

SOUFFLE

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This is SOUFFLE, the magazine that Rises To The Occasion. SOUFFLE 3 is intended for the 32nd OMPA mailing, June 5, 1962. It is edited by John Baxter, Box 39, King Street Post Office, Sydney, New South Wales, AUSTRALIA. Duplication on this occasion is being carried out by the noble Ken Cheslin, to whom many thanks. Cartoons in this issue are by Philby and Retsler. Date typed 7th - 11th May, '62.

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And so the deadline rococoos around again bringing yet another SOUFFLE. Monotonous, isn't it? Before getting down to the meat of this issue, I had best fill you people in on the results and reaction to my sf quiz run in the last issue. Unfortunately things went a little awry here, mainly because I miscalculated the time it would take for a sea-mail letter to get here from Britain. So far 22 completed forms have arrived, but these did not include at least two that I know were sent, which indicates that my six weeks estimate was way off. For this reason, I've extended the deadline a bit, although I'll publish the answers below in case you were intrigued by some of the more obscure questions. Thanks very much to the OMPAs who have responded - your answers and comments were very much appreciated. However, I'll make an exception of the person who sent in a sarcastic and (naturally) anonymous form rubbishing the whole project and claiming that it was "too unnecessary". Whoever he is, he'll be annoyed to learn that, of the 22 people who responded to date, he was the only one who (a) didn't want the series of quizzes continued, (b) felt that they were unnecessary or anything remotely like that, and (c) failed to sign his name. Despite this one criticism, and because of the extremely favourable response to the quiz, I'll try to include further questions in future SOUFFLES, although this poses some difficulties. Roy Tackett has taken over the quiz as a permanent column for DYNATRON, and as it takes quite a bit of time and sweat to nut out even a ten-question quiz, I may not have enough of either to provide questions for both Roy and OMPA. Still, we shall see. Now the answers:-

1. (a) THE NIGHT OF LIGHT. Philip Jose Farmer.
- (b) A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. James Blish.
- (c) HELL'S PAVEMENT. Damon Knight.
- (d) A DESKFUL OF GIRLS. Fritz Leiber.
- (e) ROGUE QUEEN. L. Sprague de Camp.

- 2 -
- (2) (a) John WOOD Campbell.
 (b) Anthony Boucher/H.H.Holmes.
 (c) Roger Graham ("Rog Phillips")
 (d) Murray Leinster - first story published in 1919.
 (e) Don Wollheim.
 (f) John Newman.

UNPLEASANT

3. Jonathon Hoag in Heinlein's THE /PROFESSION OF JONATHON HOAG.
 Mitch Courtenay in Kornbluth/Pohl's THE SPACE MERCHANTS/GRAVY PLANET.
 Gilbert Gosseyn in A.E.Van Vogt's WORLD OF NULL-A.
 Glenn Tropic in Kornbluth/Pohl's WOLFbane.
4. The Baldies - Padgett (Henry Kuttner). Hek Belov - Edward Mackin.
 The Phil. Corps - Ev Cole. Solar Pons - August Derleth.
 The Med. Service - Murray Leinster. Jirel of Joiry - C.L.Moore.
5. Theodore Sturgeon on Henry Kuttner (VENTURE SF, reprinted in fmz PARSECTION).
 Kingsley Amis on Ray Bradbury. (NEW MAPS OF HELL).
 Bradbury on Theodore Sturgeon. (Introduction to WITHOUT SORCERY).
 Kornbluth on Olaf Stapledon. (Advent's THE SF NOVEL).
6. The fakes were TALES OF FANTASY and SPACE ADVENTURES.
7. All pseudonyms.
8. John W. Campbell Jnr. Henry Kuttner.
 Ian Wright. Theodore Sturgeon.
 Frederic Brown. Edward Mackin.
9. Reg Bretnor. Eric Frank Russell.
 Idris Seabright (M.St.Clair) Arthur Porges.
10. Robert Heinlein. Ray Bradbury. Henry Kuttner.

Not all these answers are totally correct, of course. It isn't always possible to find out, for instance, how many pen-names Boucher has, nor what proportion of "Lewis Padgett" was occupied by Kuttner and what by Catherine Moore. I might also get an argument on the statement that Leinster is the senior living sf writer, although the Tuck Handbook gives him the title over the late Ray Cummings by a matter of two months. But generally I think these are ok. It's interesting to note that almost everybody flunked out on the criticism question despite some healthy clues in the text, indicating that not many people read things like NEW MAPS OF HELL, THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL etc. This was about the biggest surprise that I got from the results, but if any less obvious ones come up I'll let you know.

MEMO TO FRED HUNTER. While commenting on OUTPOST, I forgot to mention THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN and the man who played Britt, the knife-thrower, in that film. His name was James Coburn. The rest of the seven were El Brynner, of course, as Chris, and Steve McQueen as Vir. Lee, the coward, was played by Richard Vaughn, Chico by Horst Buchholz (allegedly his "introduction" to the cinema although he had been in DIE HALBSTRAKEN, CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL and TIGER BAY, to name three that have been shown out here), O'Reilly, the half-breed, by Charles Bronson, and Harry Kuck by Brad Dexter.

There were a number of points of resemblance between Kurosawa's SEVEN SAMURAI and THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN apart from obvious parallelisms like the fishing scene, the girl dressed as a boy, the out-of-work samurai chopping wood for his breakfast. The editing, for instance, has Kurosawa's rhythm and much of the photography is very similar to that of the original Japanese film, though without the Oriental taste for prolonged close-ups. A rather obscure connection is also found in Elmer Bernstein's background music for the film. On the surface, it didn't sound especially Japanese, but if you compare it with some of the recent experiments in the adaptation of Japanese ritual rhythms to Western music - Samurai from the Bernard Rogers' DANCE SCENES, for instance - you'll see a startling similarity.

Another thing worth noting about THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN was the fact that almost all the actors in it were drawn from the ranks of tv stars. With the exception of Brynner, Wallach and Sokoloff (as Chris, Calvera and the old man respectively) all the stars are regular tv hacks who come in for the critical hatchet almost every time they come on screen. I think this shows that, given intelligent handling and good direction, tv stars can be very creditable actors indeed, despite their background. One wonders what sort of tv shows we would have in they could be managed by directors of the calibre of John Sturges who did THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN.

I was all prepared to deliver a withering blast on the subject of post-mailings, but Ken and Norm seem to have anticipated me. I will say what my own objections to post-mailings stem more from a general disagreement with the idea itself rather than irritation because I often don't receive post-mailings addressed to me. Certainly it's annoying to miss out on a 'zine this way, but I can get over it providing it isn't likely to happen too often. The trouble is that post-mailed 'zines will continue to get lost, either because they are small enough to be easily mislaid, or because the editor, in the heat of the moment, forgets to mail a copy to everybody. Even when they do arrive, post-mailings are devilish hard to keep track of and almost impossible to comment on, being completely out of context. They usually comment on a mailing that, by then, is almost forgotten - either you dig out the mailing again and knock out some comments, or forget about the 'zine altogether. Neither of these is a worthwhile answer to the problem. Post mailings are messy. They confuse everybody and weaken the basic function of the organization. The whole point of an apa is to have everybody commenting on the one set of topics at the same time. That way, discussion is fostered and the group kept alive. Post-mailings break up the unity of the apa. If only for this reason, I think they should be abolished.

A number of people seem to have taken my mention of a disappointing reaction to BUNYIP as an implied criticism of themselves and their personal response. It wasn't meant that way, really. I wasn't thinking of anybody specifically when I wrote the paragraph, and certainly not anybody in OMPA. Looking down the mailing list, I see that copies of the 'zine only went to a dozen or so people on the roster, and of those, about 75% commented or traded. I think, in general, that apans tend to be more reasonable in the matter of trades and comments. They are enthusiastic and they're interested enough to support others who show interest also. Again, apologies if I unwittingly offended anybody, and thanks a lot for your comments. They were a great help.

THE BONES OF DEATH.

It is a night made for magic; cold, quiet, lit by a fitful moon which casts shadows of inky lightlessness. There is a silent wind which slides across the contoured desert dunes, and its chill fingers reach even into the hollow where three men sit around a pile of glimmering coals. Naked, black, savage men, part of the shadows in both body and mind. Above, the moon drifts behind a cloud and, as at a signal, one man reaches into a skin bag and extracts from it a strange object. It is long, slender and white, but from one end hangs a cord of lank hair. Human hair, and the white thing is a human bone, the two cemented together with black gum. The man handles the charm carefully, as a white man would a loaded rifle. It seems to tingle in his hands; he feels the magic of many witch-men who used this amulet before him. Their power has soaked into the bone, making it vibrate with what seems to be a life of its own.

Quietly, the two assistants begin their chant. The wizard raises the charm to his eyes and sights along it out across the dark sand. His hands are steady but he feels an almost overpowering excitement. The chant continues:- "May your heart be torn apart. May your spine be split and your ribs ripped open. May your head and throat be split....". The witch-man sees in his mind the vulnerable and delicate body of the man he is to kill. The internal organs, soft and swollen with blood, the pulpy grey brain, the brittle bones. And he sees too the bone which he holds plunging into that unprotected maze of tissue and fluid, gouging, tearing, piercing like a spear. To him, the image is so clear and real that it seems the bone actually has struck its target. He feels the power in the bone and in his hands pour out in one blazing thrust of belief, flying swifter than thought over the desert to find a deadly rest in the body of his victim. He slumps to the ground exhausted. The chant stops and one of the men deftly douses the tiny fire. They relax, their task completed. The bone has been pointed - soon the accursed will die.

Few people realise that black magic is still practiced in this modern world. To most, sorcery is a thing of besoms and broomsticks, black cats and guttering candles, rhinoceros horn and deadly nightshade gathered under a full moon. There are not many who count as true magic the voodoo dancers of Haiti, the incantations of a Tibetan peasant or the chants of Australian natives, yet these are all rituals of sorcery, and in the case of the Australian curses at least, sorcery which works. "Pointing the bone", the best known and most effective method of revenge among the natives, is a ceremony held in awe by even the most sceptical researchers. Numerous examples of death by pointing are on file in libraries all over the world, and although the practice is no longer widespread even in the far outback, it continues to crop up from time to time, usually with deadly results.

Basically, the ritual of pointing the bone is traditional sympathetic magic used to kill. The bone, when properly "charged" by a witch-man, has the power to project a "ghost image" of itself into the body of a man, doing the same damage as would a blade or arrow of the same size and shape. The damage is not evident to the eye, but the victim feels the pain of such a wound, and if the bone is correctly aimed, he will eventually die of it. Should the actual damage of the bone be insufficient to cause death, the "Ghost" of the bone in the man's body can be used as a kind of receiver for supplementary curses. The real bone is crushed, burnt, broken or otherwise damaged, and the victim feels the heat and pain within his body as if his own bones were being tortured. As in the rites of Europe, Africa and America, the curse can be made more potent if the wizard possessessamples of skin, fingernails or hair from the man to be cursed. These enable him to localise the curse, confining it to the man's head, arms or legs.

The bone itself and the methods of pointing it vary widely from place to place. In most areas, the charm is a tapered needle of polished human bone about eight inches long and seldom more than an inch in diameter. Some tribes specify the femur of a woman and ascribe certain magic powers to such a bone, but it seems that this distinction is made only because the bone comes closest to the optimum measurements. Any type of human bone will serve, providing that it has been correctly prepared. To the bone is attached a string of plaited human hair about three feet long. The string is cemented to the larger end of the bone with spinifex gum, a tough natural cement that sets rock-hard when dry. These are the basic elements of the charm - bone, hair and gum. They are always present in any pointing bone, although certain tribes add refinements to increase their cursing power. In some cases, a pair of eagle claws is attached to the string, and the chant is usually modified to include a reference to the victim's organs being torn and crushed by phantom claws. Other tribes use a composite charm made from as many as five bones, requiring a team of wizards to operate it. Records even exist of spells cast using pieces of iron pipe, pebbles and sticks, but all agree that only a witch doctor of extreme skill could produce effective results with this kind of equipment.

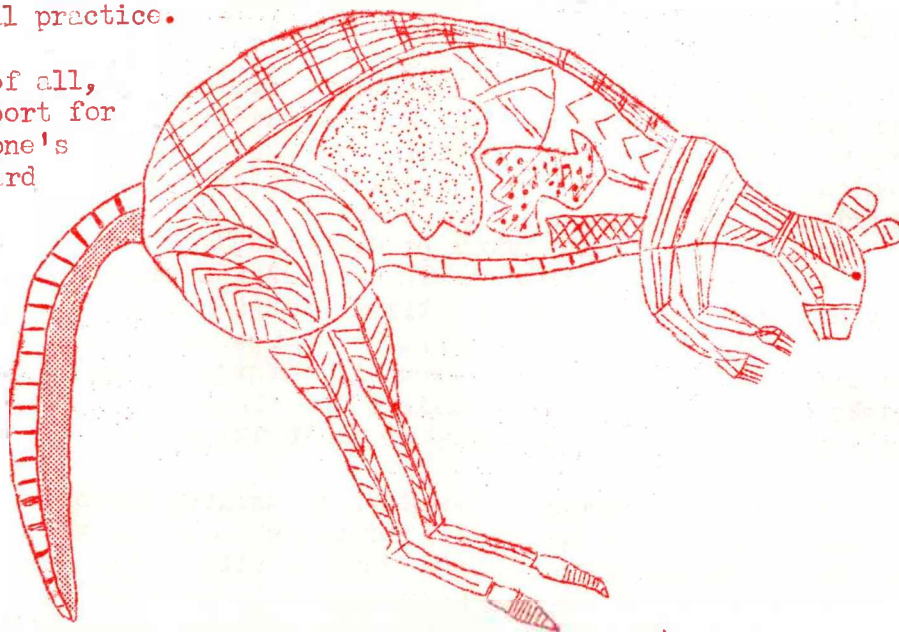
Bone pointing is, naturally enough, looked upon with fear by both tribesmen and wizards. Magic of this kind can rebound on the person casting it, and any man who gains a reputation for boning may find himself bone in turn by jealous rivals or frighten chiefs. It is generally only in cases of severe infringement of tribal law, the breaking of strong taboos, adultery (a crime of considerable gravity among primitive tribes) and extremely brutal murders that the bone is pointed, and the cautious witch doctor will make the necessary arrangements only after a tribal council of elders has agreed that it is necessary. On rare occasions, he will curse a man out of personal pique, or will work for a pressure group if the pay is high enough. However, the risks attendant on such an illicit operation are so great that the would-be killers prefer to go out and spear their man rather than dabble in black magic.

The actual ceremony of pointing is usually performed at night, at a time looked upon as suitable by the wizard, who also engages in a little simple astrology on occasions. Either alone or with a few companions - there are seldom more than three people present - he goes off into the bush or desert. In a promising location, he sits down with his back to the sun or moon, making

sure that his shadow points where his victim is supposed to be. His assistants begin a chant accompanied by rhythmic handclaps or foot-stampings. Holding the bone in his left hand and the hair string in his right, the witch doctor sights along the bone at his target. The victim need not be visible or even in the immediate vicinity. The spell will be effective as long as the curse is beamed in approximately the right direction, and there is no large body of water between the wizard and his victim. (This incidentally is a startling example of the parallelism between Australian and European magic. In nearly all European traditional sorcery, water and especially running water is anathema to witches, ghosts and vampires). When the wizard feels the bone has built up sufficient energy, he jabs it repeatedly in the direction of his victim, meanwhile repeating the ritual curse. After this, nothing more need be done, although the partial failure of the curse may require its renewal at a later date.

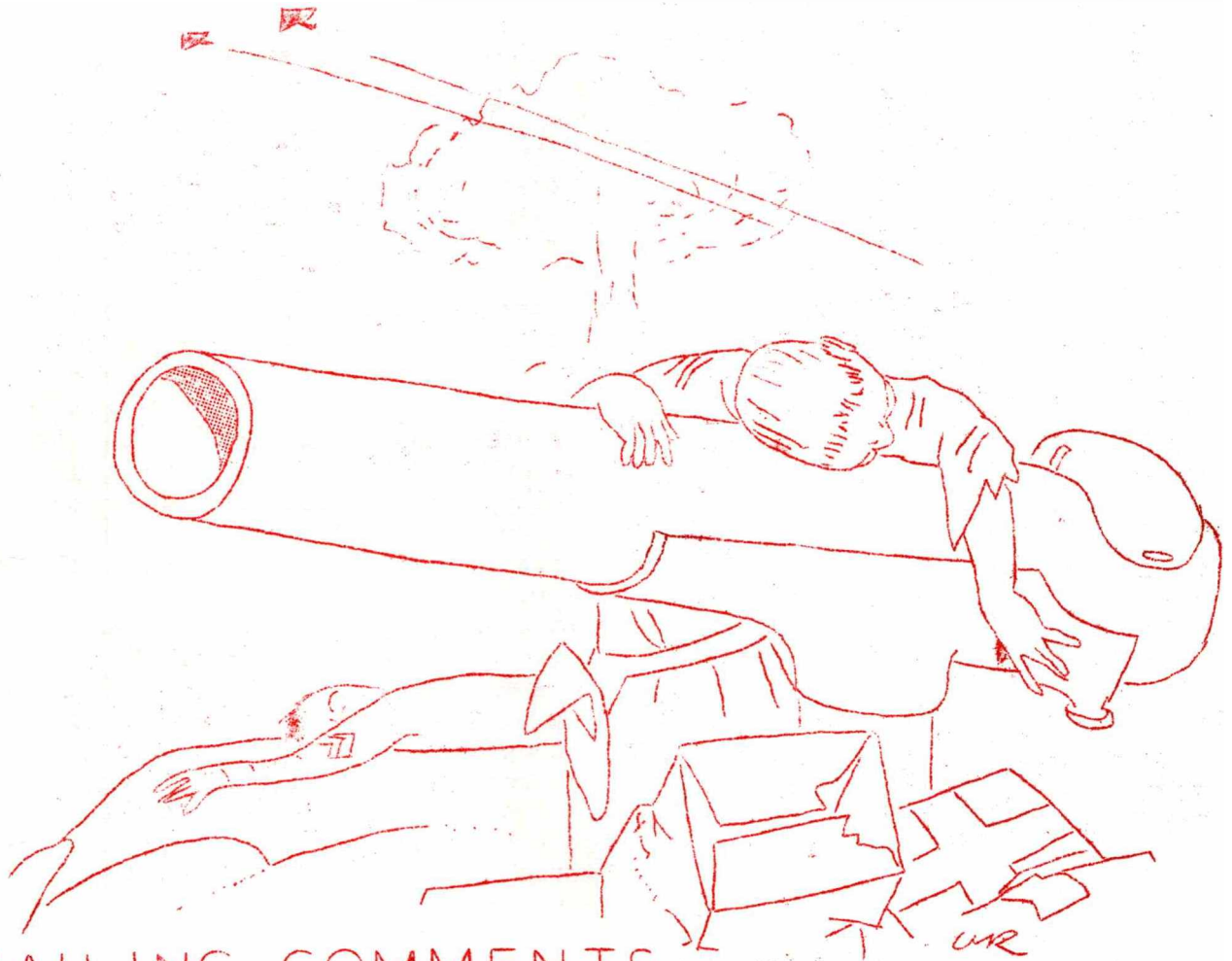
In the practice of pointing the bone, there are strong indications of a living and potent magical art, similar to that used by infinitely older races. Those who have studied the black arts will find much to interest them in the ritual. However, it must be admitted that many facts tend to place the magical part of the practice under suspicion. The ceremony of pointing the bone is not a true curse, because the ritual varies widely from place to place. In no section of the chant is there a mention of any higher being on whom the wizard calls for power, although there is a widespread superstition that the wizard is not the true power behind the curse, but that the bone "stores up" magic taken from the people who use it, so that the older and more used the bone is, the more powerful it will be. This has overtones of ancestor worship, but the natives' lack of any written history or consistent folklore makes its importance difficult to assess. Another suspicious fact is that, contrary to popular superstition, the victim of a pointing generally knows well in advance that he is cursed. Sometimes he is told verbally. On other occasions, a ball of clay with the hair and nail parings used in the curse is left where he will find it. Because of this, a strong element of suggestion is present in most pointings, and the dead man could very easily be a victim of his own fears rather than any magical practice.

Most interesting of all, and the strongest support for the theory that the bone's power rest in the wizard himself, is the fact that anthropologists recently ran Duke University "psi" tests on various Australian aborigines using the Rhine card and other reputable systems, and found that witchmen tested far higher than other tribesmen. The tests are so far incomplete and there-



(continued at close of mailing comments)

GROZDOR
ORIN
NEURO



MAILING COMMENTS

AMBLE. (Mercer) It will croggle you to hear that I too know what it is like to live 'in a Caravan in the Shadow of the Malleable Ironworks', because I spent a fortnight in March working in the Newcastle area, and the only accommodation available was a small caravan. Now I know why you look ed so miserable in that photo Ken sent me. No matter how many bright sides you find to caravan life - time to write, time to contemplate the endless mysteries of the universe, time to sleep - it's still one hell of a way to live. The whole sorry incident started when my boss suggested that, for experience, I should move up to Newcastle for a couple of weeks to relieve one of the staff who was going into camp. Newcastle being 100 miles north of everything I hold dear, in addition to being cold, wet and singularly lacking in fandom of any description, I declined hastily. "Of course, you know" he said, "that you'll get expenses for all the time you spend up there." Ihadn't known this, as a matter of fact, and it put rather a different complexion on things, because expenses for casual relief amount to £2.10.0 per day over and above my usual salary, and out here that is quite a respectable sum. To cut a long story short, I went. Those two weeks were about the most miserable of my life. Cooking on a bitsy little stove; worse still, eating what I cooked (I'm ok on gas or electric, but metho is tricky); generally living in a space about the size of a semi-detached matchbox. I wrote a hell of a lot while I was there, and made quite a bit of money on the deal, but it'll take wild horses to get me anywhere near Newcastle for a long time to come.

Aside from the money, the trip was almost a dead loss, although I was very impressed by some of the work I saw being done around there. Cracking an open hearth furnace is immensely impressive - it has an almost religious solemnity about it, though the acolytes are a bit scruffy. Incidentally, Archie, what exactly is a "malleable" iron works? Commonwealth Steel, the firm I was stationed at, deals mainly in railway rails, tyres, axles, wheels, crankshafts and things like that. They buy the iron from BHP, manufacture it into steel and then forge and finish material from it. What kind of iron works would that be?

Apparently we both object to sports on principle. If I relax, I prefer to do so quietly, without fuss and in a horizontal position. Cricket, football and the rest are too much like hard work, although sometimes cricket, as you say, veers too much the other way and becomes tedious. Football can be good sometimes, particularly soccer - ~~Association football, that is.~~ The migrants out here really throw their heart into it. Nothing like a good punch-up, I always say, to liven up the game. Incidentally, I saw Benfica play Spurs on tv over Easter. Very good game, and nicely photographed in this particular treatment. Ordinarily I run a mile from sports shows, but this one was well worth seeing. Exciting, fast, easy to follow.

Speaking of sports, perhaps the easiest sport to play is billiards or snooker, so maybe you might like to take that up one of these days. It combines all the advantages of other games - exercise, relaxation, challenge - without the disadvantages of other indoor games like cards (too expensive) and ...well, we won't go into that now. I know snooker has a bad reputation, largely deserved I'll admit, but for a game requiring skill, intelligence and just a little luck and being relaxing at the same time - you would be surprised how restful it is to watch those balls slide smoothly across the green baize - there is nothing that can touch it.

At this point, I intended to quote the words of L.AURA, but after typing that, I realised this could get me into quite a bit of copyright strife. Suffice to say then that I can't think L.AURA is at all morbid. Sad and wistful yes, but that's all.

Your autobiography continues to read v.v.well. I notice your remark about each service having a different title for its lowest members. Wonder if Heinlein had this in mind when he changed STARSHIP SOLDIERS to STARSHIP TROOPERS for hardcover publication. His capsule infantry would probably be the nearest thing to cavalry in the space age.

TARZAN'S NAKED LUNCH...wrong Burroughs, I think. Bruce can't be very hip to modern literature otherwise he might have been tempted to use his little blue pencil.

ERG. (Jeeves). Tubb and Rackham in a fanzine! Nice going, Terry. Maybe you should change the name to NEW WORLDS or something like that. Tubb was serious, but sensible, Rackham vague and irrelevant, both true to form.// In SOUPLE 1, I admitted that the "facts" I quoted only meant anything if you used large quantities of imagination while digesting them. They were only vague memories of newspaper reports which I have neither the time nor the opportunity to dig up out of the Public Library. Despite your rebuttal - and of course you are perfectly right in everything you say; I can't deny that - I still feel that

there is certainly at least a suspicion that other Russians tried and failed to get into orbit before Gagarin did. Anyway, I don't feel that prior unsuccessful shots, if revealed, would detract any from Gagarin's feat. He did what (perhaps) had killed other men. He must have been scared stiff when he got into that capsule, which made his job, if anything, much harder than it would have been for the men who went before.

CONVERSATION. (Hickman). Noted, but no comment.

POOKE. (Ford). Speaking of Harlan Ellison and GENTLEMAN JUNKIE (still banned in Australia), there was a very approving little review in ESQUIRE just before Christmas, in which Dorothy Parker in her own cold hard way got rather enthusiastic about the collection. It's the first paperback I can recall her reviewing - the rest presumably travel direct from publisher to wastebasket - which is quite a compliment.

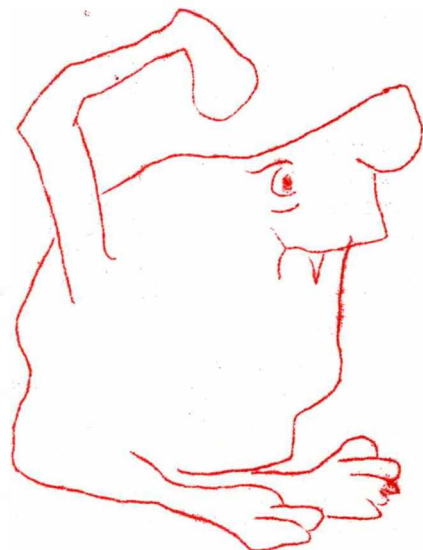
I think your criticism of Broyles' WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM was far too harsh and definitely unwarranted. Agreed that the listing is incomplete, but seeing that he was just starting off with the project, what else could he have done but produced a listing with the material he had? Next time, people will not be so leery about sending in a completed questionnaire. By producing the partial index, he's proved that he has the time, money and skill to put out a worthwhile publication. How would you have gone about producing such an item as the WHO'S WHO if you were an unknown fan?

SON OF THE MAALITIC etc etc...what a title! (Linwood) Still on the BROYLES WHO'S WHO, I think perhaps your confusion about birthdates is caused by the fact that a lot of Statesiders put the day and month in different positions to those used by us. We put the day first, then the month, but some US fans reversed this. Confusing.

In general, Casavettes' TOO LATE BLUES got the axe from critics all over, but I haven't seen it myself as yet so no comment. I can't help wondering though if any writer or director could ever make a good "picturisation of the jazz world" because really there is no jazz world any more. The modern jazz man works irregular hours and spends a lot of his time away from home, but otherwise he's usually identical with the ordinary tradesman, earning his wages by playing an instrument rather than carting bricks or pushing a pen. The old days of groups held together with affection and dope, or long weeks on the road and wild parties are gone. A pity in some ways, but in others desirable, and inevitable anyway.

It will coggle you to know (if you don't already) that Bernard Wolfe's latest writing effort is the screenplay of the movie PLAYBOY, chronicling the adventures and rise to fame of Hugh Hefner, editor/publisher of PLAYBOY and SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED magazines. Well, I guess Wolfe has to eat too.

EMVOY. (Cheslin) Yes, the Roman Catholic church is stronger than a lot of us think, mainly because it is a masterpiece of social engineering. It dispenses all things to all people - no matter from what angle you approach it - philosophy, aesthetics, just plain reassurance - it can supply



whatever you need. The only requirements are that you have faith in the teachings of the church, and support it in the approved manner via sacraments, indoctrination of your children and so on. An organization like that just can't lose as long as the human race remains "human", and, as you say, it will probably still be going strong when the other churches are dust. I have a tremendous admiration for the Roman Catholic church, irrespective of my personal religious convictions. The intellects which have worked towards making the church what it is today, and those, no less able, which continue to maintain it, represent a list of the most intelligent men who have ever lived. As a social institution, it is nothing short of magnificent.

Sorry Ken, I don't know of any books on Australian prehistory, but I'll look around for you and let you know in a letter. The latest theories about the origin of the aborigines indicate that they came across from Eurasia relatively late in evolution and got cut off when the land bridge between India and this part of the world was submerged. As their culture and general habits are more or less identical with those of the primitive Indian and Indonesian natives, it's doubtful that they have ever reached a higher level than they occupy now. Sorry - no Zimbabwe out here.

PACKRAT. (Groves). Most of the mathematical arguments re population explosion and immigration that I've seen have been based on the instance that you quote; the exodus from Europe to America during the 18th and 19th centuries. The way I saw it reasoned was relief of population pressure in Europe ergo more room to live and lowered child mortality ergo increased birth rate, also more people in America ergo the growth of a society ergo easier living and more children. I can't dispute any of this, but it seems a bit risky to base decisions on this matter on such a weak precedent. There were so many forces at work around that time that pressures apart from lack of living space could have been responsible for the European-American exodus. The European social system of that time could have been responsible. America offered a complete break from the traditions of what was essentially a decadent and decaying code. Many families no doubt immigrated because opportunities seemed better in America. I think it's significant that population pressures almost as powerful as those applying in Europe around the 1800s exist today, yet the number of people moving from there to places like Australia (which occupies more or less the same position as did America 200 years ago) is no where near as great. I think it's a mistake to assume that immigration to other places won't answer our population problem merely because it happened to answer it in one case on Earth.

BINARY. (Patrizio). It will no doubt make you delirious with happiness to hear that both Bob Smith and I are crazy about your title. Yes - as a matter of fact we were going to call our new combozine BINARY also but when the first issue was all but complete, Ella Parker broke it to us that you had prior claim. Gnashing our teeth in unison - an awe-inspiring sound, as you can imagine - we bought a pint of corflu and started scrubbing out all reference to the name. So if your issue of DOUBLE STAR, soon to hit the Patrizio mailbox, is a bit spotty in places, not to complain.

Are you really Scotch by extraction? "Patrizio" sounds more Italian or maybe Spanish.

As you say, the church is against contraception rather than birth control, but as the only approved method of birth control is notoriously ineffectual, I think the distinction is too fine to mean anything. As somebody observed in HYPHEN recently "You know what they call people who practice the Catholic Rhythm method of contraception? Parents."

CONVERSATION 17. (Hickman). Your mention of picking up rare second-hand books like THE GREEN HOUSE makes me very envious. In Australia, old bookshops are few and far between. I guess the country hasn't been established long enough to have a literary history, nor have enough books been imported to result in a supply of hidden collector's items. If there's one thing I miss in Aussie-fandom, it's the fun other fans have digging around in old bookshops looking for bargains.

CHICKEN WAGON. (Damon). I don't know - either you are getting funnier or my sense of humour is starting to wake up and take a little nourishment. Your first SKOANS had no affect at all, but I really laughed at this little effort. More, more.

I'm not really surprised that BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S impressed you more than LA DOLCE VITA. Fellini's film was pretty sophisticated, and unless you had received some prior indoctrination or had seen a number of Italian films, a great deal of the meaning would have been lost to you. First time I saw it, it was good but a bit fuzzy around the edges, but after reading critiques in magazines like the HUDSON REVIEW, ESQUIRE and FILMS AND FILMING I went back and saw it again from a completely new angle. It made more sense then. As you say, BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S had some excellent footage. It represented, to me anyway, everything that is good in American cinema - faultless photography, an intelligent use of colour that no other country (not even France with Renoir or Chabrol) can emulate, an overall slickness that in many cases means the difference between crud and a masterpiece.

ZOUNDS. (Lichtman). I like your questions - keep them up. About the latest lot....(1) I'd bomb the hell out of either America or Russia with all the atomic weapons I could lay my hands on. As I live in an American-oriented culture and like it, I guess Russia would have to go. I shudder to think what sort of mess this would make of the world, and of the psychological after-effects on myself and the Western world in general. It just goes to prove, I think, that there is no way that force can effectively clean up the world.

Oops, I got it wrong - that first question was about my favourite job. I hasten to assure you that I wouldn't care to take on atomic bombing of Russia as a career. My favourite job, if I had my druthers, would be sales-man or salesman/proprietor of a bookshop, preferably small and devoted mainly to better-quality stuff. I know books - they are the strongest interest I have. I've worked in a friend's bookshop on holidays and weekends for some years so I know I can handle the job successfully. But for the fact that counter-jumping pays slave wages and I am earning very good money indeed in my present position I would be selling books now. But with fanzines and a library to support, not to mention a prospective wife... well, I just have to be satisfied with money rather than my own personal ambition. The sacrifices one has to make..... 3. If there is any one thing that decides my opinion of fanzines (and I don't think there is, really) it would be size. I have a great admiration for compact little fanzines like the old INSIDE, PSYCHOTIC and the current STEEP MOUNTAIN and NEW FRONTIERS. Also folded - foolscap 'zines like THE CORGON and my own abortive BUNYIP 4. If a compact pocket-sized 'zine hits my mailbox, it's



already halfway onto my all-time-favorites list, even if (like STEFANTASY) it contains nothing more than amplex of type. Of course, it's not entirely correct to say that the size is paramount, because compact little 'zines nearly always have good professional-standard layout and material and maybe the realisation of this tends to influence my judgment. Anyway, layout is the next most important consideration. I don't so much mean distribution of art and so on, but margins, paragraph indentation and that sort of thing. I well-produced and laid-out 'zine - Redd Bogg's DISCORD is a prime example - is always a joy to read, even if my name isn't mentioned...er..I mean, even if the material isn't too good. I only wish I had the skill and taste to produce such a beautiful magazine.

QUARTERING. (Fitch) And speaking of beautiful magazines, how about this one. Don, your mimeography is superb - no other word for it.

Your comments on modern jazz are something else again. A good proportion of them mean absolutely nothing, because your attack is completely unreasoned. I don't deny that jazz has its faults, but clearly you haven't bothered to think the thing out. This line, for instance..."Modern jazz is simply a collection of random noises, born of an attempt to create different and 'far-out' sounds". The operative word in the first clause is "random", a completely inapplicable adjective in this case. Modern jazz is no more "random" than the music of Bach or Brahms, as you would know had you gone to the trouble of checking. Any reasonably modern book on musicology will give you an outline of jazz compositional elements, techniques of arrangement and general theory. If you aren't prepared to go to these lengths, ponder on the fact that jazz is almost always played on traditional instruments like the trumpet, trombone, saxophone etc, all of which are constructed to play only the scales and notes of traditional Western music. Clearly, as long as music is played on instruments like this, it will continue to be far from "random". We'll gloss over your use of the hideous expression "far-out" - seems that the only people who still use this crusty old jazz jargon are those who aren't "hep" enough to "dig" that it went out years ago, along with racoon coats and the Varsity Drag. The removal of these two adjectives leaves us with the statement "Modern jazz is simply a collection of... noises, born of an attempt to create different ...sounds!" Seems to me that is a definition of music, classical or jazz, which would have pleased even Bach. I suggest that, in future, you refrain from passing judgment on anything on the basis of "a few tv programmes". Even Perry Mason won't go to court on evidence that weak.

Mike Hinge was never, as far as I know, the editor of KIWIFAN, though he did a large number of very fine and imaginative covers for the magazine over a period of time. To my knowledge, KIWIFAN was always edited by Roger Horrocks.

OLLA PODRIDA. (Breen). Your method of appreciating Bach would amount, in my case, to "unnatural concentration", I think. A lot of the attraction of the less complex jazz evaporates as soon as you start to take the piece apart. Quite often the internal construction is not very good, and if you're of a perfectionist nature this would spoil the whole tune for you. When a record is new, I usually play it through and listen to it from a technical point of view - quality of "changes", harmony, voicing, general musical balance - but after that I don't bother to be very cerebral about my appreciation. As long as I know it is reasonably well put together, I can listen to the music on a completely emotional level, which is after all the best way to appreciate jazz. There are exceptions to this, of course. I don't think any person could get much out of the more complex Miles Davis records - SKETCHES OF SPAIN, for

instance, or MILES AHEAD and the other Gil Evans/Davis albums - unless he was appreciating, at least in part, the construction of the music. Like many classical works, these arrangements have been designed for appreciation on a number of levels. But most of the time, jazz has to be absorbed direct into the bloodstream for real enjoyment.

BALCONY ROCK I like, also LE SOUK from that same record. So-so on the Mingus and Brown, and can only take ROUND MIDNIGHT if it's played in a reasonably civilized manner. Monk is no doubt a great musician but he's just not my meat. The Tony Scott version on THE TOUCH OF TONY SCOTT or Miles Davis's on the record of the same name are my favourites. Speaking of Brubeck and beauty, have you heard AUDREY; from BRUBECK TIME? One of his best things, I believe.

I know all about Coulson's alleged dissatisfaction with popularity, but believing it is something else. I don't.

Paper - the sort of stock that I use for SOUFFLE - sells out here for about 15/- a ream, or \$1.75. That's Gestetner's wholesale rate - if I bought it in the shops, I'd pay over \$2.00. Seems you have it easy in America.

Yes, you're perfectly right - I meant "life" rather than "health insurance". Don't know what I was thinking about.

OUTPOST.(Hunter). God, the trouble you took on that cover. Hand painted and coloured, plus real stamps stuck on! Congratulations - it's a real stand-out and despite some competition from Don Fitch and Ethel Lindsay the best cover in the mailing, in my opinion. Also excellent layout and (glory!) justified margins. Had I but world enough, and time, I'd like to produce a 'zine as good as this.

Modern jazz in Australia has never been terribly strong, but there are pockets of activity, a few clubs and quite a bit of enthusiasm directed mainly towards records. The style is essentially West Coast circa 1950 - tight voicing, rather cerebral improvisation, slick but not very colourful. Our best group, the Three Out Trio, broke up about a year ago, and the king pin, expatriate New Zealand pianist Mike Nock, went to England to study. He's probably still there someplace. Chris Karen, the drummer, went to Melbourne and Freddy Logan is working at the local Hilton hotel in the house band of semi-jazz man Terry Wilkinson. The most famous Australian jazz group (as opposed to the best) was the Australian Jazz Quartet (later Quintet) which made a mark in America about eight or nine years back. It was originally composed of Errol Buddle (tenor/bassoon), Jack Brokensha (vibes/drums), Bryce Rhode (piano) and Jimmy Gannon (bass) but after making a disc for Bethlehem, they shed Gannon and picked up Dick Healey (alto/flute) and Ed Gaston (bass). Another three or four records for Bethlehem and they came back to Australia where all but Bryce and Jack settled down. Last I hear, Jack was playing with Penny Golson's club group and Bryce had a spot in one of the West Coast small bands. Buddle, Healey and Gaston all make good money in tv and studio bands out here, and play occasional jazz dates, but so far there's no indication that they'll ever form another all-jazz group. No call for it just now, and studio money is too good.

I think you are a bit too enthusiastic about jazz vocalists. Some are good - Annie Ross especially, with or without Hendricks and Lambert, also Chris Connor in her own sweet way, and of course Billie Holliday was great - but there are a number of singers who still swing despite their relative ignorance of the "jazz idiom". Jaonie Summers is one; probably the greatest young talent in the pop music field today. Then of course there is Lean Horne and The Misty Miss Christy and Peggy Lee and Eydie Gorme to name just a few. Jazz is great, but

has any jazz singer ever interpreted a ballad with as much feeling and taste as Frank Sinatra? If so, bring him on - I'd like to lick his boots.

This ish of SOUFFLE big enough for you?

SCOTTISHE. (Lindsay) Nice 'zine. With ATom (great cover) and Willis (all three star material) how could you fail? My comment about femme fans being the organising type was just an observation - did it offend you some way? Aren't you proud of your ability to create order out of chaos? If not, you should be. Look at Bjc and the Art Show, Ella and London fandom in general, you and your team of contributors - all examples of ability greater than that exhibited by a lot of men, myself included.

Thanks for the offer, but I don't think I would really fancy the Tey book a great deal. My main interest was in the poem.

Did you know that a number of Thomas Mann's books are out in Penguin pb? Seems you could afford those well enough. I have CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL and the three-story collection containing DEATH IN VENICE and TONIO KRUGER, and I seem to recall that there is also a Penguin of BUDDENBROOKS although my copy is a hardcover. As you say, Mann was a master of mood - he really builds a tragic atmosphere in DEATH IN VENICE. Remember the final scenes where the old man realises that he has turned into the sort of rouged-up undignified old fool that he so despised when he first came to Venice? Chilling. For a change of pace, you should read FELIX KRULL, a semi-comic novel very similar in some ways to Dreiser's AMERICAN TRAGEDY except that the protagonist is a success rather than a failure after his attempts to reach the top of society. A neat piece of work, FELIX KRULL, showing that evil is almost always triumphant, in real life if not in fiction

SIZAR. (Burn) Amen to your remarks on Vernon McCain. If anybody ever reached the position of All-Round Fan, it was he. Fiction, articles, letters, columns, mailing comments, social and club activity - he was good at them all. His THE PADDED CELL in Dick Geis's PSYCHOTIC was as good as a sercon column can possibly be. His letters crackled - I remember a few in A BAS that were almost incendiary - and, as you say, his touch with mailing comments was masterful. One can't help wondering where men like Boggs, Willis and Tucker would stand now if McCain had lived.

THE WALL. (Lindsay) Nice cover - what's with ATom and these hairy navels? - but other than that, no comment.

DOLPHIN. (Busby). Your comparison of CRY and BUNYIP in the matter of reaction just doesn't stand up. CRY sells for subs, so naturally a large number of people on your mailing list, confident of receiving the next issue, won't comment. Your mailing methods are so haphazard that a number of recipients, not able to depend on getting a copy of the next issue even if they do write a loc, won't bother to write either. Then again, being on a monthly schedule, all your overseas copies arrive after letter deadline, so any figures you got for reaction, unless you made some sort of correction for mailing delay, would be meaningless.

True, I don't "know" 50% of American fans personally, but then I didn't know Hitler either; this doesn't stop me from believing he was pretty undesirable. For about three or four years I've been reading fanzines from America and receiving letters from American fans. I'm in two apas, both of which have a large number of American members. I'm fairly up to date on fan affairs - I sub to FANAC and read AXE compliments of one of the local fans

who sends them up to me. I've seen the opinions of most American active fans published again and again in magazine lettercolumns and as articles, stories and mailing comments. So if you feel that a seven- word phrase written by somebody you've hardly even heard of before is sufficient basis for calling him an "ass", then I feel my experience qualifies me to say that I dislike 50% of American fandom.

"What some people will say to get attention!" Dear me, Mrs. P. Attention! You were the only person to even so much as mention it, which is more or less the reaction I expected. If the best ploy I could work out to get attention consisted of half a line in a tiny OnPazine, I'd be best advised to forget the whole thing. I said I disliked many American fans because it happens to be the truth, and as I was supposed to be introducing myself to the ops, it seemed a good idea to let everybody know which way my sympathies lie. If anybody brought the matter up, I'd have been glad to explain that the "50%" I was referring to covered people whom you, if you had any honesty, would admit you disliked also:- the types who nibble around the edges of fandom, publishing nothing, commenting seldom, writing little or nothing, sapping the energy of the field without contributing anything, deriding science fiction, slurring and giving the whole hobby an air of haphazardness. I would have said "50% of fandom" only there is no activity to speak of outside the US and UK, and English fans, on the whole, seem to be more constructive and interested than many Statesiders. If it makes you any happier - which I have no doubt it won't - I should say that you were never part of the 50%, nor are you now for that matter. I like your GFK column, and from what Bob Smith and other fans have told me you seem to be a nice person and in general, a credit to Stateside fandom and the state of Washington and so on. I'm genuinely sorry we couldn't be friends.

ASP. (Donaho) You apparently confuse my objections to Bob Coulson. As far as I'm concerned, his opinions are perfectly reasonable and I can't take exception to the way he expresses them. I don't like ZANDEO very much but this is purely a matter of taste. It just isn't my kind of fanzine. Certainly I'd be a fool to deny that it is capably and tastefully produced, well edited and, if you like the sort of thing Duck prints, full of interesting reading. My antipathy towards Coulson is purely personal - a matter of something he said to me in a letter quite a while back, plus some bits and pieces that I've picked up

from other fans since then about the same matter. It wouldn't make much sense if I told you about it. No doubt you would think it rather petty and juvenile, but then generally the things that hurt most are those that often seem least important on the surface. To sum up, I don't think it's boorish to express opinions bluntly if they happen to be honest, but I do think it is extremely boorish to insult a person out of spite and general viciousness. Apparently Duck Coulson thinks this is perfectly permissible.

Larry McCoombs letter...surely the "shock value" of those words in LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER /sufficient justification for their appearance. Lawrence continually stressed the necessity of a realistic attitude to sex, and it was his view that this could only come when the human race had adequate means of communicating on the subject. His essays bring this point up time and time again. By using all the four-letter words he could muster in LADY C, he was trying to bull through his views on the subject. He failed, of course, though with a little more care he might have succeeded in his aim. If..... oh well, no use thinking about it now, I suppose.

ASP is nice but VIPER is nicer. But whatever happened to HIBAKUN? The 'zine, I mean, not the cat.

UL. (Metcalf) What is your definition of an Edgar Wallace "fan"? Do you mean a real keen addict, rather as some people are devoted to Tolkien, or just a keen reader? I probably qualify for the latter, although I don't really go for a great deal of Wallace's writing. The thrillers are ok, and also his Sanders, Hamilton and Bones stories - I think I'm complete in both categories, mainly in the old Hodder and Stoughton hardback editions - but some of those racing yarns and many of the straight detective yarns...eccch. Do you know if there is any published Bibliography of Wallace? I'd like to check if my files are complete, especially in the Sanders series, but the Sydney Public Library doesn't seem to have anything specifically devoted to Wallace's books.

Tuck doesn't list any edition of SHAMBLEAU and others aside from the original Gnome hardcover, but of course that proves nothing. I was rather surprised to see these stories come out from Consul last year. They were so obscure that it must have taken a keen fantasy fan to even discover that they existed. What next? Quinn's Jules de Grandin stories? (some of them anyway; as I recall, there are about 98 yarns in the series) Once they start on WEIRD TALES, there'll be no stopping them. Incidentally, I was given to understand that Leo Margulies bought the complete reprint rights to WEIRD TALES. If this is so, how come other pb houses are reissuing so much of the old material? Conklin uses it by the ton, and then there are these Consul things - Wandrei's THE WEB OF EASTER ISLAND, some Lovecraft etc. If anybody knows, it's you, Norm. Can assist?

MORPH. (Roles) It always surprises me that Girodias should have been interested in LOLITA. Going by the few Olympia Press books that I've seen, his material seems to be far more frankly erotic than Nabokov's piece. Are any of the Olympia Press books imported openly into England now, after the LADY C trial?

VAGARY. (Gray). Where do you get the time to produce fanzines this big for an apa? Quite an achievement.

On modern jazz, the criticism that I applied to Don Fitch's comment goes just as well for yours. Operative words this time, however, are "discordant" (or at least "discords") and "cacophony". As a matter of fact, classical music is far more discordant than any jazz - listen to Stravinsky's RITE OF SPRING, SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE or something similar for an example. As for cacophony... well, it depends on what you find cacophonous (???). The most strident and unpleasant sound I know is poor pit-band musical comedy music. The massed bands of the Scottish ironworks are celestial choirs by comparison. Yet some people dote on THE MUSIC MAN, MY FAIR LADY et al. Chacun a son something or other.

The witchcraft articles were especially interesting and well-written, I think, considering the contentious nature of the subject. It isn't often that one can read an objective article on the occult. Either the writer is all for or all agin it. I hope you like my witchcraft article in this SOUFFLE. It's been on the shelf for about six months, ever since lack of interest torpedoed a projected witchcraft fanzine that a couple of us were planning, but your articles inspired me to publish it. Coven, anybody?

Jazz fans don't so much mind you disliking jazz, but we certainly object to you criticising it without adequate evidence to back up your criticisms. We bridle at your comments rather as you bridle when somebody starts talking about sf as "that Buck Rogers stuff".

OFF-TRAILS. (Burn-official). The only postmailing I didn't get this time was Harness's COMPADRE. Things are looking up.

I'm very glad you like the SOUFFLE imprint, Bruce. I always go to a lot of trouble to get the imprint just right, so it makes me very happy to see your

approving comments. On thing, though - what exactly is an imprint? You mean the editorial details? What they call a colophon in some places? Thanks anyway.

Ye ivied egoboo poll. I hesitate to criticise (pause for laughter) but seems to me that the poll layout could stand some revision. The idea of an egoboo poll is, of course. excellent, but some of these cateogires...for instance, you have no less than six awards for writing, aside from mailing comments. In addition to "best writer", there is best "humourist", "poet", "fiction" and "article" writer, not to mention best "editorial/natterings" writer. Why the duplication? Surely it would be more reasonable to give an award for best writer and leave it at that. A number of these titles would be meaningless anyway, because many of them are uncontested. Best poet, for instance. The only poetry I've seen in OMPA has been a few verses by yourself, Bruce. Fiction - I can't recall any of that at all. Articles are rare, and those that do appear are generally written by non-members.

There is duplication too in "Best editor", "best zine", "best layout, make-up" and "best editorial writer" too. Surely the best editor automatically edits the best 'zine, and because that 'zine is the best, it has the best layout, make-up etc, and the best editorials. I'll admit there is a case for segregating "best editor" and "best editorials", but the division between the others is hard to justify.

My objection isn't so much that there are too many categories, but that many of them are wrong categories. Certainly any member is entitled to recognition if he has done a good job during the year, but on the other hand, it isn't fair that hard-working people who have contributed something should be neglected. Take Bob Lichtman, for example. Isn't he entitled to something for the work he put into SOME OF THE BEST FROM QUANDRY? Surely Lynn Hickman deserves a pat on the back for distributing WHY IS A FAN? through OMPA also. But what method do we have of officially recognising their work? "Best editor"

is obviously unsatisfactory - neither of their efforts is a triumph of editing, exactly. "Most enthusiastic Ompan" is just as inapplicable. Many other members show more enthusiasm than Bob and Lynn, but less real interest. "Miscellaneous Egoboo" seems sort of perfunctory, hardly an award at all. Another case of unsung quality is Alva Rogers A.S.POUNDING review in VIPER. Admittedly Alva isn't a member, but he obviously contributed quite a bit to our enjoyment of the '61 mailings, yet we can't congratulate him officially for this.

Why not introduce an award for "Best item by a non-member", combine "Best zine", "best editor", & "best layout/makeup", combine "Best writer", "best fiction writer", "best article writer" and "best poet", leave "best artist/cartoonist" and delete "Miscellaneous egoboo"? It would make for a more logical ballot and, I think, a truer reflection of the organization's views. Or don't you people think so?

THE BONES OF DEATH. (Continued) from page 5.

-fore inconclusive, but other aspects of the bone-pointing ritual indicate a definite possibility that its power is based on rudimentary telepathy and auto-suggestion rather than the supernatural. There seems to be a strong connection between poltergeist phenomena and psychokinetics, so other forms of sorcery may well be similar forms of semi-controlled psi activity.

The evidence in support of magic is poor, but that for the "wild talents" is also weak and often conflicting. A large body of opinion claims that both are equally consistent with known facts. But a bone is pointed, and a man dies. We can only wonder why.