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* CLARGES *

THIS IS CLARGES #3, ISSUING FORTH FROM BOX 228, CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA, 27514. YE ED IS LON ATKINS, WHO NEVER POORFREADS. TODAY IS 19 AUGUST 1965. THIS IS ZUGZWANG PUBLICATION # 19. BY THE WAY, AS YOU READ THROUGH THE ZINE, YOU'LL NOTICE THAT NINETEEN IS A VERY POPULAR NUMBER THISH. THINGS JUST HAPPENTHAT WAY OCCAISIONALLY.

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FOLIO BY JOE STATON

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B R O O D

EDITORIAL RAMBLINGS

THE COMPLEAT PUBLISHER needs a mimeo. Now I too can be a Compleat Publisher, because Charles Wells gave me his old mimeo when he moved from Durham. It's a hand cranked job, missing a screw or two, but still capable of doing good work. It's fannish history goes back to Russ Watkins who published DAWN on it. When Charles got it, he printed the last ish of QUANDRY on it and many FIENDETTAs and CADENZAs. Now I've inherited it and as soon as I get the time to clean it up, etc., I'll be doing a bit of color work for CLARGES. Now let me thank Charles for his generosity. I certainly appreciate it.

THE PEDA-GOGS in this issue are the work of Phillip Poland, a very talented artist who has been away from fanzine art for too long. I think his cartoons of the Peda-Gogs, an armless race who express themselves with eloquent toe gestures, are full of both bold and subtle humor. The two in thish were the first received, but I have two more waiting for C#4, and hope to have two (or more) in every issue.

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, Don Miller. In this mornings mail I received a copy of THE WSFA JOURNAL in which I read "... the Deep South Con was a bit of a flop, with only 19 attendees. ...There was no formal program." Let me straighten you out, Don. My con report has already been stencilled and you'll find it in thish beginning on page 26, so you can read a detailed account of my view of the DSC. If you do you'll discover that, wonder-of-wonders, there was a formal program.

The real thing that irritates me, however, is the labeling of the con as a flop because the attendance numbered 19. Remember, Don, that this wasn't the DISCLAVE or the MidWestCon -- it was a Southern con, and there are fewer fans in the South than there are WSFA members. And this in an area of 752,500 square miles. For even three or four Southern fans to be together at one spot is highly unusual; that 18 of them (plus a BSFS member) assembled in one place was a miracle. It would have been very nice if carloads of WSFAans, BSFS and CFG members had arrived to boost the attendance, but we Southern fen enjoyed ourselves nevertheless. The atmosphere was relaxed, unhurried and so everyone seemed to feel that he was an important part of the con (as everyone was). This type of intimate feeling you must sacrifice at a big con.

((Continued on page 19 -- as is perhaps appropriate.))

THE CLEGG LETTERS

PART II

I think that before I go on, I'd better tell you of my own political attitudes, so that you can make allowance for bias in the views I express.

My fundamental attitude to politics and to social organisation in general is that of an extreme liberal. The word "liberal" is so vaguely used in the U.S. that I'd better define what I mean. I use the word "liberal" in its original sense, to mean a person who believes that the state (or society) should interfere with the liberty of the individual no more than is necessary to preserve law and order. Or to put it another way, the government should pass as few laws as possible.

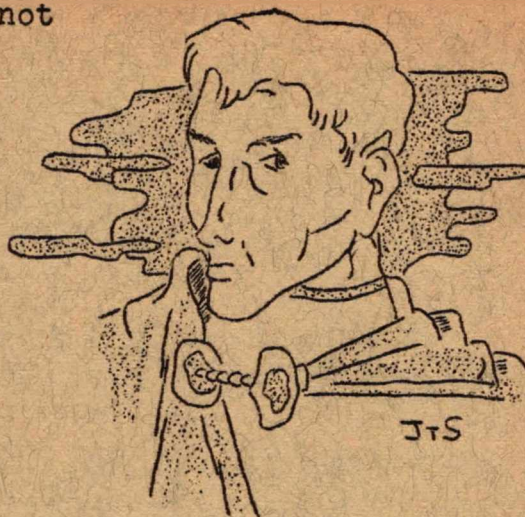
I am a convinced internationalist. I am not a pacifist. I am an atheist; I believe in racial equality; I detest the prevalent sexual morality; etc. You probably know my type. In the U.S. I would be a left-wing Democrat, in Britian I would be a floating voter tending at the moment toward Labour, in Europe I would usually be a Social Democrat, in S.A. I am a Progressive.

* * * * *

You say you'd support the S.A. Liberal Party. Frankly, Seth, I doubt whether you would if you lived in S.A. It's a fine ideal for everyone to have a vote, and the leader of the Progressive Party recently said he looked forward to the day when everyone would have a vote under the Progressive Party's proposed constitution. But if the Liberal Party were somehow voted into office and gave the vote to everyone, it would be thrown out at the next election by the ANC or PAC. (The ANC and PAC may or may not have much African support at the moment, but if they were legalised they'd soon get support. Their method of campaigning is to promise heaven on earth and to beat up anyone who disagrees.) I have no objections to being governed by the Liberal Party, or to being governed by Africans, but I very strongly object to a badly-governed, one-party state, which is what we'd get if the ANC or PAC got into power. And economically, even the Africans are better off under the Nats than they would be under the ANC or PAC. The economy is growing at the moment as fast as it's possible for an economy to grow, and I have little doubt that the ANC or PAC would mess up the economy, if not severly damage it. I know "man does not live by bread alone", but nevertheless bread is the first essential. And personally I'd rather have a high standard of living than a vote, particularly if the "vote" was for one party only.

The Progressive Party hopes that if it got into power (It hasn't a hope of getting into power, but let that pass.) and gave the vote only

to the more educated people, they would not vote on racial lines. It would unfortunately be a hell of a gamble. If the gamble failed and the enfranchised Africans voted for African nationalist parties, then we'd end up with a one-party state.



It is probably reflections like this which were largely responsible for the swing to the Nats in the elections held last week for the Provincial Councils. (The Nats won several formerly safe opposition seats. They must have the support of over 60% of the electorate now.) The Nats have convinced most of the electorate that the only way to preserve civilised government is to give independence to the "Bantu Homelands", so that the Africans will legally no longer be South Africans but foreign migrant workers. It should be recognized that the Nats are completely sincere when they say that apartheid is a just and equitable policy. They are forever inviting foreign politicians, business men and civic leaders to come to S.A. and see for themselves how much is being done for the Africans. So far their biggest catches have been Field-Marshal Montgomery of Alamein, who is an avid apartheid enthusiast (he is also a Castro and Mao Tse-Tung enthusiast), and the chairman of a U.N. committee which was investigating some wild charges against S.A. (The chairman came to S.A., investigated, and said there was no truth whatever in the charges, and furthermore he was very impressed with apartheid. After a complicated series of denials and counter-denials, the chairman's statement was ignored by the committee.) This week the S.A. Government invited the World Court to visit South-West Africa and S.A. (The World Court is hearing a charge by Ethiopia and Liberia that S.A. has been maladministering South-West Africa.) S.A. also suggested to the world Court that it inspect Ethiopia and Liberia as well as South-West Africa. Of course, South-West Africa is heaven compared to Ethiopia and Liberia.

The other main reason for the recent swing to the Nats by the electorate is reaction to the frequent anti-apartheid demonstrations overseas and to the grossly distorted pictures of S.A. which one gets in speeches at the U.N. and elsewhere. The U.N. and the S.A. Government have been carrying on a slanging match for years, and until about 1961 the English-speaking South Africans generally supported the U.N., but the U.N. has shown that it is simply not interested in the truth about S.A., and the English-speakers are understandably angry. (The U.S. has had to put up with the same sort of thing: the U.N. has several times condemned U.S. colonialism in Puerto Rico, calmly ignoring the fact that Puerto Rico wants to be a U.S. dependency.) This sort of thing frequently annoys me. And the U.S. press is generally heavily biased against S.A. For example, TIME said in reference to the Nats: "Revolution, they figure, is unlikely in a country that spends 27% of its budget on security." I think anyone reading that sentence would think that "security" referred to the police force. Actually it refers main-

ly to the armed forces. If that isn't deliberate deception, what is?

No, the Africans don't evolve into Cape Coloureds, and the two races don't generally interbreed. Most Cape Coloureds are racially prejudiced against the Africans. I don't know what the exact racial origins of the Cape Coloureds were, but at a guess, I'd say Indonesian, white, Malay, Hottentot, Bantu and Indian, in that order.

What does the average person in S.A. do for a living? Well, the whites do almost everything except unskilled labour; the Cape Coloureds likewise, but generally lower on the economic ladder, like the U.S. negroes; the Indians tend to be small businessmen; the Africans tend to be unskilled labourers or semi-skilled labourers, but they can be almost anything. But the Government has the power to limit the employment of non-whites in various jobs -- in fact, it is officially enforced racial discrimination ensuring that the whites get the best jobs. As an example of the sort of thing we get, the biggest Cape Town bus company is not allowed to employ more than 15% Cape Coloureds and no Africans. Of course, there's nothing to stop anyone of any race setting up a business of his own.

I don't know how employment is divided between the various sectors of the economy, but at a guess I'd say the biggest employers are heavy industry, agriculture, mining and the railways.

You say that the non-whites should be educated up to high-school level at least and those with superior intelligence get through college. I quite agree with you, and actually non-white education is one of the biggest black marks on the Nats' record. The Cape Coloureds and the Indians are not too badly off in education, though the standard of teaching is lower than in white schools. (All schools are segregated.) The non-white students also tend to drop out earlier. African education is terrible. Nearly all Africans learn to read and write, but most leave school after two or three years. The failure and drop-out rate is illustrated by the following figures: Of the 200,000 African pupils enrolled in 1950, only 894 sat the Matriculation (university entrance) Examination in 1962, and of these, only 362 passed. Higher education is no better. In 1962 (the latest figures I have) there were only 1,800 Africans at S.A. universities, plus 3,800 in teachers' training colleges. And now the universities are being segregated, over the vehement protests of the English-language universities. There aren't many non-white students left at Cape Town now. In 1957 the whole University of Cape Town marched on Parliament as a protest against the proposed segregation of universities, but it hasn't done any good.

By the way, in my last letter I said I thought that perhaps the African townships would eventually get self-government in some form. I should have mentioned that they already have Township Management Committees which are responsible for the planning and everyday management of the townships. But what I meant was some way in which the urban Africans could make their own laws, at least to a certain extent, and govern themselves economically.

The capital of the Transkei and a few small towns have a white population, but otherwise the Transkei is almost completely Xhosa. Most of the whites will probably leave the Transkei, because they don't like the idea of being governed by Africans, and because the present Transkei Government is discriminating against them. (The Nats are pleased that the Transkei whites are losing their rights, because it fits in with the theory of apartheid.)

You say that in spite of all the arrests the African nationalist parties will continue to form and grow. But they're not growing. It's undeniable that the ANC and PAC have far less influence now than they had five years ago. It's pleasant to think that a population can't be denied political expression, but it's simply not so. Look at the communist countries.

You're correct in saying that the nationalists will get more extreme. Both the ANC and PAC, which were allegedly non-violent organizations, Umkunto We Sizwe and Pogo, but these organizations were spectacularly unsuccessful in their attempts at sabotage, and have been successfully rounded up by the police.

Even when the ANC and PAC were legal, it was far from clear how much support they had. The Africans generally obeyed party orders, but they had to obey, because the parties employed gangs of young thugs to beat up anyone who disobeyed orders. I remember in 1959 a very pleasant African employed by my father's firm came to work one day when the PAC had called a general strike as a protest against something or other. When he got back home that evening he was badly beaten up and was in the hospital for a week. My father visited him in the hospital, and told me that he was violently anti-PAC and had asked why on earth the police didn't arrest all the "troublemakers". This attitude is certainly widespread, but just how widespread I don't know.

My own attitude to the ANC and PAC, incidentally, is that of the Progressive Party: that the bans on the parties should be lifted, but should be reimposed if the parties use violence or intimidation.

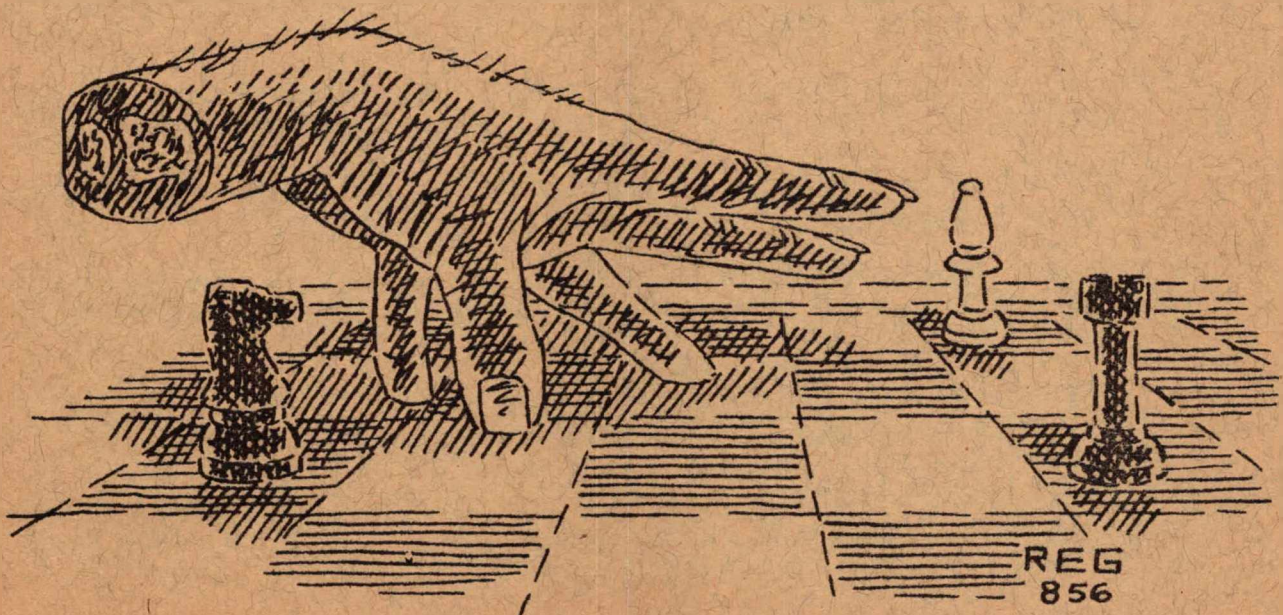
You say, "In depriving the others of liberties you also find yourself deprived, even though you don't know it yet." But we do know it. If you read the opposition press here, you'd realise that we're very much aware of the way our liberties are disappearing.

Just how much are we deprived of civil liberties? Well, to put the best part first, every South African is assured of a fair and impartial trial with the assistance of counsel. The South African judiciary is not elected but has inherited the British tradition -- it is, roughly speaking, a self-controlling profession which is only nominally under Government control -- and it is one of the few things we can really be proud of. The quality of the judiciary is particularly important in view of the fact that jury trials are rare in South Africa. Every accused is entitled to a jury trial but the right is seldom exercised, because the accused feel that a judge will give them a fairer trial. And in fact the conviction rate is only 50%. I can't think of any case in which the judge made what seemed to me to be a politically biased

judgement; and the judges certainly aren't scared of any government disapproval. In the most important trial of the past few years (in which the leadership of the S.A. Communist Party were charged with being members of a banned organization, conspiring to overthrow the government, etc.), the judge threw the indictment out of court as soon as it had been read to him, angrily declaring that in all his years on the bench he had never heard such a vague parody of an indictment. The prosecution had to prepare a new indictment.

If I could digress a moment I think that the S.A. system of trial by judge could well be imitated by other countries. It's important that everyone should have the right to trial by jury, but I think it's just as important that he should also have the right to trial by an impartial judge. Otherwise he might well be in the same position as, say, a Negro in Mississippi. Furthermore, a judge will generally give a better-considered verdict than an inexperienced and frequently stupid jury which doesn't understand the subtleties of points of law. And the further advantage of trial by judge is that it costs the taxpayer far less than trial by jury.

Unfortunately our excellent judicial system doesn't save our civil liberties, because the government has taken several arbitrary powers. The Minister of Justice can, without giving any reason, prohibit anyone from attending meetings, or confine him to a certain area, or prohibit him from making any public statements, or put him on the "banned" list, which means that the newspapers aren't allowed to quote him. He can also extend the prison sentence of anyone he feels it would be dangerous to release. The police have the power to hold anyone for up to 48 hours for questioning, without charging him with a crime. From May 1963 to January 1965 the police had the power to hold anyone indefinitely for questioning, the only precaution against mistreatment being that each prisoner had to be visited by a judge once a week. About 1000 people were held under this law. (It's only fair to point out, though,



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that there aren't many countries where the police don't have the power to hold anyone indefinitely for questioning. According to TIME the West German police hold 50,000 people a year for an average of 70 days each. This makes S.A. very small fry.) It is, incidentally, an indication of how secure the Government feels, that it has taken this power of questioning away from the police.

In addition, S.A. has some political crimes. These are (not counting crimes like treason and sabotage, which are crimes in any country) (1) being a member of a banned organization (principally ANC, PAC and the Communist Party), (2) "furthering the aims of communism", and (3) contravening a banning order. Perhaps one should count also the possession of books banned for political reasons. One should also note that the death penalty can be exacted for sabotage (although no-one has in fact been sentenced to death.)

I'd like to comment on a recent statement by Dr. Martin Luther King. The CAPE ARGUS quotes him as saying that he was deeply concerned over South Africa, and "If the U.S. and U.K. decided no longer to co-operate with the apartheid policies of South Africa, and withheld their economic support, refusing to buy gold or make investments, they could bring the Nationalists to their knees overnight."

I'm a great admirer of Dr. King, and he is of course right to be concerned about South Africa. But I'm afraid he shows a woeful ignorance of the realities of the situation, because :

- (a) If Britian stopped buying S.A. gold, S.A. could easily sell it elsewhere. Gold is the easiest stuff in the world to sell.
- (b) Supposing that all countries refused to buy S.A. gold. It would sooner or later -- probably sooner -- force a devaluation of most of the world's currencies, because gold is in very short supply already, and S.A. supplies 70% of the free world's gold.
- (c) A boycott of S.A gold would admittedly badly damage the S.A. economy, because gold accounts for 7% of S.A.'s GNP, but it would not wreck the economy. At the present growth rate, the loss would be made up in 12 months.
- (d) S.A. welcomes foreign investment, but it has quite enough capital to finance its own expansion if necessary.
- (e) Britian, who is S.A.'s best customer, can't afford to boycott S.A., because S.A. is her third-best customer.
- (f) A U.N. committee investigating the feasibility of sanctions against S.A. has reluctantly concluded that sanctions are not feasible.
- (g) Supposing that economic sanctions were successfully applied, it would be mainly the non-whites who would suffer. The first thing that would happen would be that the neighbouring countries would be deluged with over a million Africans who had lost their jobs and been deported as foreigners. The S.A. Africans would be the next to lose their jobs. The people who

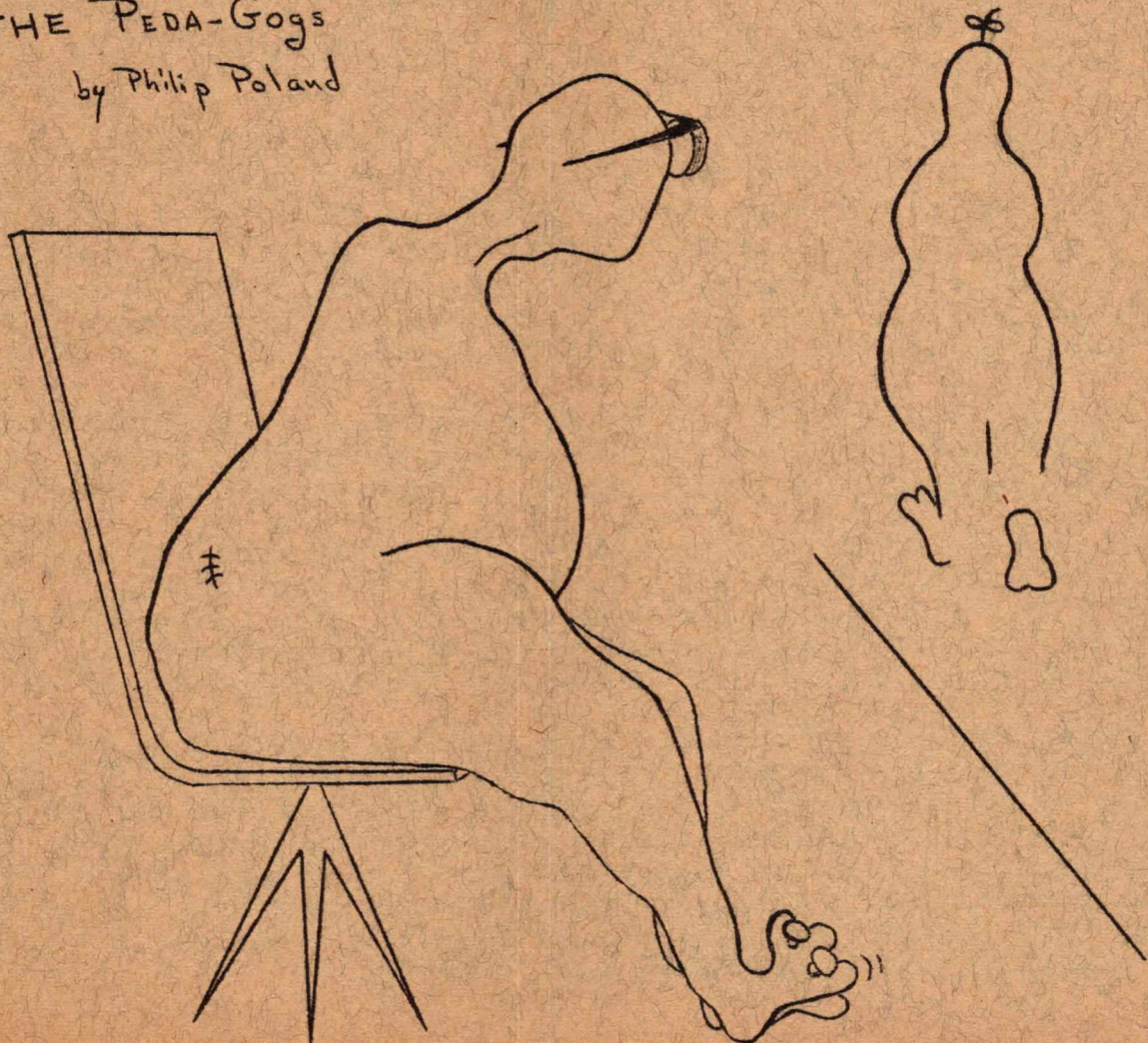
would feel the depression least would be the whites.

- (h) I doubt whether any amount of economic hardship would bring the Nats to their knees. The Afrikaners are a very tenacious people.
- (i) Any economic trouble in S.A. would worsen the lot of the Africans both economically and politically. The Africans will get political rights when they can bring the necessary economic pressure to bear on the Nats. The quickest way to give the Africans economic power is to help the present boom.
- (j) Personally, I have always felt that a decent standard of living is far more important than a vote. The people who feel the other way are invariably those who have plenty to eat already. I can't feel much respect for schemes which give Africans the vote at the expense of starving them.

"Unskilled casual Bantu labourers" who sign on from day to day make usually R2.00 a day -- this is the minimum paid by the Cape Town City Council. The poorer Africans pay only nominal rents, and meals can be had for a few cents (or free in needy cases). In relation to the rest of Africa and Asia these wages are very high, but to the U.S. and Western Europe they are very low. The wages are increasing fast (last year the minimum wage rose 12%), but we've still got a long way to go.

--- ROGER CLEGG

THE PEDAGOGS
by Philip Poland



Thus Spake ARMADILLO

BY JERRY PAGE

"Ah ha!" shouted the Armadillo, topping a small rise and drawing, from the concealed but highly utilitarian secret recesses of his black cloak, a small howitzer, with which to cover his arch enemy, Dr. Fung Us. "You are captured at last!"

It was perhaps a highly rare coincidence which at that moment caused the small meteorite to land right where the Armadillo was standing, but -- for the moment -- the Armadillo failed to really appreciate the fact. The meteor struck and the Armadillo bounced backwards. The laughter of Dr. Fung Us peeled sibilantly through the air.

Fortunately, the meteorite had struck that close fitting steel mask which the Armadillo wore over his face to catch bullets, thus protecting him from serious harm. It has also been said that it is fortunate that this mask is worn upon the Armadillo's head, but this is neither here nor there. The Armadillo landed unscathed but unHowitzered. And heard the laughter of Dr. Fung Us, than which there is only one laugh more sinister -- that of the Armadillo himself.

Hastily, the Armadillo scurried to his feet. But it was too late! Dr. Fung Us had once more escaped. He was at large somewhere in this Great Metropolitan City. Evil would continue to walk the streets!

It was one of those rare moments when failure begot the best of the Armadillo. Momentarily his stupendous self control disengaged and the human within surfaced with an oath that otherwise would n'er have sullied his lips. "Oh, fudge!" said the Armadillo, snapping his fingers. And as the oath escaped his tongue, he felt immediately shamed.

The Armadillo returned to where his car, a 1926 Essex, was parked. There, inscrutable as always, awaited his faithful retainer, Singh Alung, behind the wheel. In the back of car there sat the one woman in all the world to whom the Armadillo's true identity was known: Edna Paranola. As she saw the dejected Armored Ace returning from the garbage littered vacant lot wherein the meeting with Dr. Fung Us had taken place, she clasped her hands to her bosom and cried out,

"Well, I see he outsmarted you again!"

Singh Alung muttered something in an obscured Hindustanni dialect.

In utter silence, the Armadillo entered the car and began removing his costume. First the black slouch hat, then the cape and then he changed his sneakers for a pair of alligator skin shoes. Finally, came the steel Armadillo-head-shaped mask and then could be seen the pouting features of the Armadillo's alter-ego: bon vivant, man-about-town and out-of-work polo player, Ronald Faldaytonworthington.

"Sheesh," said Edna Paranola. "Fifty-nine times you come into contact with Dr. Fung Us. Fifty-nine times you meet him face to face. Fifty-nine times you get hit with meteors. One of these times you won't catch it on the mask and then where'll you be?"

"Luck," said Ronald Faldayton worthington. "Sheer luck. He can't expect a meteor to hit me every time."

"Yeah," said Edna Paranola. "I gotta admit that sooner or later that kind of luck just doesn't hold up."

The inscrutable Hindoo continued to mutter in obscure dialect.

That night, in the secret New York headquarters of the Armadillo, Ronald Faldaytonworthington met with his associates and special agents.

"It is imperative," said he, "that we bring an end to the nefarious career of Dr. Fung Us, once and for all."

There was a consenting chorus of "Hear! Hear!" and "Huzzah!"

"Dr. Fung Us," continued Ronald Faldaytonworthington, "is a major menace for which major methods must be taken. Agreed? Therefore, there is only one step to be taken! We must resort to something major! Right?"

"Right!" chorused the retinue.

"Very well then," said Faldaytonworthington, smashing his gavel to the podium, having carelessly forgotten about his hand, which rested upon that podium. When the pain was gone, he continued. "Very well then," said he. "Anyone got ant ideas?"

No one spake.

Suddenly, the door flew open and in rushed Little Igor Patrushka, the ten year old Russian born newsboy whom the Armadillo from a lynch mob of the John Birch Society, some years back. "Quick!" shouted the young boy. "It's Dr. FungUs!"

Faldaytonworthington, upon the event of this unprecedented arrival (after all, a secret hideout is a secret hideout) had dropped under the podium and grabbed the Armadillo's costume from the hidden recesses of his ordinary seeming street clothes and hastily donned them. Too hastily, as it were, and he nearly broke his skull, trying to throw his mask over his shoulders like a cape.

But the Armadillo is a man of resources, and he quickly corrected the error so that, as he arose, he was fully encostumed as the Armadillo

"And just what do you know of Dr. Fung Us?" enquired the Armadillo.

"I know where he is," said the young newsboy, wiping his nose on the Armadillo's cloak. "An' I know what he's up to."

"Please go on," said the Armadillo, with a light kick to the child's chin.

Little Igor Patroushka picked himself up. "He's planted a bomb, he has. He's got bombs all over town. He's in his secret penthouse hideout and at midnight he plans to pull the switch that blows up all those bombs, settin' off the whole city."

Behind that metal mask, the features of the Armadillo assumed a steely expression that rivaled that of the mask itself. When the Armadillo spoke, it was with a husky, emotion trodden voice.

"I shall not fail this time," quoth he. "Not even the incredible luck of that arch fiend shall stay me from preventing him from carrying out this plan!" The eyes of the Armadillo softened beneath the mask and gazed fondly upon the child with poetic benevolence. "You shall not go unrewarded for this service," said the Armadillo, and reaching into the recesses of his billowing cloak, he produced a glossy, 8 x 10 autographed photo of himself, which he presented to Little Igor, who clouded into tears of warm gratitude.

With an admonishment not to grovel, the Armadillo kicked the child aside and leaped for the nearest window, via which to make his exit. As chance would have it, he neglected not only to open the window, but to fasten his silken cord to anything. Luckily, he landed on his protective mask.

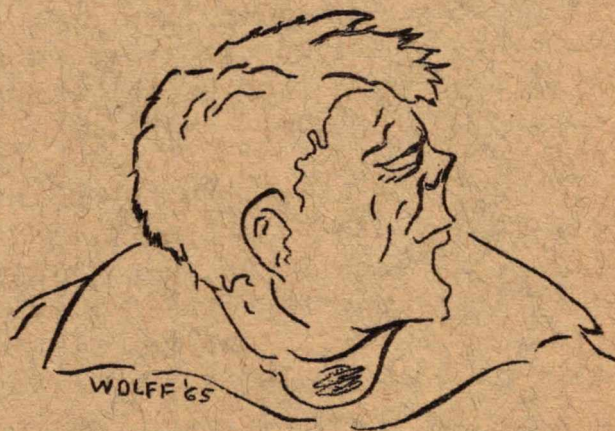
Minutes later, the Armadillo was scaling the walls of the building wherein was located the secret penthouse laboratory of Dr. Fung Us. It was but minutes until midnight when he reached the top, and even as he leaped the final bastion of that tower, he espied the hand of Dr. Fung Us, reaching for the lever which could detonate the bombs!

"This time," said the Armadillo, "you will not be aided by luck and the chance fall of meteorites!"

Dr. Fung Us whirled, agast, a stupified expression of startled astonishment upon his surprised features. "You!" he said.

"Surrender, evil fiend!" snapped the Armadillo. "The jig is up!"

"Never!" hissed Dr. Fung Us. His hand gripped the detonator lever before even the Armadillo could act. "One step closer and I'll destroy the entire city!"



"You foul beast," said the Armadillo. "Did you think I'd be such a fool as to be outwitted thusly?"

"As a matter of fact, I did."

"No matter," shouted the Armadillo. "Watch this." Quickly, from his cloak, the Armadillo produced a camera.

Dr. Fung Us suddenly shouted, "Wait. You can't photograph me. My mustaches aren't combed!"

But as he rushed to find a comb, he unwittingly fell into the trap of the Armadillo!

The Armadillo leaped for the arch fiend and using Karate, quickly broke his hand on the shoulder blade of Dr. Fung Us. But the Armadillo was prepared for even that contingency! With his free hand, he grabbed a gun and shot the arch fiend through the head!

Smiling, the Armadillo stared down at his fallen foe. It would be a while before Dr. Fung Us returned to bother anyone. (Three weeks at least -- the bullet had lodged in the brain.) The Armadillo was exuberant. He had won at last!

"Do you see?" he addressed Dr. Fung Us. "I have won. For while you had luck and an evil genius, I had skill and goodness. What is luck beside these? I have won and shall be rewarded with honors, while you shall be incarcerated henceforth. I have but to dismantle your weaponry!"

And saying thus, the Armadillo turned -- and heard a crashing sound from above. A meteor tore through the ceiling straight for him, striking him full upon his steel masked face and deflecting so that it also struck the lever that detonated the bombs of Dr. Fung Us.

It was a somewhat more fatalistically philosophical Armadillo who stood upon the balcony of Dr. Fung Us' secret penthouse laboratory and watched the rest of New York being blown to smithereens.

..... JERRY PAGE

In 2222 the Dean of the University at Samyetu U., Phineas T. Drive, requested the aid of Ferdinand Fakeoff. Although Fakeoff personally thought that the Dean was a bombastic clod, he nevertheless came and courteously inquired, "Well, what's your problem, Dean Drive?"

The Dean shuddered, muttered to himself and then launched into an explanation. It seemed that the students at the university now considered themselves ahead of their time and did everything in what they called an extremely avant-garde manner. This would have been all right, except for the fact that the students now allowed themselves only one public recreation -- punning. The incessant puns were driving the professors insane and he himself, admitted Dean Drive, was frantic. Could Fakeoff please stop this terrible avant-garde recreation somehow?

Fakeoff revealed where his sympathies lay when he replied, "So you want me to stop them from playing onwards." ...The Dean screamed.

Some Computer Potential

.....by CHARLES WELLS

I recently attended several sessions of a Duke symposium called rather pretentiously "The Computer and the Mind of Man". Thankfully there was little talk about what to do about the "dehumanization" of living in an age dominated by machines and other such nonsense; most of the talks were descriptions of what computers can do in various fields and what they may be able to do in the future. The possibilities were breath-taking; here again the world has caught up with and passed science-fiction.

A couple of months after the symposium I received a notice from my insurance company that we may now pay our premiums monthly but at the annual rate (most insurance companies add slight surcharges if you wish to pay more often than annually), and without having to write a check to boot. Their new electronic data processing operation will write the check each month on my account and send me a notice telling me they did, so I can dash down to the bank and juggle accounts to cover it.

Now that is a concrete example of the computer revolution in action. A small thing, but a real convenience to me (now we can eat the last weeks of January, April, July and October). The company specifically states that it could not do this without computers.

Here are some of the things that computers now do or will shortly be doing:

Scientists will no longer have to wait till odd times of the night to get access to the computer, only to find out that their program contains errors. Now at M.I.T. (for one) each person who uses the computer has an input to the computer right at the office; and he doesn't have to wait -- the computer handles everyone's problems at once. It will work on one person's problem for a few microseconds, then read it out into an auxiliary memory and read in another person's, work on it for a few microseconds, read it out and take up a third person's where he left off, and so on. The thing operates so fast that there is little noticeable delay -- the person sitting in his office has the illusion that the computer is bending all its efforts to solving his problem. (Computers are so fast these days that the fact that the speed of light is finite enters into the calculations for their design -- it's important to keep the connections short.)

Starting next year, both Bell and General Telephone will be installing electronic switchboards, which are really specialized computers. If you live in a place with such a system, you can do an astonishing variety of things merely by dialing code numbers. If you go to visit someone you can have your calls transferred there starting at a certain time and back to your house at a certain time. You can dial conference calls without talking to an operator. You can use the phone as an alarm clock.

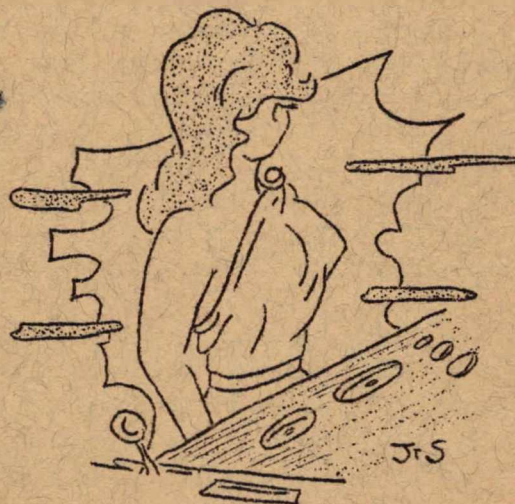
Eventually, as things get highly automated, all long distance charges within the country will be eliminated. What will that do to fandom, when Ted White can call up Bill Donaho and John Boardman can argue with G.M.Carr all without charge? Will it be necessary to publish fanzines any more? (The fact that New York fandom -- the FISTFA-Fanoclast bunch -- finds it necessary to operate an apa in spite of the fact that it meets every Friday would seem to indicate that it still would be necessary.) And what about the guy who moves to California to get away from his mother-in-law, only to discover that she can call him up for no reason whatever?

Computers can now talk. At the symposium I mentioned above a man from IBM brought a special telephone with him with pushbuttons that can talk to computers. (Computers can't yet understand English, not commercially). He dialled a computer in New York state which had information on a lot of people's bank accounts, punched a few coded questions, and the computer answered him in English, telling him what he wanted to know. It also told him in no uncertain terms that he couldn't have certain information which was private. Tellers can be bribed, but not computers.

The computer had a large collection of English words spoken onto tape by someone with a clear voice. It constructed sentences as it spoke them -- it could decide the next word so much faster than it could say it that it had time to talk to other people on the phone and do calculations on people's accounts at the same time.

The electronic switchboard I mentioned above, whenever it has free time, performs tests on itself to make sure it is working properly.

There are dozens of laboratories now where computers perform experiments. They usually perform the dull, repetitive sorts of things that take up so much of an experimenter's time. They can provide all sorts of detailed and varying environmental control for animals; they can mix chemicals in the proper amounts and shake them for the required lengths of time; you can hook them up to people and record all sorts of data about what happens when they get mad, or drunk, or have lights flashed in their eyes. Computers can diagnose heart ailments much better than people can. (They do it by analyzing electrocardiograms. They can also analyze electroencephalograms.)



While this is not strictly a matter for computers, one man has hooked up a bunch of wires to a man's head which enables him to turn a light on or off by merely thinking. This is because man has a certain amount of control over his brain waves.

You can train people to exercise all sorts of fine control over their muscles by hooking them up to a computer which tells them whether they are succeeding or not. People have been trained to operate one single muscle fiber in isolation from all the rest.

Ordinary television is an analog conversion device. A digital computer can convert it into digits, which are much less susceptible to interference, and transmit it at the same rate as usual. The same sort of technique enables the transmission bandwidth to be compressed considerably.

In a slum school in New York City there is a computer which teaches five year olds to type. Not to mention read. It does it exceedingly well, too, since it is more consistent and patient than a human teacher can ever be.

Computers can now read typed and printed English, and will shortly go into use in service for the Post Office. They are also enabling the government to perform much more complicated cross-checks on people's income tax returns.

In Toronto most of the downtown traffic lights are controlled by computers which sense the way traffic is flowing and adjust the timing accordingly. And in Japan railroad trains are now being controlled by computers.

Computers are of considerable service in interpreting and recording photos of cloud chambers. They actually have a computer that could read the photos directly, but that is at present too expensive to do.

And for all this, computer prices have dropped so much in the past five years that there is an IBM computer today which costs three fifths as much as one did five years ago that only did one third as much work in a given time.

All these things are now being done, or will shortly be done. Most of them are commercial -- that is, they are not just one-time expensive oddities. In the next few years most of you will come into contact with many of the computer-uses I have listed; of course, only scientists will use the laboratory-control devices, and the teaching-typewriter may turn out to be too expensive to use. But in a few years most of you will have talked over a telephone controlled by computers, in fact you will have talked to a computer; your mail will be processed by computer and your television will show pictures delivered by computer.

There are other uses of the computer that are more problematic. It's safe to predict computer controlled telephones, since the Bell people have already committed millions of dollars to put that possibility into effect. But on the horizon there are other possibilities, and here the role of the prophet becomes difficult.



For example, computer translation. This is certainly possible in principle; not perfect translation, not translation of the nuances of poetry -- after all, people can't do that either. But if the price of large computer memories comes down rapidly, we may see in ten years or so commercial translation of scientific papers, business documents, and the like -- material in which most of the words are clearly defined and have precise uses.

We will probably have computers that can understand spoken English; we will more probably have computers that can read English. Obviously, if we have the first-mentioned, then the computer that translates as you speak into it becomes possible. Whether it will be practicable is another question. One does not need simultaneous translation of speech for business or science; it would be nice to have Professor A's speech on mythology translated simultaneously into six languages, but it will certainly not be worth the expense for many years to come. On the other hand, simultaneous computer translation in the U.N. would be highly desirable, but the sophistication required for such translation is many orders of magnitude higher than that required for translating scientific papers.

Computer controlled traffic? Computer controlled rail traffic is already being done on a small scale, and as I mentioned, computer controlled traffic lights are in use. The common science-fictional notion of the superhighway that you drive onto and let the master computer take over your driving, putting you off at a previously programmed exit, is possible right now. The difficulties are economic and to some extent technical. For example, are all cars on the superhighway to be computer controlled (so the highways would have to be completely new, allowing non-controlled cars to use the old ones), or is a mixture to be allowed? The latter presents formidable technical problems. I expect it will be years before we see anything like that.

To get really far out, there are three other possibilities I will mention before closing: computer controlled economy, computer controlled people, and computer composed music. I think it is obvious that economic decisions made on the basis of computer supplied information can be more precise and effective than without the information; this is now one of the most common ways in which large businesses use computers. Furthermore, in some sense the computers actually make the decisions; for example, in deciding what proportions of a certain product should be manufactured at each of three different locations, which the computer determines by solving a large number of equations set up to maximize profit, or efficiency, or whatever.

But it is not clear just how one big computer could control the entire economy. On the one hand, it's probably possible to have a big computer in possession of all sorts of data to tell General Motors and Chrysler how many cars they should produce in a given year, and what kind, to maximize profit. The computer could not enforce that decision -- that is up to the government, and whether it does or not has nothing to do with computers. On the other hand, detailed control of all aspect of the economy, including consumption, will probably still be impossibl

thirty years from now -- not only because people would resist the idea, but simply because the economy is too big. Perhaps we should be thankful for it.

It is possible now for a computer to control people through electrodes in their brain. Just how detailed this control can be is a matter for experiment. The notion is horrendous. It is also probably impracticable; what is more likely is control of one person by another by means of those electrodes. Thus again it is not the computer that is the big threat, but the people.

Computer composed music is being done now. Usually the music composed is extremely avant-garde and so most people are not exposed to it. But perhaps there is a possibility being overlooked, I envision the day, maybe twenty years from now, when popular music is composed, and perhaps sometimes played, by computer. It may be that a computer could never equal Beethoven or Ella, but it is not at all inconceivable that a computer could compose singing commercials and especially instrumental (non-vocal) rock and roll which is as good as the average stuff coming out of our radios today (not as good as the best, mind you, but maybe as good as the average). Whether it will be done on a large scale is another question; if it becomes much cheaper than hiring a composer, it will; otherwise it will only be done for its novelty value.

Finally, I must comment on the notion that computers are "bad". Why is it bad that a computers read our mailing addresses instead of men? And so what if some of the rock and roll on the radio is computer controlled? I cannot help but think that some of the people who are horrified by this sort of thing have a vague notion in the back of their heads that the human composer will be replaced by the computer, which is a notion that, when brought out into the open, is simply silly. It reminds me of the woman, who, upon hearing a proposal to merge Vermont and New Hampshire, objected violently because the White Mountains were so lovely and she had had such a nice time there last year, etc., as if after the merger the mountains would no longer be there.

I cannot understand the objection to Zip Codes, all number dialling, and the like, either -- at least not the objection that they are "dehumanizing". The objection that they are harder to remember has some validity. Is one's ego so weak that having to give up an exchange name or replacing the name of one's town with a number destroys one? Good grief, I have more important things to identify with than exchange names, and after all the town will still be there and my name will still be the same, whether or not I get my mail by the number, I cannot help suspecting that a lot of this sort of objection comes from people who haven't enough sense of self to stand by themselves, who must feel that they have a "place" and who desperately seek out any little assurance that the World knows that they are Really There. But if someone is capable of stating these objections coherently and of giving reasons for them, I'll be willing to listen.

--- CHARLES WELLS

"Neither Snow, Nor Rain, Nor Heat, Nor Gloom of Night Stops These
Couriers From the Swift Completion of Their Appointed Rounds."
.....But a warm, sunny day seems to do the trick pretty well.

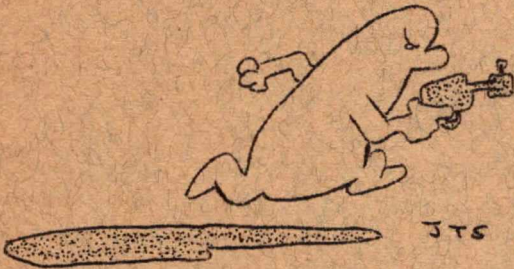
A M I D D L E E A R T H
G E O G R A P H Y Q U I Z

Below are listed the names of ten areas or landmarks of Middle Earth. You are to give the English translation. For example, Bruinen is the Loudwater. And Minas Tirith is the Tower of Guard. Score fewer than five and you're an orc; get all ten correctly and you must have High Elvish blood.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| (1) Khazad-dûm | (6) Baranduin |
| (2) Eregion | (7) Lothlórien |
| (3) Minas Morgul | (8) Imladris |
| (4) Orodruin | (9) Barad-Dûr |
| (5) Erebor | (10) Osgiliath |

Answers on page thirty.

"Without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."



BROOD, continued from page two -----

I will freely admit that for a while on Friday nite -- when seven of us were sitting the con room shooting bull and nothing had begun to move -- that I was afraid the DSC would be a flop indeed. But then Janie Lamb and Wally Weber arrived and things picked up, not to let down again for the duration of the con. Perhaps to someone accustomed to large club meetings and "small" 100 person conventions this would seem dull, but I'm not used to such things, and neither were most of the participants -- we had fun.

A NOTE to Ron Bounds, the bacover artist. When I had your drawing electrostencilled, the operator said your cardboard original was too stiff to use, so I gave him the lithoed copy, which he said would do fine in spite of the grain. Well, after I picked the stencils up I noticed that your picture was not done well. I'm sorry, but it's the electrostencilling that went bad. The place is in Raleigh, so I can't afford another trip timewise. Send me some more stuff and I'll see to it that it gets proper treatment. And thanks for thish's bacover illo.

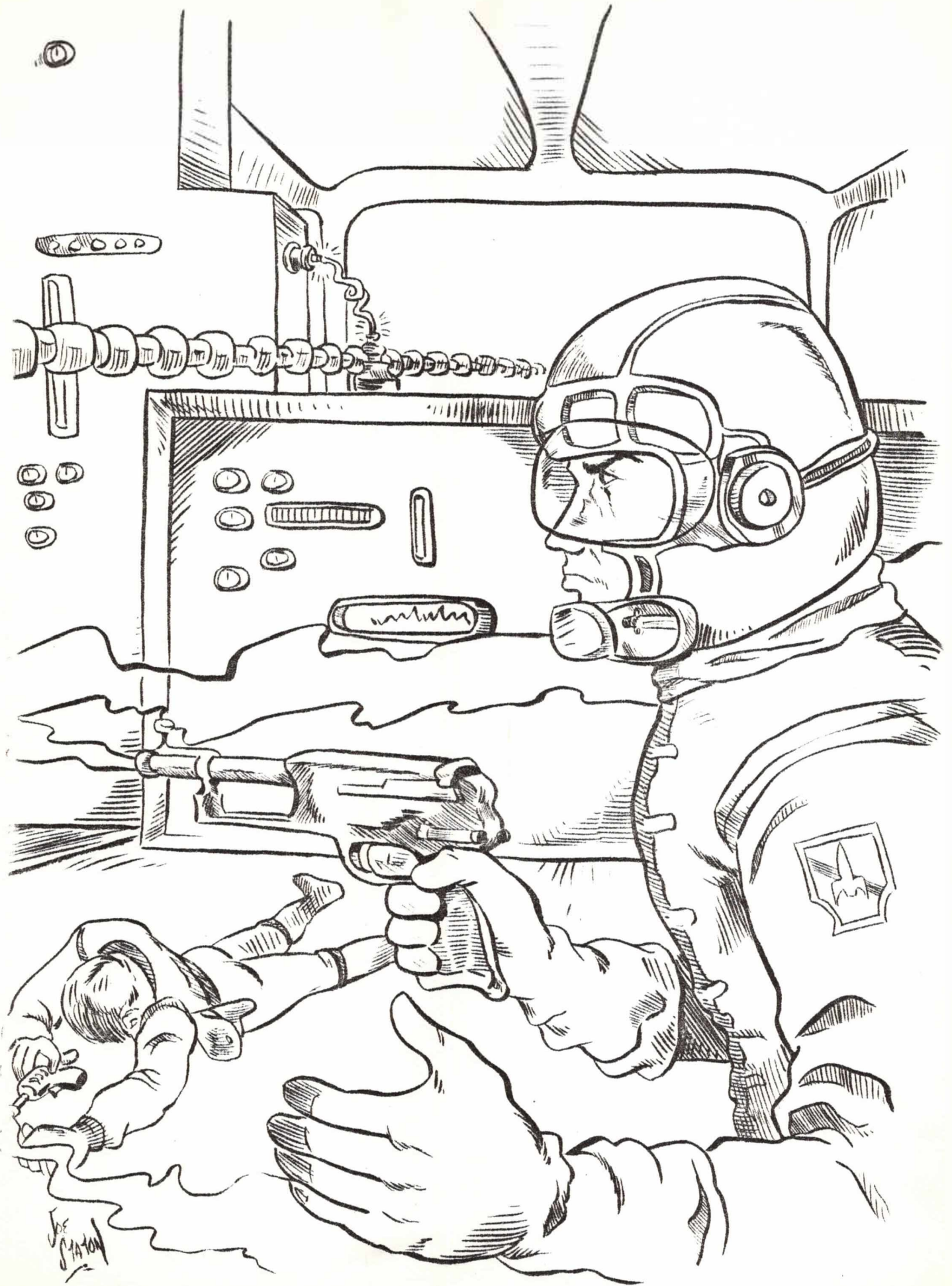
A
STATON
PORTFOLIO

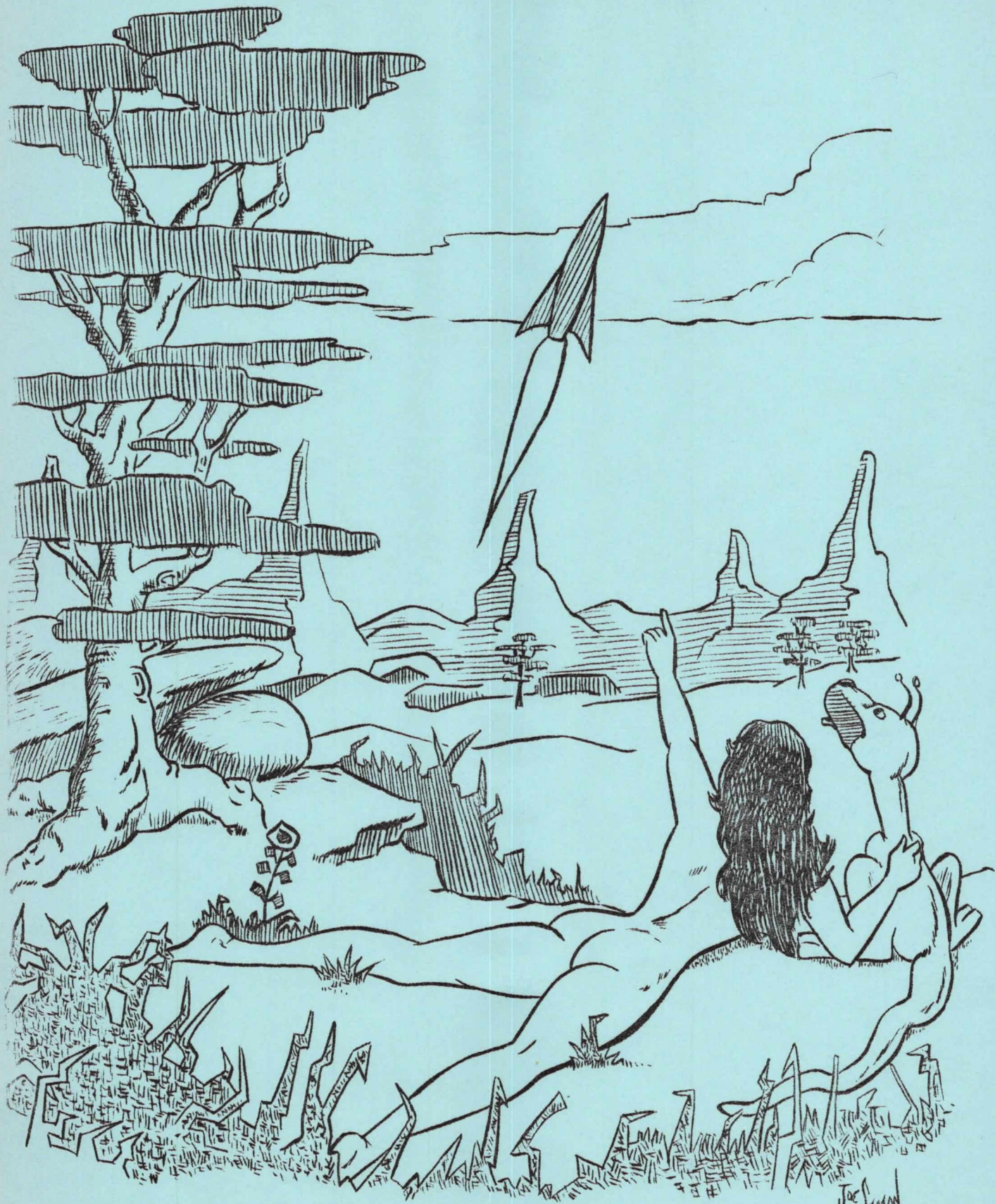
The next five pages contain art by JOE STATON, one of the best young artists in fandom. Joe has been active principley in the SFPA and in TAPS, tho his work has appeared in many other places. My spies have dug up the information that he is a senior in high school, wears bi-focals, is interested in public speaking and "doing suicide dives on a trampoline". He plans a career in newspaper artwork, "preferably as a political cartoonist or a Big Syndicate Strip Man". Joe lives in Milan, Tennessee, which is so far from everywhere that he has only met two fans personally -- Dave and Katya Hulan. Together with Rich Mann Joe founded a much needed organization, The Conservatives and Liberals Allied to Stamp Out Uncle Sam's Post Office. Recently Joe was voted Honorary President of the SFPA, edging Dian Pelz in the Egoboo Poll.





Joan
Station







THE FIZZ GOES SOUTH

Through the dark stagnant smoke hanging in the beer joint I signalled for another beer. While the barkeep reluctantly got up and brought the bottle over I glanced again out the side window. I had taken up a position ideally suited for observing the bus station. The man I was hunting should arrive on the 11 o'clock bus. A wry grin came over my face as I felt the hard metal suspended under my armpit. It would come as quite a surprise for him.

Then the bus was pulling past the window as it left the station. I slide out of the booth and headed for the door. The night was cool about me as I strode across the pavement toward the station. Then I saw him carrying two small bags, his coat slung over his shoulder. My hand darted under my jacket and grasped cool metal. As I drew it forth I called out sharply, "Bounds, you deserve this!"

Suddenly we were face to face and I handed him the flask. "Have a Nuclear Fizz!" The Fizz team of the DISCLAVE was back together again.

That was Thursday nite, August the fifth (quite an appropriate date). The next morning Ron and I were off at 7:55 for the DeepSouth-Con III in Birmingham, Alabama. On the interstate we made good time -- good enough, in fact, to be thirty minutes early for our meeting with Len Bailes and Al Scott at a Charlotte Howard Johnson's on the highway. I had considered writing my con report in the form of a Ring parody and since Al Scott and Ron Bounds would be meeting here, I planned to dub the HJ's "Rivendell" and have the "Council of Al-Ron" take place there. We toyed with the idea all the way to the con. The section of poor Georgia roads before Atlanta was to be "the Black Pit of Moria" -- a very fitting label indeed. Other Tolkienish names were given to various landmarks. Unfortunately, our journey didn't fit too well into the plot of LotR, so I abandoned the idea.

We rolled into B'ham (old, familiar territory) about 5:15, located the DownTowner and checked in. No one was in the con-room, so our famished little band decided to hurry out and eat. On the way downstairs we ran into Ned Brooks, who we accompanied back to the con-room.

Strangely enough, there was still no one in the con-room, so our famished little band, which Ned had now joined, decided to hurry out and eat. On the way downstairs we ran into Larry Montgomery and Bill Bruce headed for the con-room, so naturally we tagged along. After ten or so minutes of talk, we realized that for some reason we were still hungry, so our famished little group decided to hurry out and eat. Thank Ghod we met no one headed for the con-room -- we might have starved to death running back and forth between the elevators and the con-room.

Upon returning, we all registered and joined the bull-session in progress. The movie scheduled for Friday nite had failed to show, so Ron and I introduced the Southern fen assembled there to the Nuclear Fizz -- they were all properly impressed (except for Larry, who preferred his gin on the rocks, or some such arrangement). After an hour, Ron and I decided to go "down in the bar" where a sharp little femme singer was performing. We found a booth, listened to the music and discussed the failure of the con to thus far discover Ron's ploy. He had made up several addition name tags on the sly, each of which bore the



name of some famous sf character. He had started with "Rod McBan" and was now going as "John Clayton". People (some of them) might look a bit puzzled after his change of identity, but no one guessed the answer -- in fact, none of them even seemed suspicious, which was irritating since "John Clayton's" origin was given as "British West Africa". My suggested solution was to paint him green and let him be "Tars Tarkas" -- that should get their attention. Of course, the reaction would probably have been: "...Mars, huh. Is that Mars, Tennessee, Tars?"

We returned to find that Janie Lamb had come in. I was glad to meet Janie, who seemed to have boundless energy, as indeed she must to be Treasurer of the N3F. Briefly thereafter, Wally Weber arrived from Huntspatch. He was bringing films of various worldcons. This was the high point of the day to me -- sitting there comfortably, listening to Wally Weber's humorous commentary on the worldcon pictures.

Afterwards, a group of us snacked at "Grammas", then retired to retreated to Larry's room to talk, read and buy fanzines. At some forgotten time I walked back to my room, having bought three mailings: two SFPA and one SAPS.

Saturday morning a miracle occurred: I awoke at 8:30. Len Bailes also had gotten up early, so we two set out for the second-hand book store. It was unfortunately almost barren of sf, but I did pick up a few mysteries. We walked back past the library, since Len seemed a bit dubious about the literacy of Alabamians and I wanted to show him B'ham's marvelous Public Library. As we came up on the large building, he asked if the entire thing was full of books. "Well, yes," I answered, "except for the record room!"

"Record room!" he pounced. "Does it have Gilbert and Sullivan?"

"I suppose so." And it certainly did -- much Gilbert and Sullivan. When I left Len and returned to the con, he was leaning over the phonograph and cackling insanely.

Huckstering was beginning in 221, Larry's room, old paperbacks and prozines were being hawked on every side. This session put a nice sized dent into my pocket-book. About 11:00 Jerry Page arrived and announced that Hank Reinhardt had part of his weapons collection on display in 314. Ron and I went up and were crogged by the old instruments of death. Hank was eagerly waiting and asked if we were friend or foe. We were quick to reply, "Friend", and Hank disappointedly put his sword away. He was waiting, he said, for someone to stumble into his room by mistake. He knew how to handle tresspassers.

Gradually everybody drifted in. Once we were all together, we staged a massive lunch team, finally getting to a restaurant after several false starts. Janie and Wally talked about the June TNFF, which will be out Real Soon Now. Right after Wally gets Organized.

We hadn't been back long when Larry arrived with Al Andrews. This signalled a SFPA meeting. Al, Larry, Al (Scott this time), Len, Jerry and myself assembled in a partitioned (moveable type) half of the con-room. Larry had spread out a complete run of SFPA mailings, and I was very interested in seeing the earlier ones. We talked for a bit, then adjourned, only to have Larry, Len, Al Scott and me gather for a TAPS conjunction. This was nothing but a general bull-session, and it soon dissolved.

I went into the regular con-room where Wally Weber had a large box full of photos of fans. I talked a bit with Lewis Harrell (whose collection I wish I could have seen) and Al Andrews (who was giving away old fmz). Thanks, Al, for the ones I managed to grab. I found out what competitive beasts collectors can become when zines are put up for grabs -- this change is the true lycanthropy.

Dave Tribble gave me a copy of his zine, CHAMBER OF HORRORS, which was devoted to monster and film fandom. It looked like a good zine (I don't know anything about monster fandom, so I can't say it stacks up there, but it seemed a well-done zine). The best art in it was by Jeff Jones and George Puckett. Later Jeff showed me his offset zine, containing only art. And very good art it was too. I faunch for some of it for CLARGES.

After supper the Concom started rounding fans up for the program. The horseplay was eventually quieted down and things started only 30 minutes behind schedule. This was no mean feat, considering that Hank and his sword-weilding crew had to be subdued.

Larry Montgomery welcomed us all to the con, then made a presentation of the first Rebel Award to Al Andrews. The award is to go to a person who has done an outstanding amount for Southern fandom, and Al is truly deswrving of it. His Iscariot is one of the best of Southern fmz, he helped in the organization of SFPA and has long has been a

a name to mention proudly if asked to pick an outstanding Southern fan, Larry chose well.

Next came the panel, which Al moderated, on the two questions (1) what differentiates sf from fantasy, adventure and off-beat mainstream, and (2) could fandom exist if sf were no longer published? Larry Montgomery, Jerry Page and myself shot bull for a while, then Wally Weber joined us for questions from the audience. A lot of good points were made, but I'm still a bit confused. Ned Brooks taped the whole thing, so I may get to hear it again some day and see how my opinions have changed. As the discussion began to wane, Larry got up and announced that the next DeepSouthCon would now be bid for.

Now in the car driving down, Len and Al had joked with me about bidding for the con for North Carolina. Suddenly the moment of truth had arrived. As Larry bid for Birmingham again, I exchanged looks with Len and Al. The verdict was go. I got up and bid for Chapel Hill. Len then pointed out that Chapel Hill was close enough to Washington to be an easy trip for WSFA, thus bringing Northern fen to a Southern con and giving Southern fen a chance to meet real live yankees and begin to combat the isolation Southern fandom has been in.

Since Billy Pettit is moving to Puerto Rico, the Atlanta bid lost its Organizer and folded. When the ballots were counted, North Carolina had won a narrow victory. North Carolina Fandom immediately collapsed from shock. As we gathered in a corner the miniature catapult shooters were setting up in the center of the room. Flying pennies filled the air. Al Scott, Len Bailes and I muttered mutually consoling words. The sudden burden of responsibility was at first numbing, but then began to bring out the best in us. "Let's grow beards and move to California" I suggested. Len disagreed, favoring Alaska.

Seriously, we decided to do our best to put on a good con, so all of you readers reserve the first weekend in August next year for the DeepSouthCon in cheery North Carolina. If even a part of our grandiose plans come off, it will turn out a lively con.

This year's Concom, Larry Montgomery, Al Andrews and Billy Pettit, called us over and gave us helpful advice, extra name-tags and a copy of Scither's CON COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE which Wally Weber had generously donated. I'd like to thank them for their kindness and to commend them for putting on a good, very enjoyable convention. My compliments on a job well done.

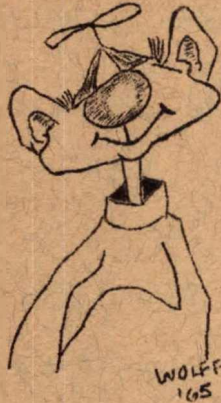
Ned Brooks had begun playing a tape Phil Harrell had made for the



Did you
say
borrow
my old
UNKNOWN S?!

the Janey-con the week before. A group collected around the recorder. Later that nite Ned and others made a tape for Phil.

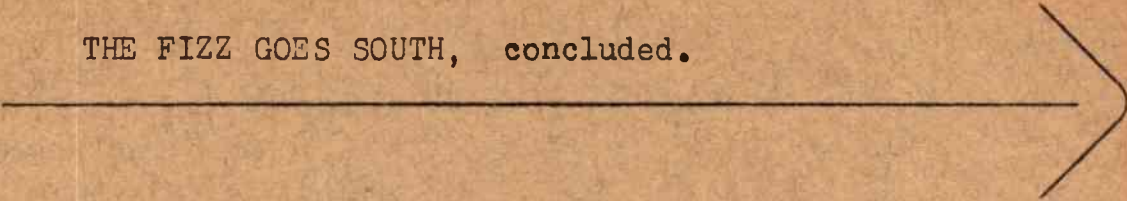
Eventually a poker game sprang up near the microphone (so we could shout to Phil). The card players, Hank, Ron, Larry and myself were set for the nite. Slowly fans flaked out until only the poker game and the tape-bugs were left.



IT COULD HAPPEN TO EVEN THE BEST

But somehow knowing that doesn't help me to feel any less the fool. In the hurry to finish by six yesterday so that I could reach the mimeo I have access to on time, I left out the answers to the Middle Earth Geography Quiz. Not only that, I was nearly trampled to death by rampaging typos. Therefore, there's a sheet of additions and corrections on the other side of this page.To illustrate what a hurry I was in, last nite I missed supper, running the mimeo or carrying paper instead until 10:45, when at last I said to hell with it and dropped by the SandwichShop and devoured thirty or fourty hamburgers.

THE FIZZ GOES SOUTH, concluded.



ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

- (1) Page 8 is misnumbered as page 9.
- (2) NED BROOK's HAIKU: KKK SHOULD READ:

They burn large crosses,
Pointed hoods for pointed heads,
Then bomb small churches.

- (3) The missing Quiz answers are:

(1) the Black Pit of Moria, (2) Hollin, (3) the Tower of Sorcery, (4) Mount Doom, (5) the Lonely Mountain, (6) the Brandywine River, (7) the Golden Wood, (8) Rivendell, (9) the Dark Tower, (10) the Citadel of the Stars.

- (4) Many, many typos, which I won't correct for fear of doubling the size of this zine.

* * * * *

This morning's mail brought an LoC from Bob Coulson, which I'll excerpt here, fortunately having the requisite space.

"What do you say after you say you like it? (Wasn't that a popular song some years back?) I fear I'm going to be short of comments. I used to try to explain why I liked specific material, but that usually ended up with the author getting insulted, so I don't do it any more.

"I must say that I disagree violently with Seth Johnson's list of authors Having little to do this past week (high blood pressure; the doctor said do nothing but relax) I read a lot of stf paperbacks which had piled up over the last couple of years. These included several by Ray Cummings, and I will admit that reading two or three novels by Ray Cummings is an Experience. (Not a pleasant experience, but definitely an Experience.) I gave up on Merritt several years ago; almost as soon as I discovered him, in fact. The one author Seth mentions whose work I enjoy is A. Hyatt Verrill. Possibly because I've never read much of his work. Still, all reminiscing is personal; I'll freely admit that some of my own favorites, like Leigh Brackett, weren't great authors."

---Bob Coulson

Len Bailes, about this time, talked Wally into applying for membership in TAPS. Wally typed a letter right there, written in the usual superlative Weber style. It circulated around the card table. During the interruption, the eight of us still up decided to go get a snack. The only place we could find that wasn't full served the most atrocious food it's ever been my misfortune to sample.

Back at the card table I explained the rules of bouree, and I got my first opportunity to play that game since learning the rules in Dave Hulan's SAPSazine. The fact that I did well caused the other players to doubt that I had never played the game. Actually it was just Dave's suggestions on strategy that were showing, but I'll never be believed.

Dawn broke upon the game and we took the hint and broke up the game. Exhausted, but not yet ready to let Saturday nite end, Ned Brooks Ron Bounds and I walked into town, found an all-nite drugstore and had a breakfast of sorts. I had carried GOON WITH THE WIND along and finished it before hitting the sack.

The next morning, after exchanging farewells with the other attendees, Len and Al climbed into my car and Ron rode with Ned. We drove to Atlanta to see Charles Wells, who hadn't been able to make the DSC. After a short visit with Charles, we took to the road again, Ron having joined us as Ned was staying in Atlanta.

We reached Charlotte after midnight and dropped Al and Len off, stopped for coffee and pushed on. When Ron left for Baltimore the next day, the fan gathering was finally over. I had enjoyed myself thoroughly, gained fanzines, prozines and friends. It was a good con.

All history is but the lenghtened shadow of great fen.

H A I K U : K K K

They burn large crosses,
Pointed hoods for pointed heads,
Ten bomb small churches.

--- NED BROOKS

He stood proudly in the midst of a throng of incredulous scientists. Three weeks ago he had been taken in the mountains of Thesally, but although he was a prisoner, a specimen to these obviously lesser creatures, he kept his demi-divinity about him like a cloak that could not be penetrated. Now, amonst the marveling, curious scientists, his body -- so like that of a thoroughbred stallion -- and his torso -- like that of a Greek God -- bespoke his nobility. On his classic brow sat the proud realization that he was the centaur of attention.

FLOWER and POETRY

.....by STEPHEN BARR

An old Chinese saying has it that not until the last nail on the coffin is driven in can a man be properly judged. That so much has already been written and published about the man Mao Tse-tung is perhaps attributable not so much to the impatience of his biographers as to the uniqueness of Mao as a person. Considering the enormous magnitude and the far reaching repercussions of the Chinese revolution, it is small wonder that the man with whom that revolution has been identified should have been studied and restudied, taken apart and put back together again.

In this sense, Jerome Ch'en's new volume (Mao and the Chinese Revolution, Jerome Ch'en, with thirty-seven poems by Mao Tse-tung, translated by Michael Bullock and Jerome Ch'en, Oxford Press, 419 pages, \$7.50, 1965) on Mao is no pioneer work; in fact, he draws rather heavily on previously published works both in Chinese and in Western languages. There are, however, certain features of this book that set it apart from its predecessors. Rejecting the "Hegelian" and the "psychoanalytical" approaches, Ch'en offers a fresh approach which seeks to let the record speak for itself. This is evidenced by his exhaustive use of printed materials and his thorough documentation, which the reader sometimes finds distracting since he has to refer so frequently to notes at the end of the volume. But, overlooking this minor annoyance, one finds an exceptionally skillful handling of the available data; for what Mao has said integrated with what others have said about him, with a sharp sense of proportion and admirable judiciousness. Unlike the earlier impressionistic and journalistic works, the Ch'en volume is an attempt at modern historical scholarship, treating the subject matter in depth and at all times projecting the personality of Mao against the perspective of the historical forces at work.

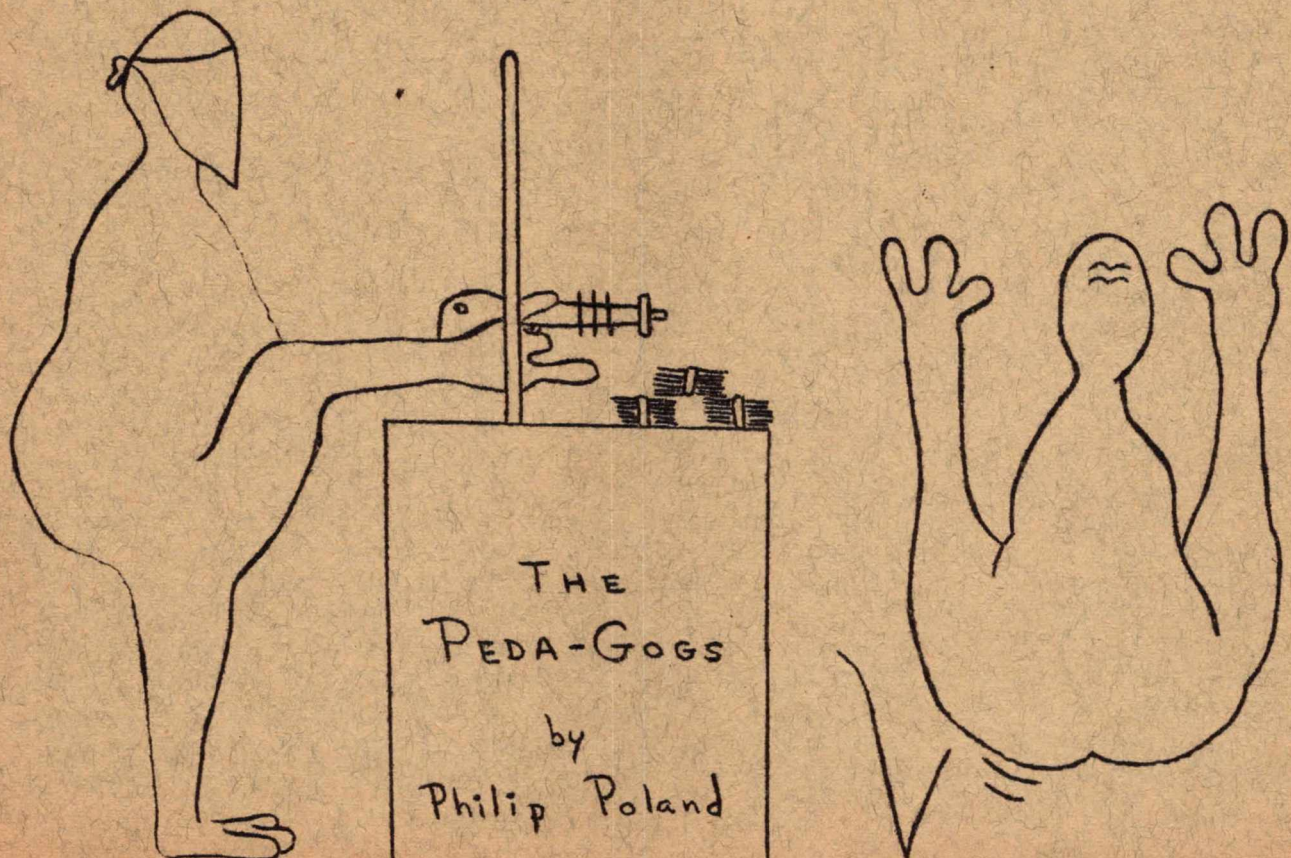
As the title indicates, both Mao the man and the Chinese revolution are subjected to close scrutiny and reinterpretation. But Mao remains the dominant theme, for the author obviously subscribes to that Chinese notion which holds that "heroes create the circumstances of their time" rather than being its products. The implication is clear: without Mao the Chinese Communists could not have triumphed over the Nationalists, and the revolution could not have succeeded. Thus Ch'en is exceedingly impressed with the role Mao has played in that revolution, speaking often of his brilliance, adroitness, and capacity for penetrating analysis.

The book covers the most turbulent years in Chinese modern history; it follows Mao from his student days through some of his most decisive struggles, which resulted in the establishment of the People's Republic in 1949. The student of modern China will not find any hitherto unknown facts, but few will fail to be impressed with the painstaking reconstruction of what is generally known but not understood. Ch'en analysis of the intricate play of power politics during the first United Front, his recounting of the saga of the Long March and of the conflict between the two parties on the eve of Chiang Kaishek's downfall demonstrate his command of the materials and his ability to organize and interpret.

To the general public, especially in the West, the mention of so many unfamiliar names and events may prove somewhat baffling, but the revolution was, after all, a drama with innumerable actors. Nevertheless, a glossary of names (with Chinese characters) at the end would have been helpful to those who wish to use this book for reference purposes.

One would not expect to see thirty-seven poems by Mao included in a book of this nature, but Ch'en, being a scholar of both traditional Chinese and modern Western writing, believes that "poetry transmits the sound of the heart". Thus for Ch'en what Mao writes in his poems provides still another index to an understanding of his personality, Mao's disclaimer to being a poet notwithstanding. In any event, the poems are translated with an unusual degree of sensitivity for the subtleties that are characteristic of Chinese poetry (I wouldn't know, not being "hip" on poetry). I believe the average reader will enjoy the first section far more than this; but to some, this is interesting. Ch'en does deserve thanks for writing this tho, and I suggest all read it.

--- STEPHEN BARR



VERGE

A LETTER COLUMN

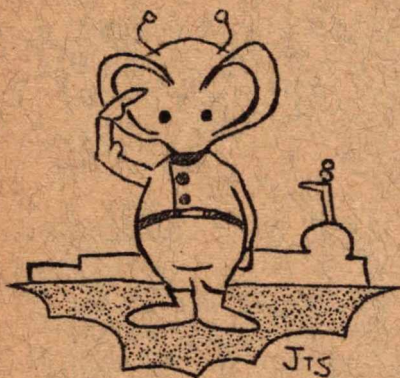
PHIL HARRELL
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NORFOLK 9
VIRGINIA

When I opened and looked at CLARGES the first time I remember thinking it looked exceptionally like an oversized copy of YANDRO, then I read your DISCLAVE report.

What really happened was this.

I had never been in a real honest to goodness CONvention type poker game and in fact really only know one type of poker, but I'll get to that later. To start at the beginning, which is usually a good place to start: we had arrived early in the Morning ("Doesn't matter what time we arrive, Ned, there's bound to be something going on...") to find everything closed up tight with cryptic messages scrawled all over a note on the Con suite door that said primarily "Party closed down -- sorry". Anyway I amused myself for a few hours by finding out all the people I knew there and scribbling notes to stick under their doors, like "George, In the Name of Humanity, Fandom and the N3F come rescue us!" and "Help, Ron, we're prisoners in a Howard Johnson's lobby." Plus about five pounds of other assorted notes scattered around and about. The first person to heed our frantic plea was George Nims Raybin, and later Lon Atkins, Ron Ellick, Al Scott and a whole bunch more. I had come to the DISCLAVE without a cent, but with a briefcase full of VENTURA II's as well as a box full in the rear of Ned Brooks' Monza. These went briskly (one thing I particularly enjoyed was later that evening when SaM bought a copy and promptly became one of my salesmen. Later SaM, Ben Jason and I had quite an engrossing discussion on the Hugos and lack of them, but that's getting ahead of myself again) and by Saturday practically everyone at the DISCLAVE had one. Needless to say by Saturday evening I had more than an ample amount of reserve, and when I found out about the convention poker game I gave Ned all but \$10 to hold for me, sent my excuses to a private party at someone's home I had been invited to, and attended the poker game. I must say I was somewhat liberally disappointed at the Howard Johnson's twofaced policy of closing us down while letting other parties keep going at full blast. A split second after one AM a horde of janitors descended on our party room and began throwing everything they could find (that didn't belong to the hotel) into trash cans, with tinkling crashes as the bottles broke (and those coke bottles were returnable too!) and some weren't empty. I could see them hovering outside the door as the head one gave a countdown to one AM. Never fail to miss stopping at a Howard Johnson's if you can, in fact it might help if you'd throw a few rocks on the way past. Anyway, after barely missing being stuffed in a trash can I decided to ventura - uh - venture up to the poker game with my ten dollars. I don't say Lady

Luck laughed at me exactly; no, not at all -- she didn't laugh, she had hysterics... I still think if they had stuck to good honest poker instead of those wild exotic games, some of which they never taught us in the air force, I would have come out better. I think I should have been a bit more rested for it tho, as at the time I quit (and if I hadn't been broke, I'd have quit anyway) the hands had passing about 10 times without a soul being able to open and I had just finished saying "Pass" when I looked at my hand again. I had just passed on 2 Kings, 2Tens and a Deuce, with Deuces wild. I quietly folded my cards, bowed out and left at 5AM. With me gone they needed Fresh Blood, so I walked with them down to Lon Atkins and Al Scott's room where, offhand, I remember rich brown, Cindy Heap, Steve Patt, Mike McInerney and some others. A group went back to poker and I joined the party in progress. I managed to get somewhat too comfortable for the amount of exhaustion I was suffering at the moment and after a bit of fannish talk with those remaining I dropped off to sleep.... The next thing I remember is hitting the carpeted floor somewhat jaringly, and then trying to get back in bed, thinking I had fallen out. I had gone to sleep without knowing whose room it was and even whose bed I was in. Now it's entirely possible that Al had come inearlier, and being like myself too sleepy to



care I was there had flopped down in the bed and in the course of out thrashings later had accidentally knocked me out. All I know is that when I got up all I saw was covers, and when I started to crawl back in I got one of the most startled reactions I ever hope to see. The resultant flailing of arms, legs, pillows and sheets sent me off balance and back on the floor. I went.... by now I was too wide awake to go back to sleep. And all that had resulted on Al's part was he hadn't really awakened but had spreadeagled the bed and thrown everything every which way, but was still sleeping soundly. Not me. I then put on my shoes and managed to leavewithout stepping on but three people

sprawled in various positions on the floor. And I remember wondering if they'd been knocked out of bed also.

So you see it wasn't I that got in bed with Al (after that reaction it would have been the best trick of the year!), but Al who got in his own bed and eventually shoved me out -- then startled the life out of me after I woke up upon hitting the floor and tried to get back in. And you say you prodded for thirty minutes to get him up? Maybe you should have stepped in the middle of his stomach the way I did or was it his face? ** As I said in my con report, I didn't see the incident myself, but was told of it by several. And thought it so damn funny I couldn't resist mentioning it. Glad to have one of the principles report tho, and set the record straight. --Ye ed**

It was an enjoyable DISCLAVE, tho, in spite of HJ's, wasn't it?
 ** Yes, it certainly was. Ye ed **

Excelsior!

Phil
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BANKS MEBANE
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Roger Clegg's material on South Africa rang a bell with me, since I'm something of a Rider Haggard fan, and he incorporated a lot of South African history into his novels. Also I've just finished reading THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS, a new history of the Zulu nation and the Zulu wars, with a lot of the history of the settlement of Natal and the great trek of the Boers. After being so steeped in the 19th Century events of that area, it was good to be brought up to date.

Tom Dupree raises the oft-repeated lament of film-lovers that sf fans don't go to sf movies. True, and I think it's because sf fans just don't go to movies, period. I doubt if I see one a year -- the last one was TOM JONES, and that was over a year ago. People who are as verbally oriented as are most sf fans, find visual drama too watered down to compete with the printed page. ** Personally I enjoy a good movie a great deal, but there are so few excellent movies that I rarely go. Occasionally, also, a Hollywood farce, if not too slapstickish, can be very relaxing. -- Ye ed **

Enjoyed your DISCLAVE preport. The conglom always has to wait to read the fanzines to find out what went on at the con. Maybe we'll have to change the name from DISCLAVE to FIZZCON. I'll ask at the next WSFA meeting whether anyone has your copy of ALEXANDRIA TRIO. Or maybe Eney still has some extra copies.

So Harry Warner thinks you might be a hoax, Lon. I'll swear you exist if you'll swear I exist. ** It's a deal. We hoaxes have gotta stick together. --Ye ed ** Some one told me they saw a crudzine about a year ago (whose I don't know; I never saw it) that said "Banks Mebane" was obviously a hoax, and who could have been stupid enough to think they could convince anyone that any person had such an obviously phoney name. They should have drawn the obvious conclusion that I was real, since anyone trying a hoax would have picked a more probable name like "Lon Atkins"..

Regards,

Banks

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Roger Clegg sounds like an intelligent and hard-to-fool observer of the South African scene; I hope there are plenty of people there like him.

His view that eventually the government, in self-defense, will come round to a more humane policy has a ring of truth. In the American South many of the states have shifted 120 degrees, if not 180 degrees, in their treatment of Negroes, and this was done to a considerable extent in a way which I like to call "voluntarily under pressure". Last ditch resistance has occurred only in four states. If sufficient pressure is put on South Africa, the same sort of thing could happen.

I would not like to see a bloodbath in South Africa, no matter how unjust the Afrikaners have been. Not only should a man not be judged by the group to which he belongs; he should not be punished as one of

a group either, even though he has personally done some of the things his group is blamed for. In other words, if the Africans rise up and commit genocide on the Afrikaners, it would be a catastrophe, even if many individual Afrikaners, or even most individual Afrikaners, deserve death for what they have done. And it would be a catastrophe not only because innocent people would suffer, but because guilty people would be tried and found guilty en masse instead of individually. This is a subtle distinction, but I think it is important.

The South Africans -- not including Clegg, I hasten to add -- often justify their practices on the grounds that they have done much more with the same resources than the African has done. They hold this to be to their credit, or to the credit of "white civilization". Roger Clegg himself describes the prosperity of South Africa, the high ownership of cars, and so on. And the fact that the Africans there are better off than in neighboring countries.

Unfortunately such arguments leave me and many other Americans of a leftish bent quite unimpressed. As long as the Africans do not have an equal right to share in the wealth of South Africa, as long as they do not have an equal right to compete for jobs, as long as they are given an education which leaves them unfit to compete for jobs even if it were legal, and as long as the suspicion remains that the whites are as well off as they are because of the cheap native labor available to them -- just so long are we going to regard South Africa as an illegitimate state. For in view of such considerations, it makes no sense to claim that the white man got where he did because his civilization or his race was "better" than the Negroes', and that he has a right to keep what he has. One group of people can never "earn" the right to subjugate another.

Clegg makes the point that any South African solution must preserve the right of the Afrikaners to govern themselves. He is right. But the Afrikaner nation has no right to preserve its status in South Africa; the most any nation (i.e., culture-group) has is the right to maintain its customs and its identity without interference from its neighbors. Afrikaner self-government is the most any South African solution can preserve justly -- it cannot preserve any more than that.

Ideally, a government should not distinguish among people on the basis of what nation they belong to. But in practice often the only solution possible must split the government up into separate govern-



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ments for each culture-group; any other solution would be no solution because none of the culture groups would stand for it. This is apparently the situation in South Africa. However, in all justice, if there is to be such a split, the Afrikaners should get no more than a small part of the land. They do not, they cannot, "deserve" three quarters of it.

Al Scott's article brought back old memories; I, too, was once converted in a revival and I have despised organized religion ever since. Despised it to the point of prejudice, which often makes me lean over backwards to avoid prejudice.

Billy Graham has experienced somewhat of a rehabilitation in the eyes of many intellectuals and liberal churchmen. I regret to see this. If only these people could realize the pressures such a person can put you under if you have grown up in the right milieu. It is browbeating in its worst form. ("Browbeating" is the putting of emotional pressure on someone by shaming him, by recalling to him the deep-embedded prejudices of his upbringing, by acting as if all his protests are childish outbursts that he himself knows are wrong. Goldwater's slogan, "In your heart you know he's right", is an attempt at browbeating. The grandmotherly shaking of head and clucking of tongue and saying, "Now aren't you ashamed of yourself, a Southern boy, saying things like that," when you attempt to argue for integration, is a form of browbeating. So are such little things as saying, "Don't say 'finalize'; why, it's not even a word!")

Of course, it is easy for strong, integrated-personality type people to sneer at anyone who lets Billy Graham get under their skin, but twelve-year olds and even fifteen-year olds do not have strong, integrated personalities, and they can crumble under the pressure. And teenagers are people, too, and deserve to be respected as people.

Charles

HARRY WARNER, JR.
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I don't pretend to know anything about South Africa except for the things I read in press releases from that nation's ministry of information. I somehow got onto the mailing list and each of these releases is worth glancing at because it starts with one of two things: some breath-takingly bigoted and self-righteous statement about the country's Negroes, or with some morsel of information so unimportant to Americans that it's funny. The Roger Clegg letters seem to emanate from an intelligent person. I won't say anything unkind about the traces of prejudice that they reveal. Maybe I'd be worse than he is, if I lived in an area where the race problem was complicated by downright primitive majority groups.

Al Scott's narration of the revival was splendid for the frankness and detail that he put into it. It contrasts curiously with the George Metzger item you may have seen a FAPA mailing, about the revival he attended. Al's experience pretty well capsulizes the whole tragedy of religion in today's world. There are episodes when something quite

close to the Biblical-type conversions and inspirations for good occur and almost instantly the participants in the event collapse into materialistic petty trivia. I suppose that personal magnetism is the secret behind Graham's success. I've never seen him, and the quotes from him don't seem superior in thought or style to those of one of the better preachers in any city.

The DISCLAVE report was welcome for several reasons. It's the first detailed account I've seen of the event, it proves that some of the participants had a good time, and it provides a pleasant account of another first meeting between a neofan and fandom. I had hoped to attend, but this and that made it unfeasible to make the trip. I've not approached Washington from the south as you did, but when you go toward the District of Columbia from Hagerstown, you have just the opposite difficulty from yours: it's almost impossible to avoid getting sucked onto that beltway, because you have a narrow escape from taking a lane that will lead you into Virginia and this deludes you into thinking you're okay now, and then comes the beltway sign and the difficulty of finding the strait gate that leads into the city. Moreover, there's no fiscal reason why it should be true. Baltimore apparently does it deliberately, luring unwary tourists astray and then collecting tolls when they find themselves too far to abort and must drive through the harbor tunnel or over the bay bridge.

Incidentally, I've always wondered if fans will ever get enough cooperation and energy together before or after a worldcon to put lasting reminders of it onto the countryside around the host city. On back roads it's always possible to find decaying buildings no longer in use, and one or two twilights would be enough to decorate with signs about fanac and sercon that might not be disturbed until the structures fell down completely and would cause mystification for the traveling for years and years.

A very good issue, in case you hadn't already deduced that from my comments. In case I didn't mention it last time, cats and I get along very well, although I don't own one at present, fearing that it might fall down the steps or something while there was nobody in the house; bachelorhood and living alone have their drawbacks. There is a cat residing under my front porch, in fact. The little girl next door claims it is her cat but the cat shows little evidence of agreeing with her sense of property.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner

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I quite agree with Dupree's piece on sf films. I go to them all, myself, in hopes of catching a good one and sometimes I do. The very worst of them is much better than much of the soap opera stuff that is coming out of Hollywood now. I saw

THE MASK, it was a good fantasy. I didn't even know QUARTERMASS EXPERIMENT had been filmed.

Sam Long's ON THE ROAD TO NF3 is great. You should send a copy to Chuck Rein, if you didn't, so he can add it to the fannish songs he's collecting.



Al Scott's REVIVAL was well-written and moving. Shows the horror that can be born of the mixture of ancient religion and modern psychology, both oversimplified. I am a Christian, and I think Graham is sincere, but I don't agree with his ideas or methods, or his attitude towards the Southern power structure. But there's nothing I could say about religion that hasn't been said much better by C.S. Lewis. Al says he has "rejected religion", perhaps because of this experience -- he might as well say he has rejected air because

he sometimes gets hayfever.

The Fakeoff and physics puns were hilarious. And the "John Carter" !!!, a wonder that hasn't occurred to someone else before, at least I've never seen it. To anyone who has read that, just the words "John Carter" will be sufficient to provoke rude snickers, and loud guffaws. The Biblioboobs will never be able to show their faces again.

I got to talk to Zelazny for a while at the DISCLAVE; he's a nice guy and a good writer. I think I have all of his magazine work, and have read it all too. He has at least three different styles, all great, the ROSE FOR ECCLESIASTES, the HE WHO SHAPES in AMAZING and the "Dilvish" stories in FANTASTIC. He has sent a third in the Dilvish series, called BELLS OF SHOREDAN, to the people who bought FANTASTIC from Z-D. Also says he is working on a novel.

Best,

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The DISCLAVE trip proved fruitful in an unexpected sense. I cut myself shaving Sunday morning, cursed, and as if by magic entered upon a train of free association, the final product of which was a novel outline, completed before Ben & I got back to Cleveland. LORD OF LIGHT is now 30,000 words old and growing steadily. So far, I think it's the best piece of writing I've ever done. ** Then it must be very good indeed. --Ye ed.** No one cuts himself shaving in it, but there is an occasional blood-letting on a somewhat more massive scale.

Must return to it now. Must also remember to deposit this in the old mail box. That new one makes a strange growling noise whenever I pass by....

Till again,

JOHN BOSTON
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Knowing little about South African politics, I can only say that Roger Clegg's letters were fascinating, the most interesting material in the issue. I hope there are plenty of white-hot liberals on your mailing list ** Well, I sent a copy to John Boardman. Will that do? --Ye ed.** ; Clegg's rational and moderate attitude should lead to much interesting discussion.

Al Scott's "Revival" is also excellent. His description of his disgust at the Billy Graham Evangelical Association following on his "conversion" points up one of the greatest faults of organized religion; coming down from the spiritual clouds back into mundanity is so depressing, and little connection is established between the two spheres. (As a matter of fact, that they can be called "two spheres" and are so regarded by many is a reflection on the efficacy of the churches' work. Since the church as such seems to be a moribund institution anyway, I shan't worry.)

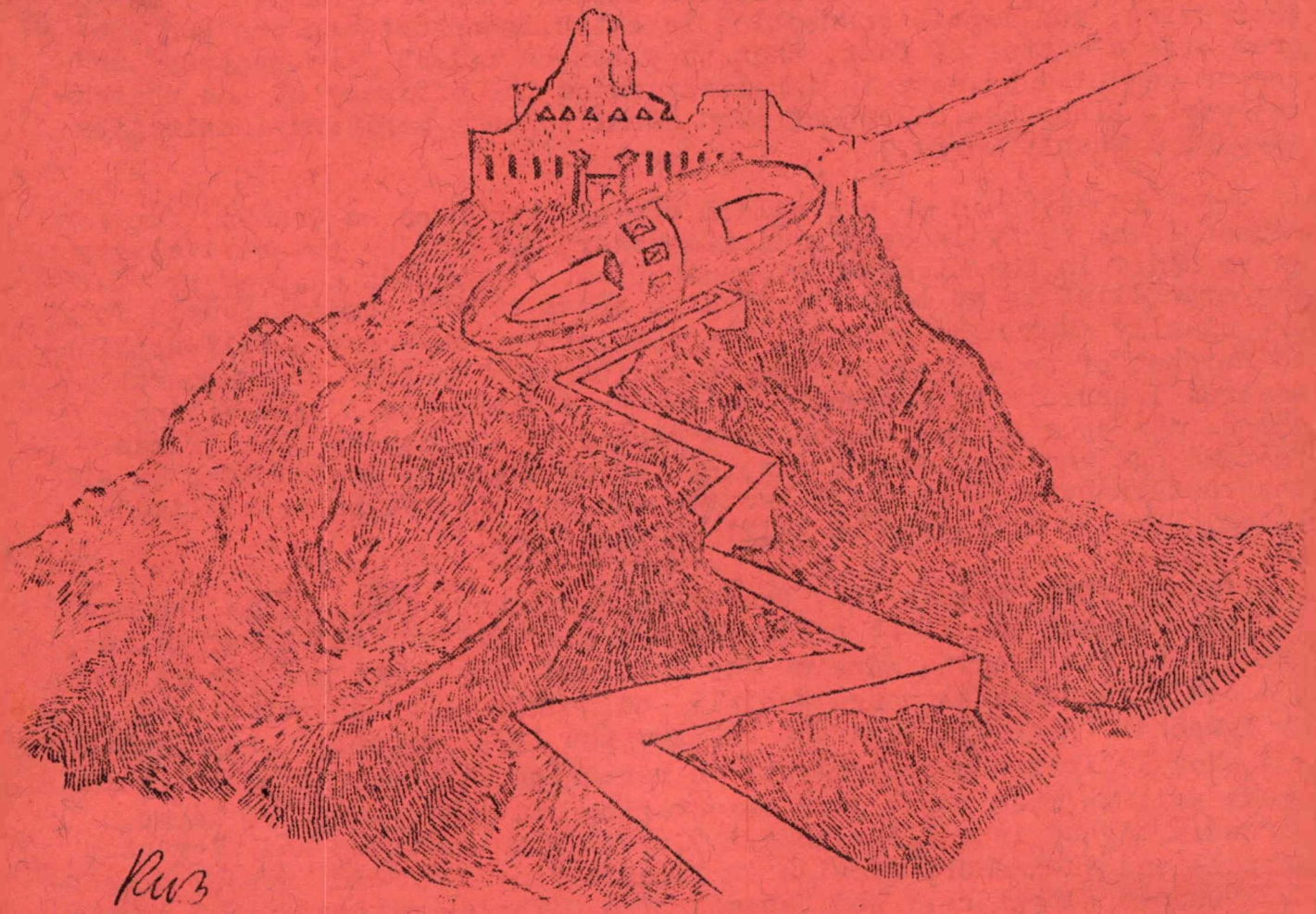
Here in Mayfield we are seldom exposed rto such as Graham; for some reason local revivals seem a little saner, judging by the revivalists we've heard in the high school auditorium. (I suspect that every visiting evangelist is at least invited to speak to the student body.) They are usually much more prosaic. Every so often, however, a self-appointed prophet of some sort decides to deliver The Word from the court square. I especially remember one who proclaimed, as I was cutting across the courthouse lawn on some errand or the other, that if man reached out and touched the face of the planets God would blast us all into nothingness. Then there was the one who shouted in scandalized tones, "People are going to hell! In this town!"

'45-52 ASF's Golden Age? Startling statement, that. While JWC was digging up many excellent new writers (Piper, Oliver, Anderson, Miller, etc., they don't quite make up for Heinlein, van Vogt, and others of the early forties, although Russell and Asimov plugged steadily on. My personal "good old days" of ASF are the '57-'58 period, since that was when I first encountered it. On rereading, the stories don't hold up as well as when I was just discovering sf. 1958, however, seems markedly higher in quality than '59, what with Anderson and Clement serials and such short fiction as Simak's "The Big Front Yard," McLean's "Unhuman Sacrifice," and Vance's "The Miracle-Workers." 1959 struck me as a low point with only two really memorable, Dickson's Dorsai! and Oliver's "Transfusion." 1960, '61, and '62 regained the plateau Harry Warner spoke of, and the next two years were another slump. Now, with liberal doses of Herbert, Schmitz and Anderson, matters are looking up again.

Sincerely,

John Boston

Now we've run out of time to type more of the lettercol, but we also heard from Roger Clegg, Harriet Kolchak, Elinor Poland, Esther Richardson, Nate Bucklin, Earl Schulz, Jurgen Wolff, Michael Viggiano, and probably others I've temporarily forgotten. Wish I had time to type all these letters, but I've got a deadline to meet.



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