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NIEKAS, THE COLORFUL FANZINE, IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY ED MEŠKYS (ADDRESS BELOW) FOR N'APA AND IS AVAILABLE TO NON-MEMBERS FOR TRADE OR LETTER OF COMMENT. MY THANKS TO KAREN ANDERSON FOR PUTTING UP WITH ME FOR TWO SOLID DAYS WHILE I RAN THIS BEAST OFF, & FOR STENCILLING THE BJO ILLO, AND TO FRED PATTEN FOR RUNNING THE LAST 3 STENCILS WHICH I COULDN'T HAVE READY IN TIME TO RUN MYSELF. APPOLOGIES TO THE CONTRIBUTORS & READERS FOR THE LOUSY EPIC -NEVER HAVE I HAD SO MUCH DIFFICULTY IN RUNNING A ZINE OFF!

BUMBEJIMAS

This little announcement is to make certain that henceforth ALL printed matter and other non-first class mail is sent to me % Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley 1 Cal...and after about August first it would be better if even first class mail were sent there. I've been job-hunting of late, and it is quite likely that I will be moving about the middle of August. Depending on which of several job-prospects comes thru, I might end up in San Diego, Falls Church Virginia, or somewhere in Nassau County, East of New York City. It is most likely that I will be going to the DC area, but I just don't know...I might even end up staying right here in Livermore!

That crazy Gilbert and Wazzisname stuff, chapter 3:

Since the last installment I've seen only two more G&S operettas... "The Mikado" done by the Lamplighters and "Ruddigore" done by a students' group at Long Beach State College. The first was good, but the second was really O*U*T*S*T*A*N*D*I*N*G!

"The Mikado" represented the thus far most successful BArea G&S party...there were a total of 32 of us there, so since we went over 25 we all got in for half price. This one was a bit hectic for me cause the theater party was on May 4th, and I got back from a 2.5 week business trip on April 29th and the tickets were ordered in my name. The tickets had to be paid for in advance in order to get the reduced rate, and naturally there was the last minute confusion of people droppind out or deciding to go at the last minute or even misunderstandings about whether or not they were going. We were quite lucky in that the number of extra people just covered the dropouts so no-one was stuck at the door or for unused tickets. The final roster of attendees had seven people from LA -- Al Lewis, Ron Ellik, a friend of Ron's from Work Fred Braddock, Bruce Pelz, Dian Girard, Steve Tolliver, & Jinx McCombs. The localites included many people rarely seen at BArea fan gatherings... The Gibsons, The Bouchers, and the Dickensheets. Among the others present were Joe & Felice Rolfe, Ann Chatland, Ben Stark & family, the Andersons, Alva & Sid Rogers, the Knights, Al haLevy, & Bill Donaho. All in all it was quite an affair.

Like last time it started with dinner at the Rolfe's, but this time only Al,

Ron & Fred stopped by on the way up from LA. And since Jinx had to be back to her school dorm by some rediculously early hour the group in the other car couldn't stay for the post-play festivities but had to get right back.

The rest of us went to Brennan's, the bar the Little Men often go to after meetings, in Berkeley. Joe Gibson gave a brief but good description of the place in the latest G². Ron drove me over, but since Fred was in the car and he had never seen San Francisco before (he's just recently from England) Ron drove us around for a while to show him the sights. Essentially we went thru Chinatown, North Beach, and down Lombard Street...one block of which is on such a steep hill that the street has to zig-zag down. Anyhow, we too eventually got to Brennan's where the fangab went on 'til the place closed. Tony Boucher invited us to continue at his place, not too far away, and I finally left with Al, Ron & Fred about 4. They dropped me off at the Hayward bus station where I eventually got a bus to Livermore. The others went on to the Rolfes' where they were spending the night.

I can say little about the operetta itself. It is just about the best known of any that G&S wrote so there is not much point in commenting on the plot. June Wilkins was, of course, superb in the role of Katisha, the amorous old "Lady" whose attentions and intentions had initially driven Nanki-Poo into hiding.

I saw "Ruddigore" in the middle of a considerably more hectic weekend. I had already planned to go down to LA for the N3F oneshot party, so when I learned that this would be playing at the same time I was overjoyed. With my usual knack for botching things up I arrived at Los Angeles airport one hour late. Al & Ron picked me up when I phoned them, and we drove down to Long Beach where we met the other fans. After the usual visiting-back-stage nonsense we went to a restaurant for a midnight snack & gossip long into the morning. Next day at noon we were back in Long Beach for the one-shot party. That didn't completely end 'till about 9 AM Sunday, so by when we rested and recovered there wasn't much left to that day.

"Ruddigore" was magnificent! The acting, singing, musical accompaniment & sets were all perfect. (My one complaint was that the 57 piece orchestra was a little too loud at a few points and tended to drown out the words. This caused me some confusion as I was completely unfamiliar with the plot. Fortunately this happened only a few times in the first act, and not once in the crucial 2nd act.) Ron remarked that this was the finest G&S production he had ever seen...and I can well believe him.

As I suppose every operetta must, this one had its usual confusion of romantic entanglements which I won't even try to describe. But the main plot centers on the curse placed on the Murgatroyd family. Whichever member holds the title of "Baronet of Ruddigore" must commit a crime every day of his life from the day he inherits the title under pain of a most hideous death. Ten years ago the hero feigned death and ran away before inheriting the title so that his younger brother became subject to the curse. (Of course all of the Baronets had been decent chaps at heart and loathed themselves for the crimes they had to commit. Each continued to "exist" in this state untill he could take it no longer and allowed the ghosts of his ancestors to kill him for failing to commit a daily crime.) So the hero's best friend revealed his secret identity to the Baronet in order to get a girl they were competing for, and he had to accept his rightful title and curse. After residing in his castle or whatever for a few days and performing a few "crimes" which were so trivial as to be marginally crimes he couldn't take the stresses any more and went into the family picture gallery to plead with the family ghosts. In the middle of his pleas every picture came to life and the ghost stepped out of the frame!

The scene was quite a shocker, and was pulled off in a really admirable fashion. When he walked into the well lit hall you could clearly see that it was paintings which were hanging on the walls. During his pleas the lights went low so that only the paintings were illuminated. Then suddenly, in an instant, the two diment-

ional figures became three dimensional, and after a brief pause to let this fact sink into the viewers, they stepped out of their frames. The manner in which this was pulled off was truly ingenious. The pictures were painted on very coarse screens --about the kind that would be used to sift gravel out of soil--and lit from almost directly overhead. Thus the painted fronts of the screens were illuminated while the compartments behind were dark. From the distance the portraits appeared to be done on continuous material. Then the front lights were suddenly extinguished while lights within the compartments were turned on to illuminate the actors standing therein. The painted screens were now totally invisible. While the audience first gasped, and then applauded wildly, the screens were slowly and quietly lifted out of place and the actors stepped out. The total effect was really marvelous...words fail me when I try to describe how effective this was.

I gathered that stunts like this are not commonplace in the production of this operetta...in fact, that this might be a complete innovation in the staging of that scene. Ron had made some remarks about it being quite difficult to get the actors out onto the stage surreptitiously and make a sudden switch of them for the paintings, which then had to be hidden. Innovation or not, it was quite effective. That scene was the real highlight of the show.

So there is the two G&S operettas I've seen this quarter. Unfortunately I have no plans for seeing any in the upcoming quarter, tho I sure hope something will turn up. The Lamplighters were supposed to do THE SORCERER and tentative plans had been made for another big theater party on August 3rd. However when I phoned to reserve a block of seats I was told that the performances were cancelled and nothing would be presented between July 27 when THE MIKADO closes and Sept 14 when PRINCESS IDA opens. Plans are now being made for a theater party in early October, and if you are interested in joining the group write Alva Rogers (5243 Rahlves Dr, Castro Valley Cal). And if you are interested, give Alva a break and let him know as soon as possible. An indication of the attendance must be had fairly early in the game in order to know how many seats to ask for, and a definite commitment for X seats has to be made, together with payment for same, at least a week before the event.

This probably marks the end of extensive G&S commentary in NIEKAS. First I bubbled enthusiastically about my newly discovered interest, and was quite gosh-wow about the whole thing. I'm still very enthusiastic about the operettas and will continue seeing productions whenever possible. But I can find little more to say on the subject (especially if I don't get to see any this quarter). I can't comment on the plots because you either already know them or can easily get ahold of the librettos. I mean, after all, I would not be commenting on something new, but on something that has been around for quite a while and is well known to a large body of people. And I am not sufficiently versed in the field to discuss the minutiae. Anyhow, that has been done and is being done in regular G&S fanzines.

Exceptions, of course, will appear here whenever I see anything as noteworthy as this production of RUDDIGORE. And so we wave a sad farewell as the SS NIEKAS sets sail from the enchanting G&S islands.

And so we threw Bjo into the pool....

Yes, we really did. Or more accurately, Ron Ellik and Steve Tolliver did while I acted as a very interested observer and Bruce Pelz took pictures. As Al said in the one-shot, in she went, clothes and all. Unfortunately this happened very early in the party, before most of the quests had arrived, and some of the others (like Al Lewis himself) were in the house and didn't see the grand spectacle.

That was a wonderful party, and much as described in AMAZING THRILLING SEXY ASTOUNDING INFAMOUS MONSTERS OF NEFFERLAND & DULL DRY MONOTONOUS ANALOGGED SCIENTIFIC FACT NEFFR STORIES AGAIN! (This title was 2x as long as the one used last time, so extrapolating to the 10th oneshot I can see the title, even tho typed, taking up half the zine. Yes Neffr was spelled that way there.) We wanted to throw the

N3F's very own president, Don Franson, into the pool, but the coward didn't cooperate and refused to even stick his nose out of the house door. In no way could he be enticed out into the back yard, from whence he could easily have been pushed into said pool. Oh well, you can't win them all.

For many hours we just sat around (or swam around) and talked, and it began to appear that there would be no oneshot after all...or that it would simply consist of the stencil Roy Tackett had mailed in and the material Redd Boggs and Don Franson had prepared in advance. Oh, the happy chatter with Redd, Don, 4e Ackerman, Steve & Virginia Schultheiss, Stan Woolston, and many, many others went on and on.

But long about 10 or so work began in earnest. Several stencils had already been cut, so these were run off. Every time I would start talking with 4e or Redd tyrannical ~~41~~ / Fred Patten would shout "shut up and type!" I finally finished my contribution about 5 AM, being one of the last to do so, and in the process broke the only bottle of corflu in the house. (Oh, you already noticed that in the oneshot? I didn't think it was that obvious.) We were almost gassed as a result. First there was the ether-smell of the spilt corflu. Then John attempted to get it up from the floor with nail-polish remover, amonia, and several other clensing agents. Fortunately it eventually came off--sorry I caused all that trouble, John! But if it hadn't come off by when it did, and John had had to continue trying other chemicals, I am certain at least half of Californai fandom would have been lost to the world.

I had recently been thinking about the variations in fandom from location to location. Where else but in LA could you have a one-shot party like this? Oh, NY has enough N3F members to pull it off, but the spirit isn't there. And who would provide the large house (and, let us not forget, pool) and fix an excellent meal for such a mob? No, I'm afraid it could never be pulled off in New York...or anywhere outside of Los Angeles.

And then take the G&S parties up in San Francisco. The fact that a half dozen or dozen Los Angeles fans were coming up was the excuse for the festivities. Otherwise we would not have had a reason to attend when we did, and would have attended separately or not at all. But the LA people were coming so we were going to have a celebration afterwards. So all sorts of people who haven't been seen at a fan gathering in about a year popped up.

Of course, I thought, the picture is not a onesided one. LA has its disadvantages too. Los Angeles fandom, like New York fandom, has been rocked by a number of personality clashes and feuds. A shame, but true. Berkeley fandom, however, seems to be calm and tranquil. Many local fans are immigrants from New York, where they had been engaged in some of the most bitter feuds to ever rock fandom...such as the Kyle-Dietz-Raybin fracas. But here they settled down and grew tranquil...the feuding seems to have died as they crossed the Coastal Mountain Range and entered the immediate Bay Area.

But New York isn't all bad either. While it might not enjoy the pitch of fanish fervor found in Los Angeles or the tranquility found in Berkeley, it does have a virtual monopoly on local clubs. Oy gevolt, does it have clubs! If you belonged to all of them you would be able to attend 2 or 3 meetings every weekend. ESFA meets twice a month, the Lunarians once, the City College group every week, the Fantasy Film Society irregularly but about twice a month, the Silvercon committee about every second month (tho that was recently disbanded and the ex-Faircon, ex-Silvercon became an expanded Lunacon) and ghu only knows how often the Fanoclasts hold their secret rights.

Oh, there is plenty, all right...a club for every taste. (Charlie Brown, as far as I know, is the only fan who belongs to all of the New York area clubs. And this in itself is comething to contemplate for tho Charlie has been around fandom since the Nolacon and occasionally came to local meetings, he joined none of them un-

Will he met Mike Deckinger on the plane going to the Seacon. Mike invited him to an ESFA meeting, Charlie came, and joined. This seemed to break the ice for in the following year he joined every one of the remaining NY clubs.) There is everything from ESFA with its formal SF oriented programs to the Lunarians, a completely informal group with no program, with the special interest Fantasy Film Society thrown into the bargain. Of these, I like the (reformed) CCNY group best. It has a SF centered program, which is followed by a W*I*L*D party.

Anyhow, I had this idea about a contrast of the SF clubs in the back of my mind when I had to write something for the one-shot. At that point someone made a remark which set me off in a very bad direction, comparing only one aspect of the local fandoms I was associated with...the local formal organizations. It was mostly true as written, but I greatly exaggerated the remarks about

LASFS and made a number of unjustified remarks about Bruce Pelz. I don't know if this should be attributed to acting without thinking or what, but I certainly have nothing against Bruce and am NOT trying to start a feud or something with him. Also I made the bad mistake of mixing humorous insult with serious criticism, and there is no way to tell where one ends and the other begins. So apologies, like, both to LASFS and to Bruce Pelz.

A Question.

I was just browsing thru the Fancylopedia II again for the umpteenth time, & got to wondering about the "Pros' Edda" opening passage quoted on page 174,

"Of old was the age when Weird began;

Fanzines nor letterhacks there were

Ackerman was not, nor Moskowitz

But boundless Mundane, and fans nowhere..."

Is there really such a work of which this is the opening passage, or is this something written especially for FanCy? If a complete version does exist, does anyone remember where it could be found? This sounds very interesting, and if possible I would like to track it down.



I've been reading some STF, tho Ghu only knows why..

* had been buying New Worlds for over a year when I finally got around to sitting down and reading a pair of issues. The stories varied from the great (Harry Harrison's "Streets of Ashkason") thru the fair (Keith Woodcott's 2 part serial, "Crack of Doom") down to abominable (Robert Presslie's "Remould"). (The two issues in question were the September & October 1962 ones, # 122 & 123.)

It is the last story I want to discuss. Talk about idiot plot, this beats ANYthing ever put out by Hollywood! The story opens with a great horde about to try to cross the Bosporus by swimming and using rafts. We quickly learn that this mob of 30,000 people is the consolidated remainder of several great hordes which left Europe and are trying to get to Africa. By flashback and conversation we are told that some time before a series of mysterious flashes occurred in near space, and as a result virtually every man in the Northern hemisphere became sterile. An infinitesimal number of men retained their virility, and these two facts were realized about simultaneously several months after the event. Civilization promptly collapsed as the few such virile men became virtual gods to ALL of the women. These men were treated as kings...nothing was too good for them and their word was law. It was known that the inhabitants of a certain band in the South were unaffected, and there was some hope that some of the others would regain their fertility if they migrated there. Now civilization has collapsed, so a few representatives can't be flown down to have various tests performed. It is necessary for everyone to migrate there. And the kingly few take it upon themselves to lead the great hordes, with all the women following them. Each passing group ruins whatever means of transportation it used while it went past, apparantly to prevent anyone from following. (Why isn't explained.) Everyone, even the oldest, was afraid of being left alone, so nobody stays behind. However, they run into inhabited towns en route where the inhabitants do everything possible to prevent their passage.

Since no bridges or boats are left, they build rafts for the women and leader to get across, while the rest swim it...or try to. During the crossing a storm comes up, and half are lost. Heaven only knows what percentage of the original population has survived to this point!

OK, you think this all sound quite rediculous? Well, you ain't heard nothing yet! This is only the start of the nonsense. The hero is sent ahead on a hand-cranked RR work-car they found intact after the crossing. While going past an oil refinery he notices something out of place and stops to investigate...it's a spaceship! The aliens inside are friendly, and tell the hero that they accidentally caused the zones of sterility. The space explosions were their fault, and it affected only the northern hemisphere for the same reason "world wide fallout" (ie, fallout from the stratosphere as opposed to local fallout) is more prevalent there than in the southern hemisphere--the unbalance of the earth's magnetic field. They say that if they can temporarily nullify the magnetic field, all of the nasty radiation will go away. To accomplish this they need a great surge of energy. Therefore they set up shop by every great reservoir of energy on earth, including this oil refinery. (Now how they hope to burn millions of gallons of oil in a spurt, and convert the energy into an electric current and hence a gmagnetic field is not explained.) Had enough? Well, there's more. It seems that all of the trek-leaders are really aliens who are doing this to be sure the men get to the radiation free area in case their stunt fails. Yech, they start these great treks which kill off 90% of the population on the off chance that their experiment will fail. But perhaps they are really Neo Nazi's, and this is part of their program to improve the human stock by wiping out the weak.

I also got around to reading the March F&SF, which proved to be a great disappointment. There was only one story in the whole issue which was really worth reading and which could be called good. The remainder were so-so, or complete nothings. One didn't even belong in F&SF because there was absolutely nothing fantastic about it. It was a pure mundane story of insanity. The "hero" is an old man who is pre-

1944

This is based on Bob's part of the discussion at the Doc '60 ESFA meeting. Inspired by the ill fated panel at the '60 Phillycon, Sam, Alan Howard, Les Mayor and Bob each chose his favourite year in sf and gave a talk justifying his choice. Every participant selected the year he either discovered sf or started to read it extensively. (Oddly enough, I don't have one either in the sense that I got the most enjoyment out of reading sf that year or that I consider most of the good sf to have been published then.)

BOB SHERIDAN

When posed as the question, "What would you consider your favorite year as a reader of science fiction?", the words take on a very personal aspect. Not only personal, but with a meaning culled from the emotions of pleasure, enjoyment, and intense satisfaction. Luckily one's personal preference of a certain year that means the most to him can hardly be disputed.

If I may be permitted to digress for a bit, I must first explain that my interest and love for science fiction was a natural outgrowth of an early interest and love for astronomy. My earliest and fondest recollections are those of my almost monthly journeys to the Hayden Planetarium where I sat enthralled, hardly hearing or understanding the words of the lecturer. My interest was ever kept and enchanted by the beauty and wonderment of the stars in their courses. The exciting and captivating trips to the surfaces of planets and the moon embodied all of my impossible dreams.

Reluctant to break this splendid monthly magic spell, I sought to recover it in my reading. Since I was a child of the great depression, the purchasing of costly books was entirely out of the question. But there was the public library, and I learned to take advantage of it at a tender age.

The voyages of imagination into probable worlds and other dimensions were recreated for me in such classics as H.G.Wells' War of the Worlds and The Invisible Man. While laboring over unfamiliar words and passages it seemed that the exciting ideas and the wonderment of these stories inflamed my imagination and relegated the exact meaning of certain terms to a secondary position. Who could be so tedious as to overlook the gripping excitement in an Edgar Rice Burroughs novel plotted on Mars and Venus and instead hunt for scientific inaccuracies.

But I have led you down the primrose path and evaded the issue long enough. My heart tells me to select the year 1944 as my favorite in science fiction. This particular year was marked by my introduction to the fascinating world of magazine science fiction. You may well wonder how a young fellow could actually reach the age of sixteen without ever having read a science fiction magazine. But this is actually what did happen and I risk being thought of as unsophisticated science fictionally speaking or at the very least as having led a sheltered life.

Now that I have made my plug it is incumbent upon me to elaborate. Early in the year 1944 a lifelong friend (Lester G Mayer) intruded upon my sheltered and narrow science fiction horizon. He displayed to my somewhat astonished eyes a copy of a magazine the like of which I had never seen before. One look and I was hopelessly captured. The magazine was titled Amazing Stories and dated March 1944, Vol 18 # 2. It was the cover illustration that held my attention at once. Several sub-miniature men the size of asperin bottles were struggling mightily to fend off an attack by a black housecat who appeared to have taken on gigantic proportions relative to them. (The feature story was "It's a Small World" by Robert Bloch.)

My outlay of a quarter brought me more satisfaction in reading than I could have gotten from several hundred dollars worth of expensive books whose stories contained mundane shopworn plots. I will always remember vividly this issue with the highly unusual J.Allen St.John cover painting.

The year 1944 saw me invest heavily in my newly found source of enjoyment, and my horizons broadened to take in Thrilling Wonder Stories, Startling Stories, Captain Future, Planet Stories, ASTOUNDING Science Fiction, Weird Tales, and Famous Fantastic Mysteries. To this day I can remember the main plot ideas of many of the stories I read during this wonderful year. Who couldn't react to these titles: "The Mad Robot" by Wm.P.McGivern "Master of the Living Dead" by Ed Earl Repp "Murder in Space" by David V.Reed "Dolls of Death" by E.E.Jarvis

Doesn't the very sound of the mag titles invoke the imagination? A constant source of amusement to me is thinking about the fact that in the pre atomic age, when to be caught reading science fiction by less imaginative friends meant ridicule, the magazines bore such names. And now that we openly buy science fiction to the admiring approval of those same friends who now think us respected savants of the scientific world our magazines bear such watered down titles as Analog & Galaxy.

In summary, I have chosen the year 1944 because of its special representation to me. That, in effect, was a realization that I could greatly expand my activities in science fiction to take in contemporary writing the scope of which I had no idea existed. My readings in science fiction had, up till 1944, been centered around Phillip Wylie, Conan Doyle, Garrett Serviss, Dr.Keller, HGWells, Burroughs, and in fantasy, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Lovecraft, Poe, Robt Howard and others.

With my first introduction into the wonderful world of magazine science fiction I met Asimov, Bradbury, Campbell, Heinlein, de Camp, Pratt, Matheson, van Vogt, and Clarke. Many of the authors whose stories I've read since 1944 have written classics in their own right.

In the final analysis, I consider the year 1944 as the turning point in my hobby of reading Science Fiction. My lonely existence of "single fandom" was entered by warm insights into the inner circle of science fiction fandom. This disclosure has given me the opportunity to enter the portals of fandom where I shall stay throughout the years to come. But out of this has come the single and most gratifying occurrence of my life, the lasting and irreplaceable friendships I have gained through joining a single organization whose loyalty to sf has given yeoman service to that literary form. I refer to the Eastern Science Fiction Association.

BY A E VAN VOGT

THE BEAST

A REVIEW

BY

FELICE ROLFE

About three days ago, Ed Meskys said "You have three days to read and review The Beast." Of course it took him longer than that to say it, since he was being nice about it. Three days seemed long enough at the time, but now....

The book was developed, so says Ed, from three separate stories: "Tye Changeling," "The Beast," and "The Great Engine." All of these appeared in Astounding in 1943 and '44. Since the book is newly out and the stories are almost 20 years old, it might be best to summarize first.

Jim Pendrake, the hero, is exposed to a strange engine which makes him "toti-potent." This involves a 20-fold increase in brain power, the ability to regrow lost limbs, amnesia, the ability to rejuvenate others with a transfusion of his blood, various ESP qualities, and whatever else he needs to get him into and out of trouble.

In the first section Pendrake finds the engine. He is a veteran of the China War of 1970, and has lost an arm. He hauls the engine to his garage, and there performs some experiments with it which pretty well wreck the place. There's no visible power source for the device, of course. One of Pendrake's experiments involves installing the thing in an airplane, which he does in one day. (Not bad for a one-armed man -- but one of the key points of the story is his enormous strength.) When he returns from the test flight, the engine's rightful owners swipe it from him. To wind up this section, he starts looking for the "thieves," contacts his estranged wife, and discovers that his arm is growing back.

In the second section, Pendrake is general manager of a firm that he remembers being with for 16 years. In fact, he has been there only two -- this is his first bout with the amnesia that comes from his new state. He is kidnapped by a band of Equalized Women -- women who have taken a drug treatment which makes women the equal of men. (In what respect, besides strength, van Vogt doesn't say.) These women bring him to President Dayles, who simply wants a blood sample. The owners of the engine had promised Dayles perpetual youth by means of Pendrake's blood. Shortly after this, Pendrake and his wife (not the same one) are placed under house arrest by the Equalized Women. He eventually escapes, injures his arm so badly in the process that it must be amputated. The arm grows back but his memory is gone again. At this point he's kidnapped and taken to the moon.

Third part: the ship crashes. Pendrake fights his way through the Lunar night into a deep cavern. There he finds a settlement of people who have been transported from Earth by a strange machine. The earliest of these immigrants, and the ruler of them, is a Neanderthaler; the place seems to be the Lunar equivalent of the Valley of Eternal life. Big Oaf, the Neanderthaler, tries to enlist Pendrake's support by showing him the machine. (Also by threatening to throw him to a sabertoothed tiger.) Of course Pendrake immediately grasps the inner workings of the machine, because of his toti-potency, and gets back to Earth by means of it. When he lands, he falls into the path of an earth-moving machine, with resultant regrowth, repair, and loss of memory. We then have a series of climaxes, culminating in Pendrake's coming to full power, the destruction of a Nazi conspiracy, rescue of the hero's wife (the original one) from Big Oaf, and everyone lives happily ever after, including the sabertoothed tiger.

This was a pleasant enough evening's reading, but it has some defects which make it disappointing if considered as a major piece of

UNCLEAVISH TRUETHINKING

Another excerpt from our world-of-if contemporary, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle

by POUL ANDERSON

In the growth of world knowledge, one of the most astounding forthfarings has been in the kingdom of stuff in the past hundred-year. We know now that all stuff, even the thickest and hardest, is made up of many most small things. It was thought at first that these were the smallest things of all and could not be cloven further, so they were called uncleavishes; up to 92 kinds of uncleavish were known, from Waterstuff, the lightest, to Heavengodstuff, the heaviest. These were called first-stuffs.

Now we have no few more kinds of firststuff, up to 100* at the last tale, and furthermore know that each kind of firststuff is soothly made up of other kinds, with their own weights though behaving alike. Thus, Waterstuff has three known kinds, of weights 1, 2, and 3. These kinds, which behave alike, are called likesteads, and though of different weights the likesteads of each firststuff hold the same standing on the round-change board of the firststuffs.

The little uncleavish is dealt into bits of unlike kind. The heaviest bit of the uncleavish is the kernel; it has nearly all the weight and a forward lading. Around the kernel are small bits called flows, with a backward lading. They are so called because they stir in a wire when there is a revish flowing. It was once thought that the flows swing around the kernel like worlds around the sun; but now worldknowledge-men think otherwise, as we shall see.

The kernel itself is not one ball, but holds many bits. Of these the most kingly sort are two: the forward-bits and the still-bits. Both weigh about 1800fold as much as the flow. The forward-bits have a forward lading, and in the kernel of the unhurt uncleavish there are as many of them as there are flows outside. The still-bits have no lading. It is the number of forward-bits which say what kind of firststuff we have (one forward-bit in the Waterstuff kernel, 92 in the Heavengodstuff kernel, and so on). The number of still-bits says what likestead of the firststuff we have; thus, there is no still-bit in the lightest Waterstuff likestead, but there is one still-bit in the hernel of the so-called heavy Waterstuff.

Iron has 26 forwardbits and 30 (more or less, offhanging on which likestead we deal with) stillbits in the kernel.

An uncleavish may lose one or more flows, and then has a forward lading; or it may gain one or more, to win a backward lading. The firststuff uncleavishes band together to make what is called a gang; they do this by sharing flows. Thus, one gang of water has two Waterstuff uncleavishes and one Sourstuff uncleavish; the gang of rust has two Iron and three Sourstuff uncleavishes. An uncleavish or a gang with a lading is called a go, since a ravish thrust makes it stir.

From the banding or breaking apart of uncleavishes or of gangs, we get work, such as the heat and light of fire. Until lately, it was thought that only thus could work be gotten.

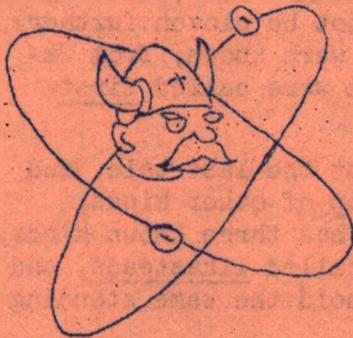
Then about fifty years ago, it was learned that work is not gained or given off in a steady flowing, but in chunks. Even light is dealt into chunks. The work in a lightchunk is h (a steady-tale) times the oftenness of the light wave.

Soon after, it was found that room and time are not hard, fast, splittable greatnesses, but blend into one, called room-time. This learning is called the true-thinking of kinship, since it shows that room, time, weight--indeed, all greatnesses --are akin and offhangy of each other. One outflowing of this truethinking was that weight and work are but othersights of each other. Indeed, any stuff can be turned

* This article was written several years ago.

into work. The tale is: work is the speed of light times itself, times weight.

Somewhat later, world-knowledge-men showed that all the bits of stuff behave in some ways as if they were waves. The flow is not a hard bit wheeling around the kernel, but a shell of waves. These waves have a height answering to the likelihood of the bit being in any stead. It had long been known that some uncleavishes break up giving off hard light and/or bits; this is called light-rotting. Now the wave truethinking shows that they do thus because there is a likelihood of a bit from the kernel being outside the uncleavish altogether.



All men know that the kernel of the Heavengodstuff likestead of weight 235 can be sundered by a still-bit, breaking into two chunks with much work unleashed and also more still-bits to break up still more kernels of Heavengodstuff-235. This is called link-together-working. It was the means by which men first got the uncleavish work which the truethinking of kinship had long said was there. Now many other kinds of kernelish togetherworkings are known, among them the one in which four Waterstuff uncleavishes are blent into one of Sunstuff. This is thought to be the togetherworking that makes the sun shine.

Soothly, we live in a mighty time!

A Review: van Vogt's The Beast (cont)

science fiction -- and just about everything van Vogt writes is so considered. The stories were imperfectly joined together. It is pretty clear that they were originally three quite different protagonists, and the rewriting was not done carefully enough to weld the three consistently into one. The main device is the "toti-potency" effect, with the amnesia used to cover the transition points. A general, unifying description of what can be expected from this change is never clearly drawn; and van Vogt's characterization of Pendrake suffers from the lack of it.

Secondly, the book has not been updated at all. van Vogt makes some attempt at scientific explanation, and occasionally mentions some aspect of science. It is still the science and technology of the forties. For one example; he writes a paragraph or two about vacuum tubes, illustrating a point. The transistor, which has changed electronics beyond recognition in the last 15 years, is never mentioned. Atomics is similarly treated; so is aeronautics. There is a fair amount of political speculation. It is still Nazi-oriented, as it was 20 years ago. The communists are mentioned, but apparently not considered important. The attitudes expressed about women are a beautiful example of ambivalency, on the one hand disparaging the "emancipated" woman, on the other hand espousing the romantic view of woman pedestal-confined. As for the attitudes ascribed to women, they're retaken almost directly from the feminist campaigners! One might wonder whether van Vogt has talked to a woman in the last forty years. (This, of course, struck me more strongly than it might you men.)

In short, the book has been poorly put together. There is much that doesn't help the story, and much has been left out that the reader could have used. The faults I've mentioned would not have been difficult to correct. It's a pity that a writer of van Vogt's stature didn't care to do so.

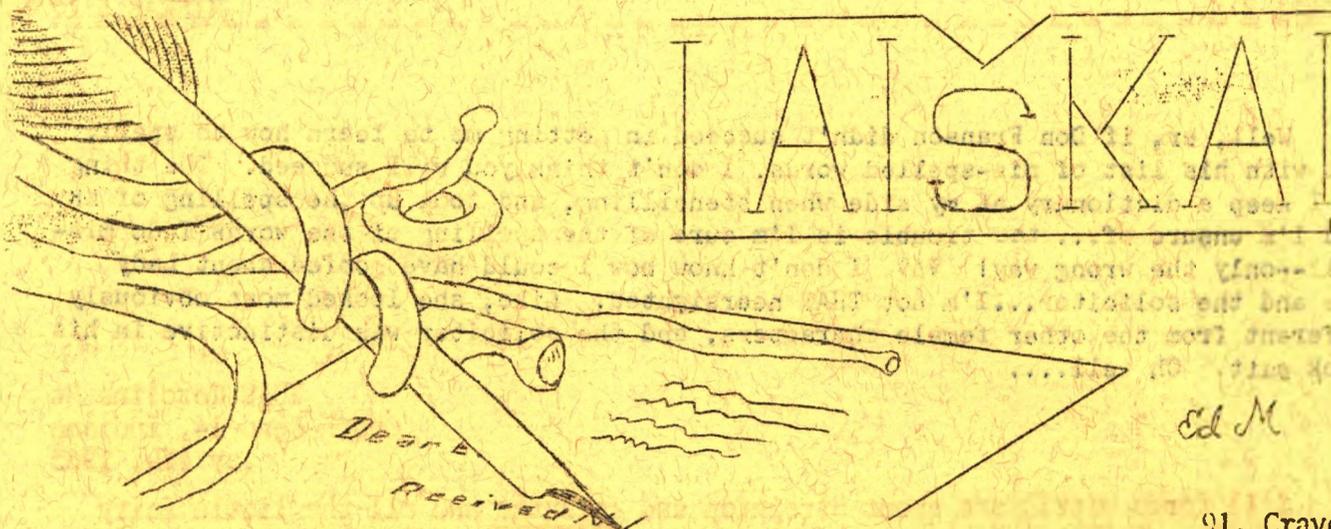
Felice Rolfe

Wally Wastebasket Weber for TAFF

ATom for TAFF

London in '65

Down with Analog



91, Craven St
Birkenhead - Cheshire, England
16 March '63

Dear Ed,

I was interested in that about Gilbert & Sullivan. Have you seen "The Mikado?" The copyright on G&S's works has just run out over here, or something like that, so now for the first time companies are allowed to put out their own versions -- bringing the lyrics up to date and like that. A new film version of "The Mikado" has just been finished over here. They've called it "The Cool Mikado" so heaven knows what that turns out like.

Yours,
Roy [Kay]

1825 Greenfield Ave
Los Angeles 25, Calif
6 May 1963

Dear Ed,

I read NIEKAS #4, and feel I ought to comment on your abominable spelling first, and your G&S remarks second.

Learn to spell.

Now about G&S. Bunthorne is usually played as a wishy-washy, slightly queer individdile; I think you misunderstood the comments. My reaction was that it was a startling and amusing effect--I've never seen Patience before. It's one thing to know he's played with a faggy air, it's another thing to see it done after only hearing records or reading the score.

Lady Jane doesn't go for the solicitor--she is taken by the Lieutenant, Duke of Dunstable. I think the solicitor took one of the chorines in the performance we saw--but he isn't supposed to be on stage at the finale, or at any time after the Dragoons chase him off the first time, and there's no real provision for him. I don't suppose there's anything wrong with him being there, though...everybody ought to get into the finale.

I've seen Pirates four times, I think; my impression of the Major General's stumbling during his introductory song has always been an attempt to indicate to the audience that he is stumbling for a rhyme.

The rest of NIEKAS was sketchy and inconsistent--it seemed to be a lot of notes and small things thrown together, which is not the same thing as a fanzine but it made interesting reading. Your newspaper clippings are entertaining.

Learn to spell.

Yrs,
Ron [Ellik]

Well, er, if Don Franson didn't succeed in getting me to learn how to spell, what with his list of mis-spelled words, I don't think you will succeed. The thing is, I keep a dictionary at my side when stencilling, and look up the spelling of any word I'm unsure of... the trouble is I'm sure of the spelling of the words I do mis-spell--only the wrong way! VAV I don't know how I could have goofed about Lady Jane and the solicitor...I'm not THAT nearsighted. Like, she looked most obviously different from the other female characters, and the solicitor was distinctive in his black suit. Oh well....

2819 Caroline St
Cuuth Bend 14, Indiana
ay 4th, 1963

Ed,

I'll forgo witticisms about Strephton and Iolanthe and all the little fairy boys....yuk....Ballard's the one who always gets off the goodies/quips on that op-eretta.

Oh, something in NIEKAS #4 I must clue you in on...may I be the 115th to do so? BDYCOIZ means "boy did you comment on my zine!"...ergo, gee whiz, thanks for commenting on MY zine, buddy! Howcome you didn't try to figure that out? I caught it without half trying and I ain't even IN SAPS.

Adios, kid....

Betty [Kujawa]

Boeing Scientific Research Laboratories

P O Box 3981

Seattle 24, Wash

20-V-1963

Dear Ed--

I noticed a bit in your lettercol about a voicewriter which reminds me of a conversation I had a couple of weeks ago in Philadelphia with a friend who designs special-purpose computers. (Lately he's been working on a radar-simulator. You have a set of plane controls and the given take-off point, plane characteristics, etc [as well as a whole lot of info on geography, etc]. This produces on the radar screne the appropriate pattern including the effects of the planes orientation [eg--a loop-the-loop], inhabited areas, topography and ground texture for a plane going at 1,000 MPH or thereabouts--which means having data on a good chunk of the world available quick.) At any rate, I asked him what's the current "state of the art" in the computer design field. And he gave me an example--the Navy is looking for someone to build by 1970 (or maybe it's just to let the contract then and have it built by a couple of years later) a computer with a 2×10^9 word memory and 2×10^{-9} sec random access time, fitting in a one-foot cube. The components for this would be built by some sort of "molecular spray" -- a variant of a mass spectrometer depositing atoms to form a specified lattice which would be the adder, for example, with oodles of redundancy built in for reliability and smaller than a transistor. (It would have to be large enough [and cooled enough] so that quantum effects would still be negligible). He said he expects in his lifetime to be sitting across from a (computer? robot?) discussing with the thing its latest theorem--in English. A typewriter you could talk to which would give you correct English spelling (and punctuation, paragraphing, correcting



Jarness

your grammar (or even your style) would be child's play in comparison.

Tom [Seidman]

Well, maybe...but something like that would take a computer even larger than today's best, together with a really ingenious program. Since today's respectable machines have pricetags in the megabuck range, I doubt that the price of an electronic secretary could ever be low enough to put the thing into more than a few large offices.

423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland
May 30, 1963

Dear Ed:

The third NIEKAS was particularly welcome because it arrived while I was in a rest home where reading matter was quite scarce for a while and all the other patients were over 97 years of age and stone deaf so there wasn't much conversation to be had. Your Gilbert & Sullivan adventures in that issue interested me in particular. You might like to know that one of my recent record acquisitions is the old 78 RPM recording of PIRATES OF PENZANCE. It forms an interesting contrast to the London LP discs that I also own of this opera. It sounds much livelier, and there is the thought that it is almost a generation closer to the undiluted Savoy tradition, since it was recorded some time in the 1930's, about 20 years before the lp set. I have a chance to see lots of G&S next week because I'm taking a week's vacation and if I go to New York I can see three or four of the operas as done by the American Savoyards. I saw this group in IOLANTHE a while back and enjoyed it fairly well, despite the handicap of a tiny stage in the converted movie theater used as a playhouse.

"The Bad Pfennig" in NIEKAS 4 was exceptionally fine. At first I thought some harsh things about the speed with which connotations can fade away and I intended to criticize the levity with which a pair of permanently nasty people were characterized. Then I saw that the apparent falsifying of their real nature was not what it appeared, in the light of the ending.

With reference to Betty Kujawa's letter, it may be very well to smoke for social reasons. But I feel terribly sorry for the people who simply can't be comfortable without smoking regularly. I'm thinking of those who are unable to sit more than half an hour in a movie theater without leaving the picture and going to the men's room for a cigarette, the local radio man who can't do a good job covering court because he must leave the case frequently to smoke, the members of clubs that are meeting in gloomy fire hall basements around here when they could enjoy air-conditioned comfort and inspiring surroundings in the local art museum except for its restriction on smoking.

RCA Victor demonstrated one of those typewriters that take dictation during a recent press junket whose prime purpose was to unveil the new dynagroove recordings. I don't believe that the limitations of typewriters that need no human operator would necessarily make them unusable for business purposes. We'd accept letters with some oddities in spelling and punctuation for the sake of the convenience, just as we are willing to use the telephone despite the misunderstandings that occur because of its extremely low fidelity and the impossibility of hearing clearly anything said more than a couple of inches from the mouthpiece (without special amplifying equipment) and the danger that you won't recognize the caller over an instrument that changes voices so badly.

It was nice to see one last reminder of IPSO, which I imagine is otherwise as extinct as the Jules Verne Prize Club. The psychological effect of the format in which fiction appears would be worth investigation thoroughly. Of course, it shows up in its most extreme form in those persons who think that the contents of fanzines are not worth serious consideration because they are dittoed, mimeographed and gesterred, not printed professionally. I don't think that I'm effected strongly by

ATSAKIMAS

(mailing comments)

THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR # 16 VAV Fred Patten Quite an improvement, both in quantity & quality, over last time. VAV About

riders...I agree that pure junk, like Lichtman's, Beatty's & Baker's, should be rejected. Items of possible real interest to the membership should be included at the OE's discretion. VAV I abstained from voting on the name change, but if it goes thru I like the suggested NAPSACK for OO title. VAV No ammendment needed...just make a ruling that a new members dues will be held aside and his membership won't start untill he has contributed at least two pages. Also, it might be a good idea to not send the bundle to someone who has incurred a fine until he has paid it... sending only the OO as a reminder of the mis-deed.

NEBULOUS # 5 VAV Phil Harrell Speaking of BEYOND BELIEF and Harvey Forman, I met him on my last trip East. In fact, I traveled with him, Jack Chalker, Dave Ettlín & two others whose names I've forgotten when I had to go to DC and they were returning from the Lunacon. Anyhow, he said he'd just bought a multilith and hoped to greatly improve his repro. Well, we'll see....

BEAUTY & THE BEAST VAV Ray Nelson/Al Lewis Lovely, just lovely. Thanks, Al! I'd say the 4th, 5th, 8th & last [beach scene, "prince charming", typecast, and lousy prince] were best while the 2nd & 7th [pyjamas & "sweeping black capes"] were the weakest.

KAYMAR # 7 VAV K Martin Carlson You spoke of mental controll of machinery and the fact that it would permit an astronaut to stay inside his ship in safety while machines did the exploring. In that case, why have him along at all? Why couldn't he do this from earth or some well-established base close to the explored area, and watch what he was doing via television?



Bruce? Someone? Was there ever a pure play version of H M S Pinafore (not necessarily by G or S) ? Or is the operetta the only form the story ever took? Or, Kaymar, did you mean "operetta" or "musical" when you said "play?"

A FANZINE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF F M BUSBY VAV meself I noticed that the

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first page of my copy was badly misprinted...the print was way too high and the first half dozen or so lines were missing. If anyone else wound up with defective copies and cares (which I doubt), I do have some extras and will gladly send a replacement. VAV If you hadn't guessed, the title came from the fact that Buz did a lot of bitching about reprinting material from one APA in another, and this entire zine (except the first explanatory page) was reprinted from the Cult.

NEFFERVESCENT VAV Don Franson Were you serious about that index of old lettercols? That was one of several indexes I had contemplated

NEFFERVESCENT [cont] at one time. I had in mind a sort of "index of features" for Don Day's index completely ignored them. I felt it would be a "good thing" to have available a listing of the letterhacks in the various prozines, such as suggested by you, a listing of articles and editorials by subject, an index of book-reviews, and finally a listing of all other features by classification (Zap! Science-fiction Stories # α , β , γ , δ & μ had a fanzine column, would be listed under "Fanzine Column"). The book-review index struck me as the most useful, while the others seemed to have only marginal interest. But, I figured, the former would carry the latter and the thing as a whole might be handy to have. So, some three years ago I thought it out and put it aside as something to be attempted in the indefinite future. $\nabla\nabla$ There things stood untill about a half year ago. On one of my periodic visits to LA Al Lewis & I started to discuss various needed indecies, and the many that had been started but never completed. We decided to add a book-review checklist to his '62 prozine index, and I volunteered to compile and stencil it. About two hours later the mailman delivered a letter from Piers Jacob saying that he had compiled an index of the books reviewed in many prozines and would Al be interested in publishing it? Sheesh! Talk about coincidences! $\nabla\nabla$ We hastily agreed that I would cut the stencils and he would do the rest, but first we decided to try to make it more nearly complete. Because of other local & Neff fanac Al didn't have time to go thru his collection, and most of mine was back in New York. Al wrote Dick Tiedman who was able to add a lot, and I used those parts of my collection which are here in Calif and got help from Al haLevy, Alva Rogers, and Alan Howard. $\nabla\nabla$ As things stand today we have about 2/3 or all the magazines covered, and I think we have about 90% of the reviews tracked down. And, migosh, from the size of our card-file I would estimate that the thing when finished will take up about 150 pages. $\nabla\nabla$ We are making progress and have reasonable hope of being able to cover all reviews, but if we aren't finished by when the last 1963 prozine hits the stands I think we will cut it off there and start stenciling. Too too many indecies have died while waiting for the last bit of data, and I want to be sure that this isn't one of them.

I am interested in bibliographic publications and hope to work on others after this is out of the way. I am even somewhat interested in an index of other features, but this project has demonstrated what an awful lot of work would be involved in the project. And since it would be of such marginal worth, I give it a very low priority. (On the other hand if several people should be interested--which I doubt--and have the magazines & time to compile a substantial portion, I will gladly devote some time to getting it finished and [if necessary] arrange for its publication.) $\nabla\nabla$ What else do I have in mind? Norm Metcalf just started the one I was going to do next...an index of indexes. He says he already has 50 or 60 and an add is to appear in this month's TNFF asking for more. He will then pub a tentative listing in his N3F COLLECTORS' BURO MAGAZINE to get the last additions and finally publish the index itself. $\nabla\nabla$ But it looks like Norm still needs an awful lot of additions. Before I knew of Norm's plans, I talked to SaMoskowitz about it when I was in New York last December. He mentioned having a separate file of 200 or so bibliographic items but pleaded a lack of time to list them for me. He did agree look over any nearly complete list and make any additions he could. $\nabla\nabla$ OK, so Norm's doing that now...what'll I do next? Well, while I was talking to SaM he mentioned that he had purchased the manuscripts of a number of indexes which were never published. Most of these are far from complete and have been made obsolete by others published since then. But there was at least one which sounded very promicing (I'm afraid that I lost my notes and can't think of what it was just now) so I intend to visit SaM and look his collection over when I move back East. He said he'd be more than willing to let me publish whatever I found useful--he originally bought the mss when the compiler was unable to complete the job so that he could be able to make use of them but would like to see them made generally available. $\nabla\nabla$ What else? I've heard of many interesting things which were at least started, if not completely compiled, but never published. Some 5 years ago mention was made in the Australian SCIENCE FICTION NEWS of a completed index of all British (& commonwealth?) prozines, including the

NEFFERVESCENT [concluded] BREs and zines not covered by Don Day. If this manuscript still exists I would like very much to rescue it and see to its publication. I gathered from the advertisement that the index was completed and dummied for offset... I suppose financial difficulties killed it. [The add showed several typical pages.] If this is true, and the dummy is still clean, it would probably be best to publish it as is and then work out a suppliment, or perhaps compile the suppliment and include it in the rear...all this to avoid re-compiling the hundred or so typed pages. And since a good friend in New York owns an electronic stencil cutter (the Rex Rotary version of the Stenofax) it wouldn't even be necessary to type the stencils. Or perhaps I could Xerox the dummy directly on to multilith masters. VAV Brad Day once compiled a sequil to Bleiler's Checklist. I understand 333 was only the first of several proposed volumes of plot-summaries, and when the series was completed it was to be bound into a book of 1000 summaries. Were the others ever written? What about a Collection Index to match Walt Cole's -To Be Published Real Soon Now-Anthology Index? Or a completion and updating of Earl Kemp's exhaustive pocketbook index? Or turning to things more fannish, tho Vinç Clarke gathered material for he never published the rest of DUPLICATING WITHOUT TEARS before he gafiated. Any chance of rescuing his material and publishing it? Oh, the list is endless!

GEMZINE 4/35 VAV Gem Carr Glad to see that you compiled that all-time roster of N'APA. I hope Fred resumes use of the membership numbers in the 0-0. However I wish he hadn't decided to allow a person to regain his old number upon re-joining, even in modified form. It would probably have been simpler to give him a new one. I am against a blind following of tradition (hence my opposition to changing "Mailing Editor" to "Official Editor" a few years back) but I do feel that Ompa's practice of giving new numbers, and Ellick's use of new numbers in his recent all-time FAPA roster, were preferable. But this is a minor point, and I hope you present an updated version every 4th mailing.

That was a very interesting letter you had from Larry McCombs. I can see the arguments that bomb-tests are needed to keep our weapons up to date, and that the results cause very little harm...far less, for instance, than the exhausts of cars or the effects of smdking. However some people are still harmed...both now and in future generations...and I would like to see fall-out done away with. (OK, occasional mutations are beneficial, but far far more are harmful, and mutations aren't the only effect of radiation.) That would mean confining tests to underground and very deep space (say, at least 1 million miles away so as not to add to the earth's radiation belts). I wish like anything that we could get a treaty with the Russians to ban the harmful and easily detected atmospheric and near-earth tests. VAV I mean, like, there are two reasons for eliminating tests...reduce fallout and stop the arms race. The first would require the elimination of only easily detectable tests while the second would require the elimination of all tests...detectable or not. Now Larry presents very reasonable motivations for the Russians' reluctance to have on-sight inspection...but can't we at least eliminate the harmful tests until something IS worked out? VAV For some "inexplicable" reason the Russians refuse to sign a treaty banning only dangerous tests...they demand a total ban without inspection. Now it is a well known fact that the only norm of "morality" in the Communist philosophy is expediency...there is nothing wrong with not keeping ones word if it will help achieve the ultimate goal of "freeing the slaves of capitalistic exploitation and bringing the benefits of Communism to the entire world." So it is painfully obvious that the Russians are merely using the test-ban negotiations to try to embarrass the US. If by some miracle we ever gave in and signed a ban on their terms they would proceed to test whenever they wanted to as long as there was little chance of detection. On the other hand during the negotiations they make it appear that the US is the party which is preventing an agreement. They don't want a partial agreement...that would weaken their line of propoganda that the US is causing the murder of countless people by not letting the Russians stop the spread of radio-active poisons thru our atmosphere.

PEALS # 6 VAV Belle C Dietz I simply drool at the sight of your zine...that was a wonderful printing job! I trust that now there'll be one like it in every mailing? VAV Enjoyed your ramblings about city life very much. How I wish I had a subway here to get me to work five minutes late. As it is I've been hitch-hiking the 3 miles to and from work just about since I started...tho I get a ride from the same person most mornings. Occasionally I couldn't get a ride when I was leaving for home very late and had to walk it...it takes about 45 minutes. I just got a bicycle so that now I can come in on weekends and holidays...like today. I did get a learner's permit two months ago but just never got around to doing anything about it. (I was quite surprised that I got it despite my eyesight.) But the local high-school won't be starting its adult driver training course untill September and there are no regular driving schools closer than Stockton or San Leandro. But even if I do eventually get a licence I would still feel reluctant to get a car and use it daily. I can't explain it, but I feel a great reluctance when it comes to that. I would like to have a licence primerily to be able to rent a car when sent on a business trip so that I wouldn't have to depend on busses and taxis. VAV And speaking of seatbelts, I rarely saw them back East, but they seem to be very common around here. I hadn't used them before coming out here, but I like them. It is such a cumfort not to have to tense or go sliding forward every time the driver stops for a light!

You still faunching for a Selectric? I don't know what kind of trouble Buz & Forry have had with theirs, but I think the lab is beginning to regret having gotten a bunch of them. They seem to be always breaking down and the little golf-balls have a tendency to crack after a few months of use. To prolong their lifetime they have begun locking away parts like the golf-balls to prevent use of the typers at night by people like me. But I still manage to find one or two left in a usable state.

BUFFERING SOLUTIONS # 4 VAV Judi Sephton You seem to have trouble getting solid lines onto stencil with a stylus. It's probably more the fault of the stencils than your inexperience handling them. I'd suggest you try several brands of stencil (buy only one of each) untill you find one which will take a good line. And the ease of stylus work does not seem to depend on price or "quality" of stencil...I've found some quite cheap ones easy to work with. The stencils I'm using right now are about 10 year old "A B Dick 960 Mimeotype", and have given me less trouble than almost any others. VAV As for the "ghosts" which show up in much of your typed portions, I don't know what could be done about them. Perhaps you're hitting the keys too hard?

ERR! VAV Red Avery Lovely Bjo cover! VAV "Sour Grapes" reminds me of the title Art Rapp uses for his mailing comments in SAPS..."The Gripes of Rapp." VAV I'm afraid I didn't care too much for your story "Enchantress." The idea that human beings are grown in factories from germplasm to satisfy the wants of childless couples, and that they are rejected as unhuman in later life is interesting, but poorly handled. Why did the spaceman fall for her almost at first sight? Are we to take the title literally, and assume that she used some magic to seduce him? If so, why did she do it? Is it her sourse of income to seduce and fleece men? On the other hand I admire your guts in using dialog to tell the story...that is very rare in fan-written-stf and is quite difficult. VAV Boston in 64? I've heard just about everything else suggested, but why not? Wonder what Al haLevy would say about the idea...probably like it as it would get him out from under the job of putting it on. VAV Travis' "Tale of the Wayfaring" was somewhat better...its first page and a half especially read very smoothly. But a quibble...when the intelligent meteorite was first picked up it senced its discoverer thinking of it as "basketball sized", but then we learn that this happened over 100 years ago! I don't know much about sports, but I am reasonably sure that the game of basketball wasn't invented

ERR! [cont] then. VAV Harry Warner's "The Best Circles of Fandom" was very interesting. I'm flabbergasted that custom pressings could be made so cheaply! I suppose that once word of this gets around we'll be deluged with fannish LPs. That reminds me of the famous filk-singing party at the Pittcon...the all night one in the then abandoned special convention bar. Sandy Cutrell, Juanita Coulson & Les Gerber did most of the singing, and someone [I forget who] was talking to Juanita about having her send a tape of her better songs to him and thru some friends he would arrange for a pressing. He was quite enthusiastic and believed it would be quite easy to clear expenses. Wonder what ever happened to that deal.

FOOFARAW 7 VAV Fred Patten I'm afraid I didn't care too much for Mike Hinge's cover. For that matter, I don't care too much for most of his art. The way he includes all sorts of [really] barely visible things, such as name-plates on manufactured objects, threads on pipes, etc, is somewhat amusing. But some of the silly attempts at humor present in most drawings of his, plus the cluttered effect, leave me cold.

I never did care too much for "Science Fiction Theater." The stories were too Gernsbackian...both in preachiness about science and crude plotting. And, as in Unca Hugo's magazines, the science itself was a bit silly. I did watch it off and on when it first appeared... some 5 years ago?...and I remember the story you described. The only stfnal element in the whole thing was the 200 MPH hurricane, and the story could have been unchanged were it a normal one. Talk about "dressed up mundanes"! Sheesh! That was one with a vengeance. VAV I enjoyed your rundown of the various stefnal & fantastic movies and shows...particularly



that of "The Raven". I'm very sorry I didn't get to see that movie. The only film I've seen in the last year was "The Birds"...a grisly, gory shocker. VAV I never had any trouble distinguishing Harness from Ellil-Trimble...I suppose it's because of Jack's infamous shirts! But once, apparantly, Jack didn't have the guts to go thru with getting and wearing an outlandish shirt. Remember the last Westercon auction when some real wild far-our right wing banner went up for auction? Jack was one of the two bidders, because some femme in the audience (was it Virginia Schultheiss?) promised to make him a shirt out of it if he bought it. I think even Bruce was bidding against him for a while so that he wouldn't have to look at the completed shirt. Jack got the thing at the auction, but never had the shirt made...he claims he lost the flag, but what are the chances that that was too much even for him?

HIPPICALORIC # 3 VAV Ted Johnstone, Dave McDaniels, or whatever you are today "Slan Shack on 12th St" reminds me that it's an awful long time since I've seen any filk verse from you...how's about digging up some more for us? VAV Enjoyed the Tolkien speculations. And your talk about your TV experiences certainly isn't boring!

THE FREE RADICAL # 2 ∇∇∇ Judi Sephton This seems to be "I don't like your cover month" month" 'cause I don't like yours either. In fact, I have strongly disliked all of Elaine's artwork that you've printed thus far.. Garcone could make sloppy/ugly drawings which were still good, but Elaine's strike me as meerly childish. (I think I showed you an issue of WRRR! once, with some Garcone artwork, including the perfectly horrid "conquest of Wally Weber's Adam's Apple.") ∇∇∇ Oog! That uncorrected typo of yours wrecked Carl Frederick's pun! His comment to me had been "Received FRED RADICAL. End of review." He was, of course, referring to the various photos you'd printed which had him in them, and your remarks about him. ∇∇∇ See if you can get more info from Phil Kohn about his attempts at organizing an SF club in Israel. I am sure it would be as interesting as the article in Larry Crilly's FARAGO about West Indian fandom. I suppose if you look long and hard enough you will find an SF club was attempted in just about every nation. ∇∇∇ Dick wrote a very good review there...try to get more by him in future issues.

THERE MUST BE A HORSE IN HERE somewhere ∇∇∇ Don Fitch Agreed...an OE can't do anything by himself to get the APA rolling other than to try to induce some potentially good members to at least give it a try, and then they wouldn't stay around long if there were nothing to interest them. And I see your point about personal friendships coming above any sort of group-loyalty. However the OE, or any member, is capable of discouraging people who might find a group interesting from giving it a try, and he can lower the quality of the mailings still more by purposly putting in crud.

Your rundown of the sights between San Diego & San Francisco bring to a focus the fact that I've done very little touring during the year I have now been in California. [It is hard to realize that in another two weeks I will have been here a year...Ghu, but things pass quickly!] I'm now fairly well acquainted with the Bay Area, and have spent some time seeing the sights around here. I've seen a little of LA while on fan visits down there, but very little. And the one time I was in San Diego, I arrived after dark and only stayed for a few hours. Inbetween, I've seen nothing. And I can see no way to aleviate this horrible state of affairs, before moving back East.

And many thanks for including Fanac 91. Tho three months have passed since the mailing came out, I have yet to receive my regular copy of this January 63 issue. ∇∇∇ I felt Don Franson's remark in THRU THE HAZE about Terry Carr being "a ell-known fan of yesterday" was meant to be at least half humorous, and it did strike me as being quite funny. On the other hand, what by Terry has appeared in GENZINES in the past year except for possibly one item in CRY? I gather from his "tone of voice" that Walter Breen was quite unhappy about this remark.

DEADWOOD ∇∇∇ Ron Wilson No need to apologize for using Ditto...you did a very good job of it. At least my copy is very readable. ∇∇∇ Here in Livermore SF seems to be well distributed and sells well too. There seems to be only one major magazine outlet in this town (population, 20,000), the "Village Canteen" right in the center of the business district. Talking to the proprietor I learned that he gets plenty of copies of all the SF zines...about 50 Analog, 60 Galaxy, and at least 40 of all the others. And each month he sells just about all the copies he does get...returning only a half dozen or so. He gets the (now) 8 regular US titles, but not the British ones, and Gamma hasn't yet shown up. The bus station also has a magazine rack, but it seems to be limited to the "men's guts" type of magazine. As far as I know the only other places that sell magazines are the supermarkets on the edges of town. The one near me carried Analog untill 2 or 3 months ago, but I haven't seen it recently. The only other supermarket I know about is on the other side of town and I've never been in it. Anyhow, I think SF does quite well.

DUBHE ∇∇ Ed Baker You asked why, in NIEKAS #3, I wrote "GandS" instead of "G&S"
 --it's really quite simple. The typer I used to cut that fan-
 zine had no "&" symbol, but had a β instead. ∇∇ And I am surprized that the Es-
 peranto word for Mikado is the same as the English one. I would have figured that
 an international language would have had a single word for "hereditary ruler" to in-
 clude Mikado, Csar, Kaiser, Ceaser, King, ktp. ∇∇ What did you think of Campbell's
 editorial on international languages in the June Analog?

RACHE # 10 ∇∇ Bruce Pelz I suppose you purposly printed the cover upside down. Ho
 hum.

CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ #s 1 & 2 ∇∇ Gary H Labowitz Both the story, "Peddlar's
 Folly", and the accompanying
 cover were quite good. Fiction of this length is quite rare in fanzines even tho
 this is the very minimum space needed for a real story, and not a trick-ending anec-
 dote. ∇∇ In fact, the whole issue could be called "unusual". F'rinstance, typi-
 cal "fan-fiction" has far less "scene-setting" than "Affair in Carter's Woods" does.
 In fact, it rarely has any. On the other hand, a professionally published story
 would usually have it done in a more casual manner, better integrated with the rest
 of the story. Except for very special mood-pieces it would not take up 1/4 of the
 tale. ∇∇ I suppose the BEM will die of old-age before he gets thru to any offic-
 ials. I mean, like, trying to put a call thru to the White House is NOT the way to
 get yourself heard! I would guess that the most practicable way to get a cooperat-
 ive BEM to the attention of the proper officials would involve some lying. For in-
 stance, I wonder what calling something connected with the state department and say-
 ing something like this would stir up in the way of a commotion... A strange
 plane just crashed on the back 40, and when you cautiously approached with a shotgun
 an oddly dressed fellow leapt out. Apparantly he knew no English except "diplomatic
 immunity" which it kept shouting over and over in the midst of a string of gibber-
 ish. If that doesn't arouse any excitement, one could always add as an afterthot
 that you let him have it with both barrels when he seemed to approach you in a menac-
 ing manner.

Good grief, I haven't seen anything like "Was Arius Condemned for a Mere Iota"
 since the last religion course I took (in my junior year of college.) I don't re-
 member too many of the deals, but this does seem to stack up with what I do remember.
 Most interesting and [again] unusual. ∇∇ And where did you get the Coblentz poem?
 had it ever been printed before?

Well, so that finishes the comments on the zines of the 16th mailing about
 which I had anything to say. Before signing off, however, I felt you might be inter-
 ested in the following item by FMBusby reprinted from the Jan '63 Retro.

"OK, let's extrapolate: let's say that interest lags in SAPS so that those
 who are already bored and just hanging around bitching give it up for a bad job and
 drop out. Then the word gets out that SAPS Is Slipping; mortality becomes high a-
 mong invitees; the WL is used up rapidly and new applicants are few and far between.
 Dropping out is contagious; the group's so called prestige is shot to hell and neo-
 fen pass it by in favor of--well, let us not draw any individual comparisons by Nam-
 ing Names; there are enough struggling new groups so's you can take your choise
 there. FAPA SNEERS at poor ol' SAPS lying on its empty belly there in the muck;
 people who do not like to be on the wrong end of a one-up situation depart hastily
 and write scathingly of SAPS so as to thoroughly and safely disassociate themselves
 from any taint of its lowly state. The Roster is pitifully short of its full count.
 Why SAPS must be ready to fold, because what is left?

"Well, there aren't any summer soldiers, that's for sure. The upstagers have moved on, and the bigdealers, and those who felt that SAPS made a good 2nd-best while sweating out the FAPA WL. So I guess that all you have left is the people who sort of like SAPS regardless. Since they are a smaller group it is easier for them to kick things around personally at greater length. They tend to feel closer than before, like huddling around a small fire. The discussions being less diffused become individually more manageable, ingroup jokes get started and are wellnigh kicked to death before new ones get piled on top of them. All of a sudden it is a hell of a lot of fun, and this starts slopping out into the members' other writings elsewhere, so that the word gets out, applicants begin turning up, a WL develops, the new members dig the atmosphere and join in, and pretty soon SAPS is in for another boom again. Or at least this is how it seems to have gone for a few years from the time I joined in 1956 bringing the roster up to 23 members...I think SAPS is long overdue for a good therapeutic rock-bottom slump!"



Laiskai [cont from pg 13]

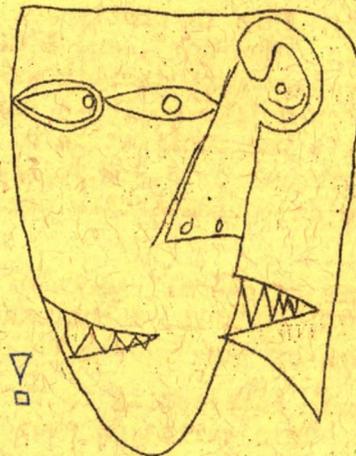
the physical facts about the way the story appears, although I'm extremely sensitive to my environment and can lose my enjoyment in a story because I've read it while I'm very worried about something or surrounded by distracting noise. I can write letters during spare moments at the office but I can't read anything that demands concentration there. As far as I can remember, the ideal reading conditions for science fiction for me were summertime inside a small tent that I used to have erected in the backyard when I was just getting into my teens. I imagine that the tent is still somewhere in the cellar or attic and there's plenty of room to put it up in the backyard but science fiction doesn't seem to me to be worth all the trouble.

The apparent trend toward fans becoming pros in recent months is mostly due to the fact that Avram Davidson is taking much interest in stories by fans whom he knows fairly well. I think that most of the fans who have recently crashed the prozines will get out of the field fairly soon for much the same reasons that I did: the pay isn't good enough to make a person want to write stf at all costs, and once he discovers that he's not writing fiction as memorable as that by Heinlein or Sturgeon, he decides that there's no real reason for continuing hack work.

Yrs., &c.,
Harry [Warner Jr]

I also heard from Andy Silverberg, % Porter, 24 E 82 St, New York 28 who asks, among other things, "And when will you be putting out a G&S fanzine for those who find your musings the latest in wisdom?" Like, vazzis?

So that finishes up the letters I got this quarter. Awaiting bigger and better LOCs I leave you until next issue.



REMEMBER

Garnes

THE WORDS
"WALLY
FOR TAFF"

paring for a long voyage. The first half has him carefully put the last touches on closing down the house, make elaborate arrangements to be sure he is up on time, and go to sleep. The writing was very good, but everything was very mundane. The second half shows him walking down to the docks with some idiot servant (I mean this literally, not facetiously) carrying his trunk. The townspeople treat his greetings & farewells as he passes in a strange manner. When he arrives at the dock we learn that years ago he missed his ship, something snapped, and he has been performing this ritual ever since. Like, so what? And one wonders where he has been getting the food for his breakfast, the money to buy it with, and the money to give the servant a tip if he keeps reliving the same day over and over. OK, pension checks might be piling up in the bank, but there is no point in his routing for him to make the monthly trip to pick them up.

After these remarks, you might be wondering just what magazines I do read. Well, I read every issue of Science-Fantasy and Analog. I read most issues of If, fewer of Fantastic, and fewer still of Amazing. The only Galaxy I read in the last 2 years was the one with The Dragon Masters in it, Aug 1962.

I do however buy all of the magazines and scan them upon acquisition. I would read more if I had the time, but unfortunately I don't.

By the way, has the first Gamma yet on any newsstands? I got a brief glimpse at an advance copy Forry Ackerman had with him at the oneshot party a few weeks ago but thus far it hasn't turned up on the Bay Area newsstands. It certainly is an odd zine--all reprints, something I have seen in no magazine since I started reading SF in 51 other than the one digest sized Wonder Story Annual. (Yeah, sure I know there were other all-reprint magazines, but they were before my time.) In format it looks identical to F&SF, as if they set out to do a take-off on it. Same paper and layout, same long blurbs at the heads of stories, same policy of no interior illos, and use of a "gamma" instead of a face in an "F" to kill space at the end of a story.

A while back I bought and read a most interesting book on the recommendation of Charlie Brown. It's an oldie, and many of you have probably read it long since, but it was new to me. I'm referring to C.S.Lewis' That Hideous Strength which Colliers put out as a \$1.50 pocketbook last December. (I believe this is the first unabridged pb edition.)

I read Out of the Silent Planet long long ago (probably summer of 51) and didn't find it particularly good so I didn't bother looking for the sequels. Thus I never have read the middle book, Perelandra.

The most interesting thing about this book was the taking as scientific fact of many mythologies and beliefs, such as the Greek gods, the Arthurian legends, Christianity, and (most startling to me of all) the Tolkien mythos of Lord of the Rings. There isn't much tie-in (how could there be for a novel set in the very close future?) but there is some. This is pretty well confined to a few passing references to the "True West" and to "Numinor", and I might not even have noticed them were it not for the Preface. One paragraph therein was:

Those who would like to learn further about Numinor and the True West must (alas!) await the publication of much that still exists only in the MSS. of my friend, Professor J.R.R.Tolkien.

Wonder why they didn't update this preface from 1943 and mention the existence of LOTR.

Anyhow, this raises all sorts of interesting points, the least of which is "Should I PALANTIR, ANDURIL, & the other Tolkien fanzines expand their coverage to include discussion of the 'Ransom Trilogy?'"

But even more interesting is the place of the Arthurial legends in this "universe" of Lewis'. This variation would differ somewhat from the standard version, & I would very much like to read a set of Arthurian novels set in this universe. Unfortunately such a thing will probably never be written, unless some fan does it to

to try outdoing Eney's SENSE OF FAPA. Too much would be too strange for people unfamiliar with the other works for it to sell. (A thought strikes me. For an author to try to re-tell the Arthurian saga must be somewhat the same as for a musician to write a mass. In the first case the main details are preset, and the author can only use variations in fine detail and emphasis. In the latter the words are preset and the composer can only try to match some different music to them. And it must be quite a task to achieve any originality today, since at least 1000 masses have been written in the past centuries.) Wonder if Lewis himself has done anything about writing such a set of Arthurian stories...purely as a game, with no thought of publication, of course. And if so, whether a limited edition could be printed by some Tolkien fans.

+++++

With this, I'm afraid I'm going to have to bring things to a screeching halt, and make this the last textual page of NIEKAS, the nothing fanzine. This quarter I procrastinated far more than usual, and I've worked like mad to get this zine out for the N'APA deadline. I think this is the fastest I have ever typed such a large mass of stencils which might be demonstrated by a large number of undetected typos. I did proofread all the other stencils, but I am so shot that I can hardly see straight. Oh well, the perils of publishing and all that....

Watch for NIEKAS # 6 next quarter, the 1 1/2th Annish. On the basis of the material I have coming in, that should be a rival of POLHODE 3 published lo these many years ago. Most noteworthy is another cover from this quarter's cover artist, Anne Chatland. It's based on LOTR and about 1/4 completed. From what is now done, I would say that it will be a real knockout!

Might as well use the quarter page or so of space left around the Schultz-illo below to at least mention some of the things I had planned to discuss in this editorial. I just say a real oddball magazine on the newsstand. Great Ghost Stories, 8 1/2 x 11, 50¢, and apparantly intended as a one-shot. However, it looked so bad that I didn't even bother buying it. It's blurbs and interior illos are reminiscent of the "men's guts" magazines, and all but one of the short stories are unsigned! (That exception is an H G Wells reprint whose title I forget.) There is also a "book-length novel in the thing, and I didn't notice whether or not that was signed. I don't suppose this will wurd up in Al Lewis' prozine index. if for no other reason, then for



the lack of author credits. Like, how can you index stories when you don't even know who wrote them?

I just got the latest "Pick-A-Book" catalog and see that his prices are up to \$2. Also I see listed as forthcoming from Avalon Jeff Sutton's The Atom Conspiracy. Avoid! It was a lousy serial in Fantastic 1 year ago under another title.

RIP

An OE's lot is not a happy one. Or at least, it certainly is a busy one! This is Fred Patten on-stencilling, and the reason I'm appearing on the back of Ed's N'APazine is that I'm running it off. 165 copies! Of course, I don't have to run it off for him, but then I wouldn't be able to include it in this mailing, and I do like large mailings, as Ed knows. I've also run off Vern Debes' zine, and it looks like I may end up running parts of Ed Baker's and Jack Harness's zines, too. Not to mention THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR. At this rate, don't be surprised if there's no issue of FOOFARAW in this mailing.

Looking back at that paragraph, I can see I've misstated the fact slightly. I'm not running off the entire issue of NIEKAS; just the 3 pages of it that Ed couldn't finish in time. But honestly, folks, while I'm willing to work for N'APA, there are limits! I can understand Ed having to have to recut some stencils at the last minute. And I did volunteer to publish Vern Debes' zine for him, after a death in the family kept him from being able to afford the heckto he'd planned to buy. But there's more than one mimeo in the LA area, and I'm about to insist that Baker and Harness run off their own zines, or else! If you can't fix Hannifen's paper food tray by the deadline, boys, the LASTS mimeo at Al Lewis' in Santa Monica isn't that far away.

I'm sorry if I sound grumpy, but I've been busy enough lately, and I foresee a busy weekend. Besides having this mailing to get out, and finishing my own zine for it, I'll be helping the Trimbles move from Long Beach to their new house in Garden Grove. And next Monday, summer school starts, and I have to get ready for that! I'm also more than somewhat peeved at Phil Roberts' ABOLITIONIST #1 which arrived for the mailing yesterday. I consider parts of it in bad taste, to put it mildly, and if I didn't hate censorship too, I might reject it from the mailing. I still might; I'm going to take a copy to the LASTS meeting tomorrow night and ask Pelz if the cartoon on p. 3 would be postally objectionable (as a Cultist of long standing, Bruce has more knowledge than I do as to what the P.O. is apt to consider obscene matter). If I do throw it out, there'll be a notice in the AA.

Al Lewis is resigning from the N'APA. He'd like to retain his membership, but he doesn't have time currently, what with publishing 300-odd copies of THEF every other month, putting out SHAGGY, compiling the 1962 prozine index, and holding down his regular job as a school teacher. He does hope to find someone else to take over the publication of THEF next year, though, and he hopes to have the time to rejoin N'APA then. I hope he does; WHY NOT is always one of the top zines of the mailings it appears in.

I hope you all vote "NO" on Pelz' referendum in the AA! Actually, even if it did pass, we couldn't disband N'APA. The most we could do would be to draft an official proposal to the N3F Directorate that N'APA be disbanded, and resign our memberships in a body, leaving it to the Directorate to find a new roster of members if it wants to keep N'APA going. Similarly, it rests with the N3F Directorate to make the final disposal of N'APA's Treasury. But I want to keep N'APA going, and I'm sure you do, too. But be sure you do cast your vote on the matter!

Since I'm not sure whether I'll finish my mailing comments in FOOF or not, here's my list of the Top Twelve in the 16th Mailing: 1. NIEKAS 2. HISTORICALORIC 3. PEALS 4. ...HORSE... 5. NEFFETIVESCENT 6. ERRR! 7. GEMZINE 8. THE FOOF 9. BEAUTY & THE BEAST 10. CINDER 11. THE FREE RADICAL 12. NERVOUS

Well, here's one page, whether FOOF makes it or not. See you next mailing!

Fred Patten

(Next day; June 13). I just got a letter from Frank Wilinczyk, saying that GARDYLOO will be sent out to the individual members at the same time as the regular mailing, and enclosing my copy. It'll be listed in the AA as a premailing. I have enough trouble keeping track of the premailings and postmailings, without starting a new category of "simultaneous mailings".