called social sciences progress further, will this lead to new concepts and the "open" society where freedom and discovery can flourish? I wonder. World's they were likely to be forces for necessary and...? They will put that much more power in the hands of government, and power corrupts. Since strong rulers have a vested interest in the status quo, they are almost always intensely conservative, however aggressive their foreign policy. The Soviet Union today is the most reactionary nation on Earth.

Innovation will surely continue during our lifetime; a process with so much momentum does not stop overnight. But neither logic nor history justify us in assuming that it will go on forever.

All mankind is rapidly being Westernized; every non-Western culture is being destroyed because, in a purely ma-

AT TENTION
FAAANSI



SWASHBUCKLERS

are the mild, mild, MILD
cigarette-- so mild, mild,
MILD you can't taste them!
As lovely young socialite
Mrs. Vere de Vere Guleson
says: "Yes, SWASHBUCKLERS
are mild, mild, MILD!" ER-
taining an intimate group
of a few hundred friends at
her gracious Swedish Colonial
manor in Harkness, N.Y.,
Mrs. Vere de Vere Guleson
remarked: "When I am sitting
ing from that 'morning af-
ter' feeling and couldn't
generally smoke a cigarette,
I light up a SWASHBUCKLER."
In fact, SWASHBUCKLERS
are so mild, mild, MILD you
can't even SMELL them! If
you put a strand down on a
SWASHBUCKLER, you'll know it
because you can SMELL THE
DIFFERENCE. No other cigar-
ette can make this statement.
No other cigarette has vocal
cordal Got SWASHBUCKLERS!

(cont.)

thereafter for thousands of
years. If the so-called civili-
zation to come is peaceful and
humane, mankind could have
worse prospects.

(cont.)

verline turning out prospects.
That gave Machinery his next
inspiration. The machines
could turn out, in unlimited
quantities, anything on the
program tapes, and we could de-
sign our own tapes. We'd been
producing papers and monkeys
for amusement, and Mankind
happened to be the chosen,

when--
Well, let's just say they
was all tall and black and
curved just right, and very
socialable. If you know what I mean,
and I don't think you're that
young.

The rescue ship found us in
a couple of years. By then we
had made some nice islands and
were pretty well settled.
Too bad the Rescue Service has
such a fine tradition of never
falling an assignment, the pa-
stards. As it was, they needed
a brigade of Marines before we
finally agreed to be rescued.

Yes, our planet is still
there. It's kind of secret,
like I say, but the Navy main-
tains a rest home on it. Rest
place in the universe to get
over a case of space fatigue.
Off limits to enlisted per-
sonnel, of course.

THE RIGHT TO BUY MONEY IS THE

RIGHT TO BE FREE!

51

CONTROL-VERSIFICATION

... a general category of non-prose writing, including not-poetry, like songs, B. The pertinent like.

HEURFUL NELLY

by Karen Larson

(Nelly is one of our names for a bird.)

Nelly works so hard all day,
laden down by endless care--
Never pausing, resting never,
Busy, busy, busy ever.
Nelly has no time for play,
No one Nelly's labor shares.

Nelly waits until we spare
Questions that we rubely sit on;
Opens the cuppies in their tank
With a chuck of out-of-hand;
Never the eatherys her and there
Till the proper pattern's hit on.

Nelly has to spread the butter
With the sugar and some salt;
After that, she spreads the rug
With the tealeaves from a mug;
Sort the spoons, with many a mutter,
Till her bed-time calls a halt.



JULES VERNE

A FILK SONG

By Karen Larson

(Tune: "Joe Hill")

I dreamed I saw Jules Verne last night,
 Alive as you and me,
 Says I, "But Jules, you're fifty years dead,"
 "I never died," says he,
 "I never died," says he.

And standing there as big as life
 And smiling with his eyes,
 Jules said, "What matters out of print,
 The reprint series,
 The reprint series."

"Jules Verne's not dead," he said to me,
 "Jules Verne was never dead,
 Where science fiction writers work
 Jules Verne is at their side,
 Jules Verne is at their side."

"As long as science fiction lasts,
 Whatever scientists learn,
 Wherever fun and games may be,"
 Says he, "You find Jules Verne,"
 Says he, "You find Jules Verne."

I dreamed I saw Jules Verne last night,
 Alive as you and me,
 Says I, "But Jules, you're fifty years dead,"
 "I never died," says he,
 "I never died," says he.

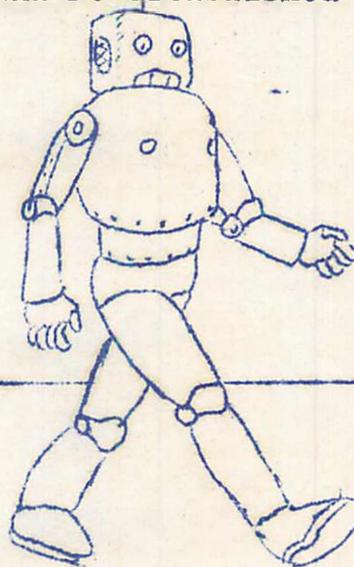
is as dubious a "turning point" as the battle of Tours. In either case, it was a massive raid which was halted; if it had not been stopped, the enemy would have gone on and doubtless inflicted considerable damage, but would scarcely have been able to keep positions so far in advance of his main body.

Let us assume, however, for the sake of argument, that Lee did capture Washington and that Lincoln was killed in the fracas. A dismayed and war-weary North made peace. We happen to know the peace terms demanded by the Confederacy--- no indemnity, no occupation, merely independence. They would not have held out for more after a victory at Gettysburg, being already strained to the breaking point, just as Hitler after the Battle of the Bulge would gladly have signed a treaty leaving him simply in charge of Germany.

So what happened? The Confederacy had its independence. But except for part of Kansas, the Western territories, already aligned with the North, stayed in the Union. With its industrial plant, centered in New England, intact, and with this vast region to exploit, the United States boomed. Meanwhile the Confederacy was saddled with an archaic system of plantation slavery based on cotton. As soil eroded, this crop declined, and the bottom was knocked out of the Southern economy when the British and the Yankees built up the Egyptian cotton industry. The South tried to mechanize, but lacked capital and skilled labor. In desperation, it attacked Mexico and won a large piece of territory adjoining Texas. But the Texans had never been very willing members of the Confederacy, having in fact been bullied and chicaned into joining (see any good history of the Civil War); they now invoked the principle of a state's right to secede and re-established their own republic, adding thereto the loot from Mexico. Civil war in the Confederacy resulted, while the North chortled.

Meanwhile, the abler, more energetic Southerners, white and Negro alike, had been migrating out of their poverty-stricken country, chiefly to the North. This loss of talent speeded the Confederate decline. Science and technology were not in the least impeded, because most of the fundamental inventions of this time were being made in Europe anyway.

About 1900, in sheer desperation, the ragged Southern States asked to be admitted back into the Union. But nobody wanted them any more.



Leitmotifs

Aliens invade Earth. Why? What in heaven's name would a planet able to mount an interplanetary invasion gain by a long, costly war? It would be cheaper to rebuild a "dying Mars." Could they come as crusaders, fanatics? Perhaps. But judging from our own history, ideologies only generate friction between great powers. The Holy Land was in Moslem hands for centuries before the Crusades and nobody cared--- not till the Seljuks began cutting off trade routes to the East. Franco and Tito are dictators, but we don't mind, because they don't menace us. It would take a pretty far-gone nut to get fighting mad about whatever government they have on Mars; so why should the Martians care about ours?

About the only logical invaders of Earth would be refugees kicked off their home planet. That sort of thing has happened often enough; in a way, it's happening today in Israel. But whether a band of fugitives would have strength enough to take over an entire world is an open question. In all events, they would be remarkably stupid if they attacked us in the indiscriminate science-fiction manner and united us against them. It would be so much easier to join one of the factions on Earth, help it take over, and then dominate the exhausted victor. This is, in fact, the classical method of conquest: Rome in Greece, the Saxons in Roman Britain, the English in Ireland and India, Cortez in Mexico, etc.

Earth invades aliens. Same objections as above.

Space travel gives man a common goal, opens new frontiers, and thus ends the era of nationalism and war. Well, making the improbable assumption that such colonization will not cost more than it gains, we need only look at the land-grab wars of Europe after the Americas were opened to predict what would happen.

Telepathy eliminates crime, since the police can read minds and tell who's guilty. God forbid! It would violate every constitutional safeguard which a thousand years of martyrdom have established against tyranny. McCarthy with a committee was bad enough. McCarthy with telepathy would be unendurable.

The Galactic Empire. Empires don't just happen; they grow out of a need, either for defense or for closer economic ties. We have already dismissed war between planets as highly improbable, to say the least. As for economics, what does an entire planet with a high level of technology need to import? Even if you established such an imperium, the problem of governing umpty-million worlds, each with a billion or more people aboard, is in all likelihood insoluble. The Galactic Empire would fall apart of its own cumbresome weight. Small regional alliances seem to be the very most one can expect.

The superman. Since when have natural laws been suspended for the benefit of the human race? In all the past, the change

of Species A to Species B has been an imperceptibly gradual process. It is just plain impossible, by all we know of genetics, for a slant to be born of a human mother. Furthermore, organic evolution, like political, is not an accident, but a response to some definite need. With the advance of medical science, man can compensate for the deficiencies of his own body; as for increasing the intelligence, we already have gadgets to do our thinking for us, eve rything from writing and the abacus to symbolic logic and digital computers. There is s till the requirement of creativity--- so far, only a human brain can meet that. But man is doing all right with the IQ he already has; he doesn't need more to survive, and evolution is a response to a survival challenge.

Sanders despises science-fiction. Nonsense! We wouldn't go to all this trouble if we didn't love that crazy Buck Rogers stuff.

S H A G G Y A N D S H O R N

Years ago in Manchuria, the peasants were much plagued with the depredations of a mutant bear. It was known to be a mutant because it was not only so clever it evaded all traps and hunters, but because its feet left tracks just like a boy's. Finally the great hunter Chan was called in. After some thought, he devised a new kind of trap made of teak wood, and with this he caught the bear. Great was the joy in Manchuria when they learned they had gotten rid of the boy-foot bear with thak of Chan.

The biology professor was lecturing on the reproduction of fish. "And at breeding time," he said, "the female fish lays her eggs and then the male fish comes along and fertilizes them by ejecting his milt into the water."

A girl in the front row blushed, hesitated, and finally asked: "Well, I mean, er, isn't there, well, something else? Don't they do, well, anything else?"

"No," said the profess or, "and that is undoubtedly the origin of the term 'poor fish.'"

Apropos colleges, these degrees B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. look rather awesome till you remember wha t B.S. means and start suspecting that M.S. stands for More Of the Same and Ph.D. for Piled Higher and Deeper.

A BETWEENSEEING WITH ANTHONY SLAUGHTERER

(from The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle)

Though only a few years old, The Smallbook of Dreamishes and World-Knowledge Sagas is one of the leaders in its field. This is dealwise owing to Woden Outfolkings, Inbodied, which keeps a high standing of goodness in all its works, such as the well-known El-lery Queen's Strangey Smallbook. But still more is it owing to the headman, William A. P. White, who uses the shamname of Anthony Slaughterer. Under this name he is a much-betalked writer of murder sagas and a forthfaring limb of Strangey Writers of Vinland. However, he has also done many world-knowledge tales, and with J. F. Comasson was a lively picking for headman of the new undertaking. Sithence Comasson has had to withdraw, but Thane Slaughterer has faststood and the smallbook has onborne monthly.

After asking over the farspeaker for a betweenseeing, we drove to his home on Dana Street in Björkley, Elfland, where he also works, and halted the wain before a great handsome house. At the door we were greeted by his bewitching wife Fillis and his sons Lawrans and Djaims, who led us into a long living room and bade us be seated. At one end of the room is a shelf of the many books Th. Slaughterer has written, topped by the twin heads of Edgar Alden Pow, given by the S. W. V. for the year's best murder saga. Elsewhere the walls are decked with shelves of runers, for he is a great wiser of the songplay and has one of the biggest ingatherings of seldom songplayish runers in Vinland.

Th. Slaughterer incame shortly and asked us if we would like something to drink. We took a dark Danish beer in a Dutshlandish stein and forthbrought our signbook and balltip steelfeather.

"Well," we began, "do you feel your work goes well?"

"Yes," said Th. Slaughterer, "though there is so much to do I can niply keep up with it. Not only am I a bookstavish headman here, but I gainsee books for two newzers in New Jorvik and have a foretalk once a week on the roundcast where I play my own runers. Then I must also make oftenish farings out of town on workness, and I go to many of the world-knowledge-sagas gatherings. But I inglad it."

"Do you feel your own writing has suffered from this?"

"No. It is sooth that I have small time to write, but I can still do a sometime saga or even a skaldic."

"What are the greatest woes in your work?"

"Well, there is not much awry. I hope we can beheighten the whirling; with a greater readership, we could betale our writers more and thus get better wordstuff. But even as it is, I think our standing of craftsmanship is not low."

"What awaitings have you for the morrow?"

"There is much coming. In our next forthfaring we will cut-folk a new two-deal brokentale by Theodore Sturdjon. It hight The [Widget], the [Wadget], and Boff," said Th. Slaughterer, being forseekful to outsay the breeklings. "I think it is one of the best and most notdaily things we have had. Nigh all the leading writers have outshown in our smallbook, and they will do so again. We await also to run soothbits as well as sagas."

"What would you say is the cleft between the world-knowledge tale and the dreamish?"

"I do not think there is any. If a tale inbodies world-knowledge, that deal of it should be faithful. We do not want mistaken reckonings about the things known to man today. But when you go on to speak of what we do not yet know and may never find --- oh, say about faring to another timeroad, mayhap one where the Norse lost at Stamford Bridge and the Normans won at Hastings in 1066--- weal, then I cannot see where there is any cleft between suchness and ghosts or werewolves... which do have some small likelihood of soothbeing, you know. I would lump the whole field together and call it all world-knowledge-dreamishness, but most of our followers will not infall with me on that. Whatever you name it, what we want is good sagas."

Thereafter Th. Slaughterer kindly stood for our darkbox and we took some lightwritings. He had to leave soon for a meeting, so we bade him goodbye and thanks and wended our way homeward.



"It'll never get off the ground."

A BRAIN-TWISTER

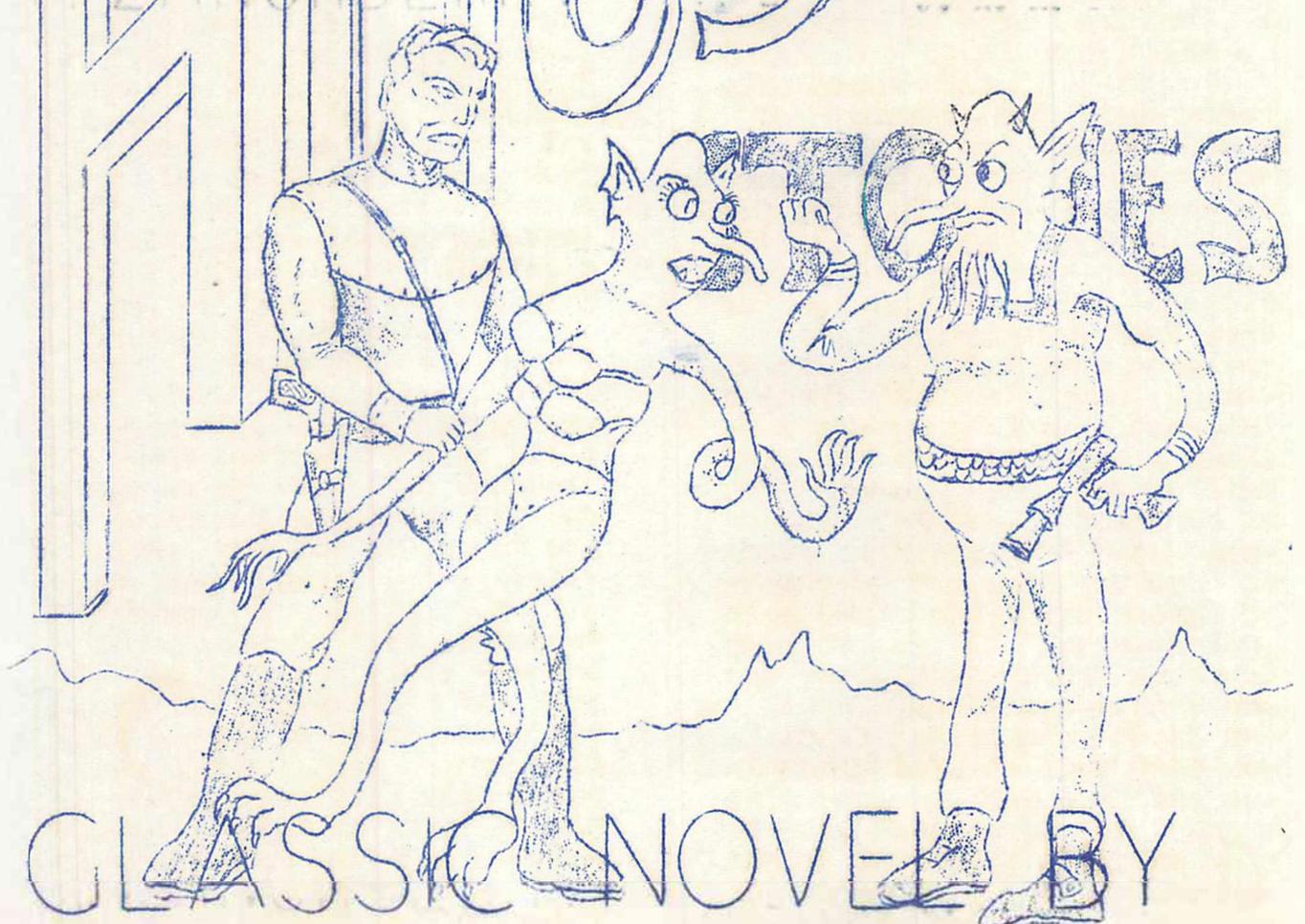
Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a cipher or a puzzle. The text is arranged in three lines:

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a cipher or a puzzle. The text is arranged in three lines:

CAN YOU READ THIS?

CLUE: "ONE RING TO RULE
THEM ALL, ONE RING TO FIND
THEM, ONE RING TO BRING
THEM ALL AND IN THE
DARKNESS BIND THEM."

AMUSING



STORIES

CLASSIC NOVEL BY
ZEKE DE BOURBON-PARMA

MEMORABLE NOVELETS
BY MELVILLE GRATCH
CADWALLADER THIRK
O. ZANDBERRY TATCH

ALSO STORIES BY
MURRAY LEINSTER
JACK WILLIAMSON
EDWIN BALMER AND
PHILIP WYLIE
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
J. R. R. TOLKIEN

NO PLACE LIKE FOAM

by Poul Anderson

Well, son, it's pretty secret, but I figure it's better for you to know why Terran Navy ships always detour around the Grape Cluster than to go spreadin' wild rumors about alien powers in there. I've sort of got the right to tell about it, too, seein' as how I was one of the guys responsible for the situation. The fact is just that the Navy don't want its ships near a certain planet in the Cluster; they'd have to give liberties on it, an' there'd be too damn much work for the SP.

Now I been in the Navy a long time, since back when we whipped the Uranian invaders. That war cry o' theirs still rings in my ears: "Up Uranus!" Since then I seen many strange worlds, but the strangest was this here planet we're avoidin' today.

I was bosun's mate on one o' the old Skylark class --- the Robin she was---when the Navy sent her in to survey this region. Didn't much happen till we were enterin' the Grape Cluster, when a pile shield blew an' took our whole engine room with it. Nobody was hurt, but we'd never travel faster than light again without repairs we couldn't make ourselves. Luckily there was a star close by, with one oxygen atmosphere planet. We limped in on jets which gave out just as we landed. So there we were, stuck on this world till a rescue expedition should happen by, which could take years.

The planet was pretty far from its sun and kind of chilly though not unbearable. The

worst was, it was pure water--- not a speck o' dry land. The Robin floated, an' since there wasn't any soil for salts to be leached out of, the ocean was fresh; we had our matter synthesizers to make food an' so forth; but it looked like a monotonous wait.

The planet had three moons, pretty big an' close. Out of curiosity, we turned astronomer an' studied them. They were odd pieces o' real estate, all right. One was pure carbon dioxide, frozen under a thin layer o' cosmic dust that kept it from boilin' away. One was a great mass o' dried, pounded-together grains, barley an' hops an' whatnot, over a small rocky core; life had evolved there, you see, built up in thick strata, an' been preserved by the cold after it died. An' the third moon, by some freak o' fermentation, was pure, frozen ethyl alcohol!

Captain Gambrinus wasn't one o' these martinets fresh out of Annapolis. He knew what morale meant. Him an' the engineer, MacHinery, put their heads together. Oughtta be a monument to them two heroes. We still had our tractor beams, an' we could anchor one end to the sea bottom. It was a big job, but we did it. We pulled them three moons right down out o' the sky!

Well, you can see what happened. They hit the ocean, an' melted away, an' in a couple o' weeks we were floatin' on a world-wide sea o' cold beer. Wasn't bad at all, an' there was plenty of it.

The synthesizers worked o-
Continued on p. 21

WOLF! WOLF!

by John Watson

Allegedly science fiction extrapolates from what we know today to the possibilities for the future. A lot of imaginary futures have been constructed, but most of them have a ring of intellectual insincerity. One wonders just how much thinking the authors did.

A favorite cliché is that since technological progress today and the socio-economic revolution it brings about are proceeding at a headlong pace, this advance will continue indefinitely. Doubters are referred to the Patent Office official who resigned on the grounds that everything important had already been invented and to the 19th century physicist who said the coming generation would not be able to do anything but measure...the next decimal place! It does not seem to have occurred to many that the boy who cried "W olf!" was finally right.

Really fundamental advances require that new, unsuspected natural laws be discovered. But how long can this go on? In a finite universe, the variety of laws must also be finite, and perhaps not even a very large class. Physics, for instance, is able to sum up the whole of mechanics and thermodynamics in 3 statements: conservation of energy, conservation of momentum, and increase of entropy.

Inertial and gravitational phenomena are explained by general relativity; and who can doubt that quantum mechanics will before long be brought into general field theory?

In short, physics may very well reach its end-point in the foreseeable future, with all its laws known and neatly explained. Of course, we will never know for certain that we have discovered all the laws, but after centuries during which research turns up nothing not already predicted by theory, it will begin to look very probable and nobody will bother continuing a hopeless quest.

The laws of chemistry, biology, and psychology are so much more complicated that it will of course take much longer to exhaust their possibilities. Indeed, I suspect that some of these phenomena are so complex that they will never be reduced to formulas; our minds aren't that good, nor can we build or program computers to do it for us. An adult human body has some 10^{14} cells and God knows how many molecules and atoms; is it really reasonable to suppose that we or any robot of ours can ever think precisely in terms of so many interacting units?

Quite apart from these theo-

WOLF! WOLF! (cont.)

retical limits, it's entirely possible that man will lose interest in the whole scientific enterprise. Already we see science strangling in a mess of secrecy, red tape, and over-organized "projects;" already we see anti-intellectualism on the march. In this country, the Oppenheimer case offers an ugly example. The Soviet Union, like the Nazis before it, is forcing certain branches of science into a sterile conformism for political reasons; how long before our own rising fanaticism goes as far?

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Even if psychology and the so-called social sciences progress further, will this lead to new concepts and the "open" society where freedom and discovery can flourish? I wonder. Won't they more likely be now forces for autocracy and conservatism? They will put that much more power in the hands of government, and power corrupts. Since strong rulers have a vested interest in the status quo, they are almost always intensely conservative, however aggressive their foreign policy. The Soviet Union today is the most reactionary nation on Earth.

Innovation will surely continue during our lifetimes; a process with so much momentum does not stop overnight. But neither logic nor history justify us in assuming that it will go on forever.

All mankind is rapidly being Westernized; every non-Western culture is dead or dying because, in a purely ma-

terial and military sense, they cannot compete, they must change or perish. The interaction and cross-fertilization of differing civilizations has always been one of the greatest forces for progress. A planet united in one society, whether this be done under the aegis of Communism or its antithesis, will not have that external challenge, that new mode of thinking, to vitalize it.

But how about other planets? Will not colonists there, relatively isolated from Earth, produce their own distinct cultures? It's possible, but not very probable. The evidence is all against intelligent life existing elsewhere in the Solar System; and why should man, at enormous cost, colonize a forsaken cold pill like Mars or a poisonous hell-hole like Venus? What could he find there worth all the expense and effort?

It looks as if most stars have planets, and in that case interstellar travel would give us back our frontier. But to be conducted on a meaningful scale, such travel would have to be done faster than light; and theory and experiment both show that this is impossible. Of course, some new discovery like a space-warp might be made, but at present there is absolutely no indication that this will ever turn up. I like a good interstellar story, but frankly consider its premises as fantastic as a ghost or a werewolf... or psi.

In conclusion, then, science fiction ought to take more heed of the strong probability that the world will stabilize within the next few centuries and that nothing of great importance will happen

WOIF! WOLF! (cont.)

thereafter for thousands of years. If the ossified civilization to come is peaceful and humane, mankind could have worse prospects.

NO PLACE LIKE FOAM (cont.)

vertime turnin' out pretzels. That gave Machinery his next inspiration. The machines could turn out, in unlimited quantities, anything on the program tapes, an' we could design our own tapes. We'd been producin' parrots an' monkeys for amusement, an' Martian houselarvae to do the chores, when--

Well, let's just say they was all tall an' blonde an' curved just right, an' very sociable. If y'know what I mean, an' I don't think you're that young.

The rescue ship found us in a couple o' years. By then we had made some nice islands an' were pretty well settled. Too bad the Rescue Service has such a fine tradition o' never failin' an assignment, the bastards. As it was, they needed a brigade o' Marines before we finally agreed to be rescued.

Yep, our planet is still there. It's kind o' secret, like I say, but the Navy maintains a rest home on it. Best place in the universe to get over a case o' space fatigue.

Off limits to enlisted personnel, of course.

THE RIGHT TO BUY MONEY IS THE
RIGHT TO BE FREE!

ATTENTION
FAAANS!



SWASHBUCKLERS

are the mild, mild, MILD cigarette-- so mild, mild, MILD you can't taste them! As lovely young socialite Mrs. Vere de Vere Culetcon says: "Yes, SWASHBUCKLERS are mild, mild, MILD!" Entertaining an intimate group of a few hundred friends at her gracious Swedish Colonial mansion in Hackensaw, N.J., Mrs. Vere de Vere Culetcon remarked: "When I am suffering from that 'morning after' feeling and couldn't possibly smoke a cigarette, I light up a SWASHBUCKLER."

In fact, SWASHBUCKLERS are so mild, mild, MILD you can't even SMELL them! If you put a stencil down on a SWASHBUCKLER, you'll know it because you can SMELL THE DIFFERENCE. No other cigarette can make this statement. No other cigarette has vocal cords! Get SWASHBUCKLERS!

»»»»» CONTRO-VERSIFICATION

. . . a general category of non-prose writings, including not-poetry, filk songs, & the turbulent like.

HELPFUL NELLY

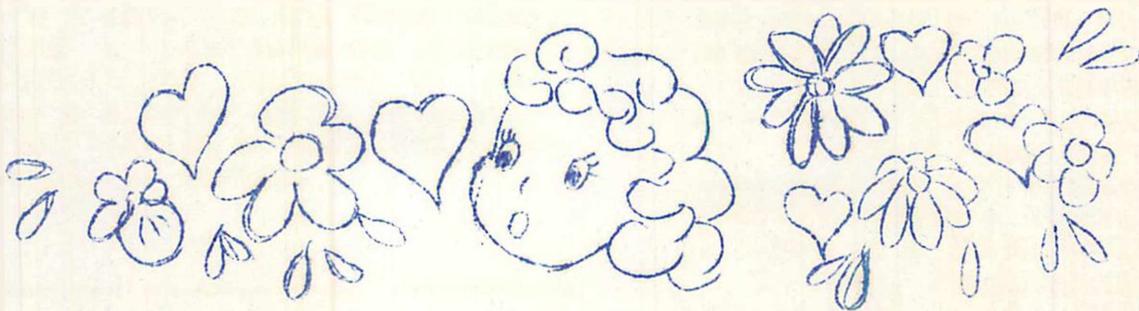
by Karen &erson

(Nelly is one of our names for Astrid.)

Nelly works so hard all day,
Laden down by endless cares---
Never pausing, resting never,
Busy, busy, busy ever.
Nelly has no time for play,
No one Nelly's labor shares.

Nelly wails until we spare
Cushions that we rudely sit on;
Cheers the guppies in their tank
With a chunk of catfood rank;
Moves the ashtrays here and there
Till the proper pattern's hit on.

Nelly has to spread the butter
With the sugar and some salt;
After that, shampoo the rug
With the tealeaves from a mug;
Sort the spoons, with many a mutter,
Till her bed-time calls a halt.



JULES VERNE

A FILK SONG

By Karen &erson

(Tune: "Joe Hill")

I dreamed I saw Jules Verne last night,
Alive as you and me,
Says I, "But Jules, you're fifty years dead,"
"I never died," says he,
"I never died," says he.

And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes,
Jules said, "What molders out of print,
The reprints serialize,
The reprints serialize."

"Jules Verne's not dead," he said to me,
"Jules Verne has never died;
Where science fiction writers work
Jules Verne is at their side,
Jules Verne is at their side,

"As long as science fiction lasts,
Whatever scientists learn,
Wherever fen and pros may be,"
Says he, "You find Jules Verne,"
Says he, "You find Jules Verne."

I dreamed I saw Jules Verne last night,
Alive as you and me,
Says I, "But Jules, you're fifty years dead,"
"I never died," says he;
"I never died," says he,

TIPSY, THE ANTIGRAVITY CAT

Who can get up on the highest wall?
Who makes the broadest broad-jumps of all?
On top of a stool thirty inches high,
Who on two dozen towels can lie?
(They tumble when you're merely passing by.)
Topsy---the Antigravity Cat!

Startle Topsy---the least of surprises,
And two feet straight in the air she rises.
She can jump on a half-inch-thick door and
balance,
She can scale your shoulder---but we ungallants
Tend to discourage this use of the talents
Of Topsy, the Antigravity Cat.

Perhaps when we are submerged in slumber
Topsy indulges in feats without number.
Perhaps she walks about on the ceiling;
Perhaps in midair, dashing and wheeling,
Newton's Law completely repealing,
Goes Topsy, the Antigravity Cat.

dob

There was a young fellow named T8
Who 8 t8-a-t8 at 8:08.
But I'd h8 to rel8
What that fellow named T8
And his t8-a-t8 8 at 8:08.

q0p

NOTED

From "The Straight Line," by
Morris Kline, Scientific Ame-
rican, March 1956:

"The great mathematicians Karl
Friedrich Gauss, Nikolai Loba-
chevski and Janos Bolyai, wor-
king independently, created a
non-Euclidean geometry, which
is named for Lobachevski beca-
use he was the first to publish
the results."

From the song "Lobachevski," by
Tom Lehrer:

"I have a friend, . . .
Whose friend, somehow, is solving now
My problem --- in Dnyepropetrovsk.
And when his work is done,
Ha-ha! Begins the fun. . .
To me the news will run,
Yes, to me the news will run,
And then I write, by morning, night,
And afternoon, and pretty soon
My name in Dnyepropetrovsk is cursed---
When he finds out I publish first."

PRESENTING

MAGNET

BY

LEE JACOBS

DALE ROSTOMILY

TERRY FELCYN

IRENE BARON

POUL &ERSON

KAREN &ERSON

MELVIN COZNOWSKI

Scene 1.

(DOMM DA DOMM DOMM)

(Spot on announcer to R.)

Announcer: This is a true story. Only the authors' names have been changed to avoid a lawsuit.

(DOMM DA DOMM DOM)

(Spot on Kinnison to L.)

Kinnison: My name is Kinnison. I'm a Lensman. I work out of Klovia. Civilization is collapsing again as usual. The Galaxy is being undermined by a new and deadly Boskonian device of psychological warfare. My job: find it.

(DOMM DA DOMM DOM)

(Spot on announcer to R.)

Announcer: We will return to Kinnison and the new and deadly Boskonian device of psychological warfare in 35½ seconds. But first, a long, dull message from our sponsor. Friends! Do you feel tired, weak, and miserable? Will your best friends tell you? Will your best friends give a damn? Are you suffering from choking sensations and collapsing of the chest cavity? Are you turning blue? Maybe you need OXYGEN. OXYGEN is a pure, natural gas you can breathe. Many sufferers from chronic asphyxiation report instant results after using OXYGEN. OXYGEN is guaranteed to contain no harmful or habit-forming substances. So remember, friends, the next time you cannot breathe, try OXYGEN. And remember---OXYGEN spelled backwards is NEGYXO!

And now back to Kinnison and---MAGNET!

(DOMM DA DOMM DOMM) (Curtains open.)

(Chief's office. Present: Kinnison and Chief.)

Chief: QX, Kinnison, this is your mission. The Boskonians are undermining the Galaxy with a new and deadly device of psychological warfare. They are flooding the Galaxy with a magazine consisting solely of Shaver rejects. Civilization is collapsing. We have to find these magazine publishers. We have to throw out a ---

(DOMM DA DOMM DOMM)

MAG NET;

Kinnison: QX, Chief.

Chief: Call up the other Second-Rate Lensben and give them their assignments.

Kinnison: QX, Chief. (Dials on his Eens) Hello, Trigonometry?

Trigonometry (offstage) QX, Kim.

Kinnison: Investigate the Magellanic Clouds for magazines publishing Shaver rejects.

Trigonometry: QX, Kim.

Kinnison (dials again): Hello, Morsel?

Morsel (off): QX, Kim.

Kinnison: Investigate the spiral arms of the Galaxy for magazines publishing Shaver rejects.

Morsel: QX, Kim.

Kinnison (dials again): Hello, Sadwreck?

Sadwreck (off): Yeh, boss.

Kinnison: WHAT?

Sadwreck: I mean, QX, Kim.

Kinnison: That's better. Investigate the central star clusters for a magazine publishing Shaver rejects.

Sadwreck: Yeh, boss.

Kinnison: WHAT DID YOU SAY?

Sadwreck (hurt): I said, yeh, boss.

Kinnison: Turn in your tentacles and get out of here.

Chief: It's up to you, Kinnison, you have to find this publisher within fifteen G. P. minutes or we'll have tomatoes thrown at us. Let me help you with your equipment.

Kinnison: Yeh--- I mean, QX, Chief.

Chief: Twin Delameters.

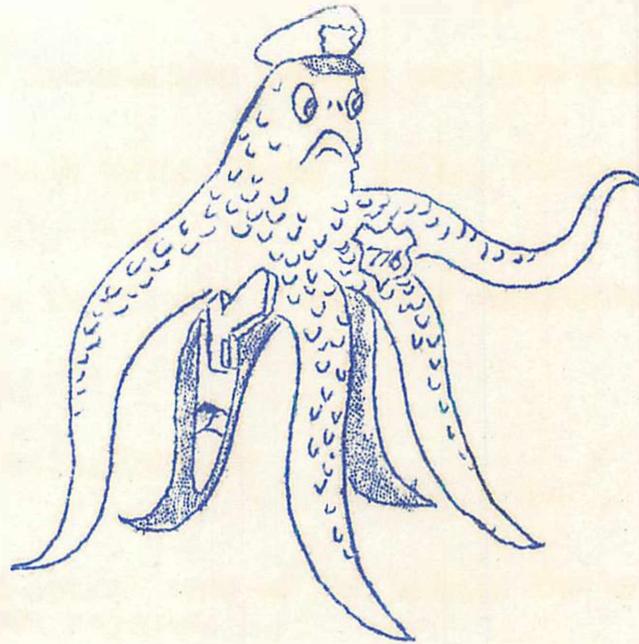
Kinnison: Check.

Chief: Blast rifle.

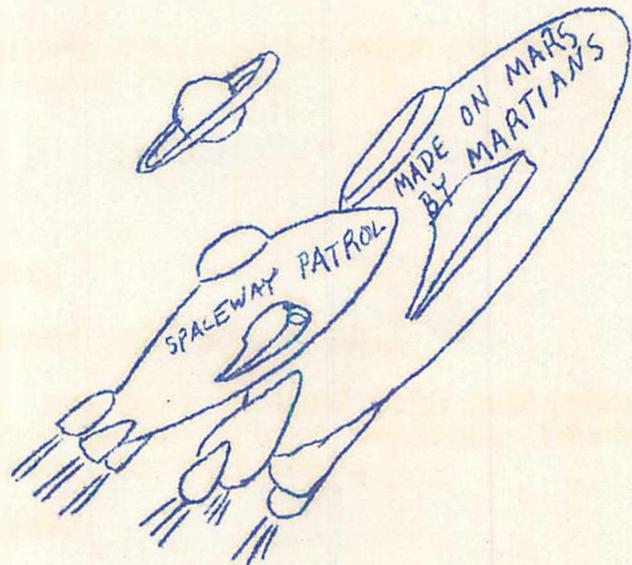
Kinnison: Check.

Chief: Ray gun.

Kinnison: Check.
 Chief: Space ax.
 Kinnison: Check.
 Chief: Canteen.
 Kinnison: Check.
 Chief: Boy scout knife.
 Kinnison: Check.
 Chief: Sword.
 Kinnison: Check.
 Chief: Firehose.
 Kinnison: Check. I carry the hose.
 Chief: Duz. Does everything, you know.
 Kinnison: Check. Does everything, you know.
 Chief: Better Homes and Gardens Cookhook.



Kinnison: Check.
 Chief: Plumber's friend.
 Kinnison: Check.
 Chief: Bromo-seltzer.
 Kinnison: Check. Why?
 Chief: For the audience.
 Kinnison: Check.



(They throw it to the audience.)
 Chief (hands him check): Check.
 Kinnison: Check.
 Chief: Check, I said!
 Kinnison: Check.

"Where's the NOVA,
 mister?"

Chief: Bishop to King Three. . . No, I mean, all right, Kinnison,



"Check!"

let's get down to brass tacks. There are several people and
Things you'll have to interview. On your way.

Kinnison: Up, up and away-y-y-y!

(Curtain)

Scene 2

(DOMM DA DOMM DOM)

(Planets and things in background. Old Space Hound standing around,
completely muffled in spacesuit and helmet.)

Old Space Hound (singing): I'm an old space hound,
Been the Galaxy round,
And I knew my jets 'fore I saw the ground.

I learned my stuff on Sirius X,
I've got no use for the Georgia Techs,
And we all know stef doesn't mix with sex,

Yippi-I-O-ki-ay.

(Enter Kinnison)

Kinnison: Pardon me sir. I'd like to talk to you, sir.

Space Hound: Eh? Hey? What? Whoop? I'm an old space, hound, I
am. Got a lot I can tell you you wouldn't never be-
lieve, no sir.

Kinnison: Yes, sir. I'm just trying to get the facts, sir, just
trying to get the facts. My name's Kinnison.

Space Hound: Well, sonny boy, an old space hound like me can
shore give you a lot of facts. Things that ain't
never got in the books, they ain't. Why, one time
on a run between Groombridge 27 and NGC 6273 ---

Kinnison: Yes, sir. I'd like to ask you a few questions, sir.
Just trying to get the facts, sir.

Space Hound: Don't interrupt me, you young puppy! Why, I was
blowing jets when you was just a gleam in your
daddy's eye. Facts? Sure, I can give you facts.
Like one time out on the third moon of ϵ Canes Ven-
atici IV, in the Vrill-tunnels, back in '87, or was
it '89--- let me think a little now, I'm an old
space hound and my memory ain't what it used to be,
but I think it was in '88---

Kinnison: Yes, sir, just trying to get the facts, sir. Have you seen anyone publishing a magazine full of Shaver rejects?

Space Hound: Shaver rejects? Shaver rejects? What 're you talking about, son? Now old Hot Jets Gernsback, there was a man, I tell you. They don't make them like that any more. Why, I remember the time Jack Campbell and me was blasting out 'round Wolf-Rayet 218, and ---

(Exit Kinnison, hurriedly.)

(Curtain)

Scenc ~~Scene~~

(DOMM DA DOMM DIM)

(Bergey girl standing. Suddenly she screams. Enter monster.)

Monster: Grrrruffff!

Girl: Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeegh!

(Monster advanced, girl collapses into dramatic pose, monster stands over her with slavering jaws.)

(Enter Kinnison, notebook in hand.)

Kinnison: Pardon me, sir. (Brushes monster gently aside. Monster bows, but remains crouched over girl. Kinnison stoops over girl.)

Girl: So whaddaya want, buddy? Cantcha see I'm being attackted by a monster?

Kinnison: Pardon me, ma'm. Just trying to get the facts, ma'm, just trying to get the facts. What's your name, please, ma'm? Just trying to get the facts.

Girl: V. P. F.

Kinnison: How do you spell it, ma'm?

Girl: V. P. F., ya dope. Stands for Very Pulchritudinous Female.

Kinnison: Yes, ma'm, just trying to get the facts. Say, didn't I book you on a 512 coming out of Bob Tucker's room at the Chicon?

Girl: So whaddifya did? Ya wanna make a federal case out of it?



"Ya think I read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?"

Kinnison: No, ma'm. Just trying to get the facts, ma'm. How often have you been attacked by monsters, ma'm?

Girl: Ah, mebbe five, ten times a day, depending on how busy Finlay and Rotsler are.

Kinnison: Thank you, ma'm. Have you seen anyone publishing a magazine full of Shaver rejects, ma'm?

Monster (threateningly): Grrrruffff!

Girl: Down, Laney.

(Enter Old Space Hound. All action stops as he walks across stage.)

Space Hound: Yes sir, I'm just an old space hound; nobody notices me, I'm just an old space hound, I am. . . .

(Exit Old Space Hound)

Kinnison: Have you seen anyone publishing a magazine full of Shaver rejects, ma'm? Just trying to get the facts, ma'm.

Girl: Ah, ya think I read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?

Kinnison: Thank you, ma'm. Pardon me sir.

(Exit Kinnison. Monster growls and tries to pick up girl, who has fainted artistically. After several tries, he scratches head, goes offstage, fetches a wheelbarrow, and carts her off in it.)

(Curtain)

Scene 4

(DOMM DA DOMM DOM)

(Spot on announcer to R.)

Announcer: Friends, everybody is talking about the marvelous new gas OXYGEN.

(Enter Monster with wheelbarrow, picks up Announcer and carries him off still talking.)

OXYGEN contains absolutely no chlorophyll, Vitamin B-36, or sulfazeohiathiaparapenicillinamide. . . .

(Spotlight out and curtains open)

(DOMM DA DOMM DOM)

(Enter Kinnison)

Kinnison: I think I'm getting close to this nefarious publishing company. I think I'm getting the facts. Let me see, Charnel House Publishers. . . .

(Enter beautiful girl.)

Beautiful Girl: Hellowooo, handsome. You're six feet tall and built like a godilla. Your knuckles scrape the ground.

Kinnison: Pardon me, ma'm.

Beautiful Girl: You have muscles.

Kinnison: Yes, ma'm. Just trying to get the facts, ma'm.

Beautiful Girl: HMMMMMMMMMMMM

Kinnison: Have you seen anyone publishing a magazine full of Shaver rejects, ma'm?

Beautiful Girl: All I see is you. HMMMMMMMMMMMM

Kinnison (aside): Obviously, this is just a thought projection of the Overlords, sent to lure me into a trap.

Beautiful Girl (stroking his arm, snuggling up, etc): Whatcha doing tonight, big boy, hmmm?

Kinnison: Pardon me, ma'm. You're just an Overlord thought projection sent to lure me into a trap, ma'm.

Beautiful Girl: I am not! You're just sooooo handsome . . .

Kinnison: Just trying to get the facts, ma'm, just trying to get the facts,

Beautiful Girl: I can show you some really interesting facts if you'll just come up to my asteroid.

(Enter Old Space Hound. All action stops as before.)

Space Hound: Nobody notices me. I'm just an old space hound, that's all I am, and nobody ever pays any attention to me.

(Exit Old Space Hound.)

Kinnison: Sorry ma'm. I'm here to get the facts, ma'm. Can't be bothered with Overlord thought projections sent to lure me into a trap, ma'm.

Beautiful Girl (indignantly): Oh, you're just trying to get the facts! Foot!

(Exit, clomping.)

Kinnison: Holy Klono's ytterbium eyeballs, she's NOT a thought projection! Hey--- come back--- pant, pant, pant---

(A Boskonian comes up from behind and saps him.)

Boskonian: Ha-hah! Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh! Now we, the masters of Boskone and the publishers of Shaver Stories, have Kimball Kinnison in our ~~power~~

(Curtain)

Scene 5

(DOMM DA DOMM DOM)

(Boskonian torture chamber. Kinnison tied to a chair. Two Boskonians gloating over him.)

Boskonian₁: All right, Kimball Kinnison, we've got you. You're all alone in the Boskonian headquarters---the editorial office of Charnel House, publishers of Shaver Stories!

Kinnison: Yes. I've tracked you down to your lair, sir, tracked you down to your lair.

Boskonian₁: But it is we who have you! Now tell us, where is the Patrol's Prime Base? We want to mail them a bomb. In fact, we're going to put them on our bomb-of-the-month subscription list. Where is Patrol's Prime Base?

Kinnison: I'm not going to tell you sir, not going to tell you.

Boskonian₁: Oh, yes you are.

Kinnison: Oh, no I'm not.

Boskonian₁: Yes you are.

Kinnison: No I'm not.

(THEME from "I'm the Richest Man in Siam")

Boskonian₁: Lefty!

Boskonian₂: Yeh, boss?

Beautiful Girl (Indignantly): Oh, you're just trying to get the
factual! Factual!

(Exit, clomping.)

Kinnison: Holy Kiono's ytterbium eyeballs, she's NOT a thought pro-
jection! Hey--- come back--- pant, pant, pant---

(A Bookman comes up from behind and taps him.)

Bookman: Ha-hah! Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh! Now we, the masters of
Bookman and the publishers of Shaver Stories, have Kim-
ball Kinnison in our power!

(Curtain)

Scene 5

(DOLL DA DOLL DOLL)

(Bookman torture chamber. Kinnison tied to a chair. Two Book-
mans glowering over him.)

Bookman: All right, Kimball Kinnison, we've got you. You're
all alone in the Bookman headquarters--the edito-
rial office of Channel House, Publishers of Shaver
Stories!

Kinnison: Yes. I've tracked you down to your lair, sir, tracked you
down to your lair.

Bookman: But it is we who have you! Now tell us, where is the
Patrol's Prime Case? We want to mail them a bomb. In
fact, we're going to put them on our bomb-of-the-month
subscription list. Where is Patrol's Prime Case?

Kinnison: I'm not going to tell you sir, not going to tell you.

Bookman: Oh, yes you are.

Kinnison: Oh, no I'm not.

Bookman: Yes you are.

Kinnison: No I'm not.

(THUD from "I'm the Richest Man in Steam")

Bookman: Lefty!

Bookman: Yes, boss?

Boskonian₁: He doesn't want to tell us, Lefty.

Boskonian₂: He don't?

Boskonian₁: Are you going to tell us where Prime Base is?

Kinnison: No, sir.

Boskonian₁: All right, Lefty.

(Boskonian₂ swings whip at Kinnison.)

Kinnison: You fiends! Torturing a helpless man!

Boskonian₁: Just trying to get the facts, sir, just trying to get the facts.

(Whipping continues.)

Boskonian₂: Jeez, boss, my tentacle's getting tired.

Boskonian₁: He won't yield, will he: Then we must try the ultimate torture---the ravening, searing, indescribably destructive torture---TREATMENT X!!!

Boskonian₂: ~~Yes~~ TREATMENT X!

Boskonian₁: Yes. TREATMENT X. Even Kinnison's will must break. Heh-heh-heh-heh!

(Enter Old Space Hound. As before, all action stops.)

Space Hound: I'm an old space hound, I am. Been blastin' between the stars since I was a pup. I seen 'em come and I seen 'em go, but here I am yet, just an old space hound that nobody notices.

(Exit Old Space Hound.)

Boskonian₁: QX, Lefty, start Treatment X.

Boskonian₂: Boss--- I can't.

Kinnison (nervously): What is Treatment X?

Boskonian₁: We read Shaver manuscripts to you.

Kinnison: No, no, no!

Boskonian₂: Yes. Lefty!

Boskonian₂: Boss, I just---can't. It's too fiendish.

... We don't want to tell us, Jerry.

Bookman: He don't?

Bookman: Are you going to tell us where Prime Base is?

Bookman: No, sir.

Bookman: All right, Jerry.

(Bookman swings whip at Minnison.)

Minnison: You friends! Torturing a helpless man!

Bookman: Just trying to get the facts, sir, just trying to get the facts.

(Whipping continues.)

Bookman: Yes, boss, my tentacle's getting tired.

Bookman: He won't yield, will he? Then we must try the ultimate torture--the reversing, searing, indescribably destructive torture--TREATMENT X!!!

Bookman: TREATMENT X!

Bookman: TREATMENT X. Even Minnison's will must break. Heh-heh-heh!

(Enter Old Space Hound. As before, all action stops.)

Space Hound: I'm an old space hound, I am. Been drifting between the stars since I was a pup. I seen 'em come and I seen 'em go, but here I am yet, just an old space hound that nobody notices.

(Exit Old Space Hound.)

Bookman: OK, Jerry, start Treatment X.

Bookman: Boss-- I can't.

Minnison (nervously): What is Treatment X?

Bookman: We read your manuscript to you.

Minnison: No, no, no!

Bookman: Yes, Jerry!

Bookman: Boss, I just--can't. It's too fishy.