

# Scottish



Atom

" TAXI ! "

# SCOTTISHE NO. 60

SEPTEMBER 1971

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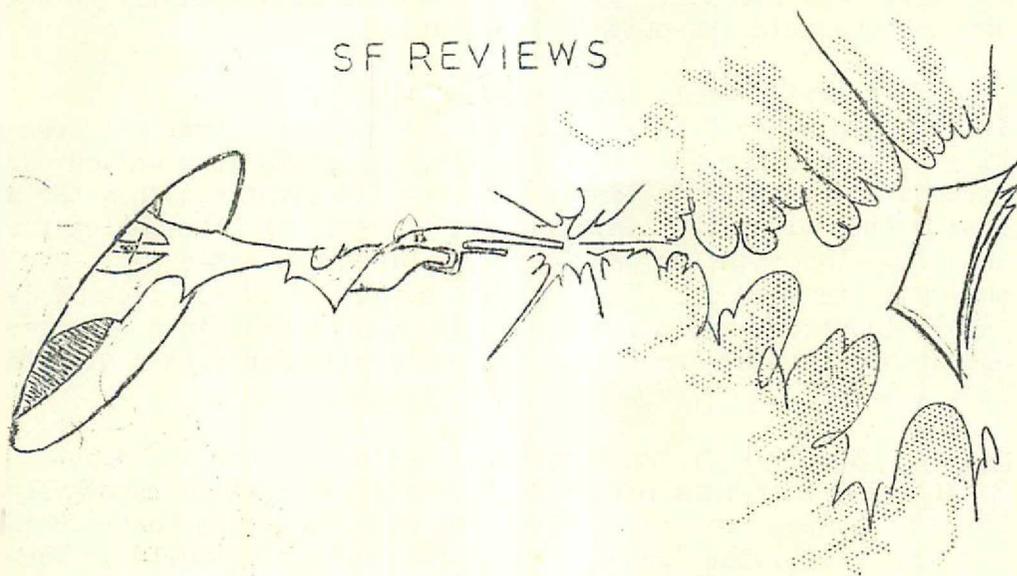
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# NIBBLINGS

SF REVIEWS



NOW COMES TOMORROW by Robert Moore Williams. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.50  
This novel uses the theory of deepfreezing a human for 100 years; and describes a group of people who undergo this process. There is Cindy, housewife and mother who enters because she has Leukemia Seven; Palmer whose reason is despair because no-one will listen to his preaching; Jane who also has Leukemia Seven—and is only 3 years old; and lastly, Roland who enters after having managed to escape being convicted for murder. When they awaken they find everyone around outside has been dead for a very long time. The details of their awakening are absorbing and this was the part I enjoyed most. The dreams they all experienced are interesting too. Some of the philosophy that runs through the story, however, left me unconvinced. I prefer plainer speaking; and the use of the word genii when God is clearly meant struck me as unnecessarily whimsical.

SEA SIEGE by Andre Norton: ACE 75695/60¢: Griff has been made to come and live on an island in the West Indies by his scientist father. He is not at all pleased at the prospect — but then his interest is aroused by finding that colonies of octopi are growing larger and more daring. This leads him to the knowledge that man is going to have to fight hard to retain his mastery of the Earth. Will please all Norton addicts.

## Nibblings 2

THE PLANTCS AFFAIR by John Rankine. Dobson SF. £1.25. Captain Dag Fletcher is given a mission to the planet Fingsinan to re-open an agency there that had been closed by war. No sooner does he land than trouble seems to beset him on every side; and he has plenty of adventure. Not the least of the things hampering him is Hulda who travels with him as an executive from the Inter-Galactic Organisation. She is, he discovers, especially telepathic with him and her thoughts are often a distraction.

TIMEPIT by Brian Ball. Dobson SF. £1.25

The book opens as Kelp is stung on the nose by a wasp and awakens to discover himself a prisoner in a come-cellule. He leaps into action and not only escapes but manages to tamper with the Timepivot. From this the action swirls into a Time mixer that involves - the Demons of Time; Helen the ex-housewife in a time-loop; the au pair girl who plays a strange part; and Jacqueline who wants to grow up. They are all caught up in the lack of order caused by Kelp's impetuous action. This is the second book in a Time series of five; and it has all the excitement one could wish for allied with theories about Time itself.

STAND ON ZANZIBAR by John Brunner. Arrow Paperbacks. 50p

Considering that this paperback has over 500p; it is remarkably well bound. This, of course, was the HUGO winner of 1969. This book has three strands - the main plot...the 'context'...and the 'happening world'. They are skillfully woven to show what life could be like in the 21st century. There are three main characters: Norman House the negro who leaves a good corporation job for a more rewarding one in Africa; Chad Mulligan the sociologist who tried to drop out; Donald Hognan is the third who is paid by the Government to do nothing but read and then synthesize. They live in a vastly over-populated world and Brunner makes the teeming millions real. All the things the author imagines in the future; the changes in fashion, drugs, marriage, and speech are very logical from today's trends. A must for the SF addict.

WHITE FANG GOES DINGO by Thomas M. Disch. Arrow Paperbacks. 30p.

Short story collection of 19. The first 102 H-BOMBS is well written and anti-war in sentiment. There are some which are straight SF such as GENETIC CODA, though even those are told in typical sardonic style. The main and longest item is WHITE FANG GOES DINGO, a fascinating description of what it would be like if superior aliens appeared to make a 'pet' of mankind. People interested in pet animals as well as SF will find this story gives much food for thought.

POLLUTION! Omnibus. Three full length novels by Clifford Simak, Harry Harrison, and C.M. Kornbluth. Sidgwick & Jackson. £2.25

Undoubtedly a very timely book as the subject of pollution and over-population becomes more widely discussed. Here are three visions of our future---if we do not pay heed to the many warnings---and they are pretty grim futures in many ways. Harrison's MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! is set in 1999 and is focused on life in New York. Food is scarce and so is water, there are riots and murder. We see it through Andy, a cop who battles to keep order in a city of disorder.

### Nibblings 3

In SHARK SHIP Kornbluth depicts one solution to over-population..fleets of ships that take to the sea for good. The action takes place on one ship which is driven by desperation back to the land. The author holds no hope out as he can only see a cycle which will start all over again. Lastly comes that SF classic CITY -- the best of the three in which Simak's imagination soars in his vision of the future. He shows the death of the cities, the emergence of the Dogs in place of Man, the mutants, the robots, and the 'cobblies'. Stretching to thousands of years ahead he sees a new and better way of living thought out by the Dogs. His future is the most hopeful of the three which is another good reason for my liking it best.

### NEW WRITING IN SF:No18:Edited by John Carnell. Dobson SF. £1.25.

The stories in this series are all especially written. Lee Harding opens with MISTRESS OF THE MIND showing a future where a man will take himself to a House in an age-old quest but with a strange new difference. FRONTIER INCIDENT by Robert Wells is a first-contact-with-alien story with a new twist ..a madman is their first contact! THE BIG DAY by Donald Malcolm takes place in a computerised future where boredom is the enemy. MAJOR OPERATION by James White is the final Sector-General story in a series. In this the patient that awaits surgery by Conway..is a whole planet! THE CYCLOPS PATROL by William Spencer takes the theme of industrial espionage and uses a real SF idea.SOME DREAMS COME IN PACKAGES by David Kyle concerns the problem of how a human being can live long enough to reach the stars. DJANGO NEVERICK: 2051 by Grahame Leman presents a highly chilling future where a man gets killed for thinking up the concept of a book.

### NEW WRITINGS IN SF:No 19:Edited by John Carnell. Dobson SF. £1.25

Our environmental problems are highlighted by many of the stories chosen. THE MIND PRISON by Michael G.Coney starts the ball rolling with the tale of a people who have lived in fear of the Outside Atmosphere so long..that is impossible for them to believe it might be safe now to go out. A MEMORY OF GOLDEN SUNSHINE by Kenneth Bulmer is a change of pace, as he relates what happens when Harry tries to give himself the memories of a Viking; this one has a nicely unexpected ending. CRITICAL PATH by David Coles on the other hand has a more predictable ending in the story of the long space-flight which has to use deep-freezing. THE DISCONTENT CONTINGENCY by Vincent King takes us back to environment in telling how X decided to shoot the Happiness Generator with a Lager. STOOP TO CONQUER by John Rackham shows what happens when Earth reaches the millenium and has no war..and is then faced with aliens to fight..how do you fight when you don't want to? FIRST LIGHT ON A DARKLING PLAIN by Joseph Green whilst outwardly an adventure story..is really a trick. REAL-TIME WORLD by Cristopher Priest is pretty complicated--and highly to do with the subject of environment and how people react to it.

### THE SEA IS BOILING HOT by y George Bamber. Ace Books.75690/756

Heron lives in a future where the world is so polluted that man must live inside giant bubbles..the air outside is unbreastable. Inside the domes people live a hedonistic life in which they can even 'opt out' to become worry free.

## Nibblings 4

There is plenty to worry about, Heron knows mankind is headed for extinction. He has invented a process that would help, but hesitates between using it and becoming an 'optee'. More sex than usual in this one.

SPACE CADET by Robert Heinlein. Ace. 77730/956.

Continuing the series of Heinlein juveniles, ACE produces the one where Matt and Tex from Terra, Oscar from Venus and Pierre from the moon of Jupiter start their training as cadets for the Solar Patrol. Great stuff for any lad who likes his adventures to sound real.

THE DARK DIMENSIONS and ALTERNATE ORBITS by A. Bertram Chandler. Ace Double. 13733/756. These both feature Commodore John Grimes. In the first half he takes his spaceship out to the Tim to investigate an alien spaceship that has brought disaster to everyone else who has tried to find out about its advanced technology. The second half is a series of short stories mostly about the Commodore's adventures that involve the planet Kinsolving. Chandler sets a good pace and shows much ingenuity in the use of different time tracks. I was particularly amused by one passage where he meets up with first Sherlock Holmes and then his author!

WORLD'S BEST SF:1971: Edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr. 91358/956. 15 stories: The usual high standard is set by Sturgeon with SLOW SCULPTURE in which his study of human relationships is as expert as ever. BIRD IN THE HAND by Larry Niver features the Institute for Temporal Research and is amusing. ISHMAEL IN LOVE by Robert Silverberg .. Ismail being a dolphin in love with a human. INVASION OF PRIVACY By Bob Shaw has a chilling quality as the author does not shirk the logical ending. Asimov in WATERGLAP manages to combine a glimpse at life underwater and in outer space in a tightly plotted story. CONTINUED ON NEXT ROCK by R. A. Lafferty is high fantasy- his style is unmistakable. THE THING IN THE STONE by Simak has a love of landscape that gives this tale a further dimension. NOBODY LIVES ON BURTON STREET by Greg Benford takes a sly peek at the future, a very American peek, they sure have nightmares about their future these days. WHATEVER BECAME OF THE MCGOWANS by Michael C. Conroy is way out in space on a pioneer world where colonists run into quite a snag. Next comes a posthumously published story from Arthur Sellings THE LAST TIME AROUND which takes the problem of the spaceman who always returns to find everyone around him aged.. and gives a neat solution. GREYSPUN'S GIFT by Neal Barrett Jr starts off with a likeable and kooky girl encountering an alien and taking him home.. but my goodness.. what an ending! Gerald Jonas in THE SHAKER REVIVAL takes the new interest in religion and expands it into the future, and, who knows, something like this could well come to pass. DEAR AUNT ANNIE by Gordon Eklund is an odd one. Aunt Annie is part robot part woman who runs a problem column.. but runs much more than that.. the whole world in fact! CONFESSIONS by Ron Coulart is written with a nicely satiric touch and tells the story of a writer bent on getting his money; even though the man who owes it to him has a house that flies off. Lastly, H. B. Hickey has GONE ARE THE LUFO a tale told by an alien which is a fitting end to a good selection.

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### THE WOODEN STAR by William Tenn. Pan paperbacks. 30p

Collection of stories from this well-known author. Many of them appeared in the fifties which in many people's opinion was the vintage time for SF. This is one of 6 being published by PAN. On the whole this lot ranges nicely over a variety of future possibilities. Men's attitude to man being what it is, some of Tenn's ironic comment could yet come true. There is humour here too, of course, such as the snails from space who give mankind's pride an awful beating. There are stupid men who tackle time-travel; and stupid men who cannot understand the alien deserter. The funniest men are those in THE MASCULINIST REVOLT. This is the one where a clothing manufacturer desperate to find something to find something to keep masculine clothing separate from feminine brings back the codpiece..and thereby unleashes a revolution.

### DOUBLE DOUBLE by John Brunner. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.50

The beginning of this is delightful with the introduction of the pop group BRUNO AND THE HERMETIC TRADITION who are heading for a stretch of beach to see if it would be suitable for a 'beach happening'. The entry of a man from the sea who is dead and not dead pushes the panic button among them. From then on there is the puzzle of just what is happening around this quiet district. I could have wished for the group to have stayed more in the foreground as they seemed alive and interesting. They rather make the other characters seem flat..which leaves the puzzle to absorb the reader's attention.

### THE MIRROR OF INFINITY by Robert Silverberg. A Critic's Anthology of SF. Sidgwick & Jackson. £2.50.

In this Silverberg has aimed at producing a critical commentary for each story. Thus one gets 13 stories plus 13 essays from men who are equipped to criticise Silverberg points out that 4 of the contributors (Rogers, Claerson, McNelly, and Franklin) deal with SF in the classroom as professors of literature. Seven others (Blish, Knight, Fanshin, Budrys, Conquest, Harrison, and Amis) , are not only critics but SF writers. One (Williamson) bridges both groups. Along with the stories and the critiques is a handy potted biography of each participant. It's hard to say which I enjoyed most the stories or the critiques. I was amused to see Amis admit that Tubb had been right in his prediction that bringing highbrow values into the SF field could well ruin it. NIGHTFALL by Asimov remains by favourite; but I was also impressed by Sheckley's SPECILAIST and PRIVATE EYE by Lewis Padgett. However, all the stories are of high calibre. A splendid book for the collector of classic SF who is also interested in good criticism.

THE HEROD MEN by Nick Amin and DARK PLANET by John Rackham. ACE DOUBLE. 13805 75p. The first is a real action story set in a future where there are two factions; one that believes in birth control and the other that does not. Maybe I'm a bit stupid, but I felt that a bit more explanation of the background would have been helpful. Frankly it is not a future in which I can believe. The Rackham half has plenty of coherence..three people who are stranded on a planet that is supposedly unlivable on by humans. Nice sense of pace here and some ingenuity.

## Nibblings 6

CITY by Clifford Simak. ACE 10621.75¢: This SF classic is a must for every SF collection. The story of the Websters and the Dogs which covers 10,000 years is an entralling one. In this future humanity leaves earth for Jupiter and the Dogs are left to work out their own way of living. As this includes a rule against any killing - it makes a very interesting theme. Yet this is only one strand in the tale, which also includes what happened to the Mutants; what happened to the Ants when they were given more intelligence; and what happened to Jenkins, the robot that the Websters left behind.

CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY by Robert A. Heinlein. ACE. 10600. 95¢: As usual this author grabs the attention at the first page. There we meet a young boy who is being sold at the slave-market on the planet of Jubulpore. He is lucky enough to be bought by Baslim the cripple who turns out to be more than the beggar he seems. So young Thorby sets out on a strange life that next takes him to live with the people whose whole lives are bound up in their spaceship homes. After that he goes to the Hegemonic Guard where an effort is made to find out who he really is. Non-stop adventure with a firm commitment to the reader to follow Thorby with high interest.

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BEAST by Brian M. Stableford. ACE 37106/75¢: This is sub-titled DIES IRAE II. and is a follow-up to THE DAYS OF GLORY. In this one, Chaos escapes from the planet of Calypso where he has been kept for seven years and after an accidental landing is nursed back to health by Yvaine. He starts to tell her the history of how the war started between the Humans and the Beasts. This war of the future sounds just as futile as any in the past; I found this one hard going, and was inclined to skip chunks.

UNIVERSE I: Edited by Terry Carr. ACE 34600/95¢: A collection of 12 stories. Authors present are: Gregory Benford & Gordon Eklund; Silverberg, Lafferty, Tucker; Joanna Russ; Goulart, and Pangborn - the well-known names. Of these I liked the one by Tucker best TIME EXPOSURES where the past can be photographed up to 14hrs and this technique is being used to find a murderer. There are also some less well-known names such as Barry Malzberg who writes NOTES ON A NOVEL ABOUT THE FIRST SHIP EVER TO VENUS. The editor says that this piece proves that Malzberg's mind does not work in established ruts. It seemed to me that the ruts in the notes were all too well established! Then there is ALL THE LAST WARS AT ONCE by George Alec Effinger, a black humour story of people getting together to solve conflict in the stupidest way possible. Very grisly. An unusual collection.

EYE IN THE SKY by Philip K. Dick: Arrow Books. 30p: There were 3 people standing on an observation platform when an accident caused them to fall 60 feet and through a proton beam. At first it seems as if they have been lucky and no-one is killed. Hamilton and his wife first begin to feel that something is wrong as they leave the hospital after treatment. It takes some time before they discover that they are in someone else's private world, someone who had shared the platform. This is a world of fundamental religion ruled over by a God who produces miracles and punishment at a stroke. This is easily the most vivid of the personal worlds they encounter. The kind of story you want to finish at one reading.

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THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD by William Morris. Ballantine Books. 40p :

Lin Carter writes the introduction and claims that Morris was the man who first wrote fantasy, that he was the first to conjure up a made-up world; and that this was first published in 1895. The story line is very simple--Walter leaves home because of a bad wife and then encounters the Dwarf, the Lady, and the Maid. The setting is the journeying through a strange land with touches of magic introduced in a realistic way. The prose is imaginative and yet precise; and one can well see why this author inspired such as C.S. Lewis--and opened up the way to such as Tolkien.

THE RITUALS OF INFINITY by Michael Moorcock. Arrow Books 25p : Sub-titled OR THE NEW ADVENTURES OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS. The author envisions a series of Earths in which the Professor and his team have the problem of Unstable Matter Situations to struggle against. When these situations arise, such as the one that left only America on Earth, the inhabitants seem to be unaware of the change. The U.M. Situations are engineered by a D-squad--but what lies behind them-- is the mystery. An interesting theme.

THE SHIP THAT SAILED THE TIME STREAM by C.E. Edmondson. Arrow Books. 25p : I found this one highly enjoyable -- ALICE is the ship that travels back in time, taking her crew with her. Before the Captain, Joe has time to take a deep breath, he finds a Viking ship bearing down on them. The ALICE is filled with real characters; and their reactions to the sometimes hilarious, sometimes terrifying things that happen to them as they switch through time is told with an admirable economy of style. I'd dearly love to see a sequel!

THE LAST UNICORN by Peter S. Bagel. Ballantine Books. 40p : Usually I say that I prefer SF to fantasy. I make great exception, however, for this author. This is fantasy in which the people are real -- the unicorn who begins to be afraid she is the last of her kind and decides to go looking. Schmendrick, the Magician who is not very good at his trade but joins the unicorn, and Molly who determinedly joins too. It is a very touching tale I could not put it down or guess the outcome. Dialogue in fantasy is so often stilted, but not here. Here it flows and sounds full of humour and life and sorrow. A lovely tale I cannot recommend too warmly.

SATELLITE 54-ZERO by Douglas R. Mason. Ballantine Books. 30p : Cadogan is an Agent who is sent to find out if something suspicious was happening on what should be an ordinary weather satellite. It really wasn't so ordinary as its Director also happened to be a rich man who had originally owned the satellite. Cadogan finds a very tight little community, and very little welcome. I felt that there was too much routine Agent versus enemies; and not enough about the actual project which had aroused suspicion. The mandatory heroine is very unoriginal.

DARK STARS. Edited by Robert Silverberg. Ballantine Books. 35p: The editor gives fair warning--"here then is a book of dark dreams for dark times." SHARK SHIT by Kornbluth has a gloomy enough future as it broods on population rise. Lafferty produces some humour in POLITY AND CUSTOM OF THE GAMEROI, but

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it is rather grim humour. COMING OF AGE by A.K. Jorgensson studies a day when Government brings pressure to make everyone be fitted with a "consex". here the author conveys a strong sense of despair. Aldiss has a priest telling of THE HERESIES OF THE GREAT GOD, a God who is remote and brings terror and destruction. Harrison's THE STREETS OF ASHKALON studies the idea of Christianity taken to aliens who take it literally. THE TOTALLY RICH by Brunner shows a woman trying to buy the avoidance of death. This book also contains the award-winning Ellison story BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE AT THE WORLD. 16 stories; I would not recommend reading them all at once!

THE SPACE WILLIES and SIX WORLDS YONDER by E.F. Russell. Ace Double. 77785/75¢ After the above Russell's light-hearted approach to SF is a relief. The first half tells of a Terran taken prisoner and finding himself the only one of his race on a prison planet. How he talks his way out of this makes amusing reading. The second half consists of 6 short stories showing Russell's ingenuity ..such as the one about a race whose time sense is 100 times slower than our own. All the stories have a zest and a cheerful acceptance of the fact that, if they can, Terrans will take advantage of any race they meet.

STAR GATE by Andre Norton. ACE 78071/60¢ : This one could be confusing as it postulates several alternate universes in which Kincair finds himself among friends who turn out to be different-and sometimes even enemies. Fantasy and adventure well mixed.

SCIENCE FICTION:WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT by Sam J. Lundwall. ACE 75440/95¢. Introduction by D.A. Wollheim, which points out that SF readers who only read in English tend to provincialism-and that Lundwall, being Swedish, has a more detached attitude. This gives a very comprehensive history of SF in every aspect, including that of fandom. Excellent for any new reader; and folks who have been in fandom for years will enjoy the fresh viewpoint. The SF criticism is fine; and one is glad to see this type of material being published.

THE WORLDS OF FRANK HERBERT by Frank Herbert. ACE 90925/75¢: Good example of versatility..folks who liked DUNE can see that he can produce a wide range of stories. The grimmest one is, I think, the most memorable. This is OLD RAMELING HOUSE. A wealth of detail is given in a very short story, showing a real talent for compactness.

THE MIDNIGHT DANCERS by Gerard F. Conway. ACE SPECIAL 52975/75¢: I found this one boring. For one thing, it is one of those interminable treks across a planet; and for another thing it is told in a style I dislike. First one character and then another is the teller..and then there are the dreams of the characters to be told as well. Everything is a symbol and a symbol is everything. Oh poo!

NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY: Edited by Terry Carr. ACE 57272/75¢: Good start by Beagle's FARRELL AND LILA THE WEREWOLF; I do not think that a werewolf has ever before been written about in such objective, thoughtful fashion. Lafferty next but with a very slight idea. Davidson has a much more original notion. Henderson has genuine fantasy of a woman who can see the past from her peripheral vision. Bloch has a typical chiller. Best was from W.M. Lee.. A MESSAGE FROM CHARITY.. illness centuries apart puts two young people in communication. Trouble is.. Charity lives at the time of the Salem trials! Nice selection

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SCIENCE FICTION READER: Edited by D.A. Wollheim. ACE 00275/95¢: Good introduction discusses ACE DOUBLES. The three stories here were originally a half of a Double. THE TROUBLE WITH TYCHO by Simak. EMPIRE STAR by Delany, and THE LAST CASTLE by Vance. I like the Delany one best; his vision of a peopled universe is marvellous; as is his ability to take you along with the hero. His last chapter where he takes a deep breath and shows that the story has no end, takes a heap of swallowing though! I would place THE LAST CASTLE second; it has a future in which mankind lives only in castles and Meks rebel against them..a future that intrigues and appells. The Simak story is well told but lacks the spark of the others. I found the danger on the planet of Tycho less than believable.

DOMINO by Richard Cowper. DOBSON SF. 51.25p : Christopher goes to a seance to please his aunt; and begins to find odd sort of things happening around him. He becomes terrified when he nearly flings himself in front of a train. Suspense is kept up well--this would appeal to mystery and SF fans. Kept me guessing; and has an ironic twist at the end that I appreciated.

THE TIME TUNNEL by Murray Leinster. Sidgwick & Jackson. \$1.50.: At one end of the tunnel was 1964--and the other end 1804. The scene is France at both ends. At first the tunnel is used to bring back objects from the past and sell them in the present; but then complications begin..change the past and you will change the future..and Harrison begins to be aware of how fraught with peril this could be. The story is told with skill and one quickly becomes caught up in the intricities of the plot. To trifle with Time has always been a lure to the SF author and here it is handled with real authority. Characters are well filled out and the slightly ironic style I liked very much.

ETHEL LINDSAY

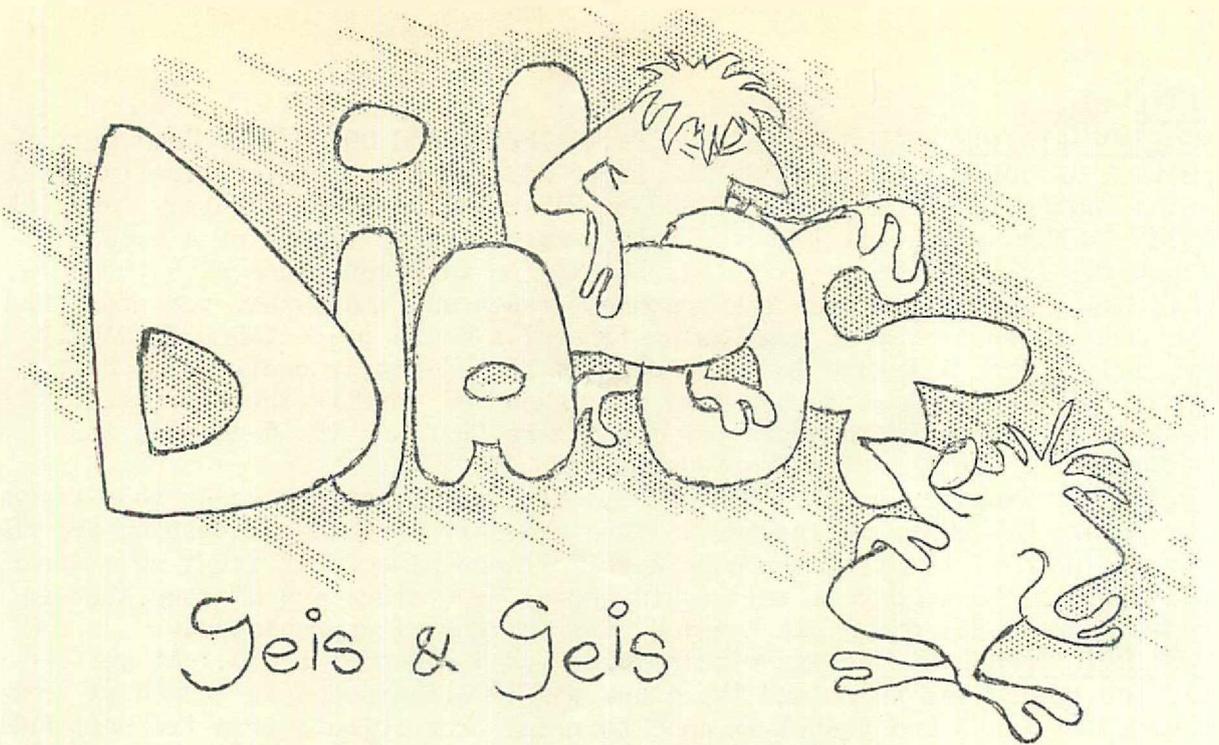
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Forthcoming in next issue..one that looks very interesting...THE MAN IN THE MOONE from Sidgwick & Jackson. Also from this firm that may be of interest to those of you who like to know more of the technical side is 1972 YEARBOOK OF ASTRONOMY and VARIABLE STAR OBSERVER'S HANDBOOK.

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Available to anyone interested is my second catalogue of early Mystery and Detection fiction for sale...Ethel

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"Geis, stop sniveling. Confession is good for the soul."

"Like hell it is! Confession is admitting mistakes and sins. Confession is an ego-shrinking process."

"You can do with a bit of that. Towards the end of SFR your ego was immense—turgid with pride, erect with——"

"Let's not get obscene, Alter."

"Confess, Geis! Purge! PURGE!"

"Alright! I may have made a few errors...."

"Like advertising in GALAXY and IP?"

"Well...umm...yes. I was hungry for power..P-O-W-E-R... and I had to have a HUGE circulation, so I could dominate fandom and dictate..or.. dictate..."

"What is there to dictate in fandom, Geis?"

"I never found out. It was just around the corner of a 2000 paid circulation and I never \*sob\* found out."

"Level, Geis. Tell the truth!"

"Right on, Alter. The truth is it was all an ego-trip. Pure and simple. When the price got too high in time and work and money I said

to hell with it and folded the mag."

"That's better. Was it worth it?"

"No. All that elaborate printing and mimeoing and all those purchased (by advertising--they cost about a dollar apiece)subscriptions and solicited ads..it was all an ego-trip, a fantasy, a play-acting at being a BNF, a P\*U\*B\*L\*I\*S\*H\*E\*R and an E\*D\*I\*T\*O\*R."

"You are a fraud,Geis!"

"Oh, yes."

"And what's more, you are now---I see the signs, the glow in your eyes, the turgid ego---you are proud of being a fannish fraud.Still ego-tripping."

"Alas.... Well, it cost me, it really did. I sacrificed untold moneys to be a BNF,EDITOR and PUBLISHER..but,Alter..."

"Yes, Geis?"

"It was so much fun! The work was slavish, man-killing! But it was like a narcotic. My ego supped well, it drank deep...ah, so drunk I was.."

"Alright, Geis, skip the poetry and junk. Harsh reality now. You built the structure on sand. Ego..and a dream! WHAT WAS THAT DREAM?"

"I-I c--can't. I'm so ashamed!"

"Spill it,Geis! Vomit up the horrible secret."

"I-I----oh,Ghosh--I wanted t--to...live off the magazine!"

"You're joking!"

"No, true! I lusted after the unattainable. I yearned to live (frugally)on profit! But---oh,it just couldn't be done...that way. I got in too deep at 50¢ per issue. Ahh, if only I had had the foresight to charge \$1.00 per issue..and go quarterly..and-- NO! The logistics of staying in mimeo would have killed me. It wouldn't work that way either! I filled pages and pages with figures and schedules and estimates..."

"Jeez,Geis, I hate to see you cry like that..."

"The death of a lifelong dream,Alter! It---it tears the heart out of a man."

"Naturally. It's a shock to see you now--just in the last two months  
---turn grey and withered..."

"Now there's nothing ahead but FAPA...and twenty or thirty years of my  
projected future-history novels..and more Hugoes..and Nebulas..and---"

"Geis----your eyes are alight again!"

"And thousands of dollars, and more honors..."

"Your hair is brown again!"

"And a clean sweep of every category."

"Glory be--Geis is alive and well. His Ego Lives!"

"PAH TO HAVING EDITED AND PUBLISHED THE GREATEST FANZINE! I WILL GO ON-  
ON TO BEING THE GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION WRITER OF ALL TIME!"

"Ahhhhh...."

"BOW DOWN,ALTER! KISS MY TYPING FINGER!"

"Geis, you type with that?"

"YOU DARE QUESTION ME?"

"But not even Rotsler types with his----"

"SILENCE!"

"I mean..doesn't it hurt?"

"I HAVE WRITTEN SEX NOVELS FOR THIRTEEN YEARS WITH IT!"

"Well, that explains..."

"END THIS DIALOG,ALTER. I WEARY OF YOUR CARPING!"

"Yassah. I disconnect this nerve,loosen this synapse..."

"I FEEL...TWISH...WRONG...SOMETHING...Gua...Gaaa....Duuuuuuuuuuuuuh..."

END

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I still have some back copies of SFR at 50¢ or 20p each. Available are:  
8 copies of No 43      3 copies of No 41      1 copy of No 39  
7 copies of No 42      2 copies of No 40      1 copy of No 38  
Ethel Lindsay

# fanzines

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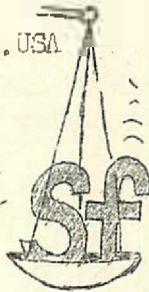
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# Letters

Roy Lavendar  
750 Gladys Ave  
Long Beach,  
Calif, 90804, USA



"A couple of years ago I was talking with Randall Garrett about the relative weight of SF as an influence on the world. I challenged him to find a way to shift the theme of the genre away from 1984 and offer a brighter future. I have more recently expanded this challenge to other authors. Speaking of influential writing, there is a new book out **THE ORGANIZER'S MANUAL**. It is a collection of practical suggestions for organising small groups of political activists. It covers the field just about every side and it is by those who have been there and paid their dues. One of the most remarkable things about it is that, despite the fact that it is left leaning and you would expect

to see it as an underground publication, instead it is being put out by a large publishing house. Indicating a mass market and therefore an extensive interest by the general public in what the revolutionists are talking about. A somewhat similar book, **THE RAPE OF THE MASSES**, by Vhakotin, detailed the political battles between the Iron Front and the Nazis and is in effect a step-by-step manual on how to take over a country. It generated very little interest and never sold at all well. Copies almost impossible to find now. Times are changing. See the reason for my challenge to the authors?... George Clayton Johnson was guest speaker at a dinner I attended. He took off on the theme of Free Nevada Now. The idea is an extension of one he put out in an underground paper *Open City*--that the state of Nevada has such a small population and such simple rules defining citizenship (to make it easy to obtain divorces in Reno or Las Vegas) that a large group of hippies could move in and take over the state. Say 100,000 (no more than one of the large rock concerts draws). I doubt the effectiveness of the thing, but it would serve as a notice to the more staid politicians and defenders of the status quo that times are changing. The Kabouters in Holland are an example, not effective because they are not a majority, they find that in closely contested areas their votes are being sought." \*\*\*"And then there is your suggestion that maybe fans would be interested in the idea! Come to Sunny Fandom the state that is different! Ha! that's quite an idea...."\*\*\*

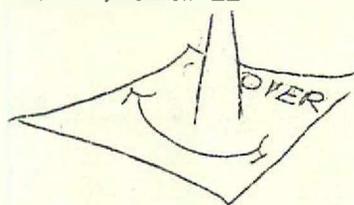
## Letters 2

Joe Patrizio  
7 Oakwood Rd  
Bricket Wood  
St Albans, Herts



itals had piped bedside me to make some comment about thinking that it hadn't been discovered then-- but I thought better of it. "Herts isn't too far away, my lad, to be making comments like that! \*\*

Archie Mercer  
21 Trenethick Parc  
Helston, Cornwall



"workpersonlike" -- or even "Workerlike". As things are the word "workmanlike" can perfectly legitimately be used in connection with either sex --and no slight to womankind is normally intended."

Ian Williams  
6 Greta Terr. Chester Rd  
Sunderland, SR4 7RD



introspective sensitive individual able to undergo long periods of no sexual contact or arousal. Another example is when he claims that Russ and LeGuin are pretentious: the subdued LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS could hardly be called that, and as for AND CHAOS DIED (which I assume Eisenstein implied), far from being pretentious, Russ has simply let content dictate the form and the style which is not the same as being pretentious. I think we can assume that Eisenstein reads on the principle: if I can't understand it, it's bad. \*\* Fighting words if

"I read the Patriots with greater interest than I might have as my parents have recently come back from Belfast. They gave the story from the other side. Crangemen bombing 18 houses in one night in the street that my uncle lives. They had to move out of the house (couldn't sell it of course) and go to live with relatives in a quietish village some miles away. Quiet, that is, except for the odd occasion it's visited by Paisley. My dad's view is 'a pox on both their houses'; he gets quite irate about the hypocrites who start shooting at each other as soon as they're outside church... Your comment that hosp- oxygen when you were a student nurse almost tempted me to make some comment about thinking that it hadn't been discovered then-- but I thought better of it. "Herts isn't too far away, my lad, to be making

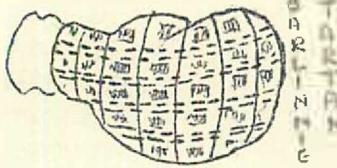
"The cover --well, it has a point and a good one, but I feel I have in justice to point out that the interviewer and the cameraman are also amongst the select band of "last few characters to be cut with a steel stylus, by hand, etc...". Long may hand-cutting remain, say I. The small band of artists who still use the technique deserve support for that alone... To be fair to Alex Eisenstein, there's no such word as "workwomanlike" --and if there was, it'd be too clumsy to catch on. Nor is there any epicene equivalent such as, maybe,

"Alex Eisenstein demonstrates one thing in his loc, his ability to see no further than the end of his nose. Certainly the narrator in LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS is no aggressive, wench in one hand beer int' other, type male, the very setting that he finds himself in demands that he is not. Consider, Mr Eisenstein, the narrator has to undergo several years away from his own race in the company of bisexuals, he has a truth to tell which can only be told by quiet persistence. An aggressive oversexed male would be the worst choice for such a duty, the best kind of person for this is an

Letters 3

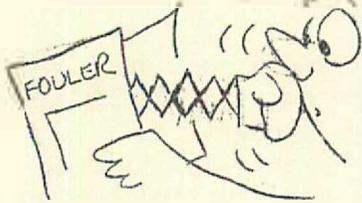
over I heard 'em<sup>o</sup>

John Boardman  
234E 19th St  
Brooklyn  
New York. 11226

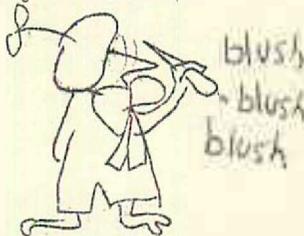


Scotland, the more Scottish they get. In any major Scottish city the sight of a man in a kilt is highly unusual. Small boys wear them to church though\*\*

John Piggott  
17 Monmouth Rd  
Oxford. OX1 4TD



Harry Warner  
423 Summit Ave  
Hagerstown  
Maryland. 21740



fanzine editors who ran their creations to best effect should contribute to a textbook on how they did it. Gradually they will forget the tricks they learned with the stylus and Gestetner and as time passes fewer and fewer fans will remember how those covers and headings and interior illustrations surpassed for firm line and solid blacks the demonstration pages you got from Gestetner salesmen....George Charters sums up briefly the essential matters about Ireland's trouble than I've seen done anywhere else. But he still doesn't offer any solution for the question that troubles me more than any other: why religion should still hold the power to make men riot and kill and hate decade after decade in Ireland, while almost all the rest of the Western world has decided that religion isn't worth such behaviour any more...The letter section illustrations are little jewels of perfect relevance and design. Thirty years or so in the future, when it's hard to find good fanzine illustrations, fans won't be able to believe there was a time when a fan artist would even draw separate illustrations to order for

"...an item about Ken Buchanan, a Scots boxer who is over here to fight Ismail Laguna. Buchanan is being very "ethnic"-wearing the kilt, etc. Although they do not arouse violent hatreds, these matches do produce a lot of ethnic pride, Laguna for instance is being regarded as the champion of Spanish-Americans. Buchanan ought to wear trunks of the Buchanan tartan into the ring; the glare of colours will blind Laguna, giving an easy victory to the Land of Bens and Glens\*\*\*It is an odd thing, but the further some men get from

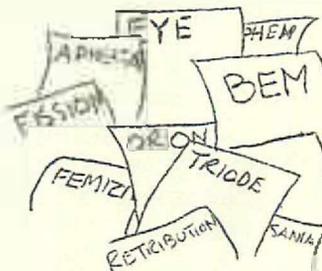
"The various comments on Offutt's article were far more interesting than the article itself. It must be that insults breed readable letter-columns. Certainly this seems to be the case with FOULER, a magazine that's most unkind to its readers, but great fun to read! But here, of course, it's the foul personalities of the editors that really makes the mag what it is."

"The front cover on the 59th SCOT epitomizes my quite serious sentiments towards a dying era in fandom. Every time I send the Coulsons the stencils for my FAPA publication, I feel a twinge of guilt and shame because I don't do the mimeographing myself and no matter how splendid the outcome of electrostencilled illustrations may be on this or that fanzine, they cause me to regret just a trifle this other form of the fanzines are gradually becoming less personal productions. Meanwhile I really do think that the best British artists of the 1950's and a few of the

Letters 4

paragraph-length letter extracts. The only equivalent I can think of from the world of mundane art is the way the ancient Greek sculptures finished the sides of sculptures which would be hidden from view because of their location against a wall or in a corner with the same perfection that they lavished on the visible areas... If some incautious fan really makes the mistake of tackling a history of British fandom, I can add something to your words of advice. He should use the utmost caution around the reminiscences he obtains from fans about events many, many years ago. Of course this is a splendid way to get opinions on various happenings and learn things about oldtime fans' personalities. But the facts that are contained in such recollections are quite likely to be somewhat decayed by the very human tendency to remember things wrong. Most of the complaints I've had about inaccuracies in ALL OUR YESTERDAYS could be separated into two batches. Some of them are complaints about passages in which I relied on something I'd learned by writing an oldtime fan and asking him questions. The rest are complaints which turn out eventually to be unjustified because the complainer is trusting to his memory and some investigation shows he's remembering things that didn't happen. Of course the fact that something was published in a fanzine is no guarantee that it's totally accurate. But it's more accurate than what a participant is apt to remember a dozen years later. One excellent source of information which I didn't exploit enough: collections of old correspondence that may still survive."

Brian Robinson  
9 Linwood Grove  
Manchester M12 4QH



"Regarding fannish history, Paul and I were thinking of running a series of articles by the eds of zines that are now defunct. The suggestion came in a Loc. What we want is the person concerned to natter on for a page or three about what the zine did, and if possible run a copy of one of the covers. Terry Jeeves is at this moment putting the finishing touches to an article on TRICIDE and we're writing to a fair number of nice people in the fiendish hope that they'll come through with the goodies.... I couldn't agree with you more about freeloaders. If they can't afford to pay for the weekend at the con, then they should damn well stay

away. I wanted to go to Helicon very much - but the cash just wasn't there and I stayed at home. Even if these people should be tolerated by the Con committee, I'm damned sure the hotel management aren't going to stand for it. And think of the effect a little bad publicity would have on getting a hotel for future cons. One newspaper headline "TROUBLE AT SCI FI CONVENTION" (why do they always call it "sci fi?") and we're doomed. "I hate that term "sci fi" too! Now don't look to me for articles; I have trouble enough just keeping up with my own zines."

Letters 5

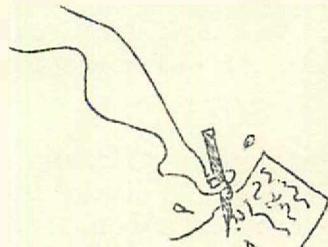
Ted Tubb  
67 Houston Rd  
London, SE23.2RL



"I don't know if it is no or whether a chill wind is blowing through Fandom but somehow an awful lot of humour seems to have departed with the snows of yesteryear. The reaction to Offutt's article, for example. Personally I found it amusing and would have sworn it was written by someone we both know quite well wearing dark glasses and a beard. So I was wrong, Offutt is a real person, but the article was still amusing and said things that were true. But the reaction from even such old fen as Joe

Patrizio and Archie Mercer shows how goddamn sacrosanct too many fans now appear to regard their status as being. They are fen, by Ghod, and let none forget it! Tread on the sacred environment and watch out! You could hear the grinding of teeth and sharpening of knives in every letter of comment touching Offutt's article. What's wrong, folks, forgotten how to look into a mirror and smile?

Mary Legg  
20 Woodstock Close  
W.Rd. Oxford, OX2 8DB



"Chetwynd's article was lucid and fair enough. But somehow I don't know-can I be getting old, Ethel? I wasn't stirred to leap into war because I wasn't roused to say "Fiend" at A.O....it's not that I don't care about fandom, it's just that so many folk have levelled similar criticisms at it; and either stay or go, and what I say probably won't change their minds. Something like not arguing over religion or politics maybe?" Dear Mary, you write such interesting letters but the handwriting! Even with my new glasses I find it hard to decipher...anyway..I like the sane attitude

you take to fandom\*\*

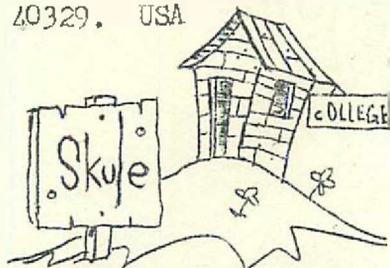
We also heard from: Arthur Myles, Cy Chauvin Terry Jeeves, and Fred Hunter. The last one has been away from fandom for quite some time and I was very pleased to hear from him again. He was one of the brighter sparks among British fan writers--so let's hope he sparks again. Many thanks to all those who wrote.

Ethel.



## Letters 6

Jodi Offutt  
Funny Farm  
Haldeman, Kentucky  
40329. USA



"Some reply, I feel, is called for in answer to Mr Mercer's comments on my husband's use--or non-use--of capital letters. What follows should serve as a reasonable explanation. Kentucky, being situated as it is in the bowels of America, has very little to distinguish it from--or to identify it with--any other part of our country. Our state is not far enough to be part of the Deep South. During our Civil War we contributed equally to both armies, thus losing more native sons than any other state. Nor are we far enough north to be counted as part of the Industrial North; we have neither the industry nor the dense population. This is due in part to the depletion suffered in the aforementioned war. Kentucky is too far away from the Atlantic coast to be anywhere near the Eastern Seaboard; and not close enough to the Mississippi River to be included in the great Midwest. The South begins with Tennessee, just below us. The North ends in Ohio, our northern neighbour. The Midwest commences with Indiana and Illinois, just to our west. And to our east is Virginia, a coastal state which is thought of as both southern and eastern. Kentucky is No-Man's Land. We call it God's Country, but in the next breath will admit that is because nobody else would have it. Kentucky can make no outstanding claims in the way of geography or climate. The West has its vast plains, its deep canyons, its high mountains. We have some flatland, some hollows (hollers), and a few hills. Other states have beaches, lakefronts, river ports. Our sand is imported for our man-made lakes and we have no rivers to speak of. We have nothing to compare with Florida's ocean breezes, California's summer weather, Texas' high temperature, Wisconsin's dry skiing snow, Colorado's dry heat, Iowa's deep winter snow, or Arizona desert. There is a saying in Kentucky: if the weather doesn't suit you, wait a couple of hours, it'll change. The same applies to the landscape. You don't like what you see? Drive for an hour or two, it'll be different. Kentucky is a state of incongruous contradictions. We are noted for our breweries and horses. It is, however, against the law to buy the products of our distilleries in most of Kentucky. And it is illegal to place bets on our horses anywhere but at our tracks. More people can identify Kentucky as the birthplace of Lil' Abner than Abe Lincoln; as the home of the Colonel's Kentucky Fried Chicken than Jefferson Davis. Our state is relatively free, on the other hand, of many natural and man-made disasters: tornados, floods, air pollution, hurricanes, blizzards, over-population, earthquakes, electrical blackouts...and education. Many of us received our education in rural one-room schoolhouses. Being so far from the rest of the country, Kentucky education is untouched by the intellectual education centres of the east; nor is it influenced by the sophisticated, cosmopolitan refinements of the west coast. My husband, who had the advantage of receiving his early education in a one-room, eight-grade school, has not chosen to ignore the accepted conventions of the language.

He did not learn them

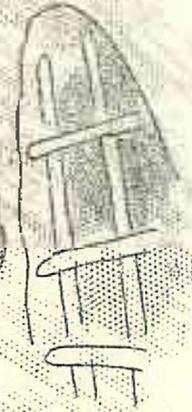
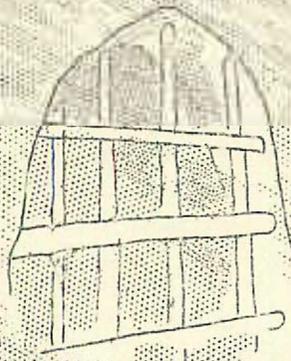
Capital letters were not included in the curriculum.

Sincerely,

Jodi Offutt.

There'll always

be a



Sid  
Bitchy

"Across from Shea there was a clank of chains. An emaciated figure with a wildly-disordered beard shuffled up to the bars and screamed: 'Yngvi is a louse!' and shuffled back again.

"What means he?" Heimdall called out. From the right came a muffled answer: "None knows. He says it every hour. He is mad, as you will be." "Cheerful place," remarked Shea."

L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt:  
THE ROARING TRUMPET. 1940

Harold Shea, 20th Century psychologist, has been playing with The Logical Equations, as De Camp called them in 1940. Thirty years' later, we have retreated half a Yuga and recognise them as Mantras. Arriving in the world of Norse myth, he meets the god Heimdall, and in the course of their adventures, they are captured by fire-giants. Here, de Camp throws in the local colour quoted above. It has no bearing on the plot. A little later, Shea asks Heimdall: "How long have I been asleep?" and is told: "I do not know that. Our fellow-prisoner whodislikes someone called Yngvi ceased his shouting some time since,"

## THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A YNGVI 2

Well, he does shout again later on, but no more is made of it. How odd, then that Yngvi caught the imagination of fandom, and, for years, the catchphrase 'Yngvi is a louse' had no equal. Even today, it is still a hailing-sign among elder fen.

When I began to study Runes, I re-read THE ROARING TRUFFET with new attention, because I found that Yngvi, far from being a creation of deCamp's fertile mind, was a well-known god of the Northern myths. As I should have known, deCamp had thoroughly researched his subject. As another example, the story relates how Shea finds that not only his body, but also his way of thinking, has been translated to a different world. When he tries to write his name, it comes out in Runic script, and deCamp gives the symbols in the text. It is a tribute to his thoroughness that they are accurate. Their source seems to be the early 9th. Century poem, the Abecedarium Nordmanicum.

After a little thought, I found that Yngvi emerged as a god who seems to have been the tribal protector of the particular group of Danes who invaded England and gave it the name of 'England'. The kingdom that they founded, namely Mercia, the Land of the Mark, or Border-land, conquered all others, but in due course met its match. The legend of Yngvi seems to have become the legend of St. George, the protector of England, and I shall try to set out the evidence for this later on. But a point worth noting is the way in which this idea of a protective tribal deity has persisted for many centuries. Another example can be given, namely, that of the image of Britannia on our coins. The familiar figure that used to rule the waves is perhaps best seen on the 1797 "cartwheel" coins of George III: seated with shield and trident, and lapped by the waves, she holds out a twig of something as a three-masted vessel sails away. The symbology is at least as old as the time of Roman Britain. In 184 AD, the Emperor Commodus struck a medallion to mark the defeat of the Picts who had breached the Antonine Wall in what is now Scotland; it shows Britannia seated on a rock. An earlier coin, struck in 154-5 AD, possibly in a British mint, shows Britannia seated in a dejected attitude on a pile of rocks, and is thought to mark a British campaign. There is a striking resemblance to the latest Britannia shown on the 7-sided ten-shilling piece; no ships, no waves, and a rueful countenance. Twiggy in drag!

We see that the 2nd Century eponymous god of Britain was in fact thought to be a goddess, whereas by Mercian times the deity was male. The earlier concept was Celtic, and may have been the goddess Brigid, who has now become St. Bridget. It seems that in our Western islands, the Old Ones never die.

### ING OF ENGLAND

"ING was first seen by men among the East Danes, till, followed by his car, he departed Eastwards over the waves. So the Heardingas named the Hero." (Anglo-Saxon rune-rime)

The Heardingas, so-called by the Anglo-Saxons, were an East Swedish tribe named after a mythical Hadding the Hairy, grandson of Thor who was trained by Odin as a leader of men. The myths say that his tribe fought and overcame the Danes, whose leader was Svindag, son of Egil the Archer.

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A YNGVI 3

So the runc-rime suggests that the East Danes had a god, Swipdag, whom the East Swedes adopted and called Ing, a name current since at least the 1st.Cent. AD, for Tacitus names the Angli as one of the seven Germanic tribes living in S.Denmark and N.Germany, all worshipping Herthus or Mother Earth. The goddess went about the land each year, under a drape in a wagon, led by a priest. These tribes had a Creation legend of a First God, who had three grandsons, after whom the tribes were named: "The one nearest Ocean was the Ingaevones.. Near the Angli was another tribe, the Suevi, later known as the Swabians.They are the people who colonised Sweden, and also, from the 3rd.Century AD, parts of England. Thus we see why an Anglo-Saxon rune called Ing was linked with Sweden and the <sup>H</sup>earthingas.

There are other links: in Sweden,Yngvi or Yngvifrey are names often used for Frey, 'The Lord'. The Swedish royal family were the 'Inglings', the sons or descendants of Frey.

The word ING itself is the most common Anglo-Saxon clan-name, used in conjunction with a real or supposed ancestor. It occurs in more than 10% of English place-names: thus Epping = Eoppa's son or clan.

In 'farthing', --ing occurs in the sense of 'part of'(a fourth part), just as in 'West Riding' it denotes 'the third part'.

The widespread use of this suffix suggests that it enters into the name 'England' in a more significant sense than the common derivation "Angle-land" suggests.

Let's pursue the Angli. The records say that they settled on the East Coast, and that in 582 AD, their king, Cridda, founded Mercia. It was a stubbornly pagan realm. In 685 AD, nearly a century after St. Augustine, its King, Penda, killed the Christian King Edwin of Northumbria in battle, and became paramount. One might think that he chose to mark his victory by naming the land Angle-land, after a pagan god, but, as far as we know, this was first done in 901 AD, after the Christian kingdom of Wessex had beaten Mercia. But we may be fairly sure that England was named after the Angles, and that they were named after Ing.

Leaving out a lot of close reasoning, we can deduce what YNGVI means. Ing was the name of the god who "followed a car", as did the priest of Herthus, goddess of the Angli. He probably represented Frey, known in Sweden as Yngvi. Both Suevi and Angli worshipped Frey and Freya (Lord and Lady). This suggests that Ing meant 'the follower or consort of Freya' and that Yngvi meant 'he who follows Ing'. Thus the priest would have been called Ing, and the Ingaevones were 'the people of Ing's consort', or Frey. Ing as a name for Frey seems to have been current among the Anglian settlers in England, but there is little to show that it survived as a god-name in to later times. Perhaps the eclipse of Mercia by Wessex led to the absorption of Ing into Frey, but this is doubtful. It seems that Ing's only memorial is in the name of England.

There is some evidence that the name of Ing survives in the form of JINGO ...there is a children's game of Jingo-ring that may be connected with it. The word is first recorded about 1670, when the phrase 'Hi Jingo' was used by conjurors when producing something mysteriously. The Scottish 'Jings!' - (?Jesus) is still current, as in the Glasgow newspaper cartoons about 'Oor Wullie'.

## THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A YNGVI 4

One has to let the matter rest. But it is curious that in the 19th. Century there arose the slogan : "We don't want to fight, but by jingo, if we do!", denoting national fervour; for ING was, above all, a tribal patron. In many respects he resembles England's patron saint, St. George:

1. Ing came down from Asgard to help the Danes  
St. George was the patron saint of soldiers in the East.
2. Ing, if he was Svipdag, which seems certain, had the Sword of Victory.  
St. George kills the dragon with a lance, or sword, depending whether he is on foot or on a horse.
3. Svipdag courts a maiden guarded by two fierce hounds.  
St. George rescues a maiden guarded by a dragon.

This dragon story is of fairly late origin. If there were a historical St. George, which is doubtful, he was martyred about 303 AD. But it was not till 1349 that Pope Benedict XIV made him Protector of the Realm of England. If we assume that he was well-known in England before then, the dragon episode may well reflect a pagan myth, and that of Ing/Svipdag is the most likely.

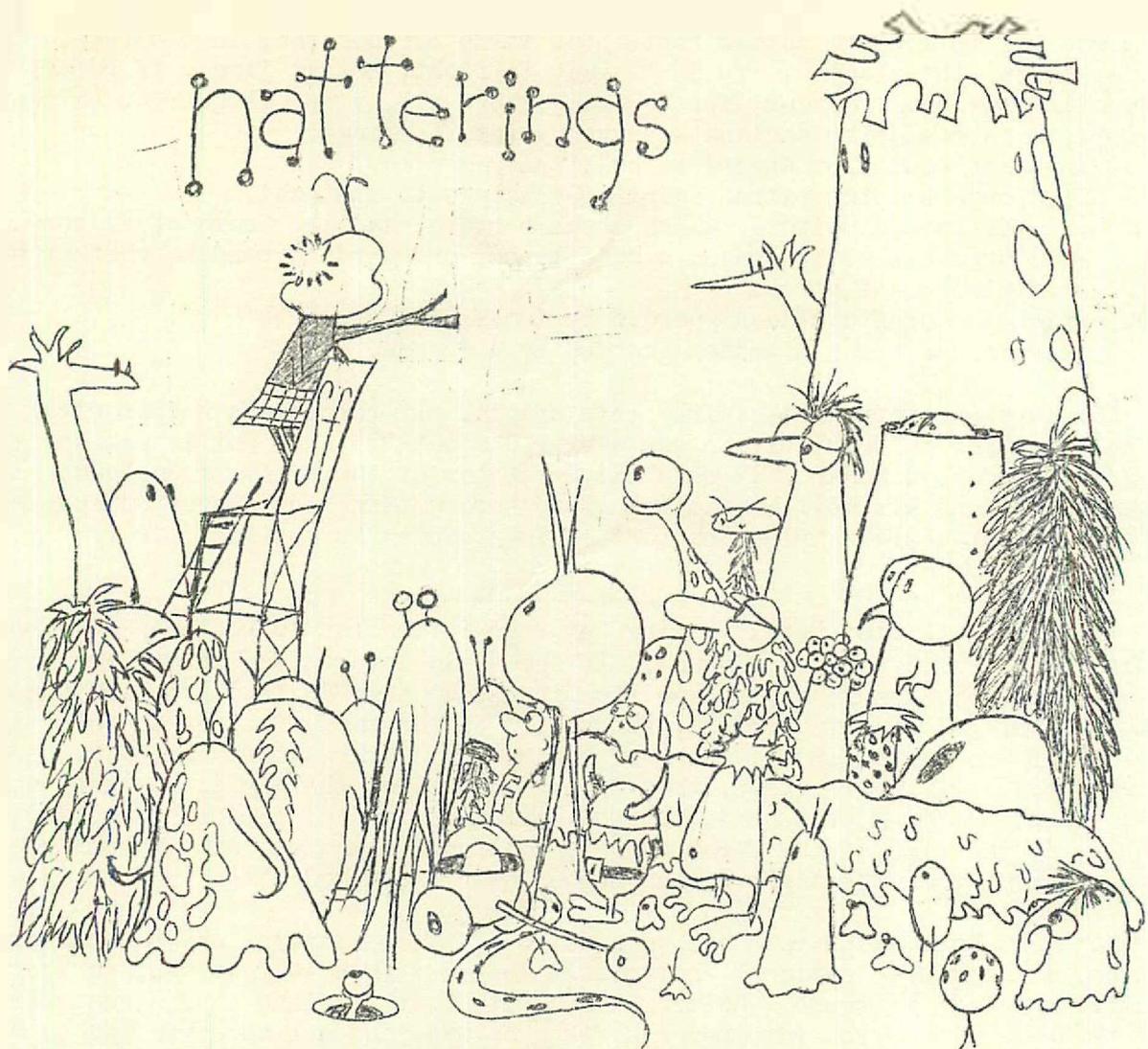
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I am going to stop here, leaving out speculations as to what may have been the magical uses of the ING-rune. If anyone is interested, he can ask. But I think that one can fairly assume from the above that England has been named from the tribal god of the Mercians, the people of the Mark, the Border folk, the pioneers who pushed into a new land and conquered the wilderness. (Pity about the natives!). If we are right, they called themselves the Angli, because they were the people of Frey, the Lord, the god of farming and of riches. Frey, incidentally, is the name of the first rune in the runic alphabet, and it was once said, in mockery, that the Anglo-Saxons named their first god after 'money and wealth'.

Well, we have often been called a nation of shop-keepers, and the pursuit of money is more of a national characteristic today than ever it was; so Frey is still our god, it seems. Nothing wrong with that, so long as one remembers that Frey had a wife, even more powerful than he was, and her name was Gerda. She is the Harvest-Queen, and the moral is: Take what you like, and pay for it at harvest-time.

---

Sid Birchby. 15/9/70



Like Topsy, this issue just grew! I usually try to aim for 24pp because of the postage; but here I've got 24 and still some to do. In addition I have just received in the post another article by andrew offuttin reply to Chetwynd Griffith-Jones. Unfortunately this consists of 24pp and there is a 2pp letter as well. In addition I found a letter from his wife, Jodie. An editorial decision had to be made here..something had to go! So I chose the letter from Jodi. For the article from her husband..you must wait until the next issue.

After 10 faithful years my Gestetner went kaput. In panic I sent for the engineer and was told it would be a repair job of £30! Naturally they assured me that it would be more economical to get a new machine. Well, I had got the first one on hire purchase and figured I might do so again. But they wanted a £54 deposit in addition to the trade-in value of my old machine...and I discovered that the cost had now doubled to the sum of over £200! They brought a new machine along for me to see

## Natterings 2

and it certainly was a beauty..and I sighed after it, I tell you frankly. However, stern reflection of my financial situation made me send for the rep again to give him firm details of what I could afford. So now I am waiting the delivery of a re-conditioned machine at a price that is within reach. Mainly because I threatened the rep that..I'd go back to a flatbed, by god, if he couldn't come up with something reasonable.

The breakdown of the machine caused a bit of panic among my planning. I had just finished (I thought)running off HAVERINGS, and had at hand the stencils for THE LINDSAY TRADER(my catalogue of early Mystery and Detective fiction). In the stissue(old Scots word for muddle);I did not realise that the last two pages of HAVERINGS were among that pile for the TRADER. In some sort of a dream I collated, stapled, addressed, and posted off that issue of HAVERINGS, without ever being aware of my mistake. When I realised what I had done, I held my head and (almost)kicked the cat! When the machine arrives I will run off these stencils ..at least the copies that go to the BSFA have not been posted yet. Then I will thoughtfully mull over whether to rectify the situation or not. A great deal depends on the amount of energy and Dammit, dammit, available in me at the time.

At times like this though, I wonder..should I combine HAVER and SCOT and cut down a bit? Do I bite off more than I can jolly well chew? Should I give up fanning and take up square-dancing instead? Should I say to hell with it and lapse in front of the TV set?

Well, probably not.

Ethel Lindsay

I have just acquired a small bundle of copies of ATOM ABROAD which tells the TAFP tale of ATOM'S visit to the US. This is illustrated with typical ATOM gusto. Available from Ethel Lindsay at the price of \$1 or 40p. A collector's item!

It is now November 3rd. I started running off this issue in October and had it half finished when a phone call to say my Father had been taken ill made me rush off home to Scotland. A week and a day later, my Father died and then I had the melancholy job of closing up my home. It has taken quite a while to get started again and finish this issue; so it is very late. In the end I did run off the missing page of HAVER and will send it with this to everyone who should receive it. This means that some people who do not usually receive SCOT, but only HAVER, will receive them both. It seemed the easiest thing to do.

My Father was a very active man who loved his hobby -- the bowling green. He was 77 and played a game only the day before he was struck down by a cerebral haemorrhage. He thoroughly enjoyed his retirement and was one of the most contented men you would ever meet. He was not afraid of death -- but would have hated to lie an invalid. So there are no reasons why I should sorrow for him...only for myself because I have lost him. They tell me I have his nature. I hope so; in a world so full of discontentment it is a fine thing to meet a contented man.

Ethel.

Haverings 12

schedule I am sure he would be on the HUGO nomination list for Best Writer. With this comes AUSTRALIA IN 75 THE FACTS. Very neat and containing quite a lot--a history of Aussie fandom has added lists of their organisations and fanzines. Very useful if you are interested in supporting their bid or in learning more about this energetically growing segment of fandom.

De Profundis: Nos 42& 43: From: Bill Warren and Craig Miller: Official newsletter of LASFS. It does not give an editorial address this time..but states that the current meeting place of the club is the Palms Recreation Centre, 2950 Overland Ave. Los Angeles. Free to active members..subs are 4 for \$1. Slim but contains quite a lot of news..like all newszines..highly recommended.  
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Summer holidays plays havoc with my fanac. Somewhere back there I seem to have lost the month of June..but all zines received have been commented upon!

HAVERINGs goes on the principal that a fanzine editor would rather have his egoboo late than not at all. Anyway, the time this takes to cross the Atlantic makes the whole thing out of date before it gets posted.

Of course some people get HAVERINGs because they want to find out about a cross-section of fanzines; I have been told that it is helpful to new fans in this way. So special word to them..send for one issue at a time till you know just what is your favourite type!

Ethel Lindsay, 31/August/1971

## Haverings 11

Crompton; and Norton's WITCH WORLD stories have a comprehensive review. But it is sad to see another plea for communication from the members..the never-ending plea from the committee.

Priscvs Ordo Seclorum:MCMXXI:From:John Boardman,234 E.19th St.Brooklyn,New York.11226. The Society for Creative Anachronism is the fount of this one; you must be interested in medieval times to enjoy it.

Three Times a Night with matinees on Saturday and Sunday:From:Grald Bishop, 10 Marlborough Rd.Exeter,EX2 4TJ. Long title..4pp.He had been busy gathering information for the catalogue of the National Book League SF Exhibition.Then in breathless fashion he goes on to tell of his Eastercon visit. A sort of news-letter for his freinds and he pecks in a great deal.

The Skyrack Newsletter:No 96:From:Ron Bennett while he was over here.No use quoting the address, he'll be back in Belgium by the time this comes out!He had a co-editor this time in Terry Jeeves. Nice to see the old newsy pages again..and it is combined with a fanzine sale of 2pp. Comparing the prices can be very humbling to the ego.

Checkpoint:Nos 6&7:From:as before. This British newszine improves and solidifies with every issue. I am very pleased to see that at last Britain has a newszine coming out regularly and filled with up-to-date news. We need no longer sigh after SKYRACK - for its successor is here.Highly recommended.

Locus:Nos 88 & 89:From:Charlie and Dana Brown,2078 Anthony Ave.Bronx,New York 10457.13/\$3. 10 for \$3/50 in Europe. The best American newszine and invaluable to all SF fans. This not only gives the TAFF winner but breaks the totals down into American and European on the three ballots. Makes very interesting reading; I think this must be the first time that the European voters have out-numbered the American! Highly recommended.

Focal Point:Nos Vol.2:No 30 and Vol.3:No 1:From:Arnie Katz,Apt 6B,59 Livingstone St.Brooklyn,New York.11201:3/\$1 or trade etc. In the first Harry Warner continues with his column ALL OUR YESTERDAYS by writing about fanzine indexes; and is very dubious that we will ever see another one published. Arnie writes about the Lunacon and Terry Carr also has an amusing con report.The Second FC is where Arnie bares his heart and admits that in FC there is a genzine"kicking to get out". He then turns out an admirable one...starting with a good cover. FC now goes monthly and drops the attempt to be a newszine. I enjoyed the report of our Eastercon by John Berry;and Terry Carr telling of his time as a juror.Arnie tackles the zine reviews in-depth fashion..and for once this does not mean that the same handful are chosen. Interesting zine and well worth getting.

Philosophical Gas:No 6:From John Bangsund,GFC Box 4946 Melbourne 3001,Australia. Very much a personal zine for members of ANZAPA and some others.John never lives a quiet life, seems like, and I enjoy hearing what he is doing especially as he always writes well. If he would just settle down to a regular