

LEFTOVERS

#2

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Table of Contents & editorial remarks.....	1
When Did You Last See Your Father?.....by John Boardman..	2
Want Odds.....	4
The Face of the Enemy?.....by Arnold Horowitz..	5
The Skunk and I.....by Judith Glattstein..	6
Widow's Walk.....poem by Michael Girsdansky..	6
Report on Indians.....by Marilyn Levine..	7
The Devil is an Upright Man...poem by Michael Girsdanský..	8
Children of the Damned.....by Enid Jacobs Osten..	9
The Most Uncommon Commoner.....by Midge W. Broadley..	10
The Eleven-Foot Poll.....	12
The Presidential Poll.....	13
OPERATION AGITATION.....	14
Conservatives' Plans for our Past.....	15
The Accidents of Kings.....review by John Boardman..	16
On Othulnuthian Eschatology by Fred Phillips and John Boardman..	18
Things That Go Bump in the Mailbox (letter column).....	19
C. W. Brooks Jr.....	24
Judith Glattstein.....	27
Al Jackson.....	25
Jay Kinney.....	27
Betty Knight.....	28
Bob Lichtman.....	26
George Scithers.....	26
John W. Smythe Jr.....	19
Bill Sternman.....	21

This issue of LEFTOVERS represents an attempt to clear up a great backlog of articles, poems, and letters which was sent in for our previous publications, KNOWABLE (a science-fiction and fantasy fanzine) or POINTING VECTOR (an amateur journal of general comment). Once this is done, we will start a new amateur publication, primarily a fanzine, but with room for other material as well. Subscriptions originally sent in for KNOWABLE, POINTING VECTOR, or LEFTOVERS will be continued into this new publication.

LEFTOVERS is published by John and Perdita Boardman, 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11218, U. S. A. It and its eventual successor are 25¢ a copy, 5 issues for \$1.00. Back issues of KNOWABLE #10 are still available, at the same price. For further information about OPERATION AGITATION publications see page 14. The reason why you are getting this issue is probably checked on page 30.

We regret that there is none of Perdita's artwork in this issue. The necessities of Christmas took priority over fanzine art. We hope to have this situation remedied in the next issue.

Several enclosures come with this issue of LEFTOVERS. The two poll ballots are explained on pp. 12-13. There are also two publications on the war, which we commend to your attention.

This issue is being put together with a moderate amount of haste, in the hopes that it can get into the mail before postal rates go up on 7 January. We therefore beg your pardon for the lack of proofreading, and other errors at-

(continued on p. 3)

WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?

by John Boardman

"For those denounced by their smug, horrible children
For a peppermint-star and the praise of the Perfect State..."

- Stephen Vincent Benet
Litany for Dictatorships

In Mme. Tessaud's celebrated London waxworks is a tableau from a country mansion in the middle 1640's. A handsome little boy in a velvet suit is being questioned by two grim agents of the Parliamentary Government, while his mother and older sisters hold their breaths lest the child's answers bring them to ruin. The tableau is entitled "When did you last see your father?" - and no doubt it could have been repeated in Puritan households in the regions under Royalist domination in those fratricidal times. There is an elemental horror in such subornation of children to betray their parents, a horror that the natural ties of family love and a child's interest in his parents' doings should be used to make children testify against their parents.

This horror was awaked again during the Second World War, when, first in Germany and then in Occupied Europe, Nazis caused children to betray their parents to their deaths. These actions, as well as similar deeds reported from Stalin's Russia in the 'thirties, caused the western world to react in horror that family ties could be so perverted.

Now the unwitting betrayal of parents by their children is reported again - this time done at American instigation. In the New York Post of 18 December 1964, the Associated Press reported "A 10-year-old boy disclosed the hideout of his father and 15 other Vietcong guerillas for candy yesterday. The child's father was one of the 16 Vietcong fighters whose bodies were found in an intricate tunnel network that was blown up 15 miles north of Saigon."

How was this coup accomplished? "Fed candy bars by a U. S. Army adviser, the boy guided government troops to an entrance to the tunnels stretching under the jungle terrain for hundreds of yards." The entrances to the caves were blown up, killing all inside. The boy was not told of his father's death.

With this act, the U. S. military occupation forces in Vietnam placed themselves on the same moral level as Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia. This act, which we so strongly and properly condemned in the Nazis, destroys America's moral posture in Vietnam utterly. But how does the average American react when informed of this candy-bar warfare?

This question was posed to one man, who replied in print. I will give his reputation more protection than he himself has, by not identifying him and holding his Hitlerian morality up to scorn. Though himself a husband and father, he approves this action. As an excuse he adduces the war casualties inflicted by the dead guerilla and his fellows - just as Auschwitz commandant Rudolf Hoess excused the gassing of Jews by observing that the Allies had bombed German cities. If such a view is widespread in America, we did indeed lose the Second World War.

I have not become so callous as to give Hitler and Stalin this flattery of imitation. I regard this candy-bar warfare as the indication that the U. S. position in Vietnam is morally rotten beyond redemption. And I here give my support to the efforts of the Vietnam Front of National Liberation to clear from their country these candy-bar warriors.

tendant upon haste.

A great deal of time has gone by since some of the enclosed items were accepted for publication. Since the articles by Midge West and Enid Osten were put on stencil, the former has gained a husband and the latter has dispensed with one. Midge West, who has been contributing articles since the early days of POINTING VECTOR, has been married for about a year to C. R. Broadley. She is represented in this issue with a retrospect on the late Sir Winston Churchill. Enid Osten is currently in New York City, and is active in the Progressive Labor Party. Judith Glattstein, another regular contributor, is a housewife in Connecticut. Marilyn Levine, who with her husband Leonard is a reader of POINTING VECTOR from its founding in Syracuse six years ago, now lives in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Sherry Heap has asked that the following message be passed along to the readers of LEFTOVER:

"BOOK TALK: You're not the only one who enjoys talking about the books you read and the authors you like. In the process of forming is an amateur literary group, the Armchair Critics Guild, for the purpose of discussing great literature and authors, such as O'Neill, Hemingway, Sartre, Shakespeare, and you name it, reviewing books, and for criticism. No professionals, please! A mimeographed magazine, The Armchair Critic, will provide the place to exchange your views and ideas with others for the enjoyment of all, which I will edit and publish on a regular basis, for the members of the group only. No science-fiction, please! For further details and the first issue write a postcard or letter to: The Armchair Critic, Sherry Heap, P. O. Box 1487, Rochester, New York 14603.

Science-fiction and fantasy fans will be dismayed to know that one of their favorite television shows is again in danger of cancellation by the TV network magnates, and that a letter-writing campaign is necessary forthwith if it is to be saved. I speak of the "Farmer Alfalfa" Saturday morning cartoon show. Cancellation of the show is a definite possibility, unless thousands of letters, telegrams, petitions, and messages pinned to arrows offset Farmer Alfalfa's negative Nielsen ratings. Fans are reminded that the Farmer Alfalfa cartoons have had a strong influence on the surrealist school of art, as well as on such subsequent masterpieces as Felix the Cat and Oswald the Rabbit. The cartoons have also been a victim of bad scheduling, as they are shown so early that in most households no one who can write is yet awake.

This is not a project to put off. The plain facts of Hollywood are this: if a show looks unsteady, people must necessarily look around for other jobs. We have it on good authority that Farmer Alfalfa's mule is already negotiating with Dr. Ross, while his mice are looking for work as extras on the Tom and Jerry show. Don't let "The Other Guy" do it; your letter may mean the difference between keeping Farmer Alfalfa on TV or not.

Furthermore, there is a possibility that new Farmer Alfalfa adventures may be written. His son, Hulbert J. Alfalfa of Beverly Hills, has recently given his consent to the creation of new Farmer Alfalfa films. John and Betty Thurbull have announced that Harlan Ellisdee, author of I Have No Talent and I Must Write, will write these new episodes.

Write those letters now!

This publication is not edited under the supervision of Bangs Leslie Tapscott.

Our best wishes for a Happy New Year to everyone - particularly to the folks who sent us cards to which we haven't yet replied. After New Year's this seems a little pointless, so please accept our apologies and our felicitations of the season.

WANT ODDS

In 1968 Jupiter will be in the house of Semele, Ior, and Europa, etc. The Ram and the Bull will be under the sign of ♈ ♉ ♊. This is a propitious time to join the Eastern Stellar Foolishness Association, which meets on the first Sunday of each month at 3 PM at the Newark YMCA. Special discounts to persons born under Pisces, Squarius, Capricorn, or Jones.

ANYONE KNOWING THE WHEREABOUTS of a child born to me and Miss Sophoniba Bond (upstairs maid at Duke's Denver, 1914-1916) in 1917 is requested to communicate this information to Lord Peter Whimsy, Holmes Bee Farm & Home for Retired Detectives, Sussex.

FOUND: A ring. Owner may claim by identifying inscription and proving he has a ring finger to keep it on. RFD Oroaurin.

LOST: Pet cat answers to the name of "Collyn". The animal is of great sentimental value. Liberal reward. Florian de Puy-sange, Bellegarde, Poitovsme.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED: My beloved nephew Wormwood. His return home is eagerly awaited. Sirewtape.

LOST: Dark Power answering to the names Salasar, Toriman, Coral, etc. Bears faint resemblance to Sauron. Mark Gestwrong, Imperial Vale.

ASBESTOS HANDBASKETS - Colorfully decorated. Low prices. Box 1/2, LEFTOVERS.

CONG-HIDE JACKETS for the next fashion fad. Write 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington; give size desired. Tattoos at slight extra charge.

ARTEN - Please write your father. It's all right with me if you undertake this mixed marriage. We miss you. Elrond.

FOR SALE - Slightly used bale of yarrow stalks & second-hand copy of I Ching. Owner has found out who won World War II, & doesn't need them any longer. High Castle, Wyoming.

VOTE for GRISHNAKH - A Hobbit in every pot!

PUBLIC NOTICE: The Nine Worlds Athletic Commission will make inquiry on Thursday 30 January concerning a bout which took place in Willowood Arena on Thursday 30 November between Siegfried Siegmundsson and Fafnir Broderstana. The inquiry, which begins at noon in the Gugnir Room at Valhalla, will investigate the following questions which have been raised about the fight:

- (1) Did Fafnir take a dive to bring about Siegfried's first-round win?
- (2) Is Fafnir's manager Alberich the brother of Siegfried's manager Mime?
- (3) Was Siegfried's manager, before the fight, heard to say that he hoped his fighter would lose?
- (4) Is the dragon Fafnir really a giant wanted in Asgard for fratricide and unfair labor practices?
- (5) Did a Miss Birdie Forrest give Siegfried secret information on Fafnir's fighting style?

All persons having knowledge about these matters are invited to attend, or else! By order of Totan, Chairman, N. W. A. O.

BEAUTIFUL HOUSE TO SUB-LET: Present occupant has 99-year-lease but must be absent on naval duty. This house overlooks Nagasaki Harbor and is completely furnished w. all necessities incl. wife. Write Lt. Pinkerton, c/o Sharpless, American Consulate, Nagasaki, Japan.

Son, please come home from Aquilonia or Zamora or wherever you've gone. We still love you and will forgive every thing. Please write Dad at his smithy in Cirmeria. Love, Mom.

Handsome man in secret investigative work wants to meet beautiful red-headed girl, for holiday trip to Arisia. Box K.

FOR SALE - Second-hand burroughing machine, completely outfitted. Comfortable but has slight tendency to wander off course. Apply Prof. A. Perry, Pellucidar.

LESSONS in sculpture. Apply to Manuel, Pool of Haranton, Lower Targamon.

SUZIE STRANAHAN - Please come home. - Mom.

THE FACE OF THE ENEMY?

by Arnold Horowitz

((This essay first appeared in the 25 March 1963 issue of ken, a student newspaper at Brooklyn College of the City University of New York.))

I will never forget his face, the one who so sincerely explained to the French reporter of his country's greatness and of the other's imperialism. He was a blond, curly-haired, burly youth and the smile his face held was warm and fresh and begged for understanding and friendship. His eyes were bright and intelligent and reflected the intense energies of the young.

Behind him stood a truckload of his kind, smiling and happy, pushing and shoving each other, playfully slapping one another on the back for a joke well told.

Alive!

When a youngster passed the truck and yelled something at the husky young men sitting in the open back, one reached over the guard railing and briskly tousled the boy's hair as he would have ruffled a spaniel's furry coat.

In World War II this would have been a picture of a GI, or a U. S. sailor taking a break from war. But today it was a picture of Russian technical assistants in Cuba.

Someday, someone may come to me, thrust a rifle into my arms, and train me to kill that face. Will I be able to do it?

That face is my best friend. It is the guy that sits next to me in class. I drink and talk with it in the corner bar. Only an accident of birth had it born where it is and I where I am. I don't want to kill that face and I don't want it to kill me and I am not sure why this may one day happen.

Nothing throws my beliefs into confusion like seeing a common citizen from the other side speak with obvious sincerity and fervor for his way of life and with condemnation for mine. For this person speaks from his heart and who can say his heart is wrong while mine is right?

An open heart and a true spirit finds me helpless against its warm honesty. I am thrown off balance and I spin while searching for the right word to express my inner beliefs against an unfeigned earnestness.

When I was younger I remember being told of the pioneers and the great plains of the middle west where hordes of red men swept down with a vengeance upon the prairie trains and the men and women who made our heritage. Behind the Indians came the long knives, the blue coats, the cavalry, and the good won over the bad and a great country was born.

How different was it for the flaxen-haired Russian? His steppes and the carcassing Cossack with his clothing flying in the wind as he charged through the fertile foot-high grass to do battle with the Tatar and to free his country, they are the same as my western prairies and the yellow-kerchiefed cavalymen.

I played cowboy and Indians; he played Cossack and Tatar.

My curly-haired friend, I hope you will understand this when we meet, as history says we shall. I hope you will understand that it isn't me but our governments that wish you evil and that began this idiocy in the belief that they were doing what was best for their citizens. I am sorry for my government, but I love it for the values it upholds, no matter how mistaken its methods may be. For my government is only men, after all, and we both understand how often men err. I know you feel this way, too.

When we meet, you who might have fished with me in a different world, we could shake hands and turn away together, saying let the President and the Premier fight. Not us! There is a dance tonight and girls to find and afterwards love to make.

We could say this, but we won't, for our senses will have left us and fear

(continued on p. 17)

THE SKUNK AND I

by Judith Glattstein

As a child I had as a pet almost any kind of animal available to a city-dweller, and then some. A partial list would include mice, white rats, hamsters, guinea pigs, turtles of various species, lizards, salamanders, and fish. My mother drew the line at a small alligator I wanted to keep in the bathtub.

My present pet is one that is somewhat more unusual than any of the above - a skunk. He is a handsome beast, rather portly with a somewhat pronounced tendency to waddle when he walks and spread when he lies down. His fur is long and glossy, a rich shiny black with a white blaze, white cap, and two white stripes down his back. He has long sharp claws which are used for digging, small round flat ears, and little beady black eyes. Gunk also has an insatiable curiosity for what is under (or in, or behind) things. This means that he tips over wastepaper baskets, digs under sofa cushions, climbs into drawers, and gets stuck between the bars of the playpen because he is too fat to get all the way in.

Since skunks are nocturnal my husband made a pen for him where we keep him at night. Otherwise he has the run of the house, since he is housebroken. This means that I am followed all over downstairs, and haunted by an indignant huffing when I go upstairs where he can't follow.

He has tamed considerably since I got him. He climbs onto the sofa to plump into my lap, after investigating the ashtray for any tidbits that might be hidden there. He does handstands and rolls over, though not on command. His idea of heaven is to sit for hours while someone brushes him. And does he know how to beg for food!

He gets one meal a day, in the evening. This consists of table scraps or cat food and milk with cod-liver oil. He likes such exotic items as shrimp, brussels sprouts, strawberry ice cream, blackberry jam, coffee, and crayons. In fact, he is the closest thing to a walking garbage disposal I have ever seen.

He is good around the children. He runs away and hides under the playpen if they chase him. He has never bitten anyone. And he is terrific at finding, and eating, small stray bits of bread, cookies, etc.

I have a harness and leash for him, though he can walk out of the harness any time he wants to. But he will sedately go for a walk, pausing here to dig up the grass and there to catch and eat a grasshopper for a snack. And I love the reaction of the man on the street - "Is that what I think it is?"

WIDOW'S WALK

This is the way the whirl tends:
Not with a clang as the limber fish
Gay in wet armor graze above gravel.
It is not a question of weather or not
weather.
These tear-drops glide through a climate
deeply unchanging.
They do not depend from the sky.

The slip-decked sailor who jack-knifed
accidentally
From Grace learned at last the trick of
swimming
Profoundly. He shall not register the tick
of a curious fish
On his ribs, nor tally the nudger who noses
a buckle of Ahab's.
In the mud tucked snug beneath his chin
Anemones are blooming,
Pearls are weathering in a shark's wind.

If he came swimming back to her,
Green-bearded, burning with wet sparks
Scattered across his rags, she'd find
The calm and drowsy canopied by flotsam
Turns wet and nesty on a dry, bright day.
And something that the sailor feels:
A vague displeasure, lack of ease,
At chairs that do not wander, lamps that
do not swing,
Is all the stronger in the sleep-in-sea.

All whales shall slap his praises on the
wave
And crown him with the rain-bow of their
ghost.
O Lord, Kete, Kyrie eleison,
Wave without end, amen.

- Michael Girsdansky

REPORT ON INDIANS

by Marilyn Levine

The Indian is "in". Passage of the Civil Rights Bill has taken a bit of pressure off the drive for Negro equality, and those who are interested in disadvantaged minorities have discovered the indigenous, poverty-stricken, discriminated-against culture called the only true Americans. The Realist did a bit on the Kinzue Dam, with accompanying cartoons. Women's magazines have had several articles lately on the 'plight' of Indians. And the League of Women Voters is studying them in Minnesota.

That's where I fit into the picture - forty of us took a two-day fact-finding trip in October 1964 for the League to several reservations in the northern part of Minnesota. The first place we visited was the Red Lake reservation, unique in being on land never ceded to the white man by treaty or otherwise. The Red Lake Band ("band", not "tribe") is Chippewa, and settled in the area they now hold after they drove off the Sioux in the 1600's. Considering that the Chippewa are primarily a small-game hunting, fishing, maple-sugar-gathering group, driving off the more war-like Sioux must have been quite a feat in its day. Either that, or the Sioux were leaving anyway because of scarcity of big game. The Chippewa were also rather advanced culturally - they were one of the few tribes west of the Mississippi with at least a rudimentary form of written language based on pictograms.

On the tour of the reservation, we saw a working sawmill, logging operations, and a fishery which supplies wall-eye pike for freezing in Chicago. All these operations were run by white men, with the Indians doing the work. When we asked Roger Jourdain, the Chairman of the Band, why the Indians themselves had not taken over the managerial tasks, he replied frankly - nobody wants the responsibility. The high degree of cooperative, or communistic if you will, reservation economic life, was shocking to some women on our trip. The idea of the original Americans being poor in competitive pursuits sort of made them do a double take. The traditional cultural values are silence, contemplation, and a blending with nature. The country is wild and beautiful, the kind that makes you want to throw away your watch. In fact, one student from the University of Minnesota whom I talked to later, told me she did exactly that after two weeks in a Peace-Corps-inspired set-up on a reservation this past summer. Timelessness replaces pressure, walking takes on new meanings, and you are not surprised that dogs abound but the haughty cat is nowhere to be found.

One result of the upbringing of the Indian children in this culture and in this physical environment is a poor background for traditional education methods which depend to an enormous degree on verbal abilities. Even those bright children who get past high school find the going roughest of all in the dog-eat-dog situation at the land-grant colleges. The Federal Government and the states have made every effort to provide funds for beyond-high-school education, but apparently money alone is not the answer for even high I. Q. Indian children, at least those who are born on a reservation.

We also visited a reservation blessed (?) with a quarter of a million bucks by the Bureau of Indian Affairs for homes. The houses were the usual Army-type, and except for placement on the land, which was decided by the tribal council at an open meeting, the people had no say in anything. The Corps of Engineers gentleman who is supervising the native help told me, "They can get blue paint instead of beige on the walls if they can catch me."

This "let's do something for the Indians" philosophy of the Bureau of Indian Affairs was modified in the Kennedy administration to the more effective "let's do more with the Indians". The prime mover and guiding light in this area was James Hawkins, until last September head of the regional Bureau. He stayed two years and was transferred to the Mariannas to oversee out South Pacific protectorates. They're getting a good man. (President Johnson has continued this attitude, at least so far.)

Considering the average annual income of reservation Indians in Minnesota is

\$1,000, we felt their physical situation was better than what we had anticipated. The usual tar-paper shack, although it had a junked car or two parked in front, at least had a TV antenna (if there was electricity, which not all have) and was neat on the outside. Keeping up a larger home would be impossible on welfare money - the largest source of income. Minnesota is the home of wild rice, and many Indians make about \$600 a year harvesting it. Unfortunately, the drought conditions in the summer of 1964 ruined the harvest, and the crop was only about 20% of normal. (Guess what that did to the take-home pay.) Incidentally, the plant biology department of the University of Minnesota has been working on wild rice for ten years in an attempt to tame it, so far without success. Now you know why the stuff is so expensive.

One of the self-help projects we saw was a community hall being built with tourist trade money in a town so small the only gathering place for the community was the local bar. Not that I'm knocking bars, but the place was about the size of an overgrown chicken coop and didn't even have a juke box. Yes, there is a "drinking problem", but at least we know the source - the white man. Before the advent of so-called civilized man in this area, Indians had no tuberculosis and no fermented products, although berries abound. Tuberculosis is now under control, but no one has ever done a medical study of tolerance levels of alcohol among Indians. There might be a hereditary factor as well as a social one.

Catholicism is the major religion among reservation Indians, although mission activities of Protestant denominations abound. Families are huge and the birth rate continues to be twice the national average, although each new child is a liability and the mothers know it. Why? Nothing to do but hunt and fuck. (That do they hunt? Something to fuck.) Job hunters meet strong discrimination in towns near the reservations, but find adjustment to city living so difficult that the average stay is six months. However, middle-class city neighborhoods are more apt to welcome an Indian family than a Negro one, even though Indians are thought of as dirty. I guess they figure that a dirty Indian can be washed a few shades lighter.

You'll be hearing a lot more about "termination". Termination means removing the reservation status for much of the land the Indian now occupies, and limiting federal involvement. It is called "termination" because it is final. The Indians feel now that it's coming within 20 years, whereas previously the guess was 50 years. Whether government policy should be to pay the individual Indian for his land outright, or to buy it from a hastily formed tribal corporation, is being debated right now. The consensus of informed opinion is that if Uncle Sam doesn't do something about getting the land legally into Indian hands (1960 law), private interests will grab it without anything like adequate compensation. A Wisconsin Menominee reservation was terminated in the middle '50's as a pilot project, the land going to a tribal corporation. Allowed this kind of communal activity, while problems exist, the Indians feel they have a better chance of doing something constructive than if forced to act individually.

THE DEVIL IS AN UPRIGHT MAN

Last year the Devil was an upright man;
He stood by the side of a tree; the sickle
moon
Hung at his shoulder and he was dressed
In green immortality.

We killed him just at twilight under an alder
tree.
That woman tore him to bitter leaves, and we
brushed him
Alive between two stones when he came back
Hidden among the sheaves.

Comfort my mother because she grieves
since I
Have eaten the bloody bread that bedevils
me for a while,
And will make me wise with the dead.

Tell her I died in clover.

- Michael Girsdansky

*
"Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law." - John Milton (1608-1674)

CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED

by Enid Jacobs Oston

The Ethical Culture Society is an apologetic religion. Espousing no particular ritual, no specific (if any) deity, and very little dogma, its members try to lead a quietly ethical life, do their bit to better inter-human relationships, and avoid being lumped with screaming anti-theists of the Madalyn Murray ilk, Communist spies, or wild-eyed anarchists. Indeed, few members fit these classifications, the average being an idealistic agnostic who might have believed in Deism and the goodness of man had he lived in the eighteenth century, and who has escaped from the rigors of a conventional Jewish or Evangelical Protestant home. Ethical Culture, all of the dogma of which, practically, is contained in the line "wherever men meet to seek the highest is holy ground", fills the needs of this sort of person in the same way that Catholicism or Calvinism take care of the wants of their members.

Yet, the inevitable question arises, "What of the children?" For Ethical Culturists do have children and provide Sunday Schools complete with teachers recruited from the membership for their religious education. These Sunday Schools often meet with shocked disapproval from non-Ethicists, who feel that Ethical Culture is an "adult" religion and is neither capable of being taught to children nor desirable for children to learn. Some, indeed, condemn the schools for "teaching atheism" and add smugly that no parent, whatever his own leanings, has the right to foist lack of faith (and thus damnation) on his credulous child. Well aware of this sentiment, the Sunday School board rather timidly offers its very young children an excellent, but non-controversial, beginner's course in social anthropology. Not until the fifth grade is anything more heterodox than caremen, families, and great leaders throughout history taught; unless the individual teacher wishes it or a child brings it up, it is possible to teach a Sunday School class without mentioning either of the concepts "religion" or "God". Thus there is a dichotomy between the attitudes of a first-grader and a fifth-grader toward religion, his own and the more common variety. The older child has absorbed, from a sort of spiritual osmosis as well as from his classes, an accepting, half-humorous attitude toward his religion and its unique (in present day America) nature. This attitude may be observed in the reply of a ten year old Negro member, when asked what his religion "believed in":

"We aren't sure if there is a God or not. Why? Because we're agnostics, man!"

Of course, the Society does not officially accept agnosticism as the answer to theological questions; indeed, many members are theists, Unitarians, or Quakers. Yet the boy "picked up" - and accepted - the fact that most adults in his religion "are not sure" whether or not there is a deity.

The younger children, on the other hand, are confused and often disturbed about God. Not knowing the words or the theories that their older brothers and sisters have been taught, they nevertheless "pick up" the fact that their religion is different from those of their friends, and that this difference centers around a figure called "God". Some may have been teased or frightened by children who told them that people who didn't believe in this God were "bad" or "going to hell". Some, without the intellectual context to provide hooks on which to hang this concept, dismiss the concept as another fairytale figure constructed by grownups.....

"Pink, pink, you stink," the six year old girl sings as she colors. "Blue, blue, God hates you. Blue, blue, God hates YOU!" She points to her teacher.

"God hates me? I'm sorry to hear that," the teacher says seriously.

The little girl's eyes grow round and incredulous. "But there's no God. How can God hate you if there's no God?"

...or confuse the concept by trying to relate it to what they do know...

"Do you believe in God?" a seven year old boy asks a six year old girl.

"Not now. I used to, but now I don't. Do you believe in Superman?"

"No, I used to, but now I don't. Or Batman either."

Underlying each of these opinions, I feel, is a note of worry, of uncertainty.

(continued on p. 11)

THE MOST UNCOMMON COMMONER

by Midge West

In war, strength;
 In defeat, defiance;
 In victory, magnanimity;
 In peace, goodwill.

Off hand I can think of only two things that Sir Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill and I would have had in common, had we ever known each other, one is a liking for the works of Gilbert and Sullivan and the other his description of Russia as "a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma", which so aptly expressed my own impression of her. I saw him only once during the late 1950's at a performance of "The Gondoliers" in the Princes Theatre. I can remember clearly how he made his grand entrance, and it seemed as if he almost waited for the audience to rise, and, of course they did rise. I can still picture him waving aside officials helping him to his seat, so walking unaided to his place, and how he revelled in their cheers. For probably the most unfair of reasons this bugged me, and I had a feeling of irritation which stayed with me for some time, until a few years later when I could view the man from a better informed and less emotional state.

I suppose it was the bumptiousness and sometimes ill hidden arrogance of him that bugged me, even at his funeral I got the impression that, like Tom Sawyer, he was hiding under one of the seats watching the proceedings, but on reflection, to become the symbol, if not the instrument of our salvation from the "Nazi tyranny" would have been practically impossible for a modest, humble man. How then did this come to be? According to Ian Macleod's biography of Neville Chamberlain, Lord Halifax and not Churchill was the Cabinet's first choice for Prime Minister of the Coalition. His foresight so widely acclaimed after the war was questionable on more than one occasion before it. His opposition to granting India independence, his opinions on how to handle the General Strike of 1926, and his talk of a "King's Party" to further the cause of the now Duke of Windsor during the abdication crisis are examples which make it less hard to understand why he was labelled "warmonger" instead of listened to when he gave his warnings about Hitler from 1936 onwards. He will be remembered as a great orator, yet he hated making impromptu speeches and seldom did. As a strategist Cromwell and his ancestor Marlborough will rank greater, and it will be remembered that he had to take the entrance examination to Sandhurst three times before eventually being accepted for an Army Officers' course. Like Thoreau he beloved life to be cluttered with details and had little time for them unless they interested him. In fact, he bluffed his way through some Cabinet meetings by quoting snippets from reports he had glanced through, thereby giving the impression he had read them thoroughly. So how can such a man become such a symbol of inspiration and salvation? Undoubtedly his courage, humanity and driving energy, coupled with his command of the English language and sense of poetry, and all these surmounted by his great good fortune were responsible in no small way. For he was indeed fortunate to have landed the job which he most wanted, and for which time proved him to be best suited, and perhaps the most warming thing about him was that he never ceased to tell us so.

Now he has gone, and undoubtedly a trait in the British character that he personified has gone with him. I notice that some foreign journalists have taken his death as their cue to write yet another batch of "Britain is finished" articles, but for obviously prejudiced reasons I cannot agree with them wholly. I think it is possible for us to put the "Great" back into Great Britain, but it will be a different kind of greatness; and we will not do it with the cries of "King and Country", the cavalry charges; sounding bugles, beating drums or fanfare of trumpets that would have been the case in Churchill's time. This is the trait that has died with him, and we don't need to ask for whom the bells are tolling; we know, and there are not many of us left who will weep. We may have lost an Empire and not yet found a role, but as surely, probably as slowly, as Churchill's coffin was borne to Tower

Pier at that dogged, unalterable, seemingly unending 65 paces to the minute; we will find our new role, for the simple reason, I think, that there is still in the British people that superb conceit which Churchill ignited and which makes it impossible for us to think, even for one second, that we will not find it. I hope we will be helped by absorbing the good things of America and other countries, such as your fantastic driving energy, efficiency, and thirst for knowledge, instead of the noisiness, crude-synthetic commercialism and brashness which seem to be most of Europe's inheritance from Uncle Sam.

At Churchill's death I was saddened, yet I could not feel the greater sadness I felt at the time of President Kennedy's assassination. In the last personal analysis I looked upon him as a character who enriched the stage of history, and without whom both life and history would be very dull and perhaps even worse. Such characters appear so spasmodically that there are those who will never witness as blasting a performance as he gave. Although I was born too late to appreciate the live rendering, I was grateful that I was of an age to both see and appreciate the grande finale.

He once said that, "If history judged a man by the political outcomes of his deeds rather than the deeds themselves, then history would not treat him very kindly", but he also added, "I have no intention of spending my remaining years in explaining or withdrawing anything I have said in the past, still less apologising for it", and history will respect him for this. He will have numerous monuments and epitaphs but my own personal one will be the inscription written by Sir Christopher Wren's son and carved over the interior of the North Door in St. Paul's Cathedral. It reads, "SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRES, CIRCUMSPICE", and if your Latin is as weak as mine is, the English translation goes, "If you would see his monument, look around."

CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED

(continued from p. 9)

even that God really doesn't exist. Many children have been so hurt by feelings of being different, that they refuse to talk about religion. Opposite to these are the children whose parents have referred to God as a "forbidden" topic, or tried to "enlighten" the children, as one would an adult, to the "superstitious" qualities of religion. These parents usually succeed more than a Billy Graham crusade in making conventional religion attractive to their offspring; indeed, to their children. Methodism takes on all the glamour and wonder that a horse race did to a "respectable" boy of the last century. I remember the five year old product of an Ethical Sunday School, but of a typically religious kindergarten teacher. This little girl, in the manner of a nasty old man about to show me French postcards, poked me in the ribs, got me aside from the after-meeting crowd and began to "show me" something that her kindergarten teacher had taught her.

"Don't tell Mommy," she said, then folding her hands piously whispered, "Dear God, help us today." And then collapsed into a paroxysm of giggles of her own daring. "Dear God," she repeated, savoring the forbidden words, "help us today."

Whether it is this "forbidden fruit" attractiveness of other religions, a desire to belong to a church for which no apologies are necessary, or a wish to save one's own children from the doubt, confusion, or embarrassment of being an Ethical child, most people educated in the Sunday School go on to join other religions. Some may be lost to God; most are lost to feelings of insecurity. Most of the members of any Ethical Society are converts from another, stricter, religion, people who have retained enough of their old belief to feel apologetic about Ethical Culture. Thus the tradition of hesitant, though earnest, idealism continues.

*

Marcello Truzzi tells of the sportswriter who replaced the archaeology editor and wrote the story of an unsuccessful expedition under the lead: "No Ruins, No Hittites, No Eras."

THE ELEVEN-FOOT POLL

For four years this publication's predecessor, KNOWABLE, has conducted an annual poll which gives fans an opportunity to judge not the best, but the worst in the science-fiction, fantasy, and fanae of the previous year. The ballots for the Fourth Annual Eleven-Foot Poll (for science-fiction you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot poll) were distributed at NYCON 3, to readers of S-F Weekly, and at fan meetings in the New York metropolitan area. Ballots for the Fifth Annual Eleven-Foot Poll are being distributed with this fanzine.

The winners in the various categories are listed below. "No Award" means that voting in that category was so widely scattered that no single favorite manifested itself. Complaints that the vote was unrepresentative will not be entertained from anyone who received a ballot and did not vote.

WORST NOVEL

1963: Robert A. Heinlein, Glory Road
1964: no award

1965: no award

1966: Lin Carter, The Star Magicians

WORST SHORT FICTION:

1963: Edgar Rice Burroughs, "Savage
Pellucidar"
1964: no award

1965: no award

1966: (This year and for subsequent years
this category is divided into "Novels
site" and "Short Story") = no award

WORST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

1963: "Outer Limits"
1964: "Outer Limits"

1965: "Lost in Space"

1966: no award

WORST PRO WRITER

1963: no award
1964: no award

1965: no award

1966: Lin Carter

WORST PRO ARTIST

1963: Leo Summers
1964: John Schoenherr

1965: no award

1966: no award

WORST PROZINE

1963: Gamma
1964: Analog and Gamma (tie)

1965: Amazing

1966: Amazing

WORST STORY SERIES (all time): Keith Laumer, the Retief stories.

WORST FANZINE

1963: Judi Sephton, Free Radical
1964: Bill Donaho, The Great Green
Boondoggle

1965: no award

1966: no award

WORST FAN

1963: Bill Donaho
1964: Bill Donaho

1965: no award

1966: Stephen Pickering

WORST FAN ARTIST

1963: Judi Sephton
1964: Dick Schultz

1965: no award

1966: no award

WORST NEW FAN FACE

1963: no award
1964: James Wright

1965: no award

1966: no award

SPECIAL AWARDS

1963: none

1964: The Pacificon Exclusion Act and the FAPA Blackball controversy.
Gold Star Books and the "Barton Werper" Tarzan stories.

1965: none

1966: none

The number of ballots received was 25 in 1963, 25 in 1964, 29 in 1965, and 20 in 1966. The editor would like to acknowledge the ballots of the following people.

1965: Ken Beale, John Boardman, Rick Brooks, Rich Brown, Tom Byro, Terry Carr, Edward Dong, Tom Dupree, Albert Gechter, Margaret Gemignani, Dan Goodman, Chet Gottfried, Larry Janifer, Dwain Kaiser, Betty Knight, John Kusalavage, Jim Latimer, Fred Lerner, Ed Maskys, Fred Meyerricks, Dick Plotz, Andy Porter, Leland Sapiro, George Scithers, Ben Solon, Alan Shaw, the Trimbles (who roundly condemned the whole idea of the poll), Bob Whalen, and James Wright.

1966: Bill Blackbeard, Rick Brooks, Charlie Brown, Tom Byro, Michael Childers, Richard Delap, Leonid Doroschenko, Richard Friedman, Margaret Gemignani, Dan Goodman, George Heap, Thomas Jacoby, Harriet Kolchak, Jerry Lapidus, John J. Pierce, Andy Porter, Leland Sapiro, Dick Seyfarth, Edward R. Smith, and Bob Verdeman.

THE PRESIDENTIAL POLL

Lack of space in LEFTOVERS #1 prevented anything more than a listing of the results of the presidential poll. Democratic and Republican voters respectively picked Robert F. Kennedy and Ronald Reagan as their parties' presidential choices. In three straw votes which placed President Johnson against, respectively, Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, and George Romney, the Republican candidate was victorious. In each case, peace candidate Benjamin Spock drew enough Democratic votes away from the President to ensure a Republican win.

The fourth question on the poll attempted to deal with an often-heard criticism of the decennial census - that it doesn't count everybody. Respondents were asked whether they were counted in the last three censuses. Results were:

	1940		1950		1960
Yes	7	Yes	22	Yes	31
No	1	No	5	No	10
Don't know	18	Don't know	21	Don't know	8
Wasn't born yet	23	Wasn't born yet	1		

These results seem to indicate serious deficiencies in census-taking techniques. This sampling was canted towards the better-educated, middle- and upper-class levels of society, people who are easier to locate and who are more likely to stay put. If almost 25% of this sample were uncounted in 1960, then the proportion of misses among low-income groups is likely to have been even greater.

The following people sent in ballots in this poll: John Benson, John Beshara, John Boardman, Michael E. Bradley, Rick Brooks, Charlie Brown, Tom Zulmer, Tom Byro, D. O. Clarie, Frank Clark, Tom Cleveland, somebody Cochran, Richard Dulin, Linda Eyster, Gene Feierstein, Margaret Gemignani, Les Gerber, Dan Goodman, George & Sherry Heap, Doug Hoylman, Jerry Kaufman, J. Kirwan, Terry Kuch, Jerry Lapidus, Jesse Leaf, Fred Lerner, Paul Lewis, David MacDonald, Martin Massoglia, Mike McInerney, Don Miller, Mark Owings, Ted Pauls, Larry Peery, Andy Porter, Jerry Pournelle, Gene Prosnitz, George Nims Raybin, Judi Sephton, Noreen Shaw, Elliot Shorter, Bob Silverberg, John Smythe, David Van Arnam, Chris Wagner, Rod Walker, Robert Ward, Karl V. Wittman, and Monte J. Zelazny.

OPERATION AGITATION

The OPERATION AGITATION colophon appears on all Boardman publications, with a master index which up to now has appeared in KNO'VABLE. Publications which have appeared since the index in KNO'VABLE #10 are:

235	LEFTOVERS #3	310	GRAUSTARK #110	334	STROBECK #1
287	GRAUSTARK #91	311	GRAUSTARK #111	335	GRAUSTARK #133
288	GRAUSTARK #92	312	AUERHAHN #1	336	GRAUSTARK #134
289	GRAUSTARK #93	313	GRAUSTARK #112	337	GRAUSTARK #135
290	GRAUSTARK #94	314	GRAUSTARK #113	338	GRAUSTARK #136
291	GRAUSTARK #95	315	GRAUSTARK #114	339	STROBECK #2
292	SO YOU WANT TO BE A FAN?	316	GRAUSTARK #115	340	GRAUSTARK #137
293	GRAUSTARK #96	317	GRAUSTARK #116	341	GRAUSTARK #138
294	PILLYCOCK #25	318	GRAUSTARK #117	342	GRAUSTARK #139
295	GRAUSTARK #97	319	GRAUSTARK #118	343	GRAUSTARK #140
296	GRAUSTARK #98	320	GRAUSTARK #119	344	GRAUSTARK #141
297	PILLYCOCK #26	321	GRAUSTARK #120	345	GRAUSTARK #142
298	PILLYCOCK #27	322	GRAUSTARK #121	346	LEFTOVERS #1
299	GRAUSTARK #99	323	GRAUSTARK #122	347	GRAUSTARK #143
300	GRAUSTARK #100	324	GRAUSTARK #123	348	GRAUSTARK #144
301	GRAUSTARK #101	325	GRAUSTARK #124	349	PILLYSPOCK #1
302	GRAUSTARK #102	326	GRAUSTARK #125	350	GRAUSTARK #145
303	GRAUSTARK #103	327	GRAUSTARK #126	351	GRAUSTARK #146
304	GRAUSTARK #104	328	GRAUSTARK #127	352	GRAUSTARK #147
305	GRAUSTARK #105	329	GRAUSTARK #128	353	LEFTOVERS #2
306	GRAUSTARK #106	330	GRAUSTARK #129	354	GRAUSTARK #148
307	GRAUSTARK #107	331	GRAUSTARK #130	355	GRAUSTARK #149
308	GRAUSTARK #108	332	GRAUSTARK #131	356	STROBECK #3
309	GRAUSTARK #109	333	GRAUSTARK #132		

Now - what is all this activity about? As explained in KNO'VABLE #10, the OPERATION AGITATION number #235 was unaccountably left out. Since LEFTOVERS #3, published out of order, went to press almost a month ago, it seemed only fair to give it this unused number.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A FAN? was published in June 1966 as a guide to the newcomer to science-fiction fandom. It deals with national and local clubs, publications (with a guide to low-cost printing materials in the New York area), conventions, how to keep up with fanish news, and what to do when someone declares feud on you. A few copies are still available; to get one, send a 6¢-stamped, self-addressed, legal (9-inch) length envelope.

PILLYCOCK was my publication in an amateur press association succinctly called "The Cult". After announcing in PILLYCOCK #25 that the writings of racists would no longer be printed in my publications, I was summarily expelled from that organization. (Copies of PILLYCOCK #25 went out with LEFTOVERS #1. A few are still available.) This, I'll admit, came as something of a surprise. I had known that one or two members of that organization were open racists - see, for example, Dian then-Girard's vicious "N. A. A. C. P. Application" in the August 1963 issue of her Cultzine Good intentions, or Fred Lerner's opposition to the Civil Rights Acts. But I hadn't imagined that a majority of the group would react with such despatch to the prospect of having the flow of such material shut off.

Back issues of PILLYCOCK are available upon request to any Cult members or waiting listers who have come in since this brouhaha and want to know what all the shouting was about.

AUERHAHN's first and only issue came out about a year ago, as an entry into the Technological Amateur Press Association. Not only didn't AUERHAHN #1 get into that apa, but the apa itself folded and sank without a trace. AUERHAHN #1 consisted entirely of a popularized account of the "quark" theory of elementary particles. Several copies are still left, for the usual stamped, self-addressed envel-

ope. The background of at least an elementary college-level course in physics is recommended.

GRAUSTARK, obviously the chief local publishing concern lately, is a fortnightly bulletin devoted to the postal play of the board game Diplomacy. Diplomacy has had quite a vogue in the past few years, and over 100 postal games are now in progress. The game, which can also be played over the game board, is based on a map of the Europe of 1914. Each player takes one of the seven major powers of that era. By military and diplomatic action, they try to outmaneuver one another and gain control of Europe. The game reproduces the conditions of actual diplomacy so accurately that no player is under any obligation to live up to his alliances.

With a referee to adjudicate the moves, Diplomacy lends itself very well to being played by mail. GRAUSTARK, now in its fifth year of publication, is the oldest bulletin of postal Diplomacy, and currently carries reports of four postal Diplomacy games. In addition to the moves of these games, GRAUSTARK also carries press releases written by the players, discussions of the rules and strategy of the game, and a serial, "The Adventures of Secret Agent O-Q-Hate". This agent, who in civilian life is Clark Gansel, mild-mannered comic book collector of Bugle, Pennsylvania, works tirelessly to thwart the Sinister International Pacifist Conspiracy and preserve the American Way of War.

O. At
P. Great
E. Intervals
R. This
A. Appears
T. To
I. Inflame
O. Optic
N. Nerves

353

GRAUSTARK is 10 issues for \$1.00. Back issues from #101, as well as scattered earlier issues, are available at 10¢ each.

STROBECK is, or was, an attempt to develop a chess fanzine along the lines of GRAUSTARK. It was designed as a bimonthly, and the first two issues discuss chess and such non-orthodox variations as Tamerlane's Great Chess, the medieval version of chess, Maharajah Chess, Courier Chess, and Grasshopper Chess. Problems using unusual new pieces were also presented. However, STROBECK, which was named after the famous German chess village, elicited so little reader interest that it will be terminated shortly with the third issue. All three issues are available for 60¢.

All OPERATION AGITATION publications are available from John and Perdita Boardman, 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11218, U. S. A.

CONSERVATIVES' PLANS FOR OUR PAST

"Winston Churchill told James A. Farley in 1947 that, if he had had his way, the Russians would have been ordered to get out of Europe in 90 days after VE day under threat of being attacked 'with the full atomic arsenal'.

"Farley...made that disclosure at a pre-birthday conference yesterday...His conversation with Churchill about Russia's occupation of Eastern Europe took place, he said, during a visit he and his son James Jr. made to the war-time prime minister at the latter's Chartwell home.

"Sir Winston said that had he had his way he would have given the Russians 30 days to start retiring from Europe...If they had not started retirement he would have given them an additional 30 days' warning. If at the end of that time they had not withdrawn, he would have issued a 30-day ultimatum - 90 days in all - at which time he would have attacked the Russians with the full atomic arsenal."

- New York Daily News, 28 May 1965.

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Readers of LETTTERS are reminded to fill in and return the two poll ballots which are being mailed out with this issue: the Fifth Annual Eleven-Foot Poll (for the worst science-fiction, fantasy, and fanac of 1967) and the Second 1968 Presidential Poll. Additional copies of both ballots are available on request, or other editors may print up their own.

THE ACCIDENTS OF KINGS

review by John Boardman

"Attempted assassinations are the accidents of kings, just as falling chimneys are the accidents of masons. If we must weep, let us weep for the masons." - Benito Mussolini, 1912

There is a popular legend that the First World War was caused solely by the assassination of the Austro-Hungarian heir apparent and his morganatic wife at Sarajevo on 28 June 1914 by the Serbian nationalist Gavrilo Princip. Had it not been for this act, the belief runs, the immense carnage of the war, the collapse of many ancient empires, and the rise of Soviet Communism would never have taken place. People believing this legend have been responsible for a huge amount of research, accusation, and political pamphlets thinly disguised as histories or historical novels.

In fact, the nations of Europe had been spoiling for a war ever since the alliances of the Entente Powers and the Central Powers had been formalized a decade before. Great Britain was in 1914 the world's chief imperial power, manufacturing nation, and common carrier. Germany wished to humble her, and to replace her in this role. Given this situation, the precise excuse for the war was irrelevant. During the ten years prior to the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, there had been confrontations over the Austro-Hungarian annexation of Bosnia, over German intrusions into Morocco, and around the fringes of the decaying Turkish Empire. Had the powers wished to avoid war, the tyrannicide in Sarajevo would have been just another such transitory crisis.

Vladimir Dedijer puts the assassination into proper historical perspective in The Road to Sarajevo (Simon & Schuster, 1966). Dedijer, the historian of the Yugoslav partisan movement, is one of the few historians who can write a book which is at once entertaining and thoroughly scholarly. His researches carried him from his native Bosnia to such unlikely places as the Hoover Institute for War, Peace, and Revolution, and the personal papers of Dr. Max Hohenberg, son of the murdered couple. He develops his arguments with meticulous care, referring theses and antitheses to an incredible heap of source material. He is also personally acquainted with the survivors of the Young Bosnia movement to which Princip belonged, including the Nobel Laureate writer Ivo Andric. The historian's father, Prof. Jevto Dedijer, was a close friend of the formidable Serbian leader Dragutin Dimitrijevic, "Colonel Apis".

No translator is named, so presumably The Road to Sarajevo was done in its English version by Dr. Dedijer. He writes an easy, fluent English - though there is one amusing error when, in discussing an ailment of the Archduke's brother Otto he writes "paralysis" where he obviously means "paresis".

The historian does not concern himself with the major cross-currents of European power politics except as they concern the Bosnian nationalist movement and the attempts of the Habsburgs to hold together their rickety Empire. He puts both Princip and the Archduke into the context of their time; giving the reader a far better understanding of the motivations of both men.

Gavrilo Princip was the sort of dedicated revolutionary that our times seem incapable of producing, even among the staunchest of the New Left. Revolutionary poetry and conspiracy seem to have been his only interests in life; he lived frugally, avoided alcohol, and like another assassin, Charlotte Corday, died a virgin. Most of his fellow-conspirators lived the same way. His immediate concern was liberating Bosnia from Habsburg rule and uniting it with Serbia and other Slavic lands into a unified South-Slav state. On a wider scale, he and the other Young Bosnians had a vague feeling of international solidarity with their counterparts in Russia, Germany, and other oppressed countries. Their philosophical inspiration owed little to Marx and Lenin, and much to the folk-heroes of the long and unsuccessful Balkan struggle against Turks, Hungarians, and Germans.

There is a persistent myth that Franz Ferdinand planned to give the Slavs greater autonomy within an empire revised to a federal structure, and that the Young Bosnians killed him because they did not want Slavic nationalism diverted away from the path of complete independence. Dedijer looks more carefully into the Archduke's views, as ex-

pressed in an elaborate set of plans which he expected to put into effect as soon as his imperial uncle died. These plans show that, far from being well-disposed towards the subject peoples of the Habsburg empire, Franz Ferdinand wanted to return to the days when the German-speaking Austrians had possessed an unchallenged supremacy. He regarded Hungarian autonomy not only as a divisive influence in itself, but as a bad example to the other peoples, who might also presume to seek legal equality with the Germans. He had every intention of suppressing Hungary, and his only use for the Slavs was as a potential armed force to crush the Hungarians. In addition, he was pious almost to the point of fanaticism, and the Protestant, Jewish, Greek Orthodox, and Muslim minorities in the empire loosed towards his accession with considerable apprehension.

Fortunately, the United States of America has escaped the harsher forms of tyranny, and thus also has escaped theories of tyrannicide. Serbia has had both in more than abundance. The country's national hero and martyr was Miloš Obilić, who in 1389, on the eve of a desperate battle against the Turks, crept into the Turkish camp and assassinated Sultan Murad. However, the battle went against the Serbs, and for the next five centuries Obilić's act was elevated into a deed of fundamental importance to the national mythology of suffering and redemption.

By an incredible mischance, the day chosen for the Archduke's visit to Sarajevo was the 525th anniversary of Obilić's tyrannicide, a day kept in solemn mourning and as a hope of national liberation by twenty generations of Serbs. Princip and a few other conspirators from the loosely organized Young Bosnians lay in wait for Franz Ferdinand. One of them threw a bomb but missed; Princip had better luck.

During and after World War I, the question of responsibility for the Sarajevo tyrannicide got mixed up with the issue of "war guilt", and every ax in Europe was ground on this stone. The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg was blamed on the Serbian government, on a Serbian secret society headed by Colonel Apis, on the Prime Minister of Hungary, on certain Austrian officials, on the Tsar of Russia's secret police, on Russian Bolsheviks, on Kaiser Wilhelm II, and even on an international conspiracy of Freemasons! Dedijer dredges up all these accusations, looks at them carefully, considers the arguments of their proponents, and then rejects them. He concludes that the Serbian government did have knowledge of the plans of Princip and his accomplices, and tried to stop them, while warning the Austrian government. However, the Serbian government did not take the matter seriously enough to put any real urgency into its warnings, and the Austrian authorities acted with their customary gross inefficiency, an Austrian national custom locally known as Schlampererei.

The Road to Sarajevo is a welcome antidote to various conspiracy theories of history which have grown up about the Sarajevo tyrannicide and World War I.

THE FACE OF THE ENEMY?

(continued from p. 5)

will reign on that hateful battlefield.

For the winner's children, then, there will be a new game, American and Russian, or perhaps, Russian and American.

If I kill you, I know that when I see my wife and my children I shall cry for they will also be your wife and children. When I see my mother and father, tears will fall, for they will be your mother and father. When I drink with my buddies, the beer will be salty, for it might have been vodka.

On your part, if you kill me, the world will not see again your bright, innocent smile, and this will be the greatest tragedy.

*

"Wars occur because people prepare for conflict, rather than for peace." - Trygve Lie (1896-), Labor, 6 September 1947.

"The moral is obvious; it is that great armaments lead inevitably to war." - Edward Grey, Viscount Pallaton (1862-1933), Twenty-Five Years.

ON CTHULHUITHIAN ESCHATOLOGY

by Fred Phillips

Generations of readers have been enthralled by the eldritch phantasmagoria of Howard Phillips Lovecraft's "Cthulhu Mythos" and its attendant supernatural pantheism. To date, in spite of the reams of Lovecraftian criticism, produced during and after this writer's distinguished career, there has never been any public attempt to reconcile the Elder Gods in the light of the ubiquitous Judaeo-Christian tradition.

For instance, Lovecraft dates his Elder Gods and Ancient Ones as having been "transported through the illimitable gulfs of Time and Space" to establish themselves on Earth millions of aeons ago. He presupposes there was an Earth; that is, a planet, a non-luminous body, part of a solar system, being the third in line from its sun in this particular system. Now, the New Standard Collegiate Dictionary gives the following definitions for "eon":

1. An incalculable period of time; an age; eternity.
2. A geological time interval including two or more eras."

But we find that the word "era", in geology, means "a division of geological history of highest rank", yet an era like the Paleozoic may consist of six rock period-time systems, of varying length in millions of years each, so that there is no way of establishing a definite or uniform number of years to the word "era" and, therefore, no way of so determining the relative length of an eon. Therefore, if the scientific means available to the geologists permit them to nearly approximate the age of the planet Earth at somewhere in the neighborhood of 3.5 billion years (though this is by no means a conclusive figure) then Lovecraft's claim that the ancient extraterrestrial elementals deposited themselves here "millions of aeons ago" must be considered to be a statement open to the widest interpretation.

If we proceed to define "eon" by the first dictionary definition, that is, "an incalculable period of time", then of course Lovecraft has left himself an out, and we may assume, for the sake of his continuity, that this is what he did mean. But if we try to interpret "eon" according to the geological time scale, then unfortunately HPL places them on Earth quite a disproportionately longer time ago than Earth had ever existed...unless, of course, (and to the hardened Lovecraftian this is the most acceptable interpretation) Lovecraft knew something that we don't know.

by John Boardman

According to H. P. Lovecraft himself, as quoted in the books of Lovecraft memorabilia published by Arkham House, the inspiration for the "Elder Gods" and "Great Old Ones" mythos came from the Judaeo-Christian myth about the "fallen angels" who came to Earth to tempt and pervert its human inhabitants. He depicted them, not as supernatural beings, but as beings which obeyed a different set of natural laws, cosmic remittance men debauching the Earth as stray white men debauched remote South Pacific islands with the help of their superior technology.

This point of view, not totally at odds with Judaeo-Christian mythology, was probably developed during Lovecraft's youth out of his intense interest in astronomy. Though a writer of fantasy, he was well acquainted with the science of his day, and attempted scientific justifications for the myths and miracles of his stories. (See in particular "Polaris", "The Colour out of Space", "The Whisperer in Darkness", and the tales of the Deep Ones.)

In Lovecraft's time, estimates of the age of the Earth varied widely. In his Outline of History (1928), H. G. Wells cites two different time scales, differing by a factor of ten, and both accepted by different schools of scientific thought. With such ambiguities in scientific accounts, Lovecraft felt justified in dating Cthulhu's imprisonment as "vigintillions of years".

His readings in astronomy and palaeontology gave Lovecraft a liking for covering great sweeps of time and space in his stories; behind the flesh of fantasy in his works one may easily discern the skeleton of science which gives shape to the whole.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

((Owing to the great length of time since the appearance of the last KNOWABLE and POINTING VECTOR, letters received for this column will have their dates indicated where known. Letters will be printed in the approximate order that they come to light in the editor's files. Comments by the editor are indicated in double parentheses.))

JOHN V. SMYTHE JR., 621 E. Prospect, Girard, Ohio 44420 ((October 1965)): What are your thoughts on the recent demonstrations by "citizens" who are attempting to avoid or destroy the draft? I must say that the misbegotten sons who participated in the marches and any other noxious activity aimed at avoiding or destroying the draft should be enrolled immediately in a punishment battalion, and this battalion of stalwart "citizens" should be shipped to Viet Nam. ((Sic.)) There the battalion should be ordered into the thick of the fighting, and good riddance.

I believe that all citizens who sincerely disagree with the President's current policy in Southeast Asia have the right, indeed the obligation, to speak out. (For isn't the right of speaking out for one's beliefs one of the basic issues responsible for the current crises in humanity's struggle towards civilization?) But once his country calls upon him to serve THEN the citizen is obligated to serve his country, IRRESPECTIVE OF HIS PERSONAL BELIEFS, RIGHT OR WRONG. (The oft quoted Nuremberg conscience does not apply. I am sorry to admit that there exists no accepted body of international law which permits mankind to legally judge the conduct of nations.) Demonstrate against policy, if you sincerely believe that the best interests of your country are not being served, but a conscience act to avoid serving your country or a conscience act to destroy the institutions critical for the defense of your country - an act of treason - should not be ignored, should not go unpunished.

Confining these despicable "citizens", who participate in or condone those noxious activities, in prisons does not best serve the needs of our country. Too many honorable men are risking life and limb to permit "card burners" and "draft dodgers" to dwell secure in clean, modern prisons. The card burners and the draft dodgers should be the people suffering and dying in Viet Nam! Why waste the "good seed" and permit the "bad seed" to survive? Isn't it obvious by their actions that these "citizens" lack the will to perpetuate those institutions that have distinguished the United States of America, and have made our country what it is today?

The question is not, do I want to serve. The question is not, given my life plan is it convenient for me at the present time to serve my country. The question is not, can I "better" serve my country in another capacity. (Then translated simply means it is damnably inconvenient to serve in the armed forces when it is possible to acquire greater material wealth and live in greater security surrounded by all the comforts my material wealth will purchase by not serving. So why should I serve? Let some less gifted citizen do my duty for me.)

The question is, DO I FULFILL MY OBLIGATION TO MY HERITAGE.

No one "wants" to be in the armed forces. No one "wants" to be in Viet Nam. No one "wants" to rape a land devastated by thirty years of war. No one "wants" to spill their blood in some forgotten rice paddy in that filthy, God forsaken land. It is not "convenient" to give two or more years of a very short life to your country. It is certainly not "convenient" to give life and limb for your country. But citizen soldiers are doing these things, are making these sacrifices.

There can be no justification for refusing to serve in the armed forces when your country calls upon you to serve. ((Go tell that to Willy Brandt.)) There can be no justification for endangering your country's security. Again, a conscience act to avoid serving your country or a conscience act to destroy the institutions critical for the defense of our country - an act of treason - should not be ignored, should not go unpunished.

Conscientious objectors, citizens who sincerely believe that they violate their creed by committing violence can still serve their country. As an example observe the honorable record of service compiled by the Quakers and other like groups. A man can object to violence and still serve his country in the armed forces. An objection to violence does not give sufficient cause to avoid the draft or to assist in the destruction of the draft.

In closing, where are the citizen soldiers who were proud to serve? Where are the statesmen who exposed their bodies to show the wounds earned in defending their country? Where has pride in self, family and country gone? When did it become "smart" to accept "expediency" as a way of life?

Use any part of the above that you wish to use, John.

((John Smythe's letter reached me at a very appropriate time. It came just after ten thous and New Yorkers marched down Fifth Avenue on 16 October 1965, to protest the continuation of the Vietnamese war. I would have been with them, but I was laid up with a bad cold. A friend of mine, a graduate student named Bob Rodriguez, marched in an anti-war parade on the same day in Baltimore. He was set upon by four men who believe, as John does, that the war should continue. They beat him up. However, Bob was not completely defenseless - he had with him a white cane.

((Two weeks later, there was another parade on Fifth Avenue, this time a pro-war march. About twice as many people marched in it. True to form, twice they broke ranks to beat up people who protested by signs or words against American Vietnamese policy. Fortunately, in the two years since that time, American public opinion has swung round against war, and now anti-war parades are drawing much bigger crowds than are pro-war demonstrations.

((Everyone knows by now what 30 years of continuous war has done to Vietnam - tortures by both sides, terrorism against innocent villagers, or the notorious incident described on p. 2 of this issue of LEFTOVERS. But now it becomes apparent that the war is also having an evil effect on America. Why are people who couldn't care less about democracy in Vietnam beating up Americans who want the war ended? Their aim is not control of Vietnam, but control of the United States of America. And what will happen to "those institutions that have distinguished the United States of America and have made our country what it is today" if the people who beat up blind men should come to power?

((John's loose use of the loaded words "treason" and "enemy" indicate a poor understanding of English and American history. During the 17th century the English had numerous unpleasant experiences with kings who raised armies against foreign threats and then employed them to suppress the liberties of their own subjects. So when public liberty was established in England in 1688 and in America a century later, the powers of the executive to wage war, and the legal definitions of "treason", were severely limited. Since the Congress of the United States of America has not declared war on anyone, the United States is not at war. (U. S. Constitution, Article I, Section 8, Clause 11.) Treason is defined "only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." (U. S. Constitution, Article III, Section 3, Clause 1.) Since the United States presently has no "enemies" (unless you want to count the fact that no definitive peace treaty has been signed with Germany) and there is no domestic insurrection (depending on how you want to interpret the problem in the South or in the ghettos) the United States has no enemies. No enemies, no treason.

((I made these points in a letter to John, and he replied as follows.))

John, you misunderstood what I said. Again, a citizen has the obligation to speak out - demonstrate if he wants the physical exercise - against the policies of the current regime, if he sincerely believes that the policies are not in the best interest of the Nation. By all means, debate the issues. For only by debating the issues - that means that all points of view are heard - may the truth be found. But a citizen has an obligation to serve his country when his country calls upon him to serve. And a refusal to serve, an attempt to avoid being called to serve, or an act to destroy, or disrupt, the institutions of the government which call the citizens to the service of their country are acts of treason.

((Several millions of Americans are sincerely convinced that they can serve their country best by getting to stop the war in Vietnam. And I consider them to be bet-

ter and more loyal citizens than the thugs who beat them up.))

Given the treaty commitments of the nuclear powers and given the present state of the arms development, the nations of the world find themselves in a very awkward position. They've found that it is no longer feasible for nations to declare war. But war remains an indispensable part of their effective foreign policy. The non-nuclear nations cannot declare war, for, if they did, the nuclear powers, bound by their treaty commitments, would become involved in the shooting. No responsible head of state would want to precipitate a crisis where two nuclear powers confronted each other across a battlefield. Therefore, the non-nuclear nations have resorted to settling their disputes by fighting undeclared wars. The Pakistan-Indian series of border wars is an excellent example of what I mean.

The nuclear powers face a somewhat different problem. Like their non-nuclear brethren, the nuclear powers have found that it no longer is in their best interests to declare war. ((The United States Constitution knows nothing of this development.)) For to declare war would cause the horns of war to blow across their land, calling their young men to the standards. And humanity, or enough of it to destroy civilization, would be wiped from the face of the Earth in the resulting nuclear holocaust. (When I still had access to the information on 1957, the United States had one hydrogen bomb for every Russian battalion of infantry. And there is no reason not to believe that we now have one hydrogen weapon for not only every Russian infantry battalion but also for every equivalent Chinese infantry unit. And the smallest of these horrible weapons is almost equal in destructive power to the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. By the way, the Russians have almost as many nuclear weapons as the United States and, considering the size of the Russian bombs, the difference in the destructive powers of the two collections is too small to be of importance.) And the United States possesses more than its share of this suicidal tendency. For the peoples of our nation are slow to make war, but, when they do go to war, the peoples do not consider themselves to be at war. No, they are participating in a crusade, a mighty crusade to smite the enemies of democracy with the righteous wrath of the free. And what makes the United States so dangerous is, its enemies shall be thrown down IRRESPECTIVE OF THE COST TO THEMSELVES. But war remains an indispensable part of effective foreign policy. ((What this means is, that the people who make a nation's foreign policy feel certain in taking risks, because if their plans fail they can raise a war scare back home and unite the country behind them, attacking criticism as unpatriotic. The ordinary folk of too many countries have bailed out too many "statesmen" in this fashion.)) Since the nuclear powers no longer may use the national armies, so effective in the First and Second World Wars, does not mean that they have forsaken the use of force. Today they fight their border wars with professional armies - legions, if you wish. ((A conscripted professional army, historically, is something of a contradiction in terms.)) For the professional army will fight to defend the frontiers for no other reason than it was ordered to fight. Pride in self, pride in regiment, pride in country motivates the legionaire. He does not have to participate in the crusade before he is motivated to fight for his country.

It is sad that we have refused to recognize the importance of the legionaire's job. For they do hold the far frontiers for us. ((I didn't know that the United States of America owned any frontiers on the mainland of Asia.)) But the peoples of our nation are only accustomed to fighting the holy war, the crusade. And they deny the professional soldier his just claim to glory, and the peoples, in their embarrassment, ridicule the sacrifices and the achievements of their legionaires. ((Yes, they do. See, again, page 2.)) But who wants to serve when there is no glory, no recognition? And since the Congress does not declare war, it is not treason to refuse to serve. It is not treason to avoid being called to serve. It is not treason to destroy, or disrupt, the institutions of the government which call the citizen to the service of his country. Or so you say.

((I do not believe that the government of the jurisdiction in which I was born has the first claim to my loyalty. Human beings have obligations to the human race which are above any national obligations. And this overriding obligation includes a refusal to participate in war under the conditions of possible nu-

clear escalation which you so graphically recount.))

A citizen has the obligation to question the policy of His country. But a citizen also has the obligation to fight for his country. ((No matter what its policies or practices? Was it morally right for Heinrich Mittelmaassig Schmidt to fight for the Third Reich?)) And just because Congress does not declare war - does not wind the war horns - does not give some "citizens" sufficient cause to commit acts of reason.

I am sorry that your blind comrade was beaten by a thug. ((You apparently mean the word "comrade" in a pejorative sense. I accept it - as a badge of honor, on Bob's behalf; and will pass it on to him.)) And, John, you know better than to ask me if this thug represents the people of this country who feel that we should be in Viet Nam. Of course he doesn't. ((You discuss it with him, and let me know what kind of an agreement you and he reach on this subject.)) John, I am not against your demonstrating against Johnson's policies in Southeast Asia. (Though I am amused by your actions. If I remember correctly, you were rather strong in your support of him. But as soon as your champion faced the realities of our national interests, you violently turned against him.) ((I supported, and still support vigorously, his domestic policy and the superb record of domestic legislation which the 89th Congress compiled under his leadership. I wish he'd also support it.)) I'd be the first to defend your right to demonstrate - even if I think your reasons for demonstrating stink.

One question, if you do not believe that we should fight in Southeast Asia, where do you believe we should fight?

((Neshoba County, Mississippi.))

Please, so not say, we do not have to fight. Please, don't give me the tired prose that the Southeast Asians do not want us to fight there.

((Even if it happens to be true?))

John, where do we fight?

((If you want to fight, go fight. I'm not stopping you.))

If we ever have cause to meet, perhaps we can settle the argument with pistols or swords. You should win. I am a terrible shot, and a sword, to me, is something you use to play mumble-the-peg.

((Pleased to meet you, I've never fired a gun in my life.))

John, I hope that you print this letter with the first one. Please comment on what I have tried to say and have said so badly.

((I think that the violence at the two parades amply illustrates that what is at stake here is not the establishment of democracy in Vietnam, but the preservation of democracy in the United States. The pro-war faction is not merely attacking the anti-war faction; it is attacking the notion that the anti-war faction has a right to state its position and to try to recruit people for it.

((Your suggestion that anti-war protesters be sent to Vietnam has some interesting possibilities. If I were included in such a conscription, I would at the first opportunity make my way over the border into the Asian Switzerland which the great diplomatic talents of Prince Norodom Sihanouk have made of the Kingdom of Cambodia. From there I would bend what abilities I have to promoting neutralism in southeast Asia and the world. Some of my unwilling comrades-in-arms might defect in another direction - say, to Hanoi; with complete information on the disposition of American and Saigonese military units. They would next be heard from on Radio Hanoi.))

P. S. Just as I was about to place this letter in its envelope I heard on the news that a group of "citizens" are attempting to give blood, food, and money to the Viet Cong! Damn! if these insipid spawn of a defiled turtle are not committing treason, then, John, what in God's name are they doing? ((They are undertaking a duty, imposed by all the religious and ethical systems the world has ever known, of giving medical aid to the wounded without regard for the cause in which they suffer. I'd do as much for the most vicious Klansman or Nazi in existence if he needed medical help.)) How can a person want to give aid and comfort to people who are maiming and killing fellow Americans? What makes such people tick? These people are not - I am too angry to say more.

((I'm not. These people are collecting money to be sent, through the International Red Cross, for medical aid to the Vietnamese National Liberation Front. Those who wish to do likewise may send an international money order by registered mail to Nation-

*1. Liberation Front of South Vietnam, Nekazanka 7, Praha, Czechoslovakia.))

WILL STERNMAN, 6922 Sylvester St., Philadelphia, Penn. 19149 ((17 August 1966)): Thanks for the sample copy of KNOWABLE. Since it (#10) was my first, it looks like I just missed out on a real slaw-sharpening controversy over Glory Road. In case anyone's (still) interested, I liked it. As Al Scott says, it's "great fun to read". Whether it's also a satire on sword-and-sorcery stories - or anything else, for that matter - doesn't seem terribly important.

I'm always surprised lately when I find myself enjoying Heinlein. When he was "America's acknowledged master of science-fiction" (Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books, from the dust jacket of Farnham's Freehold - acknowledged by whom, I'd like to know?) I found him dull as dishwater and painful as dishpan hands. As "acknowledged master", Heinlein seemed to feel that he had a Message to deliver to the infidels: his stories were nothing more than dramatized tracts, his characters mere paper chessmen that The Master shoved all over the board to illustrate his messianic mission. It was always impossible to tell the hero of one story from the hero of the next (not that it mattered much); they were all equally dull and characterless. And then there was always that father figure, who would stop the action dead in its tracks while he told us poor mortals how to live the good life (which often meant adopting a healthy - that is, Heinlein - attitude toward sex. Heinlein seemed to think he was the John O'Hara of science-fiction; no one has ever successfully explained who John O'Hara thinks he is).

Sure, I'm willing to give the Master his due. He invented the idea of the spaceship as a self-contained world in itself. But Orphans of the Sky is a badly written book; its characters are flat and uniformly dull, its plot mechanical and melodramatic. Brian Aldiss may not have originated the genre, but his Starship is infinitely superior; in my opinion, one of the best science-fiction novels ever written. (Aldiss' The Long Afternoon of Earth belongs in the same category.) ((I'm afraid we part company there.))

Then, starting with Stranger in a Strange Land, something happened to Heinlein (or maybe, it was just to me). The first fifth or so of Stranger is delightful, the character of the Martian charming, and I found myself eager to see not only what he would do next, but what he would think next. And then the whole thing exploded into Heinlein's peculiar mix of violence, sex, religion, and pater-familias preaching.

((The first part of Stranger in a Strange Land was written, I am given to understand, sometime around 1940, when Heinlein's creative powers were at their height. The book was in part a tract against world government, then being proposed as a deterrent to Fascism by Clarence Streit - recall how in one episode the World Court overrules the U. S. Supreme Court, and note the character, or lack of it, given to the world's Secretary-General. Then the book was laid aside until the middle '50's, when it was fleshed out with the sort of political didacticism characteristic of the contemporary Heinlein.))

After that came Farnham's Freehold. Still that haranguing father figure, still all that good advice on how to be happy though sexy, but now the characters and what happens to them seems to be more important than the oratory.

((Tom Perry summarized Farnham's Freehold very succinctly in his fanzine Quark as an expanded Goldwater campaign pamphlet.))

Finally we have Poekayne of Mars (one of the most enjoyable s-f novels I've ever read, if marred a trifle by an overly melodramatic ending) and Glory Road ("great fun" until the very end when Heinlein can't resist the urge to declaim, and that enjoyable romp peters out into anticlimax). ((And into the suggestion that the way to deal with critics of our Vietnam policy is to slug them.))

When Heinlein "had religion" and was the "acknowledged master" etc., etc., he was a bore - an imaginative, inventive bore, but a bore nonetheless. Now that he seems willing (most of the time, at any rate) to abandon his flowing white beard and robes, and be just a story teller (Somerset Maugham, one of the best, never pretended or tried to be anything else), he's one of the most entertaining s-f writers around.

((After reading The Moon is a Harsh Mistress, I feel that your optimism is a

little premature.))

From a strictly selfish point of view, I would go along with Richard D. Mullen in paying "75¢ or a dollar or more if such a price would enable the publishers to put out better publications." Your question "Are today's 50¢ and 60¢ magazines better than they were when they cost 25¢ or 35¢" is equivalent to asking whether today's 30¢ milk is better than it was when it cost 5¢ - and didn't even come in bottles. Inflation doesn't seem to be terribly relevant to quality, does it? On the other hand, you're probably right when you say that higher prozine prices will probably drive away both readers and new writers; and quality doesn't seem to have kept pace with rising prices, in any event. It's a puzzlement.

((27 August 1966)) I must admit that I'm surprised to discover Heinlein's reputation for bigotry. If it's as blatant as all that I wonder how I could have missed it. Maybe the reason is that being a writer (an advertising copywriter by profession, an unpublished short-story writer by masochism, I think), I tend to be more interested in style, characterization, and plot per se than the author's politics. Certainly, I'm aware of Heinlein's monotonous panegyrics for the good life (Heinlein-style) and his interminable harping on sexual adjustment (again Heinlein-style), but anything less overt than this, I'm afraid, passes right by me...

My main gripe against Heinlein is his flat writing style, his one-dimensional characterization and his constant sermonizing (on whatever subject). Mainly I read s-f, I suppose, because I want to escape, and the book that can excite my sense of wonder or stimulate my feeling of participation is the book for me. (E. g., The City and the Stars, Starship, Strange Relations, Lost Planet, The End of Infinity, etc.)

But even imagination - no matter how creative or bizarre - can't make a book absorbing for me unless the characters are real and alive and worthy of concern. Even in his more recent, more enjoyable books, Heinlein has only been partly successful in creating full-bodied people. They're still quite stiff, quite stereotyped, quite Heinleinesque; the hero and heroine of Glory Road are still very much the same people we saw in Farnham's Freehold. All the later characters are obviously descended from the primates we saw being jerked about in the earlier Heinlein stories, and they're none too far along on the evolutionary tree at that.

That's why it's so gratifying to come across a Clifford Simak or an Arthur Clarke. I don't know how Simak does it, but his heroes are so sympathetic that you find yourself feeling concerned about them almost from the first paragraph. And Clarke's people are so vivid and life-like that even when his plotting is pedestrian, the overall effect is engrossing.

Although I've been reading s-f since the cradle, I never even suspected that there was such a thing as fandom until a few weeks ago. A notice in the Mensa bulletin Interim tipped me off about Alma Hill's Wizard, and Wizard led me to KNOWABLE, and now, suddenly, and surprisingly, I'm all caught up in the thing. (Your SO YOU WANT TO BE A FAN? was a great help to this tottering fladgeling.)

C. T. BROOKS JR., 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605 ((23 October 1966)): I agree with your idea of detailed criticism of pseudo-scientific theories, but I'm afraid your efforts are rather wasted on "Vacuole Theory". I can't imagine this mumbö-jumbo obtaining great following among people of inadequate scientific background, mainly because there is no obvious important application for it. The same goes for crackpot astronomical systems, though things like the Hieronymous and Dean machines are, of course, something else again.

I doubt that your "X's" will be much of a deterrent to the "Exclusion Act" people, but it will be interesting to know who they are. I never knew any of the principals well, but I was against the exclusion on principle. I was surprised never to see anything by Breen, himself on the matter, but maybe I just don't get the right 'zines.

((By now, three years after a little clique of Bay Area fans tried to ban Walter Breen from the 1964 WorldCon, almost all the Exclusionists have abandoned this stand. Before the vote at WYCon 3, establishing the site of the 1968 WorldCon, the group bidding for the Bay area made it quite clear that they were not going to repeat this folly. To the best of my knowledge, the only person still to defend the Exclusion Act is Jack Speer, who thus maintains his record of being on the wrong side in just about every fannish controversy of the past thirty years. With the Exclusionists so thoroughly discredited, even the identification of them is superfluous. Thanks to their

ineffective attempts to rouse the hatred of fandom against Walter Breen, our little microcosm has been most effectively immunized against future attacks of Exclusionism. It will be a long time before anyone else tries to whip up this sort of hatred among us.))

Your "Along Came a Spider" is excellent...

I couldn't make much of the round-robin, but maybe I came in too late. "Fanny Adams" #12 was painful, but I guess that's what puns are supposed to be. I rather suspect that "Volks-Sociologie" is a spoof, but, having no background in sociology, I can't be sure; some of the things put forward in all seriousness seem just as silly.

((Marcello Truzzi's "Volks-Sociologie" in KNOWABLE #10 was indeed a spoof. However, Stephen Pickering, thief and lunatic, took it seriously, and wrote a reply in his accustomed pompous and verbose style. From his perspective as a "sociologist" he professed to regard Truzzi as a pitiful pretender to the title. Well, Truzzi has a doctorate in sociology, and Pickering, as we now all know, is a brash undergraduate who has since dropped out of college and dropped into quite another sort of public institution.))

You have convinced me I should buy the de Camps' book. ((Spirits, Stars, and Spells. You might also get their earlier Ancient Ruins and Archaeology))

I cannot see that Girsdansky's example of the mule presents any difficulty with the Law of the Excluded Middle. This Law merely states that, having drawn a distinction between two mutually exclusive classes, it is possible to state that an example falls into one or the other of them. This is a problem in logic. Girsdansky's example introduces the problem of how to draw the line in the first place, which is a problem in zoology. His dramatically stubborn mule, standing there braying, is colorful writing but an offense to good sense.

((But all philosophical questions, since they must deal with the real, physical universe to make any sense, are really scientific questions. Anciently such questions as whether vacua can exist, whether atoms are the basis of matter or whether substance is continuous, whether human will is free or is absolutely determined, whether the categories A and not-A are mutually exclusive, whether the universe had a beginning and, if so, what was its character - these and other questions were regarded as the domain of philosophy. We now know that we must seek their answers in the sciences. Randists love to quote the Aristotelian dictum that "A is A", but the wave-particle duality in physics casts a wholly new perspective on that topic.))

Your mention that London's Assassination Ltd. did not get rave reviews is the first mention of this book that I can remember seeing in a fanzine, which is rather odd. Why it didn't get some good reviews I can't understand. I found it very good, the concept of the "ethical madmen" is hilarious.

Neither your boycott of prozines costing over 50¢ nor Mallory's boycott of Analog are likely to have much effect. I expect that Seth Johnson is right that the price increases are simply due to the general inflation.

AL JACKSON, Box 57307, Webster, Texas 77598 ((undated)): I would like to make one small guff at the pseudo-scientific article of KNOWABLE #10. Too bad the article was such a turkey because my point does not apply as well. The main problem with pseudo-scientists and even knowledgeable and well-meaning people like Larsson and Otis, is that they don't do enough "sleepwalking", as A. Koestler would say. I mean that, after all the intellectual soaking in the history of, say, physics, when it comes down to being speculative you kind of have to sit back and let your intellect and inclinations work in concert with one another. Even as a student I think one notices it. In proceeding to work just a difficult "bookwork" problem, one usually sees one's way to the end or parts of the solution by a flash of insight. Sometimes even for the wrong reasons you will keep at a problem until the right answer presents itself. It is just this kind of inner truth optimization process that the pseudo-scientist seems not to possess. I don't care what psychological aberrations he might display, the pseudo-scientist does not seem to possess that right mixture of intellect and emotion to lose interest, when the argument he is following has lost interest for the usual run-of-the-mill scientist type.

((This subconscious integration of data which is called "intuition" cannot take place unless the scientist - or artist, or even businessman - is already in possession of the facts upon which this integration is based. Take, for example, August Kekule's famous dream in which he saw snakes which took their tails in their mouths, and thus realized that the benzene molecule has a ring structure. He could not have done this, had he not already done extensive research on the properties of benzene, and been in possession of all the information about its properties which could be explained only by the ring structure.))

Now for an old, maybe naive question. Since I have been working for NASA, the subject of interstellar flight comes up sometimes. Well, problem of ftl comes up then, though without the usual bias towards the light velocity postulate. ...Most textbooks state it in a seemingly biased manner, biased towards that entity we call electro-magnetic radiation. It usually runs: Information, energy, cannot be propagated at a velocity exceeding light velocity. I am quite aware of the experimental-historical value we place upon the measurement of light velocity, but it has been proposed that the postulate should read: Information, energy cannot be propagated instantaneously. My question would be, is this a moot point, physically uninteresting, or flat wrong point of view?

((I'm afraid it's flat wrong. An immense body of experimental evidence supports the postulate of the special theory of relativity, that the velocity of electromagnetic radiation is constant in a vacuum and independent of the velocity of the body emitting it. It follows from this that this velocity, 300,000 kilometers per second, is an absolute upper limit for the transmission of information about the system which originates it. In his Theory of Space, Time, and Gravitation, Vladimir Aleksandrovich Fok has shown that the same upper limit holds for gravitational effects.))

GEORGE SCITHERS, Box 0, Eatonton, N. J. ((4 June 1966)): The term "analysis of variance" (referred to in the Vacuole Theory in KNOWABLE #10) is a standard expression in statistics, particularly in sampling theory and in inspection-by-sampling operations. However, though I may know more about statistics than you, I can't see what analysis of variance has to do with solving eleven linear equations in four unknowns either - unless, perhaps, your Mr. Ingamells wants to test the statistical chance that the number e and the number pi are as close to each other as they are, assuming them to be random numbers. That, however, doesn't make sense either.

You have not been able to show that Spear has told a lie. You have incorrectly stated the basis of the Cult's recent excitement over Wright. You have implied that Donaho and Eney attacked Wright, whereas they have supported him. You have published this to an audience unaware of the reputation you have in the Cult for inaccuracy. Neither truth nor moral courage are in you.

((LEFTOVERS readers are entitled to information on Scithers enabling them to determine his honesty and moral courage. Suffice it to say that he is a career military officer.

((My reputation in the Cult is as a dangerous enemy of the sacred principles of White Supremacy. Why do you think they kicked me out?))

BOB LICHTMAN, 112 Lundy's Lane, San Francisco, Calif. ((4 June 1966)): Although I retain the outer trappings of being a fan, through my FAPA membership and some nominal activities as the muse strikes, my interests and activities these days fall in other fields and directions and when I receive fanzines it is almost like peering through a keyhole into a large closed party. I recognize only the old names, and the new names that I read are talking about the same stuff we used to discuss in the distant past of 1959-62: sercon vs. faanish, the price of prozines, etc.

I'm afraid that for perhaps the first time ever, I have to agree with Seth Johnson regarding the price of prozines. I don't think you can successfully or logically attempt to limit their newsstand asking price, irregardless of how bad their content. I rarely purchase an s-f magazine these days and when I do, it represents only about 0.1% of my monthly income, so it's hardly worth kvetching about that that's 5¢ when the same magazine sold for 35¢ in 1960. Quite frankly, based on my 1960 income, the 35¢ magazine represented far more of my monthly income, but I didn't complain then.

A simple matter of diminishing returns will dictate what happens to the prozines. If the contents become too bad, no one will buy them no matter what the price. But if sufficient people like that sort of material they'll as readily pay 75¢ an issue for it

as 5%.

((And you will pay 75¢ for it, too. In fact, the first dollar prozine will make its appearance on the stands early this year.))

In answer to another point of Johnson's, though: I don't think that a fan-published set of instructions on the operation of various duplicating machines would serve any function at all. As you point out, the fans who've been around for a time don't need it. And as for the newcomers, such as they are, there are plenty of commercially published booklets about operation of mimeographs, dittos, etc. Many times, when one buys a mimeograph, even a used one, a set of instructions comes with it, or the seller is willing to demonstrate the operation and offer advice. Besides, poorly reproduced and ill-conceived crudzines have always been a more or less endearing aspect of fandom through which most of us have passed. Organize things to a faretheewell and you remove most of the sense of adventure that is a big thing for someone coming into fandom.

JUDITH GLATSTEIN, somewhere in Connecticut ((2 June 1966)): Harry Warner Jr. asks about gravity dependent mechanisms. It has been discovered that under conditions of weightlessness - either in space or in a tank of water - there is a loss of calcium from the bones after a period of approximately a week. No one has tested this to the point where serious damage occurs, or the bones are flexible, or anything of that nature. But there is a significant loss of calcium from the bones to the bloodstream, and hence, I imagine, excreted in one form or another. If this loss occurs under conditions of weightlessness, then I would suspect that renewal of calcium in the bones would be a gravity dependent mechanism. Perhaps calcium is excreted at a normal rate, but no new calcium is laid down in its place, or maybe the rate of loss is increased. I have no idea which is correct. Query - a new medical aid for someone with strontium 90 in the bone - weightlessness, flush out the contaminating material through this loss, and replace with a heavier concentration of calcium in the diet.

((This arises out of the strong chemical similarity between calcium and strontium.))

As for extrachromosomal inheritance - I refer you to Principles of Genetics (5th edition) by Sinnott, Dunn, and Dobzhansky, 1958, pp. 363 et seq. In brief - paramedia have kappa particles in the cytoplasm of certain "killer" strains, production of which is dependent on a dominant gene K. The gene is transmitted strictly as a nuclear gene; the kappa particles are transmitted through the cytoplasm. By appropriate procedures, individuals of killer clones may be crossed to sensitive ones. If the conjugation is prolonged, all descendants are killers. ((That's not the effect our species gets from prolonged conjugations.)) If the conjugation is brief, and little or no cytoplasm is exchanged, a killer clone and a sensitive clone are produced. Thus a Kk individual may be either a killer or a sensitive depending on whether or not it has received kappa particles.

There are some other examples - sigma substance in drosophila, and the most interesting, plastid inheritance, of which the book says: "Evidence of hereditary transmission of characters through self-reproducing bodies that are regular components of the cytoplasmic system."

How's them apples?

I seem to remember something to the effect that nuclear DNA was not the only transmitter of genetic information, that in some cases RNA could also transmit to the next generation. But I cannot recall where or when this came up.

I find the topic fascinating, which is how I knew of the quote in the book which I passed on.

JAY KINNEY, 606 Wellner Road, Naperville, Ill. 60540 ((undated)): Mallory's criticisms ((of Analog, in KNOWABLE #16)) were on the whole well founded. It is rather humorous though, because I had just gotten a birthday present of a sub to Analog - so that I will not be able to boycott it very well - and I am certainly not quite up to cancelling the sub - anyhow, Analog does have the best illos in the field (generally) and since I am quite interested in art that is a big interest point. The example of the December 1964 editorial by JWC was a good one (I have skimmed it) but perhaps keeping up your no-support policy you have not seen his one of a year later, December 1965.

This is a confusing editorial. It starts out with talk of psychology, then jumps to Watts riots, then to ghettos and finally to the conclusion that the Negroes should take care of their own (I think). In the editorial he seems to link all of Negro-dom with the rioters (an unjustified assumption, though useful for his judgments) - and goes on to say that immigrants being forced into prejudice and ghettos have actually helped them. This while it may be true (I have reservations) ((so does another American minority on the average worse off than Negroes)) does not prove a parallel for the Negro problem. The immigrants coming to this country were under mighty different conditions. Ol' John then points to Jewish and Chinese ghettos - and says that they have turned out highly honest (in the Chinese case) and highly talented (Jews) people on the whole. This of course ignores the fact that the Negro ghettos of today are different from the Jewish ones of Europe. The Jewish ones were closed and economically independent, while the slums of today are drained of their \$\$ by outside business owners. And of course the Jews and Chinese in their ghettos had different power structures, both tending to be clannish for protection, whereas the slums are not so - attempts at self-organization, in fact, being looked down upon by others.

Mr. Campbell also forgets the religious-progress-civilization from which the Jews have been able to draw and orient themselves with, whereas the Negroes have had no such luck - their development being cut off at the bud by slave traders and colonization.

((Apostles of the Higher Racism, such as John Campbell and the Marking Quarterly gang, don't quite forget this factor; they simply claim that biological factors make it impossible for Negroes to develop such a cultural complex as exists in Jewish or Chinese ghettos. My favorite humor magazine, National Review, seems to have made this cause its own of late. Quite frequently they publish articles by Ernst Van den Haag, Nathaniel Weyl, Stefan Possony, or others who believe that there is an inherent biological distinction among the different ethnic and pigmentation groups of humanity. For these men are the American equivalents of such German anthropologists as Hans F. K. Günther, Ludwig Schemm, Ludwig Boltmann, or Hermann Gaus. They seek popular recognition by telling racists that there is scientific justification for things which, in their hearts they know are right". Popularizers such as John W. Campbell, Carlton Putnam, and Ned Touchstone pass these sentiments along to the less literate in their own language. In our time science has triumphed over religion to such a great extent that men now seek scientific rather than religious justification for their prejudices.))

Well, I don't care to go into depth on his thinking. Harking back to the talk of s-f mag prices in the lettercol - I agree pretty much. I plan to discuss this quite a bit with Seth...and will let you in on what we say if you want. ((Please do.)) As of now, I rather believe that Galaxy is the best all-around buy for one's \$\$, but 60¢ is still too much.

Seth's idea of Argosy All-Story Weekly is certainly interesting, though the reign of the weekly is now just about vanished. SFPost is bi-weekly, while Look, Life, Time, etc. are mainly news-feature mags. Like the two or more newspaper cities - this facet is going from the publishing scene. I am not saying that it couldn't be revived - but there would be complications of course. The price would have to be much less - no one can afford to lay out 60¢ weekly for one or more s-f mag.

BETTY KNIGHT, 3341 1/2 Seymour St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90065 ((19 June 1965)): KNOW-ABLE #10 was, in my opinion, a very good issue. I enjoyed all the articles and letters of comment, and The Story, which is very funny. Some time I may try to add a chapter.

((We're rather doubtful about continuing The Story - which, for the benefit of our newer readers, was a long serial to which readers could add additional chapters if they wished. The Story ran to 22 chapters in KNOWABLE. However, it has been 20 months since the last installment appeared, and the plot line may have been badly broken by this hiatus. We'll continue it if the readers seem interested - otherwise, we'll let it drop.))

I was particularly interested in Thomas Mallory's repudiation of Analog, as it expressed very well my own beliefs on the matter. Although I still purchase the magazine occasionally to see what changes, if any, are made - hope dies hard - I, too, have come to despair of any change being for the better. It is obvious that Campbell is a neo-Fascist and racist with also a penchant for the promotion of crackpot theories, judging from both his own editorials and the slanting of the stories. Besides the November and December 1964 editorials, which hit a rather low level, I recall a somewhat earlier one in which he actually proposed that the vote be limited to those of a higher

economic status.-- a Fascistic idea if I ever heard one. Since I, too, am a white ex-Texan, I am also familiar with the Southern conservatives who support such views as those of Campbell's.

By the way, I suppose the Junior is named after John W. Ghod Jr.?

((The "Junior" is the name of the award for the Eleven-Foot Poll. However, Campbell doesn't use it any more, so the point of it is lost. The noise you hear in the background is the two chiefs of Clan Campbell who went to the scaffold in the 17th Century in the cause of civil and religious liberty; they're spinning in their graves.))

I have another candidate for non-support: Dr. Ross Pet Foods. The owner, who died recently, was a well-known adherent of the John Birch Society and left a good deal of his fortune to them. He attempted to bribe Pepperdine College into granting an honorary degree to ultra-right-wing commentator Stan Smoot. In fact, my cats won't even eat the stuff, although I have my doubts about their political sophistication.

((Pepperdine College may be to the West what Bob Jones University is to the South, and St. John's University to the East, but this was too much even for them to take. They turned down the request, but Smoot himself got a million.))

Apropos your comment about a distressingly large number of fans being very conservative, that seems to me to be especially true on the West Coast. Whether it has anything to do with fandom as such, it would be hard to hazard a guess. Conservatism has been rather strong in California for many years. Witness the strength of Samuel Yorty, the Mayor of Los Angeles. Even the Birch Society is rather strong. Ronald Reagan recently won the Republican nomination for Governor in the recent primary election.

((Yes, and he had opposition in the person of William Penn Patrick, who attempted to go to Reagan's right.))

However, there do seem to be a distressingly large number of the younger fans in LASFS who appear to have fallen for such creeds as Ayn Rand's Objectivism and who were in favor of Goldwater and "Go, go for Joe (Shell)" and of course who greatly admire John W. Campbell. ((How do they reconcile Ayn Rand's militant Atheism with the pietism of most other right-wingers?)) And then there are a number of nut-cult groups. But maybe this is just the way of Los Angeles.

Your article on the Vacuole Theory of C. O. Ingamells was an excellent analysis of yet another of the pseudo-scientific theories which have run rampant in recent years. One thing I've noticed about nearly all of them, no matter what their subject matter, is their gobbledygook terminology and notation. To me, the vacuole theory sounds even more nonsensical than the Hubbard stuff. It is very difficult to follow his meaning. What the devil does he mean by "xi", for instance? ((Probably the mass of the xi particle, as a multiple of the electron mass.)) And how can four unknowns require eleven linear equations? At this point, I can almost hear Ed Baker scream, "Define your terms!" and correctly so here.

Concerning "Science and Something Else", I agree up to a point. I certainly think that the mumbo-jumbo of superstition, magic, and pseudo-scientific theories should have their falsity called to attention. As the de Camps doubtless point out in their book (I haven't read it yet), this stuff has long outlived its usefulness, if it ever had any. However, I'll have to admit being a "something else" in a sense. I don't think science can answer everything. I would certainly support the scientific method in areas dealing with the physical universe. Since I've studied something of both the humanities and the natural sciences, I think I can see more than one viewpoint here, although I hardly consider myself an expert. In questions of values, beauty, or morality, as well as the old question of whither and why, I don't think science is adequate; in fact, it wouldn't be science if it tried to deal with such problems. Therefore the arts, philosophy, and even the best of religious thought are necessary to deal with these questions. It seems to me that many, many more people ought to know something of both the sciences and the humanities if we are to adequately deal with the many problems that beset the modern world. (And incidentally eliminate such results as the engineering major who spells "engineer" and "injanear" and the English major who, pondering the even vaster problem of the formula for the srea of a circle, asks, "What's that little

bitty 2 up theré for?")

((The scientific method is certainly useful in areas dealing with the physical universe - but everything lies within the physical universe. There cannot be drawn a dichotomy between the "physical" and "non-physical", with different approaches valid for each. For an excellent critique of the "two roads to Truth" notion, as it is applied in much contemporary literature, see Kathleen Wott's The Emperor's Clothes.)

*

You are receiving LEFTOVERS #2 because:

- () - I have seen or heard from you lately.
- () - I haven't seen or heard from you lately, but I'd like to.
- () - You subscribed to KNOWABLE or POINTING VECTOR at 5 issues for \$1.00. This subscription entitles you to receive _____ more issues of our genzine, no matter by what title it goes.
- () - This is a sample copy. Would you like to subscribe.
- () - Your subscription expires with this issue.
- () - We trade.
- () - Do we still trade?
- () - Would you like to trade for your _____?
- () - Do we still trade for your _____?
- () - You have an article in this issue.
- () - You have a letter in this issue.
- () - A letter of yours will be published in a future issue.
- () - I'd like a contribution from you for a future issue. (If this space is not checked, and you'd like to send in a manuscript or artwork, please try anyway.)
- () - You are related to me.
- () - Your name has been on my mailing list for so long that I've forgotten why it's there. Would you please remind me?
- () - I am cleaning deadwood out of my mailing file. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, this is the last issue you'll get.
- () - I thought that you might be interested in receiving this () because I read a contribution of yours to another amateur journal.
- () - You asked for it.
- () - A friend (?) of yours, namely _____, thought you might be interested.
- () - I owe you a letter, which I'll write as soon as I can.
- () - I realize that extraordinary circumstances keep you from writing, so you're getting this anyhow.
- () - Harry Manogg will soon send you a pussycat.
- () - Charlie Brown will soon send you one of his sisters-in-law.
- () - Betty Knight will soon send you a rabbit.
- () - Bangs Leslie Tapscott will soon send you a Platonic Ideal.
- () - Fred Phillips will soon send you $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of calligraphy.
- () - Fred Lerner will soon send you a slave.
- () - Rod Walker will soon send you an induction notice.
- () - Art Canfil will soon send you a match for it.
- () - Charles Turner will soon send you 5 pounds of napalm, already lit.
- () - Guess what Bill Rotsler will soon send you!

Though most of the crewmen are whites,
Uhura has full equal rights.

Her shipmates, you see,
Love democracy,
And the way that she fills out her tights.