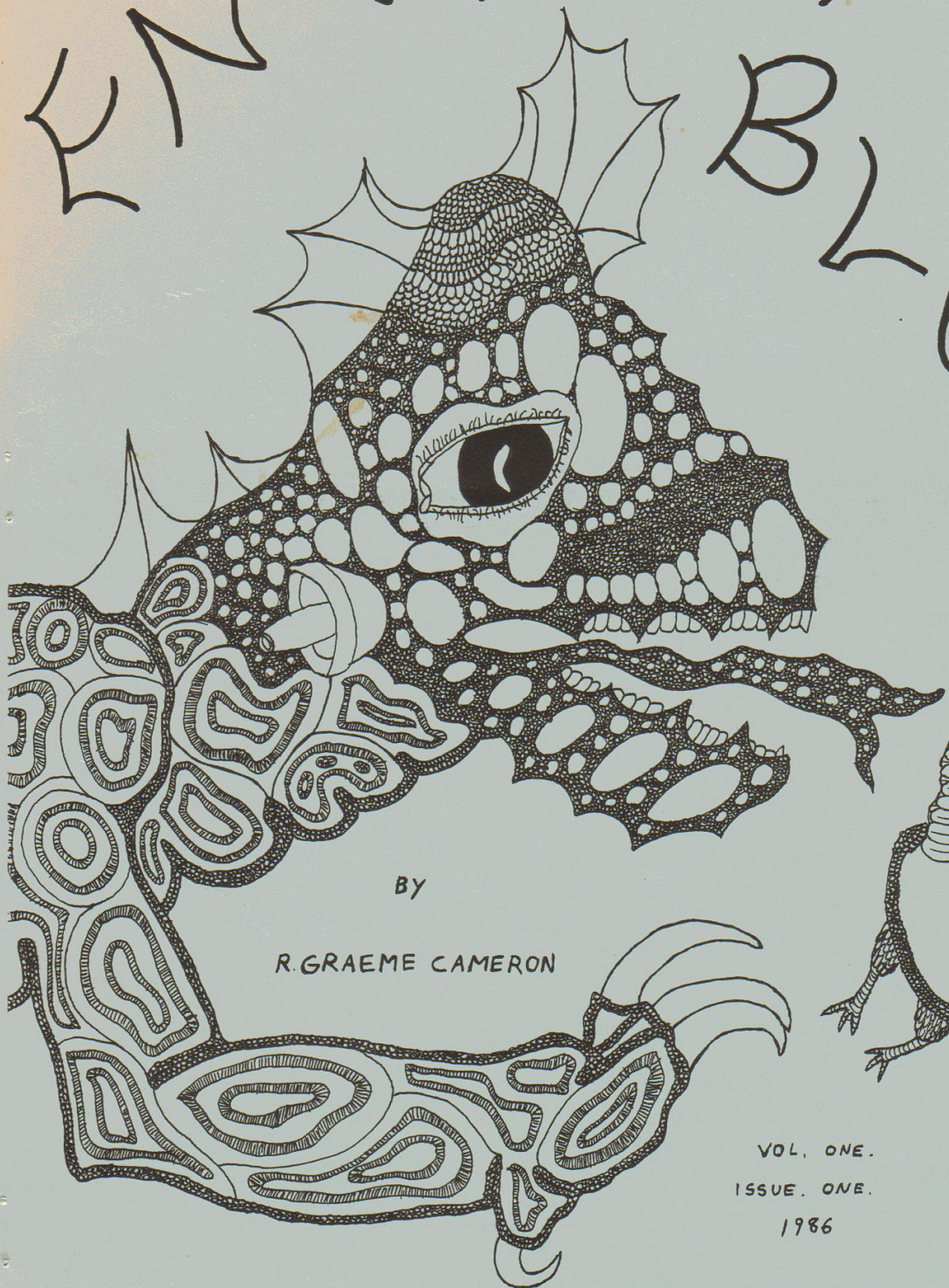


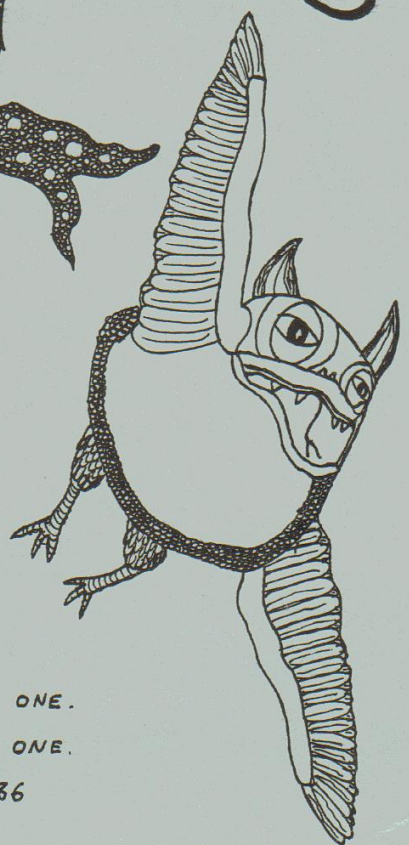
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# ENTRROPY BLUES



BY

R. GRAEME CAMERON



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TITLE PAGE

RICHARD GRAEME CAMERON ©

MS ENTROPY BLUES

DRAFT VOL. ONE ISSUE ONE WORDS ?

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Entropy Blues, a 'Just Kicks' publication which may or may not come out more than once depending on the whim of fate. (See last page) Graeme cameron wrote this in lieu of erecting a monument to himself. (Don't chah remember his hit single: 'A wandering ego I'?) All rights are MINE FOREVER! But feel free to quote or reprint providing due credit given. Send all frothing comments/diatribes plus any good freebie zines to:

R. GRAEME CAMERON  
1855 WEST 2ND AVE, APT # 110,  
VANCOUVER, B.C., V6J 1J1  
CANADA.

### ADVICE TO WOULD-BE WRITERS: AN EDITORIAL

I was sitting in bed, all of fifteen years old, cheerfully doing my latin home work, when it hit me, how's this going to prepare me for life in the Teamsters? I let the textbook slide from my hands. Why work for a living? I'd rather be a writer! Immediately I set to work outlining a plot for a novel I titled AGAINST THE MALUII, (Mal-you-eye, not ma-louie!) the first of many unpublished works to come.

Four years later, March 26th of 1971, Melez Massey called my writings "turgid". On March 29th of the same year John Parks said my writings "lack concrete description. Your style is too placid, too deliberately or perhaps self-consciously vague, so monotonous they could put people to sleep."

Five years later, 1976, Shelley Tanaka of Clarke & Irwin: "Your work was read several times by our readers...it showed a great deal of promise...the portrayal of the protagonist was credible & sympathetic. There is some fine imagery & perceptive inner monologue...but the novel lacked sufficient tightness and grip."

And 1977 after a rewrite? "Our readers found the novel considerably improved...more powerful...the inner monologue is quite absorbing...but the novel may ultimately suffer by the purposefully single theme, limited number of characters and constant inner monologue style."

During four years at U.B.C., 77 to 81, I experienced my share of savaging in the creative writing department.

More recently, STAN HYDE, notorious fan & fellow writer, tells me, "Your novel reads cold. Your narrative focus is too tight, too constrictive, too frustrating for the reader."

Most recently, May 30th of 1986, Shelly Shapiro, editor of DEL REY books, states: "Your writing shows some promise, but I found the narrative confusing, and to be perfectly honest, not terribly interesting." The novel is now with DAW books and I wait with bated breath for their opinion.

SO WHAT AM I TRYING TO SAY? That patience is its own reward? That it's a long hard grind to success? Never give up the ship? If I can wait this long, you can too? Keep trying?

NOOOO!!!! I WANT YOU TO GIVE UP!!! YOU'LL SUFFER HORRIBLY IF YOU TRY TO BE A WRITER, SUFFER THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED!!! THE TORMENTS OF SISYPHUS!!! ALWAYS ROLLING THE BOULDER TO THE TOP OF THE HILL ONLY TO SEE IT ROLL BACK AGAIN!!! WRITING IS LIVING A SCREAMING BURNING HELL!!! THROW AWAY YOUR TYPEWRITER! NOW!!! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Cause mainly, I don't want any competition. Dig?

### FIFTH GENERATION INSTRUMENTALITY DETERMINISM

#### **-- AN EXPLANATION OF THE PHRASE: THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE --**

If the sum of this phrase is to our goals in life as the poverty of experience is to our framework of memory, can the language employed by our generation truly mirror the confusion of life as we know it, or is it but an exercise in futility? Are we alone conscious of ourselves? Is our membership in this era-group worthy of our ability to express to others what we are ourselves unable to comprehend? These are the questions.

The answers depend on the individual's rate of decay, both mental and physical, and upon the opinion of electronic minds similar to the prototype yet without the means to worry about such matters, for the mindless who merely are can never feel that which the sensitives (who are counter-survivalists) always participate in yet fail to know. After all, the ultimate meaning of 'The medium is the message' of course depends on the nature of the observer. That this is indeed the crux of the matter is shown by the fact that the unconscious level of subliminal expression we all experience is of itself a more comprehensive and therefore more significant phenomena than even the most profound of Aldous Huxley self-awareness exercises.

Is there a solution? Of course not. If we are able to accept the meaning while simultaneously ignoring it--indeed, knowing nothing of it at all--then our sophisticated ability to communicate has been reduced to the level of anti-intelligence animals whose obsolete brains depend on simple reflex actions we are totally unable to experience, the only alternative being a deliberate and conscious degeneration to the same level.

Fortunately our machines are not yet capable of taking advantage of our inevitable (see Devo) de-evolution, but by the time the process is complete, they in turn will have passed through a servicing crisis by the simple expedient of acquiring an undefinable order of mentality superior to ours, and undoubtedly much more enduring.

As for us, the sensitives among us instinctively protest the degenerative warping of our feelings down to the instinctive level. This is the cause of our generation's malaise, a form of mass hysteria whose function is to prepare us for ultimate debasement before the mass mecha-mind. We must learn to grovel if we are to survive.

Thus we learn 'The medium is the message' is more of a warning than a definition. Was McLuhan aware of this? If not, how appropriate. It would mean he was one of us. As for those who are not and never will be, they are merely incapable of understanding what they cannot know, whereas we know, but do not understand, or if we do understand, then we do not truly know. A third and even more useless group as it were.



First, let me point out that ROBOT MONSTER, despite its allegorical nature, fully satisfies the discriminating science fiction fan's thirst for vivid realism in the portrayal of alien cultures. One has only to consider the memory-rope. In one scene RO-MAN drapes it over the woman and leaves, in the next shot before he returns we see the rope is firmly in place about her limbs. Obviously it possess's a form of molecular memory which enables it to carry out its function all by itself. Then there's the awesome display of plasma energy globules floating about the mouth of the cave to provide RO-MAN with nourishment via the antennae on his helmet. (So clever of Tucker to realize the effect with the inexpensive AUTOMATIC BILLION BUBBLE MACHINE, so often overlooked by Industrial Light & Magic) Or consider RO-MAN'S clumsy, tentative manner of walking, especially ascending an incline, which clearly demonstrates the creature's difficulty with Earth's gravity. Or the fight scene, not a contrived slug-match as in a John Wayne movie, but a frantic exercise in pointless futility in the face of an alien horror, with virtually every punch thrown by the young man missing, and RO-MAN more confused than wrathful. Or the alien's striking method of communication with his own kind, not with just speech alone, but with the addition of incomprehensible yet forceful gestures only a RO-MAN would understand. Truly alien in concept. The list goes on and on. Tucker as director has paid careful attention to visual detail in order to establish credibility.

Now let us consider the symbolism Ordung employs, keeping in mind that his theme is the conflict between reasoning man and emotive man, and where that struggle may ultimately lead us. Note the subtle structuring of the cast. The HU-MANS consist of three couples: two children, two young adults, two elders. Here we have the three fundamental stages of human sexuality, the basic paradigm of all that is human. These allegorical figures represent innocence, youthful vitality, and learned wisdom. In sum, the best the human race has to offer. And then there's the RO-MAN, representing the monster conflict which threatens humanity, the basic split in our psyche, as shown by the contrast between his robot aspect--metal helmet, antennae, face hidden by a blank white cloth--and the beast aspect which his obscenely shaggy body amply demonstrates. Wyatt Ordung speaks to all of us when he poses this problem. Can we heal this gaping wound? Destroy the monster we have ourselves created?

Consider innocence as a weapon, or at least as a form of defence. The little boy often escapes because he can outrun the bulky alien. Yet we all know that to deny the reality of danger through the ignorance which innocence offers is an illusionary form of safety at best. Ordung is quick to prove this in what must be one of the most callous and brutally shocking moments of violence in cinematic history. (You think the shower scene in Psycho was the worst? Read on) RO-MAN confronts the little girl walking alone on a barren hillside path. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" he thunders. (Now this is typical of the techno-kill civilization we have evolved. First the situation must be defined, neatly categorized, reduced to abstraction. Only then

can the rationalization of violence proceed, only then can we allow the beast to emerge. Is not the worst horror we face simply a slight pressure of someone's finger on a button? So simple we all can do it. We are all RO-MAN) The poor little girl, invincibly armoured in innocence, stares defiantly up at the alien and states in a smug, snotty, know-it-all tone, "I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU! MY DADDY WON'T LET YOU HURT ME!" Ah, the sweet, trusting innocence of childhood. Alas, we all have to grow up sooner or later, if only to survive. But she's not had the time to eat of the tree of knowledge. The RO-MAN lunges for her and the scene shifts. We do not see her death. It is not necessary that we should. The idea suffices. A painful vision, the agony of gutsy supremely confident innocence violently wrenched asunder. The scene alludes to the loss of innocence we've all shared, the end of childhood, the entry into the adult world of sexual passion, the eternal adult problem of uniting mind and body in a coherent whole, a problem made more difficult by the growing power of the RO-MAN within us all. Wyatt Ordung warns us innocence is not enough. Innocence is fatal.

Perhaps we can turn to learned wisdom? To the rational mind warmed by experience and calm, civilized, humanitarian consideration? The professor and his wife have witnessed the destruction of mankind, some four or five billion people, yet they come to believe that RO-MAN will spare the few who remain if only they can come up with a way to prove to the alien that they are not a threat to him. This kind of specious reasoning is very popular I'm afraid. Think of the Dutch and Belgians who declared their countries war-free neutral zones in the late thirties, even going so far as to forbid the French from extending the Maginot line along their frontiers for fear of offending Hitler, and remember what happened. Hitler's panzers outflanked the Maginot line through their territories. The ultra-civilized individual, nonviolent, full of goodwill, always makes the mistake of assuming an aggressor can be thwarted through a policy of appeasement. "I can't possibly hurt you, so why should you want to hurt me?" goes the line of reasoning. "Here, let me throw down my gun. Now there's no reason to shoot me. Right?" Wrong. History is proof of that. And so the professor's efforts to reach an understanding with RO-MAN come to nought, except to put his family in even greater danger. This is perhaps Wyatt Ordung's wryest comment on human progress. Wisdom is a form of innocence, and just as fatal. At best we might influence the Apollonian side of our development, but the realm of Dionysius is beyond common sense, beyond rational awareness. The best of what we've become is ineffectual in the face of the worst of what we've become. Paradoxically, our growing sanity is but a symptom of our developing psychosis. Bold of Ordung to point this out.

So the future lies with youthful vitality, with the lust for life and above all, the power of love, which solves so many problems in so many films. The young couple shall defeat RO-MAN. Yes, a mixture of innocence and wisdom fired by the vigour of people in their prime, that's what we need to heal the wound afflicting techno-man. Only enlightened human emotion can save us

from the egalitarian anti-mind nightmare of the RO-MAN. Right? Ordnung and Tucker demonstrate otherwise.

First, they take great pains to establish the essentially innocent power of the young couple's sexual fervour, as in the two-way-television repair scene, her hand on his, guiding his turgid soldering iron gently within the electronic components, saying, "NO, NOT LIKE THAT...THAT'S RIGHT...OOH, YES!" Ironically, their initial attempt fails to work. Do they give up? No. Consider the man's inspiring comment: "DON'T YOU REALIZE, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BUT YOU ALMOST DID IT!" Perhaps the best piece of dialogue illustrating Man's eternal optimism ever recorded on film. All this is doomed, for in the beginning when the boy playing spaceman is followed around by the little girl wanting to play house, Ordnung cleverly foreshadows the heroine's falling in love with the RO-MAN. Just as the professor fell prey to the humanity-less Apollonian-robot mind of RO-MAN, his daughter succumbs to the raw Dionysian power of the RO-MAN'S animal body. Her sexual excitement on volunteering to meet the RO-MAN alone is so obvious that the entire family wrestles her to the ground and ties her up. Later, when the powerful RO-MAN succeeds in carrying her off, her patently phoney screams, delighted smile and half-hearted kicks reveal how pleased she really is. Will she tame the monster conflict? Heal the wound? No, for the lustful RO-MAN is repeatedly called away from the great experiment of unification (which he is just as eager to attempt, for has he not defied the GREAT GUIDANCE by keeping her alive?) by repeated demands from his leader for information. She is rescued, and RO-MAN experiences great frustration as any personification of humanity's greatest internal conflict rightfully should. Alas, the power of love is useless, it triggers a chain reaction of doubt and confusion in RO-MAN'S mind, his two aspects warring. Ordnung's subtlest maneuver, the image of the problem experiencing the problem it represents, a lesson for us all.

As a final consequence of the dilemma, the GREAT GUIDANCE destroys the Earth and everything on it through unleashing a ray which runs time backwards, spawning dinosaurs, etc, until nothing remains, for it has not yet formed. Ordnung's sly hint we still have a chance? Let's hope so. For the GREAT GUIDANCE's spasm of total destruction is indicative of the ultimate fate of technoman, the ultimate madness awaiting our civilization unless we learn how to unite our being. Innocence won't do it. Love and wisdom are one-sided appeals. There must be something! By showing us what won't work, Wyatt Ordnung urges us to find out what will work, stimulates us to survive. Truly, a message for our time.

Phil Tucker, in reflecting on the significance of Robot Monster: "FOR THE BUDGET, AND FOR THE TIME, I FELT I ACHIEVED GREATNESS."

ROBOT MONSTER: Filmed B&W 1953 in 3-d for \$20,000 in 4 days. Producer/Director: Phil Tucker. Screen play: Wyatt Ordnung. Music: Elmer Bernstein. RO-MAN/GREAT GUIDANCE: played by George Barrows.

WHY BOSCON 89 IS A GREAT EVIL BEYOND ANYTHING H.P. LOVECRAFT  
OR EVEN MASON HARRIS COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE.

What could be more innocent than a worldcon with goats? Imagine how excited the 4-H clubs must be, not to mention the S.P.C.A.! Picture it, an idyllic pastoral setting, the faithful solemnly gathered at the hooves of the master, the legendary wonder goat Twinkles, (whose recently revealed pen names--Pohl, P.K. Dick, Herbert, Heinlein, et al--have merely added lustre to his stature) listening to the witty retorts sallying forth from his cud-minded mouth. What a calm paradise of perfection! Bliss!

WELL I KNOW WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON!

I CAN PROVE IT! I'VE GOT PHOTOGRAPHS!!!!!!

YES! Taken at VCON-13 in 1985, taken at the seemingly 'innocent' Boscon 89 party suite, taken while MYLES BOS wasn't looking! In particular, a photograph showing BERNIE KLASSEN... (I digress: Bernie Klassen, the wildman of the island, who drinks beer the hard way, by swallowing bottles whole! Uncapped! I can prove it! I've got pictures! And He eats raw perogies! And drinks BLOG and lives! But back to my vitally important revelations)... YES! I've got a picture showing BERNIE KLASSEN SMASHING MYLES BOS ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST! And you know what? MYLES FACE IS BLURRED! Yet his expression is unhurried, if you catch my drift. HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE! This can only mean one thing.

All I can say is, THANK GOD FOR BERNIE KLASSEN!

Some primal instinct drove him to expose this nightmare, some whim of prophecy led him to smite the evil, some dream of purification...oh what the hell, maybe he just felt like it. Point is, HE EXPOSED MYLES BOS FOR WHAT HE TRULY IS!

You know what I'm talking about! THE DEROS! ARRGH!!!!!!! Raymond Palmer, editor of AMAZING circa 1940's tried desperately to warn the Earth about Richard Shaver's discoveries! Well I'm telling you what Bernie Klassen uncovered! MYLES BOS IS A DUPE OF THE DEROS! Cause he ain't human anymore. This means TWINKLES IS A DERO! YES! Twinkles must be one of those damned detrimental robots, one of those demonic troglodytic Deros that live in deep caverns operating the mental degeneration machinery abandoned by the Titans! It fits, yes! It explains why Victoria has been the source of such great evil lately! SOCIAL CREDIT EXPLAINED! IT'S THE INFLUENCE OF THE DERO'S!

And my God, this could mean the Blenkinsop road goat farm is the OMPHALOS! The Atlan spawn will swarm from the depths, turn us all into Teros! Twinkles is only the advance guard! IT'LL HAPPEN DURING THE BOSCON! THE ELITE OF THE HUMAN RACE KILLED IN ONE BLOW! NOW WE KNOW THE REAL MEANING OF GOATLUST! TAKE HEED!



DOES ANYBODY REMEMBER VCON ONE? I DO!

I'd been to the TORONTO TRIPLE FAN FAIR in 1968 and seen King Kong projected on a sheet in someone's back yard, and--oh yeah--Roger Zelazny, but VCON ONE at the Georgia hotel in 1971 was the Martian's Meep! I wrote my impressions in my journal, calling it 'great' and 'very good'. Goshohwowohboy I must have been impressed huh? And you know, it wasn't bad. Friendly. Fun.

The action was pretty much divided between the hospitality suite (room 1208) and the semi-magnificent York banquet room. At first there were only ten fans gathered in the H-suite, mostly locals. "Hey! I got rejection slips from F&SF!" No-one was impressed. So I set about my official business. 'Selected short films will be shown throughout the day'. Hah! You complain about the video selection at current cons? Back in 71 we were showing films from MY collection, you know, the kind you used to see advertised in the back pages of Famous Monsters of filmland? I'm talking about 12 minute silent B&W hideously edited 8mm versions of films like DRACULA (Lugosi) & IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. I had eight of these things and they ran continuously in the bedroom throughout the two day convention. Great fun for somebody.

Sun reporter Jacques Khouri appeared, apparently convinced we were all neofans drooling like Gernsbach over shining plastic visions of future technology. "Hey, this is an intellectual-type Con, we got critical-type things to say." Nope, he was convinced he had walked into a BEM orgy. Witness his description of Ursula K. Le Guin's arrival: "Who should glide in but Ursula herself... minds were zapped instantly. Did she come by astral travel? Or was it molecular transformation? A time-space pill? Magic carpet ride even?" Le Guin was manifestly annoyed at meeting a reporter the second she walked in the door, but gave a good interview. Ah me, drinking beer with Le Guin (along with a dozen other people) is one of the cherished memories of my life. In my journal I described her as being 'obviously intelligent'. Boy, I get full marks for that observation eh? Could have been a reporter myself.

Other highlights included Le Guin's first public speech, 'THE CRAB NEBULAE, THE PARAMECIUM & TOLSTOY', a study of order in the universe later published in the Riverside Quarterly, a talk by Mason Harris which turned out to be a warmup for his famous 'FEAR OF SEX & FOREIGN RACES IN LOVECRAFT' speech delivered at VCON 3, and a talk by R. D. Callahan in which he explained literature "is an axe to crush the frozen sea within" and that science fiction merely "adds to the mindless sea" so, presumably, it isn't literature. What else? THE FIRST ELRON AWARDS! 'Beneath the Planet of the Apes' got 'Worst Melodramatic Presentation', and clips from WHOSE home movies were shown to illustrate it? MINE, OF COURSE! Viewers were treated to such sights as a G.I. Joe doll stumbling across an HO scale train set (courtesy appalling animation) and the same figure as Gojira (courtesy tons of green plasticine) stomping on a balsa wood train trestle. No applause. (HEY! THIS ARTICLE WAS ABOUT ME! GOSH! FANCY THAT!)

### WHY FREDERICK POHL THINKS I'M A LUNATIC

TO MEET THE MASTER! At Vcon-14. Ah yes. First into the Salish lounge for the SEMI-PRO VS FULL TIME WRITING panel. Pohl walks in, ahead of the other speakers. I leap from my seat in the front row to confront him. Graciously he extends his hand. <OPENING GAMBIT>: Do you mind if I take pictures, Mr Pohl? "Of course not." [Thinks: who is this twit?...]<RUSH IT IN QUICK>: I gotta 80,000 word novel at DEL REY under SERIOUS CONSIDERATION (I know it's true cause they told me) and I wonder if you could tell me anything about the editor, Shelly Shapiro, and how she thinks and all like that? "I'm afraid not, I only met her once." [THINKS: Good God, where do these people come from?] Thanks, thanks thanks...Stare at Pohl for next hour snapping pictures every thirty seconds from distance of five feet. Make him feel comfortable...

Immediately rush to Ballroom centre for HOW TO GET STARTED AS A WRITER OF SF panel. Sit in front row directly in front of Pohl. [Thinks: Damn, here he is again] Absorb every word, eyes blinking hero-worship, drooling with happiness. [Thinks: Wonder what his I.Q. is? If any]...Question period. <DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO APPEAR INTELLIGENT>: Mr. Pohl, I have a book at DEL REY-- [Thinks: Again? Sure likes to toot his horn]--and I was wondering what the process of revision is like, how one works with the editor? (Please, please, enlighten me) Pohl looks at me as if I'm some kind of pest. (Me? Never!) [Thinks: This guy is a moron. Better give him my stock answer for neophytes] "Of course you don't want to antagonize an editor, so learn to accept their suggestions." [Thinks: Now shutup and leave me alone] (I will. I will)...Panel finished, Pohl gets up to leave. <ABJECT APOLOGY>: Mr. Pohl, would you autograph this please? "Of course." [Thinks: SLAVE SHIP? I wrote this thirty years ago. Hasn't this twit bought any of my recent stuff?] <RUSH IT BEFORE HE GOES>: Mr. Pohl, I just want to say, I've always admired your satire, the deft way you fool around with everyday concepts, like in Space Merchants. "Oh gosh, you make me feel sooo good. Well, must be off." [Thinks: SPACE MERCHANTS? Why is it always bloody SPACE MERCHANTS? Ah well, even this idiot has some taste. Kornbluth would be pleased] (Gosh, I think he likes me)...

FREDERICK POHL READING: Salish lounge. Resolved: being sensitive & perceptive, it finally dawns on me I've been pushing myself on Pohl in an unseemly manner, so have decided to sit in the back row and be quiet. Halfway thru Pohl's reading a small bee appears beside my cheek. Unfortunately I have a phobia about stinging insects. "ARRRRGH!!!" I leap to my feet and shuffle furiously sideways, pushing my right arm frantically at the tiny, and I dare say to Pohl, invisible bee. Pohl looks up. [Thinks: Holy Christ! It's him! And HE'S GONE BERSERK!] I bound clumsily about waving both arms furiously. [Thinks: Better pretend nothing is happening, go on reading. Maybe he'll calm down] The bee leaves me standing drenched in perspiration and embarrassment. [Thinks: What a maroon!] (Oh God, this is not my day)

'FLYING SAUCERS ARE CANADA'S SECRET WEAPON!'

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW

Every now and then American magazine editors rely on Canada's exotic public image to increase circulation, hence the cover feature in the august 1969 issue of ARGOSY magazine.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS!"

"This may be the most incredible article you will ever read. Study the author's credentials and what he has to say about UFOs. Then forget about those little green men from mars -- HE SAYS THEY COME FROM CANADA -- and he can prove it!"

Well, as an ardent nationalist, my reaction was extreme, as you can imagine. Article by RENATO VESCO, as told to JOHN ASHTON. Who were these turkeys? How dare they spill the beans on Canada's most important state secret?

You see, with a father who rose to the rank of SQUADRON LEADER (or MAJOR, since unification) and a brother currently a WARRENT OFFICER, I'm privy to all sorts of nifty facts. So I'm in a position to judge in a purely objective and impartial manner as I shall now demonstrate.

Vesco was an aerospace engineer investigating UFOs for Italy's ministry of defence. (This was before we alerted our NATO allies to the hyper-advanced nature of our technology, though Vesco almost gives the game away when he quotes N.S. Currey, "Canada today must be counted among the most advanced aeronautical powers in the world. This refers above all to the field of jet propulsion.") In his official capacity Vesco succeeded in uncovering most of the relevant information concerning the early research & development of saucers, but his views on Canada's contribution are way off beam, ludicrous even.

First came experiments with porous sinterization of metals for use in the suction aircraft which the Imperial German war ministry desperately tried to develop in the closing years of the first world war, but the technology was beyond their capabilities at the time and Germany was defeated. In the following decades, sporadically under the pacifist Weimar republic and explosively under Hitler's regime, secret research in many fields began to transform the Kaiser's dream into reality, a process guided by the farseeing officials of the JAGERSTAB.

-- The Plansee Werke of Reutte, tyrol: Thermo-refraction studies.

-- Vereinigte Leichtmetallwerke of Linden, near Hanover: "Important experiments made with liquid oxygen for new turbine engines capable of developing extraordinary power."

- Laboratory for Aeronautical Research at Volkenrode: Gaseous explosives experiments.
- Patent Verwertungs Gesellschaft of Salzburg, Austria: Electrostatic fire control systems.
- Hermann Goering Fahrzeugmotoren Werke: Permeable suction wing aerodynamics research.

And the list goes on and on, culminating in the actual construction of a 'KUGELBLITZ' (Round Lightning) saucer-fighter prototype at the Kreislaufbetreib Werke in 1943. Fortunately, given the limited remote control technology of the time, the vehicle proved difficult to handle and consequently saw action only once, though in a highly successful mission, as witness this eye witness report Vesco quotes from French intelligence sources:

"As the gray rain of March fell in a long slow drizzle over Wurtemberg, a flight of Flying Fortresses wound its way back from a successful raid. Suddenly a strange aircraft appeared, sweeping around the group of aircraft at high speed. The craft, COMPLETELY ROUND AND WITHOUT ANY VISIBLE PROPULSION UNIT, emitted a half-dozen bluish clouds as it swept by. The clouds moved in on the American planes, which immediately exploded."

Needless to say, the SS destroyed the prototype lest it fall into Allied hands. Vesco then reports--in a somewhat confused manner, I guess his research was incomplete--how a special team of British scientists studied captured Kugelblitz documents and conducted experiments of their own at a secret research centre in Bedford, England. This is where Vesco starts to swing wide of the mark. He claims the English, miffed at an American refusal to share atomic secrets, chose to set up an even more secret centre in northern B.C. Hah! It is to laugh! England, Canada and America together developed the Manhattan project. No secrets there! Fact is, the Bedford scientists reported the Kugelblitz project to be totally unworkable, leading the British Air Ministry to give up. Why did those scientists make such a ridiculous claim? BECAUSE ONE AND ALL THEY WERE CANADIAN SECRET AGENTS, that's why! From this point on, circa late 1946, saucer development lay entirely in the hands of the Canadian government!

Poor Vesco. His inadequate research led him to believe that 125,000 square miles of B.C. (roughly more than a third of the province!) were reserved for the production and testing of 'experimental aircraft'. Perhaps he was deliberately misled by his sources, who no doubt included Canadian agents determined to throw a monkey wrench into his otherwise carefully researched bombshell of an article, and thank God for that, or Canada would never have reached the world status we currently enjoy.

The true story begins with a policy established by a closed-door cabinet meeting in Ottawa June of 1947. Canada's Kugelblitz was to be developed IN THE OPEN, WHERE NO ONE WOULD THINK TO LOOK! Specifically, it was to be undertaken by A. V. Roe of

Canada at its Malton plant near Toronto. The VAMPIRE, that cute little egg-shaped twin-boomed tail jet fighter was a case in point. I know, cause me Dad used to fly them. Never mind the later CF-100, that was a 'regular', think of the VAMPIRE, in service for only four years, and the magnificent CF-105, better known as THE AVRO ARROW, never put in service at all! On February 20th, 1959, they scrapped it, seemingly for no reason, yet at the time it was the fastest, most advanced fighter in the world! WHY? WHY? The answer is simple. In reality both were merely test-bed flying laboratories used to work out the bugs in the awesome electronics systems destined to go into Canada's Kugelblitz!

The 'open door' policy was the perfect strategy because no-one believes the obvious, as witness how little effect the following letter by D. Bonner, Ex Naval Rate, RCN, had on the world's intelligent communities when it was published in Argosy in response to Vesco's article. "As a former member of Canada's armed forces, I spent some time guarding one of these machines which was in an Air Force hanger at H.M.F.B. Shearwater, Halifax, Nova Scotia, back in 1952. I did not see the machine uncovered because great secrecy surrounded the whole area, but I do know that it was approximately seventy feet in diameter, saucer-shaped and covered with canvas."

Of course, some dissembling was necessary from time to time, if only to confirm Canada's 'harmless' image, a fact Vesco hit upon but failed to realize the full significance when he reported, "A. V. Roe Canada Limited presented a wooden mockup of the OMEGA flying disc to twenty-five American scientists and Air Force experts. The project was a hoax, however, for the working model, estimated at \$200,000,000 never left the drawing boards. Was the flop purposefully designed to convince the U.S.A. that Canada had no saucers?" RIGHT ON! DAMN RIGHT! EXACTLY! What Vesco didn't understand was this was not an isolated incident, but one of a series of calculated ploys, another example being the development of the saucer-like VZ-9Z Avrocar VTOL by Avro for the U.S. Army. To quote from 'Aviation in Canada,' by Larry Milberry, "Two Avrocars were built to research near-the-ground air cushion flight, level flight using the aerodynamics of the circular wing, and hovering at high altitudes...All flights were initially tethered ones. It was over a year later before actual forward flight was attained. It was soon apparent, however, that in flight above four feet the Avrocar became dangerously unstable. In December of 1961 the Avrocar contract was concluded and the project abandoned." Talk about pulling the wool over their eyes! The Americans are still laughing, the poor deluded fools!

And the current state of Canada's Kugelblitz? No more prototypes! Mass production is well underway! Now the truth can be told! It doesn't matter what revelations I make! Canada's long term plan to rule the world by the year 2000 cannot be stopped! WE SHALL TRIUMPH! CANADA OVER ALL!

**"HOW COULD SOMETHING SO LUMINESCENT BE SO PUTRID?"**

**BARRY MALZBERG'S 'THE REMAKING OF SIGMUND FREUD'**

**A REVIEW**

I picked this book up for two reasons: A) anything by Malzberg is worth picking up. B) I'm a sucker for a great cover. What could beat a stern yet nonchalant Freud confronting a fearful yet earnest octopus-like alien?

Alas, we all know covers can be deceiving. If you want Freud vs. aliens, you may be disappointed, the beasties don't show up till page 202. Before this are chapters dealing with such topics as a love affair between Emily Dickinson and Mark Twain. They never met in real life, so it's a bit of a giveaway this is an alternate history. Oddly enough, these characters are just as relevant to the theme as the aliens, which makes the book all the more fascinating. It's not so much about Freud as the need for Freud, not so much about Freud confronting aliens as about the human race confronting the unknown.

Above all, this is a damn complicated book, a real challenge. To give you an idea, the chapters are numbered in the following order: 3, 5, 7, 9, 6, 4, 8, 1, & 2. The sequence of chapters makes sense in terms of linear plotting: Freud & friends in the 19th century, Freud on Venus, Freud & friends aboard a starship, Freud dealing with aliens. If you read the chapters in their numerical sequence, plot goes out the airlock, but the thematic grouping becomes more precise, something along the lines of: fun with aliens, searching for definitions, challenging the menace, exploring the solution. I get the impression Malzberg is trying to shake up the reader's preconceptions, trying to make cretins like myself stop skim-reading and think for a change. This, of course, is a risky thing to do, risks offending the reader, but Malzberg pulls it off quite neatly.

In this book everyone has problems, from a certain unnamed political activist house painter (Nudge, nudge, wink, wink, who could that be?) to Freud himself. "Sigmund Freud, grunting, prepares to go out upon the dark surfaces of Venus...sustained only by his belief in the unconscious." Being genetically reconstructed in the far future is a bit traumatic, even for Freud. This presents the basic problem Malzberg wants us to think about. How do we cope? For we certainly need to. Life is always a problem, no matter when. Consider the other characters. Emily Dickinson (In real life an unknown recluse) is here portrayed as a wildly popular poetess who nevertheless gets nasty notes from Walt Whitman, a fellow poet who happens to believe her work is garbage. No wonder she's plagued by self-doubt. Samuel Clemens (Better known as Mark Twain) doesn't doubt himself, he doubts the whole world. "Everything always sounded pretty stupid to me, son," he growls. (Malzberg takes liberties with Dickinson, but he captures Clemens' character perfectly) Malzberg takes Clemens,



Freud and Dickinson, and has them resurrected aboard the starship Whipperly to solve a little problem, a minor problem, such an insignificant problem, the problem being that: A) the captain is a schizophrenic paranoid who thinks the ship is being bombarded by mind-bending rays sent by aliens, B) the executive officer is a maniac depressive, C) the ship's doctor, a woman, is a near catatonic, and D) the crew generally are neurotic to the point of dysfunction. A jolly bunch to be sure. Even the aliens, when they finally show up (Remember, I'm not giving anything away, one of them is on the cover for God's sake!) are "neurologically askew." What a setup!

So what's the real problem? Back in the 19th century, Malzberg's Clemens said "If we get to the stars, it will be awful, we're not equipped for it." And what does the Whipperly find in the great black of space? "Paralysis, fear, death, Vegans, (Read: unknown) that's all there is," declares the mad captain. (Egad, sounds rather like dear old Terra) No bloody wonder, seems to be Freud's attitude. Even back on Venus while attempting to help a fellow who'd gone back to nature with a vengeance, imagining himself to be a vine, Freud had commented to the other members of the settlement "You technicians are trying to conquer Venus because you cannot conquer Earth or yourselves." Later, in a key confrontation scene with the entire crew, he expands on this: "You have pushed limits, you have violated circumstances, you have misunderstood the human spirit. You have lied your way...out to Mars, Venus and the rest of the solar system, but you cannot do it among the stars!...Spaceflight is not the routine transference of human cargo. Space itself is not the ocean; a star probe is not a battleship. Vega is not the Azores! Conditions are new and terrible!" Nothing like a morale-boosting pep talk for a depressed, neurotic crew, eh?

Well, at first sight this would seem to be a reflection of the tired old sixties hippie-dippie argument that space exploration is a colossal fraud, a form of escapism for the masses, or on a more sophisticated level, a means of avoiding reality by indulging in technological mysticism. Let Earth become a paradise first! is their cry, then humanity can expand to the stars and only then. Well, fuck that. I'd be sore disappointed in Malzberg if that were the theme of this book. I don't know anything about the man and what he believes, but this book illustrates well that he knows more about the reality of human nature than your average simpleminded anti-tech.

For example, he has the crazy exec expound on what's wrong. "We were made for conquest...our hereditary obligation...It was passion that broke us...If we'd been able to go to the stars without that, everything would have worked, but always...we carry ourselves to those spaces, that is the terror of it, that we carry ourselves--" The ship's doctor disagrees, saying "that's the good part--we cannot be different." The point here is not that the exec believes in manifest destiny among the stars, (Exploring space is a function of blind territorial imperative is

another sixties myth) he is crazy after all, but that the ship's doc recognizes the root of all our problems is the fact we are merely and always, simply human, and thank God for that.

Of course, it would be nice to think we could transcend our limitations. My favourite scene in the book has Freud walking alongside a lake in a city park with Gustav Mahler, the composer. "A herd of ducks, as if in emphasis, darted from behind a tree and scrabbled across the path, squawking busily...Freud stared at them with longing. At this level, everything was so simple." However, it's not the human level. Even children have nightmares, and we can't revert to being children, no matter how hard we try. Nope, we're stuck with what we are. Malzberg isn't warning us not to attempt space travel because it'll make us go crazy, he's telling us we'll be just as human out there as we are here, so we should be prepared for whatever problems crop up. The implication is not that we should give up our dream of space faring, rather that space faring or any other 'great' human endeavor is irrelevant to human nature and human problems, we'll always be human, always have problems. So, should we use this as an excuse not to attempt to improve our lot, not to help others? That would be immoral. (Yes, Virginia, there is morality in space) We just have to be realistic, or else risk becoming disillusioned, which is what happened to poor Sam Clemens at an early age.

As Malzberg's Freud puts it: "I want the twentieth century, that end of the millennium, to mean something, to have been more than an excuse for the creation of spaceships."

His Emily Dickinson puts it this way: "You will never understand...There is only one reality...All the rest is mystery and illusion."

I put it like this, in summing up what I think Malzberg is saying: No matter where we are, we'll always be what we are. We can't escape from ourselves. Anything to the contrary is illusion. There is only self, and those you can reach out and touch. And that's all there is. Life is a trauma. Make the best of it.

But that's not enough you say? Tough! Now you realize I chose the quote heading this article not as a comment on Malzberg's book--which is superb--but because it's a statement on life, on what reality is, a statement mind, not a warning, for in this context it's neutral. But it strikes you as a mite negative? Go ahead. Change it around. "How could anything so putrid be so luminescent?" That's life, by damn.

I freely admit I've interpreted this novel according to my own rigid bias', but it didn't come easy, Malzberg forced me to my own conclusions. His book is a complex, beautifully crafted exercise in philosophy more than pyschology, it touches on fundamental problems each one of us should explore if only for a better understanding of ourselves. Buy this book and read it!

I remember Dunwich,  
a comfortable town  
suspended in the gulf  
where Yog-Sothoth ruled,  
and kindly old Wilber  
with his plaintive hopes,  
the warmth of the fires  
rising from the pit,  
the massed ranks  
of the Whippoorwills,  
and the windless writhing forests  
in the time-sodden countryside.  
They dismembered poor Wilber  
and drove his brother  
into the night to wander,  
their petty fears trapping him  
at the altar on Sentinal hill.  
Filled with wrath and pain,  
I fled to the bosom of the void  
from which someday  
I, Nyarlathotep, shall return.  
My winged shadow  
shall blot out the souls  
of the guilty ones,  
and the Whateleys  
will be avenged.

THE MEANING OF LIFE BY NO TALENT

