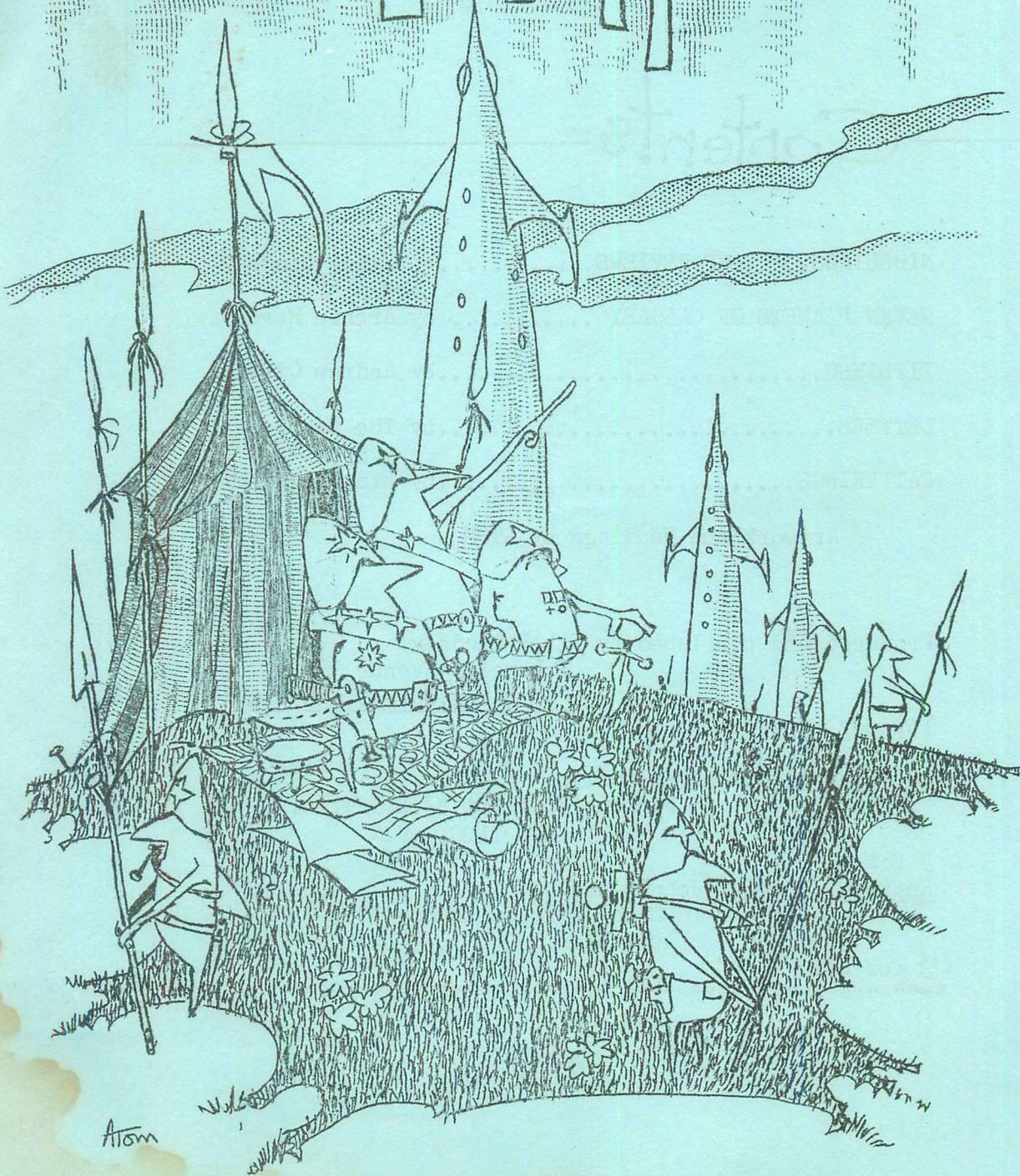


Scottische



Atom

Scottish SF 61

Contents

NIBBLINGS.....SF REVIEWS.....by Ethel Lindsay
SEVEN PLANETS OF CALGARYby Archie Mercer
FITBAWSF.....by Andrew Offutt
LETTERS.....by The Readers
NATTERINGS.....by Ethel Lindsay

Artwork and Headings by ATOM

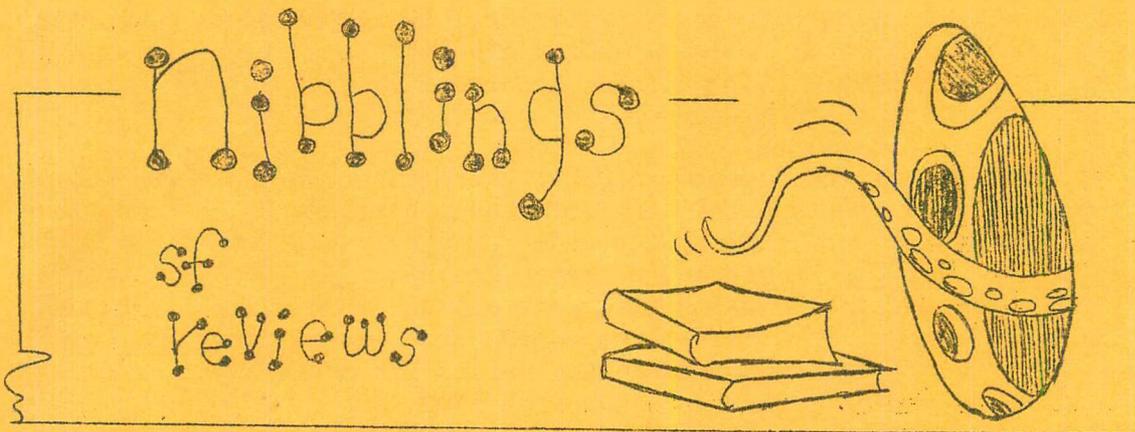
Produced and published by Ethel Lindsay
6 Langley Avenue
Surbiton.Surrey.KT6 6QL

15p per copy

American Agent: Andrew Porter
55 Pineapple St.Apt.3J.Brooklyn.
New York. NY 11201 USA

3 for \$1
Australian Agent: John Bangsund,
GPO Box 4946,Melbourne 3001
Australia

3 for A\$1



THE MAN IN THE MOONE: An anthology of antique science fiction and fantasy edited by Faith K. Pizor & T. Allan Comp. With an introduction by Isaac Asimov. Sidgwick & Jackson. £2.50

In his introduction Asimov gives a history of man's ideas about the moon and explains that this is a selection of writings "after Galileo and before Jules Verne". He says that "It's fascination to those who today are interested in science fiction, should be analogous to the fascination that primitive cultures hold for those interested in psychology and sociology". It is a handsome volume with a series of fascinating engravings--such as the one which shows Captain Samuel Brunt on his way to the moon which is the first published aerial illustration of the 18th century showing an animal-drawn vehicle. THE MAN IN THE MOONE by Francis Godwin was published in 1633..and the author's idea that prestige among the "lunars" is governed by height is an intriguing one. From Cyrano de Bergerac's THE COMICAL HISTORY OF THE STATES AND EMPIRES OF THE MOON..1656..there is amusement right up to the return where the hero complains that as he reaches Earth the "Brimstone from Vesuvius incommoded me so much that I fainted away upon it". 1751 sees the author Ralph Morris describing how Jacob builds a flying machine..wood, iron and a pump! Edgar Allan Poe is represented by HANS PHAALL(1835) This time the vehicle is a balloon; but some of the scientific facts are good. The editors tell us that Poe read greatly from GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES LATELY MADE BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE(1835)which is the next excerpt.It is believed to be the work of Richard Adams Locke, a newspaper reporter and the articles first appeared in a newspaper called the SUN as if they were factual and not fiction. The story of this publication is fascinating enough in itself; but the supposed discoveries by telescope show a fertile imagination at work. THE GREAT STEAM DUCK is another story with a history behind it for it was written by a member of the Louisville Literary Brass Band to throw ridicule at a plan to build a flying machine in the shape of an American eagle. There is a wondrous engraving showing the duck with chimneys above emitting steam and a stream of steam from the rear! There is also a warning bell around the neck so that hunters will not shoot it by mistake! A fitting end to a perfectly marvellous and entertaining book.

Nibblings 2

CATSEYE by Andre Norton. Ace Paperbacks. 09266/75¢. This features one of Norton's young heroes caught up in a Galactic war. Troy has to take what work he can get and finds it in a pet shop. This may seem innocuous enough--but he finds there is something very strange about some of the pets and this plunges him into adventure. Pace well sustained

STARBORN by Andre Norton. Ace Paperbacks. 78011/75¢. Another Norton space adventure told with all her usual panache. This one involves a starship which finds that the planet Astra has an Earth colony descended from refugees from Earth.

THE WARLORD OF THE AIRSHIP by Michael Moorcock. Ace Special 87060/75¢. A man from 1903 finds himself in 1973--and a strange sort of 1973 which has had no wars since 1910..in short an alternate time-line from our own. Interest well maintained, with a satisfying amount of puzzlement. I liked the style, consistent and very much as it would be used by a man from 1902.

THE SECRET OF THE TIME VAULT. Perry Rhodan series No 6 by Clark Darlton. Perry faces danger from a reptilian race; but there is the addition to the usual space adventure..a column about sf films by F.J. Akerman and a letter column.

FORTRESS OF THE SIX MOONS. Perry Rhodan series No 7 by K.H. Scheer. Perry is still having trouble with the reptilian race in this one..and again Perry has a column SCIENTIFILM WORLD..and more letters!

SARGASSO OF SPACE by Andre Norton. Ace 74981/75¢. Dale Thorson, apprentice cargo-master is assigned to the SOLAR QUEEN..and soon is watching his ship buy a planet..sight unseen. It is called LIMBO and soon they are off to see what it holds in store for them. Well told adventure, sure to please.

PEOPLE MACHINES by Jack Williamson. Ace/75¢. 9 Short stories which starts with STAR BRIGHT which is the story of a harassed husband who wished on a star to work miracles--and becomes even more harassed! Good varied selection

PROJECT JOVE by John Glasby and THE HUNTERS OF JUNDAGAI by Kenneth Bulmer. Ace Double. 68310/75¢. In PROJECT JOVE men have been working at the project for 6 years. They are dismayed to be visited by a Senator who is convinced that something wrong is going on. The half by Bulmer is much more lively and entertaining as we follow Cy Yancey through a Portal into another dimension and watch his attempts to get back home again. He has the company of a pair of Porteurs..Zelda and Jorine..a lively pair who alternately delight and exasperate him.

GATHER IN THE HALL OF THE PLANETS by K.M. O'Donnell and IN THE POCKET AND OTHER SF..also by O'Donnell. Ace Double. 27415/75¢. In the first half with tongue firmly in cheek, the author has as his protagonist an SF author called Kvass who is visited by aliens who tell him that an alien disguised as a human will attend the 1974 World SF Convention and that, unless he guesses who it is the aliens will decide humanity is stupid and Take Over! I didn't enjoy the other side so much which is a collection of short stories.

HUMANITY PRIME by Bruce McAllister. Ace Special. 34900/95¢. This tells of a planet inhabited by mutated humans and what happens to one called "fish-singer" when he encounters an enemy from mankind's past. Vivid story of a very unusual environment.

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF SF: Edited and with an Introduction and Notes by Robert Silverberg. Ballantine Books. 35¢. GIANT KILLER by A. Bertram Chandler is one of our SF classics. The story of the rats who mutated on board a spaceship is told from the viewpoint of one of them--a story that really bears re-reading.

Nibblings 3

TWO DOOMS by Kornbluth (his last completed work) shows a scientist who has the chance to see a future with the aftermath of atomic war..gloomy of course. TELEK by Jack Vance is another SF classic which takes the theme of supermen who soar too far beyond mankind. These are the best among the collection, although it finishes by a gem from Roger Zelazny called THE GRAVEYARD HEART, which makes you think that eternal life might not always be a blessing.

ALPHA 1: Edited by Robert Silverberg. Ballantine Books. 35p: 14 stories chosen to give a wide variety. Starts with Aldiss' POOR LITTLE WARRIOR which is a real horror, if you like horror..and ends with Ballard's TERMINAL BEACH.. and you may like that kind of thing too. Fairly downbeat in mood most of them---for dipping into.

LILITH by George MacDonald. Ballantine Books. 40p: In Lin Carter's introduction we are told that MacDonald was a retired Scots minister; and that his tale of adult fantasy was published in 1858. The hero finds a mirror in his old house through which he enters a strange land that has a dream-like quality. Finely told

PHANTASTES by George MacDonald. Ballantine Books. 40p: Carter categorises these two novels as "dream-romances", but PHANTASTES is more so than LILITH, I think. At all events both are strongly influenced by MacDonald's natural piety and yet both are strong and sure in their handling of the way we dream and the nature of dreams.

THE FOREST OF FOREVER by Thomas Burnett Swann. Ace Books 24650/60¢: This is also fantasy..but set in pre-history and with a sense of humour much lacking in most fantasy authors. Still, it does end gloomily and the author hastens to add that things are happier in the sequel. This one is mainly about the last minotaur and is told by a dryad.

SOLAR LOTTERY by Philip K. Dick. Arrow Books. 30p: In this future Dick foresees positions of power held by the throw of a lottery. We watch this future society through the eyes of Ted who suddenly finds himself close to one powerful man..Quizmaster Verrick. From there he finds out that there are lotteries and lotteries. Rather complicated in spots and my attention wavered towards the end.

PHOENIX by Richard Cowper: Ballantine Books. 30p: Bard is 18 and a rebel in the 24th century. He chooses to enter the Caves of Sleep till he reaches the age of 21. He wakes up to find this plan has miscarried..by thousands of years and man has been beaten back to a very rough and ready culture. I enjoyed this one..characters and situations have a realistic flavour.

BREAKTHROUGH by Richard Cowper. Ballantine Books. 30p: An unusual book..it takes the subjects of E.S.P. and gives it a new twist. When Jimmy Haverill curiously takes an E.S.P. test strange things begin to happen to him and around him. One keeps on reading in an effort to solve the puzzle..but the author becomes a bit hazy when it comes to details. A bit tantalising.

CHILDREN OF TOMORROW by A.E. Van Vogt. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.75: A new novel by this author is bound to command attention. This studies the problem of the city of Spaceport where the menfolk are away on 10-year missions. This leaves the children fatherless so that Commander Lane returns to find that his child is a member of an 'outfit' - and that the children have produced their own organisations and rules. One might quarrel with some of the conclusions here--which, of course, makes it even more interesting!

Nibblings 4

I have received THE WALKER WATCHWORD which is put out by Walker & Co. 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011. It gives details of the SF they have in print and also SF to come. Apart from this there is a good article by Sam Moskowitz on SF AND FILMS. Should you wish to be on the mailing list - write and ask.

I also received from Victor Gollancz Ltd, 14 Henrietta St. London WC2E 8QJ their catalogue of new books for Spring '72. Again there is a list of SF in print and forthcoming books look great. Wish I could afford to buy them all! An accompanying letter says they intend to widen their list of people who will receive these catalogues. Again, write if you are interested.

THE JAGGED ORBIT by John Brunner. Arrow Books. 50p.

If you liked that Hugo-winner, STAND ON ZANZIBAR, then you will also like this one, for much the same technique is used here. However the story line appears to me more compact. The year is 2014 and the action takes place in America which is sharply divided into black and white, although this state of almost warfare between colours is also taking place all over the world. In the foreground is Flamen who has made his living exposing corruption and fears he will no longer be wanted as people become so accustomed to the things he would expose. Another central character is Lyla who is a seer of the type known as pythonesse. The background is a world where people buy more and more stronger personal weapons to defend themselves - where the emphasis is all on the individual - and where the only logical ending of the escalating weaponry can only be the destruction of the world. When, with the latest weapon one man can destroy a city, there can only be one outcome. However the solution to this problem makes a very readable book which carries you along with the desire to know what happens next.

CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON by Philip K. Dick. ACE 11036/75¢.

The clans are the survivors of a hospital moon which had been left whilst a war between Earth and Alphane raged. Now Earth has decided to get in touch with the survivors - and the person chosen to go is Dr Mary Rittersdorf who is a psychiatrist. For this had been a hospital moon for mental patients. The clans are the Pares, always suspicious, the Manses who love violence, the Skitzes, the Heebes, the Polys, and the Ob-Coms. Interest first centres on the clans as I tried to figure out what their original maladies were! But there is also Mary and her estranged husband who bring their own personal battle to the moon. Dick here is entertaining and original as always.

GUARDIANS OF THE GATE by Louis and Jacquelyn Trimble. ACE 30590/75¢

More fantasy than SF this one. Action takes place on a planet on which two powers contend, one good, one evil. Teron finds that he is a key part of the conflict and we watch the action through his eyes. Not my particular style, but one for the pure fantasy lovers.

SHADOW HAWK by Andre Norton. ACE 75991/75¢

An engrossing adventure tale in the days of about 1590 BC when the Egyptians were fighting for their freedom from Hyksos invaders. The first thing I learnt from this well-researched book was that it was the Hyksos who invented the wheeled chariot. Rahotep, the Shadow Hawk, with his use of archers helps in the fight to win back his land. Plenty battles and court intrigue.

Nibblings 5

HIGHWOOD by Neal Barrett, Jr. and ANNIHILATION FACTOR by Barrington J. Bayley
ACE DOUBLE. 33710/95¢

HIGHWOOD is the story of a planet called SEQUOIA, in which the inhabitants live in giant trees. Kearney is a female sociologist sent to make a report and she meets the Resident Agent and finds him very unhelpful. The Lemmings live in trees, he tells her, the males on one side of the Line and the females on the other and they don't like each other much! Considering the events that follow it certainly is a rather over-simplified statement. The puzzle of why this state of affairs arose on the planet keeps the reader going. ANNIHILATION FACTOR has a space empire being menaced by a Patch which, as it passes over an inhabited world, kills all life. Jundrak is the protagonist who tries to keep his feet in slippery and dangerous conditions among warring factions who still have the Patch to face.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. 17th Series. Edited by Edward L. Ferman
ACE 05456/95¢

13 selections, and in the kind of mixture that has made this magazine popular for 17 years. There is the weird style in CYPRIAN'S ROOM by Monica Sterba; and the slightly horrific in OUT OF TIME, OUT OF PLACE by George Collyn. I thought the most amusing was by Brian Aldiss with his story of the babies who all refused to be born!

A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS by David Lindsay. Ballantine Books. 40p

The fantasy series by Ballantine comes with some lovely cover illustrations and this one is no exception. I wonder why they do not give the artist's name. This is the story of Maskull who is transported to the Arcturan planet and there encounters a series of weird happenings. Like all adult fantasy, one can interpret the symbols in various ways, or one can be puzzled by them. At all events the writing is excellent and dreamlike in quality.

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES by William Morris. Ballantine Books. 40p

A fine introduction by Lin Carter who reminds us again that it was Morris who invented the fantasy world. In this one Birdalone adventures through the kind of medieval romance which allows rich imagery, fair ladies, and wondrous doings.

100 YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION: BOOK ONE. Edited by Damon Knight. Pan Books. 30p

In this Knight uses three headings. WORLDS OF TOMORROW. ALIENS, ON EARTH AND ELSEWHERE. OTHER DIMENSIONS. To mention the ones I liked best in each I would choose SANITY by Fritz Leiber in the first lot as having a very ingenious twist. Theodore Sturgeon's THE OTHER CELIA is filled with his usual humane and slightly sad vision. Lastly, in the third section I'd choose A SUBWAY NAMED MOBIUS by A. J. DEUTSCH as the idea of a lost train is one I find quite fascinating.

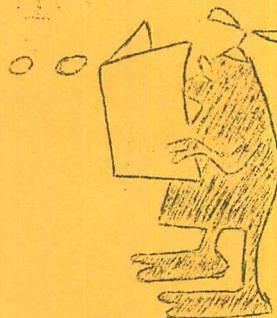
100 YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION: BOOK TWO. Edited by Damon Knight. Pan Books. 30p

Again three headings. From MUTANTS AND MONSTERS I choose that classic story THE MINDWORM by Kornbluth. From MARVELLOUS INVENTIONS I'd pick THE INGENIOUS PATRIOT by Ambrose Bierce, it's the shortest and the funniest. THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE holds no problem, Arthur C. Clarke's THE NINE BILLION NAMES OF GOD is not only the best story in this section, I think it is the best in the book.

Ethel Lindsay

Subscribe today

to



ALGOL: INTERNATIONAL

ALGOL is edited and published irregularly by
Andrew Porter,
55 Pineapple Street, Apt. 3J, Brooklyn
New York. NY 11201 USA

Contributors have been: Robert A.W. Lowndes; Robert Bloch; Dick
Lupoff; Greg Benford; John Bangsund; Ted White, and many more

Artwork from Vaughn Bode, Stephen Fabian, Steve Stiles, Rotsler etc

75¢ per copy or \$3.00 for 4 issues

Australian Agent: John Bangsund, GPO Box 4946, Melbourne. 3001
A75¢ per copy or 4 for A\$2.80

British Agent: Ethel Lindsay
30p per copy or 4 for £1.25

ALGOL is a product of the Lindsay/Porter/Bangsund Co-Prosperity Sphere.

The Seven Planets of Calgary

I was tearing up some old correspondence recently - the raw material of fannish history doomed for the dustbin no less - when I came upon a small file of letters to and from a certain Eric Erickson of Calgary, Alberta. This reminded me that I had often considered writing up the history of my brush with this character. So I looked out the RAPIER file from my fanzine collection, and this article is the result. It all started with RAPIER No 3. This helps to set the scene by having the postmark and address on the back cover. Calgary, Alberta, Canada, the postmark reads, and 25:VII:7PM:1957. At the time two fans were understood to be living in the vicinity. One was Georgina Ellis, long since married and moved albeit still fanning. The other was Bob Shaw of Belfast who was working there at the time. Precisely what connection either of these may have had with RAPIER and its singular perpetrator has never, to my knowledge, been revealed. Though sometimes I wonder.....

by

archie
Mercer

The Seven Planets of Calgary:2

RAPIER 3 comprised nine sides of botchily-duplicated text. To begin with, it had the appearance of a small personal fanzine, with editor Erickson nattering on about what he thought of fandom. After a couple of pages the subject gradually veered towards the lunatic fringe. March 17th 1958, we were told, was a date to watch for, when Something Would Happen. This Something involved both religion and ufology: Jesus was described as "an Orionian Prince"(RAPIER'S caps). And there was the somewhat peculiar statement that "agnostics and atheists(have not)rejected God. They've only rejected the Great Spook of the Apostolics".

Having, in those days, nothing better to do, I wrote him a letter of comment - dated 11th August 1957. RAPIER 3 had seemed somewhat fuggheaded, and I told him so. "However," I went on, "it has the saving grace that it's fuggheaded in such an interesting way." Regarding March 17th, I took the angle that one had heard such prophesies only too often, and that the onus was on him to prove that he was on to something different.

Eric Erickson's reply to this was prompt, comprising under common cover RAPIER No 4 and a handwritten reply, dated August 18th, to my letter. In this, he neatly returned the compliment by saying that I managed to call him fugg-headed in an interesting way. Since nobody was being asked to take any specific action until March 17th, he claimed, he had no need to prove anything. Events, when the time came, would prove themselves. He skated round giving a coherent reply to my querying of his odd remark about atheists, carried on about Biblical extra-terrestrials and "the civilization of the Seven planets of Orion", and finished the letter with a "tempt" about Good People getting the highest positions under the (Orionian-sponsored)New Order-to-be.

RAPIER 4, undated, comprised only 3 duplicated sides, with the material getting distinctly wilder. Erickson was busily assembling a government for both terrestrial and inter-stellar purposes - only it would consist of leaders rather than masters, because under the New Order all men would be free and would accept advice but not commands. The millennium, he would have us believe, was at hand, including a maximum 12-hour working week. RAPIER No 5 was due to appear no longer as RAPIER but under "its proper name". And we were still to watch grimly for the 17th of March 1958.

On 4th September 1957 I wrote again, this time inflicting my own handwriting on him. (I don't know why: possibly my typewriter was undergoing repairs or something, and fanac had to continue regardless.) I continued the argument, asking him to specify why that particular date, and why that particular constellation.

Neither RAPIER No 5, not the letter(again handwritten)that accompanied it bears a date - except the inevitable forward glance to March 17th, of course. RAPIER was still the name, one will notice, although editor Erickson had marginally annotated my copy to the effect that the real name was to be MANISM. (Or possibly MONISM? His writing's no better than my own) March 17th, we were now told, was to be the date of a Communist take-over of the U.S.A. The (Orion-inspired)millennium, however, would not be far behind! The accompanying letter seemed just a trifle disappointed in me - peeved, even. He continued to argue hard, though, while simply not accepting various of my points.

The Seven Planets of Calgary:3

My "why" queries concerning his date and his constellation he found irrelevant: they were March 17th and Orion because they were, and that was that.

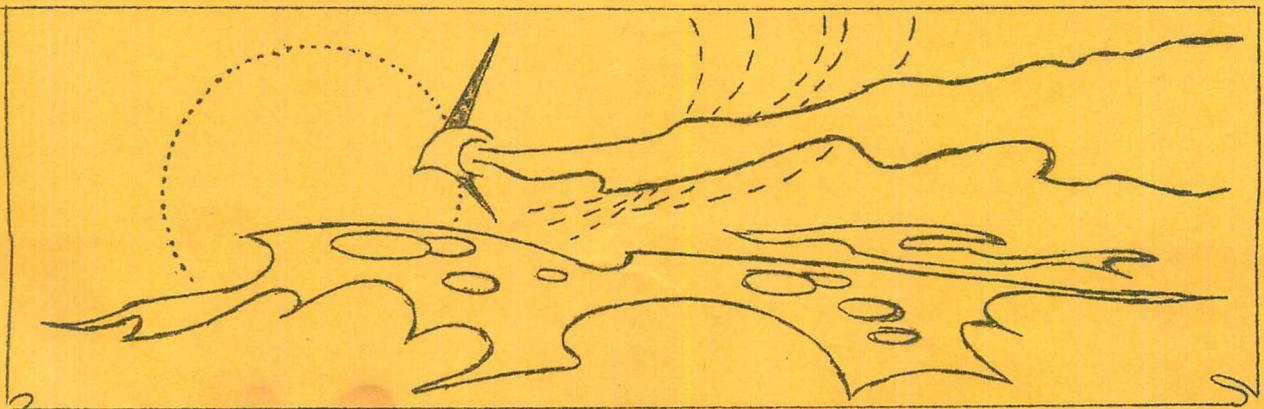
On the 10th October (still 1957) I wrote one last time - on the typewriter again. "Talk about dubious semantics", I said "-it's the 17th March because it's the 17th of March." That's no answer. A specimen answer might be; it's the 17th of March because the Orion fleet already on its way is due to arrive then, provided they haven't been intercepted by the task force from Wolf 359 first. Not simply why? Because. I continued: "And as for my 'why Orion?' question, you with your magnificent grasp of political strategy should automatically have realised that it wasn't the REAL question. The REAL question being of course; What part of Orion? Orion's a big place, you know. Bigger than Calgary, and even North Hykeham." The latter being the place where I was living at the time.

Sarcastic I could be, you may observe. In similar vein I demolished most of his arguments to my own satisfaction, before mentioning that RAPIER 5 had gone just too far for me to stomach, and that I was not interested in continuing the correspondance or in seeing future issues. "If you feel impelled to have the last word," I told him, "you can answer this if you want to - but I'll guarantee not to reply. And then I can get on with the serious business of trufannish activity. Wish you were there. There are, if you like," I concluded, "certain things which it was never meant for mankind to know. And one of these things is Eric Erickson. See you in the slave-pits of Wolf 359."

And that was the end of that. Just one thing was missing in order to produce a neat ending though, so for the hell of it I did keep my eye on the 17th March. And something did happen. Something that with an ounce of thought I could have predicted for myself - and which nevertheless took me thoroughly by surprise when it occurred.

The date was that of St. Patricks's day.

Archie Mercer.



FITBANSF

andrew
Offutt

This is an article written as a followup to my previous article entitled Fandom Is Just a Goddam Shuck. FITBANSF stands for Fandom Is The Best Thing About Writing SF. One hopes that those who shrieked most loudly in response to the previous article have now had time to read to the end, and see what I said there. I said, clearly, that fandom's a place with some regrettable slimies and a lot of good people, and that I wanted to be counted part of it. I was a fan long before I began selling what I wrote. Every incidence in that article was true; they all happened at this con or another.

Nor has any of the ghastly stuff stopped. At Midwestcon--a few weeks ago I entered a room, weary from having spent two hours standing in a hallway talking and signing books. I was weary of standing; talking and signing things is where I'm AT. I sat down at a table at which sat six other fans. Across from me sat a person named Fred. I sat there in the corner, being unobtrusive, watching people while smoking a cigarette, Fred looked over and, without preamble or smile, said: "Offutt! I've just read you new book, EVIL IS--whatever." I smiled, nodding. I knew he was pretending to have forgot the title, but no matter, I said: "Yes, don't worry about the rest of it; it was'nt my title anyhow and I don't care for it." He nodded, this Fred. "Well," he said, "I read it." --"Good," I said grinning. "Did you buy it?" (Only an idiot asks "did you like it" of someone who's read his book. I bare my guts in fanzines and in some of my fiction, and as you people now know the reaction of some is to reach in and grab a handful. But I do not hold out my pulsing heart on my palm. "Did you buy it?" is a good thing to say, grinningly; the other party usually laughs, put a bit at ease and having got a friendly response, and says yes, and I thank him on behalf of my four offuttspring and their dentists, and he chuckles, each of us knowing the other is OK and we can now converse, comfortably.)

"Yes I did," Fred said. "I paid six bits for the damned thing. And I read every damned page of it. Every word. Tell me," he said, raising his voice a bit and rolling his eyes sidwise a bit to be certain the female he was wearing heard him, "were you serious? It's AWFUL." I am a naive country boy, I fear, and thought he was kidding. But having delivered himself of this gratuitous cleated kick into my crotch, he turned away to resume talking with the woman beside him. He'd got rid of his aggressions and hopefully he and she made out with whatever he planned for her.

Offutt 2

I sat there bleeding. No one else said anything, but remained sitting in shocked silence, afraid to look at me. I bled, and I thought: I've been called a nicer Ellison, and I wish I weren't; Ellison would lunge across the table and give this creature what he deserves. But I could not. All I was capable of doing was sit there and think about what his parents must be like, that he was so incredibly rude and callous and so full of hostility and with so little concept of what being human is. God, what upbringing! Not liking a book is one thing; anger is one thing; meanness is another. Verbal thrusts are unfortunate but they exist, and so do those on paper. But... gratuitous violence is --inexcusable. There MUST be provocation. As I provoked some of your readers in my article, for instance, although I dare say I know more about both me and fans over here than they.

I thought about his inner needs, his attention needs and the methods he feels necessary to resort to. Poor baby, I thought, and having empathized, I was unable to slash back. I arose and slunk away, out to poolside. There I found a chair among strangers. Two or three people and I conversed in the dark. We had a long talk, mainly about the fact that there are arrogant writers and there are those who are not; that there are absolute rude and callous turds in all walks of life, and many of them seem to find shelter in the microcosm of SF. Writers with tiny egos build them by being arrogant or worse; non-writers build theirs by ripping at writers. I did not mention Fred. His problems were so obvious that I did not feel it fair to add to them. And I was already coming back, stomach settling (beer helps!) knowing that I was bigger than he, for which thank all who have influenced me.

I am sorry to have run on at length, but I really hope you will find space for me this time, and I want to add this: although apparently I come on old, I am very much not, and there's a sign above my typewriter: "CHILDREN COME IN ALL AGES. They do. Adults though, come few and far between, and some are quite young in terms of how long they have occupied this planet. Perhaps one mark of maturity, as opposed to age, is this: restraint. Children respond with knee-jerk viciousness to anything that bugs them. Adults think and empathize. NOT turn the other cheek; just think analytically about the shriekers and their hostilities and problems. I think that's a writer's business.

Should I write about all the marvellous people I have met through SF, at cons? Should I say openly that it is the very best part of writing in this particular genre, where we all get together in the total uniqueness of fanzines and cons? Should I say that "con-friends" are a wonderful blessing and experience, and that they are what cons are all about to me, the joy of the whole thing? Should I do that, in a later article? Should I point out that the power of a negative so greatly, evilly transcends that of a positive that one forgets ten friends, or ten sets of kudos, in the face of one who attacks or seems to want to be an enemy?

Offutt 3

I don't know. Gosh, it would be dull, wouldn't it? Meanwhile, I have this thing about your country, Tucker introduces me each year at Midwestcon as "Sir Andrew Offutt," I suppose partially because of my gentleness---at least in that I do not INITIATE attacks. Anyhow though: CHETWYND GRIFFITH-JONES, you are most clever, and I enjoyed your article. It is highly possible that you could, as you indicate, give me some pointers about the language and its use so as to improve my writing; it's true one polishes rather more what one is paid for. I am enamoured of your name, and will most certainly use someone named Chetwynd and someone named Griffith-Jones in a future story. Malcolm Edwards, Terry Jeeves, Mary Legg, Joe Patrizio, Archie Mercer: Peace, the peace of fandom be upon you, and we must meet and talk a bit some time when at last we get over there to the country of my favourite writers Brunner and White and Compton and others.

Now as to Roger Waddington and Brian Robinson: ah now, these are obviously perceptive geniuses, and I love you both, and I bet we'll have fun knocking back one or three some day!

andrew offutt

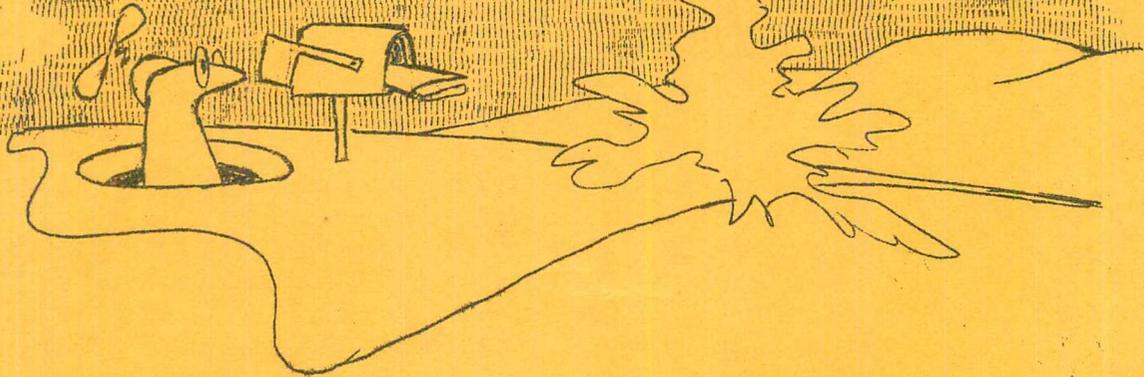
A few news items...

EUROCON 1: Trieste 12-16th July. 1972. Attending membership is \$7 and Supporting membership is \$4. Write to Eurocon 1 c/o CCSF, Casella Postale 423, 30100, Venezia, Italy. GOH for Britain is John Brunner. Closing dates for the Awards is now 3rd April and votes can be taken at the Chessmancon. The 30th World SF Convention will be held in Los Angeles 1st-4th September. Address is: L.A. Con, Box 1, Santa Monica, Calif. 90406. \$8 attending membership \$6 supporting membership. GOH Frederik Pohl. Fan GOH - Robert & Juanita Coulson. The 31st World SF Convention will be held in Toronto, Canada. Peter Weston as British Agents is selling memberships for 51.20. Peter hopes if enough British fans join, to investigate the possibility of some reduced-fare package trip. For more details write Peter at 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, Birmingham, 30.

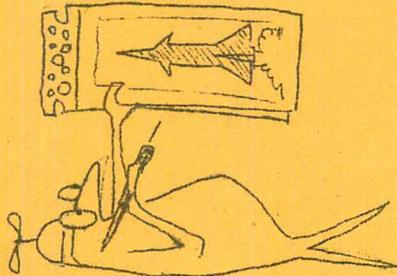
THE KEN MCINTYRE MEMORIAL AWARD is for artwork presented in Britain. The artwork must have appeared in an amateur publication during the twelve months January to December 1971. Further details from Roger Peyton, 131 Gillhurst Rd, Harborne, Birmingham B17 3PG. And see enclosed leaflet.

From John Bangsund comes the announcement that SCYTHROP has been discontinued with issue no 25. Current SCYTHROP subscribers will receive editions of his BUNDALOHN QUARTERLY instead.

Letters



Harry Warner
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown
Maryland 21740.USA



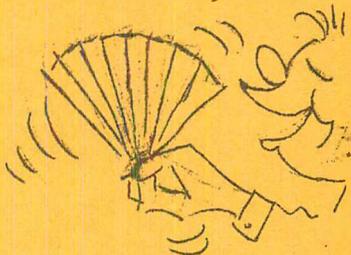
"The illustrations continue to amaze me. I assume you ship off the stencils to Art after cutting the text and leaving spaces for illustrations. On Christmas Eve I saw on television a satellite-transmitted mass in the Sistine Chapel, the camera focused frequently on the ceiling where Michaelangelo had been doing his thing, and I couldn't feel properly awed because I kept thinking that it was much easier to fill up all that space than it is for ATOM to create relevant and amusing postage-stamp pictures on stencils which will be ruined if he makes too many mistakes...I always assumed that Yngvi was

the name of an ordinary human who had been named for the god, just as some boys in Latin-American nations are named Jesus. Sid Birchby's article is intensely interesting though, and I can even imagine a piece of fan fiction which explains how "Yngvi is a louse" became a common cry in fandom because the god was using fandom in a belated effort to recover his former powers.

Letters 2

Derek Pickles

5 Hallbank Drv.
Bankfoot
Bradford BD5 8JE



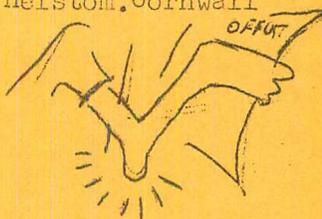
"Thank you for the packet of fanzines. What's happened to fandom and fanzines? It's so serious I seem to remember that fanning was fun, these mags all read like members of the Cosmic Circle with Claude Degler running things. Erudite articles, all of which read like college papers, and probably are. I remember writing this kind of pretentious rubbish when I was at college. In fact I wrote a paper on Tolkien in 1964. As for VECTOR, -25p- they MUST be joking! Imagine spending good money PRINTING covers or off-setting typescript to produce boredom. YANBRO I liked the editors came through to me though its

parochially American with its long discussions of obscure mid-Western politicians. I like the long rambling editorial. Sorry for the note of disillusion but I feel like this after reading these mags-they make my PHANTASMAGORIA seem like a lighthouse in a sea of darkness, and it certainly wasn't that when I published it - look at the competition I had then."

Derek is an old-time fan who wanted to see what was happening these days ..his reaction is interesting..hm?

Archie Mercer

21 Trenethick Parc
Helston, Cornwall

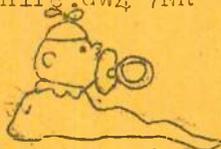


"Oh-so-(according to Ted Tubb) your Kentucky correspondent's article was supposed to be amusing, was it? You could, as the saying goes, have fooled me, but as the saying also says, humour is a funny thing. However, his wife redeems the family name by writing a genuinely humorous letter. Regarding Yngvi, hooray! Sid still comes up with something good when he sets his mind to it. Should have been maybe ten times as long, of course, for better effect. Trouble is, though that territory is where my interests lie, it's difficult

if not impossible to find a tooth-hold in all that awe-inspiring scholarship to argue with."***I gather from Stateside remarks that the Offutt article was meant to be humorous..it's nice to know these things!***

Eric Bentcliffe

17 Riverside Cresc
Holmes Chapel
Cheshire, GW4 7NR

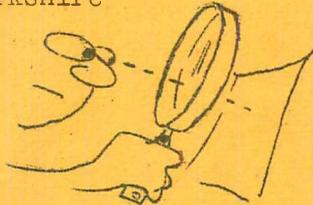


"An 'ALL OUR YESTERDAYS' of British Fandom sounds like a good idea..but frankly I doubt that anyone amongst the younger fen could write it and doubt even more if any of the older fen could be objective enough to do so without dispelling that fine aura that hangs over 7th and 8th fandoms in retrospect. They were, for me at least, fandom's most prolific and productive years but the very thing that made them so-competition-

often resulted in petty feuds that are now best left buried"***Yes, being objective is difficult..I did once start..so did Walt Willis..but then you reach an area where it gets..err..difficult! Maybe the feuds were petty but folks who were participants are still around.***

Letters 3

Roger Waddington
4 Commercial St
Norton, Malton
Yorkshire



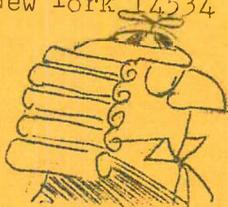
that he had visions beyond these? The defunct SFR is to be regretted but I think there'll be other zines and he'll have a greater success with at least one of them."

Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulconbridge NSW
2776
Australia



all the help I can get.***Vin~~e~~ Clarke once produced DUPLICATING WITHOUT TEARS which was a very helpful publication. Somewhere I have a copy and one day..when I find it..I mean to reproduce it.***

Jerry Lapidus
54 Clearview Drv
Pittsford
New York 14534



send me a copy of 55, the anniversary issue?***Now I haven't seen any reviews at all of THE UNIVERSE MAKERS..and indeed had been wondering why not! Sorry..all the anniversary issues have been sold. Very pleased about that, I am.***

Alex Eisenstein
2061 Birchwood
Chicago, Illinois
60645



"And Geis goes on rambling..which he usually does to great effect and with some purpose, but I couldn't find the hidden message in this or anything else to indicate that he had something to impart; the last despairing gasp before he gets that split personality welded together again? Though now that I look at it more closely I see it coming through as an apologia; and in which case, why so? He had the same dream as most fan-editors, I would imagine; and the same end result as happens to most defunct zines; or was it

"Ha! gotcha! You put that bit in NIBELINGS just for me to find. Admit it! Half forgotten memories flood through my mind as I search through old and yet mouldier piles of paperbacks, looking for Simak's TROUBLE WITH TYCHO. Yes, Tycho is a crater on the moon, not a planet. That made my day. I was interested in Harry Warner's comments on fanzine art methods, especially direct cutting on stencils. If anyone ever does put together anything on how to do it I hope I hear of it and can get a copy. I need

"I must find myself a copy of THE UNIVERSE MAKERS: seldom have I read so many totally diverse reviews of a book of discussions about SF. Some fans whose judgement I usually trust call it, as you did, one of the first good books about Sf written, while others, people I equally trust, have called it essentially worthless. I wish Don had brought that out in an ACE ph, rather than that pitiful Lundwall book he did publish--then I'd be able to afford it myself..Can I purchase or somehow convince you to

"Are you sure Sid Birchby isn't an avator for the Duchess in ALICE? Talk about sercon! Seriously, Sid made a few quick turns in that article that I'm not competent to pass on; they may or may not be historically valid, yet I feel the vigor of his exposition collapsed a number of times. I know he didn't convince me that Ing and St George were the same (surely saving damsels has always been a common pastime of mythic heroes and a dragon is not

Letters 4

equivalent merely to a couple of cars?) And he never did get around to telling us the real reason why Yngvi was a louse! Sid is writing a cliff-hanger, maybe? I note with trembling your comment to Mary Legg and humbly enquire am I too ruining your eyesight?****Yes! to the query about your handwriting. It's not so much the small size..now if you were to print your letters...****

Jan Jansen

LV Hullebusch Str.17
B2120 Schoten
Belgium



"I've been resting too long to just fall in where I've left off. It just can't be done-too much seems to have changed. One could remedy this I suppose-plunging back in. But to tell you the truth I'm scared silly by the thought of its snowballing effect, having been exposed to it once before. Fandom returned to me last January when an item in a newspaper said a convention would be held in April. I went along, chatted with some people there, saw no one I recognised (what can you expect after 10 years?). Then Michel Feron came on, being invited as the first Belgian fan, though he

modestly insisted that there'd been a fan Jan Jansen in the middle fifties active. Perhaps I should have asked him how he knew, but I didn't want to get up on the podium, and remained silent. After the meeting, however, I went up to him, chatted in French since he keeps on insisting not learning Flemish, and of course was introduced around. A meeting early this year elected me into office where I'm trying to avoid too much responsibility. At a con the week after your own Eastercon I was on the podium as fan GOH together with Don Wollheim... But I am worried, worried because already fandom is again making inroads in my spare time, and I'm scared it's the first sign of the snowballing effect coming into action. With winter so near, I should be damn, damn careful. You be the same.****Sorry I had to cut your letter down a bit, but I view with sympathy your attempt to return without getting too involved. The trick is to ration yourself..you must only do so much and then become firm about taking on anymore. Otherwise you get swamped, get harrassed and leave in a hurry! Welcome back!****

Ron Primula



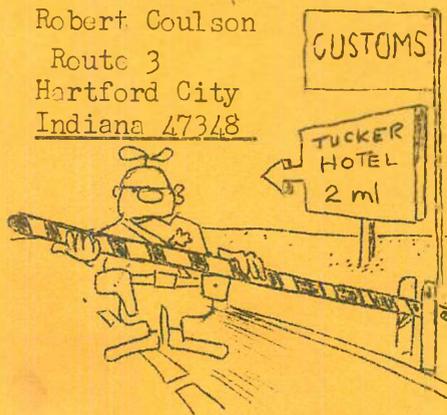
"If I may, I'll comment upon Mary Legg's item, re blood donors. In common with many other companies, the plant where I work has a regular blood donor setup. Every month a van comes round and those who have volunteered step up and get drained. The system is operated by volunteers, under the flag of the American Red Cross. Anyone who gives blood is entitled to a similar amount of blood. In theory that is. First, as soon as they see the Red Cross sign, just about everyone who ever was in the military turns around and walks

away. Second--true, you get back an equal amount of blood for free, if needed. If you do not have a bank account built up it will cost you anywhere from \$25-\$50 per pint. The trouble is, if you use the free Red Cross blood it will have an administration fee attached of between \$25-\$50. Also true, there have been in Red X a good percentage of mixups in typing, whole blood allowed to go over age, infectious hepatitis carried along, similar problems with plasma. I suppose the problem lies in part with the volunteer system. They are eager but not too expert.. Though the Red X is listed as a charity, it is not a charitable organization. Emergency loans made to GI's (like emergency furlow

Letters 5

to Father's funeral)are loans.During the time I spent in the Army I was called out one frosty morning at 3 am to 'volunteer' for KP. I spent the day making doughnuts out of government flour, which were 'given' to incoming draftees by Red X girls, along with a cup of what the Army refers to as coffee. When these draftees received their first pay,among the deductions was a dime for these doughnuts. The dime was a 'donation', the doughnuts were officially 'free'. As you may have guessed this is one of my sore points. I have encountered the Red X, head on, about half a dozen times. Each was as uplifting as the one described--right on the end of the well known purple shaft...At the plant I had a chance to sit in on a presentation of the single stage to orbit. It is a vehicle which would leave an airport as an airbreathing craft, running on fan-jet engines, later afterburners, still later the afterburners would become ramjets, with the fan-jets acting to prevent flamout at extreme altitudes. Still later the rocket engines would lite off, first as ducted rockets, then later as regular rockets. Depends using aerodynamic lift and very carefullenergy management to gain some 20% advantage over the present two stage system. With the added advantage of recovering 100% of the vehicle. It could leave LA airport as a million and a half pound vehicle and 45 mins later land 300 passengers and 50,000 lbs of freight in Paris. With the fuel mostly burned, it would land at 20 lbs per sq foot wing loading, ala DC-3s and other oldtime airliners. Essentially the same vehicle can put 24 astronauts and 50,000 lbs into orbit. There are certain basic problems yet to be solved. How do you tell NASA, hey, you're barking up the wrong tree. Or tell the Air Force--don't look now but the B-1 has had it. Or go to the company directors for development money--sorry, we spent \$20,000,000 in computer time figuring out the wrong way to get into orbit. Or go to Congress--sorry about all the money down the tube on the SST, but now its so out of date we don't need it, or the special airport. How'd you like to be the division president with that hot potato lying on his desk?****The difference between your Red X and ours is so vast I wonder they use the same name! I found your idea of a hot potato fascinating..mind you I always thought all that splashing down into the ocean evidence that things had a long way to go yet. So now you tell me different.***

Robert Coulson
Route 3
Hartford City
Indiana 47348



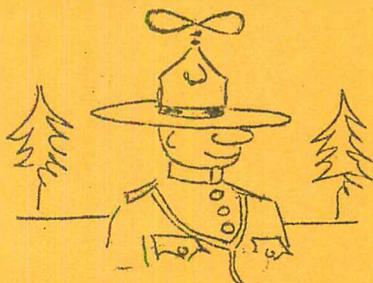
"I don't know if I'd like to live in the "fennish State" or not, despite the fact that most of my friends are fans. Just letting in anyone who was a fan - there are all too many fans that I don't want to have around. Devra Langsam is compiling a pamphlet, booklet, or whatever, on fanzine production, and Juanita has been asked to contribute an article on hand-stencilling illustrations. So Harry Warner will have his historical document. Actually Juanita did one for Bjo Trimble's art fanzine some years ago, but presumably Harry doesn't have that one. British fans are apt to

Letters 6

get an odd idea of American geography from Jodi Offutt's letter. She says Kentucky is "not close enough to the Mississippi River to be included in the great Midwest." Considering that the western boundary of the state is the Mississippi River, I don't know how much closer she wants to get. (Of course we all know these hillbillies never get very far from their own holler, so her statement is excusable.....) Or possibly Illinois has launched an invasion from Cairo south to the Tennessee border that I haven't heard about... And, yeah, Kentucky may not have floods or air pollution, but there's strip mines in them thar hills."

Michael Glicksohn

32 Maynard St. Apt. 205
Toronto 150
Canada



"My enthisiiasm for SCOTTISHE is in part connected to what Harry Warner discusses in his letter. I've always been facinated by the old HYPHENs I've seen and a few other old English fanzines. And the fascination has been in large part due to the incredibly fine artwork of Atom. I had thought that he was no longer hand-stencilling his fine cartoons and am overjoyed to find that he is still active in a field in which he must surely be undisputed master..and then there's Dick Geis. I must admit to a complete failure to comprehend how he could have put up with the work involved in SFR. With a print run of a mere 250 and a

distribution of something like 160, we still find the physical aspects of publishing a thankless and boring chore. How he ever put out 1700 copies, I cannot imagine. If that's what it takes to win a Hugo or two nowadays, forget it!"



SCOTTISHE



1971 saw only three issues of SCOTTISHE instead of the normal four. The upheaval in my personal life was the cause of that. 1972 dawned for me as I stood outside the door of the flat of Don and Jan Geldart waiting to 'first-foot' them. I looked out the corridor window onto the surrounding darkness of Sutton and there was not a sound to be heard to let me know that midnight had struck.

How different from Scotland, I thought, there the noise is always terrific. For one thing, all the ships in the harbour sound their horns and the "hoot, hoot" from the distance is as poignant as the sound of geese overhead. One of these years, I thought, I must go home for a proper New Year. I went back into the flat and they were all singing FOR AULD LANG SYNE - but it's no the same at a', at a'!

After that it seemed no time till it was January and for us to have the official opening of our new Out Patient Department. This was to be opened by Nigel Fisher the MP but he had to go to Rhodesia (though what good he did there, dear knows); and his wife performed the opening ceremony instead.

A member of our Hospital Board stood up and said that the money had mostly come from our Amenity Fund and that a lot of it had been collected by folks now dead and gone. Our League of Friends had helped too and the total had been £15,000..to this the Regional Board added £5,000 even though they had not approved of the scheme as the plan was that the Eye Hospital would be closed down and amalgamated with Kingston Hospital..in 1974. Our Chief Surgeon then stood up and gave a speech in which he

Natterings 2

he said that the Hospital would not be closed by then as Kingston was not that far advanced with their own building programme. Later, a member of the Kingston Group said that they certainly couldn't take us before 1966. This prompted brisk correspondence in the local paper which is still going on arguing about dates. Meantime, we at the hospital have a dream that one day someone will see the sense of building a new Eye Hospital in our exceedingly spacious grounds. Anyway, it was a fine Opening with Champagne for all.

After that came an event both longed for and dreaded - the complete re-decoration of Courage House. In preparation for the day when my room would be done I started packing my books in boxes, and boxes, and boxes. The handyman surveyed it all and suggested I "get rid of some of them". He looked most unsympathetic to my moan about 'life's blood'. I then had to move into a room half the size of my own. My bed was soon surrounded by a sea of possessions among which I rapidly lost everything I wanted to put my hand upon.

Whilst this chaos still reigned, came the electricity power cuts. From either 6-9pm or 9-12nd in an evening is a maddening slice from activity time. I soon found that stencil-cutting by candlelight left much to be desired. I managed to get a calor gas light, and struggled on. Then came the time when I was to move back into my room! It only took three evenings to get the books alone back into place. I had resolved to do a drastic pruning operation on the books as they went back, but when I surveyed the small box-ful as a result of this, I felt my pruning was not of a very high standard!

As I type this I am filled with a great euphoria. I have just passed my driving test. My eighteen-year old neice passed first time after about twelve lessons..whilst I have had to struggle for over a year. Which is a very good example of how much faster our reflexes are when we are young. Still: I do not think she will cherish the accomplishment as much as I do. When the examiner handed me the pink pass slip..there were tears in my eyes!

I seem to be getting a lot of news about Conventions lately. There is Pete Weston planning a charter flight to Toronto for the Worldcon in '73! Today, in the mail, came an announcement of the regional convention - the Equicon '73. My goodness but they do get started early these days! I haven't room anywhere else, so I'll give the details of the Equicon here. It will be held over Easter 19-22nd April.1973. At the "venerable Francisco Torres". \$3. Write to Eqicon Committee, Box 3781, Santa Barbara, Calif.93105.

If I could have my choice(and had the money..); I think I'd prefer to go to the smaller Equicon. I've been to three Worldcons now and they are getting so big. It is very easy to feel lost at a huge convention; and why fandom put such a premium on large numbers, I'll never know. Even our own British cons get bigger and bigger. I hope that, nowadays, new fans come with a friend!

You might think that after all my years of con-going, I would not be bothered my big numbers of attendees; but to look around at a sea of unknown faces is as daunting to me as any new fan. It's harder to sit down and talk with friends; for first you've got to find them! Ah for the days when we all sat in one lounge and in one large friendly circle! Ethel Lindsay