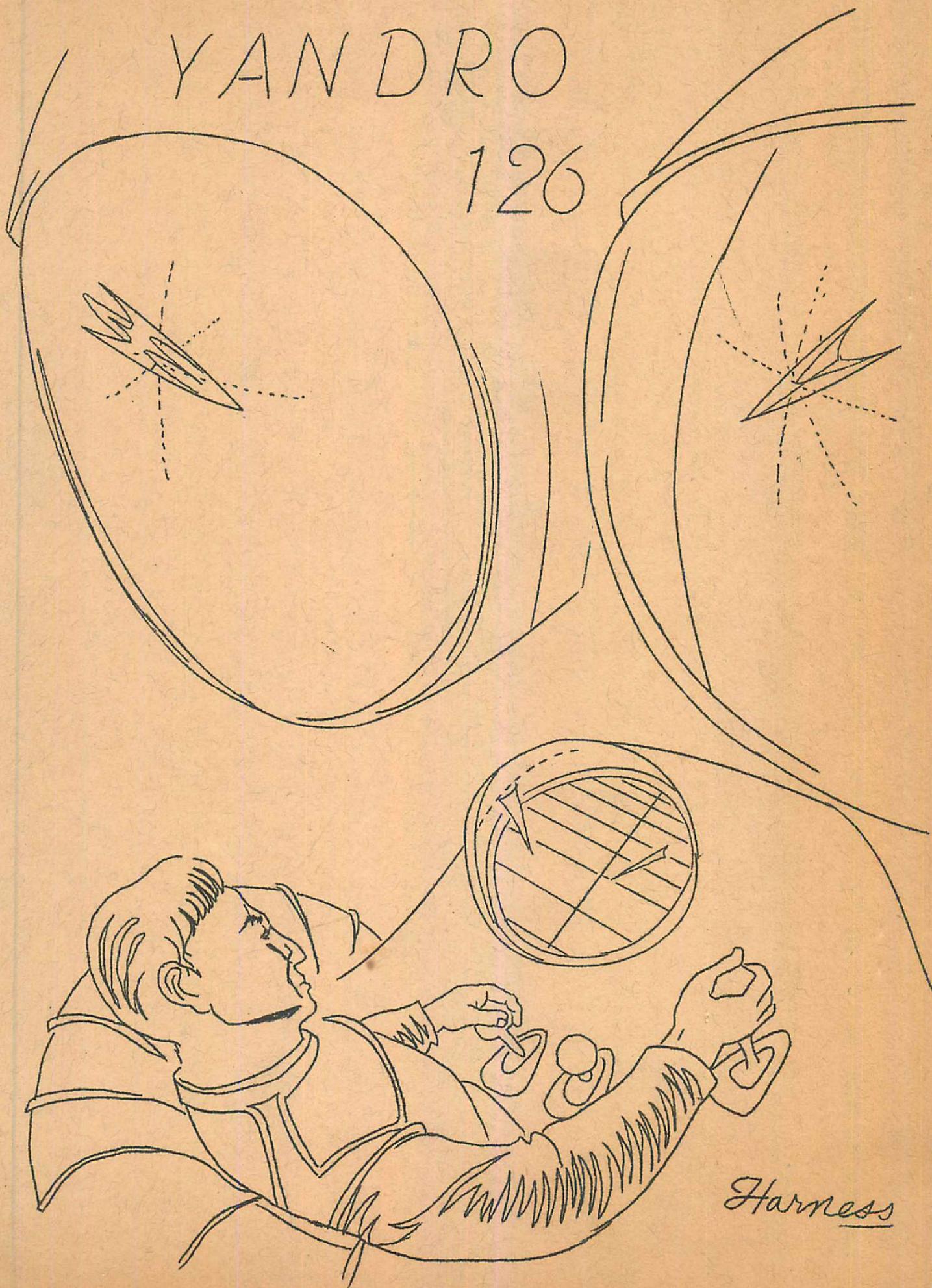


YANDRO

126



Harness

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Things have looked up from my grotchy state of last issue--grotchy about the sewing machine. I now have one. Needless to say, it is not the bargain offer by said gyp operator last month. After sewing on a treadle for a number of months, electricity is a marvel. So far I've managed to keep my fingers out of the works, but it sure do zip.

One of the demonstration gimmicks by the gyp was showing how nicely his machine could sew thru a lead plate. This seems impressive, but hardly very practical. How about that? Sew your own car. Hey, this could get real fannish.....if you had a rig like that, you could sew together mimeos and lightsopes and.....

Pity I didn't get the thing.

Being a pretty gabby critter, one of the hardest things I've had to do recently was condense Marion Zimmer Bradley's qualification for a TAFF nomination. It's fairly easy to write a praisy speech for someone who hasn't done much (I did a few of that sort of thing in college for some club election). All that's required is padding, and there's nothing easier for the gabby type. But when I was suddenly put in the position of being Marion's "campaign manager", nomination speech to be 100 words long, things suddenly (equally) got tight. How do you condense down a fannish and professional career like that? You don't. I had to take the high points (which you will be getting in more detail next issue -- with a TAFF ballot).

The point is, TAFF is set up as a reward for service. This is someone who has contributed to fandom, and TAFF is a way of saying thankyou. And there is so much to thank Marion for. Stop and think. Column after column, fanzine reviews, "What Every Young Fan Should Know", "Null-F" in these pages regarding related books and subjects, her own fanzines Day*Star and Astra's Tower, not to mention the many pro works (and the Hugo nomination.) As the fan and pro who keeps touch with both fields and scorns neither, Marion would be an excellent candidate for England; able to socialize with fans and pros equally well.

Don't wait for our ballot. Vote now. For MZB, of course.

Our annual picnic is looming me in the face. I have been cooking and cranking (the mimeo) all day. And at the moment the main feature of this annual event seems to be hurting feet. I have hopes (faint, but there) of getting this thing finished before bedtime tonight..... this morning? So far, our early attendees are Don and Maggie Thompson and Marion and Steve Bradley. We're hoping for the Grennell's (and all the little Grennell's?) sometime before morning. Let's see, it's now 12:15, E.S.T.

The picnic has already been christened....with something like four inches of rain. Jolly fun. Trees down, lines across the road, people parked on our lawn because they couldn't see the road. Oh I tell you.

So we'll have plenty to drink.

Something about picnic time. Ordinarily, traffic whizzes by, but tonight when we'll be eagerly watching and expecting fannish visitors, everybody decided to stop. (Personally, I think they were a bunch of moths; we had the front porch light on to direct homing fans, and it gave them--the transients--a chance to see where the edge of the road was, and nothing would do but park on our lawn. 'And may I use your phone'....!and your bathroom'.....'and where's your refrigerator?'. Sheesh!

Maggie was relating her adventures in beating off a mimeo supply clerk who wanted to sell her pre-cut illos of churches and wedding bells and similar cheery subjects. Doesn't anyone in the midwest use mimeos except ministers?

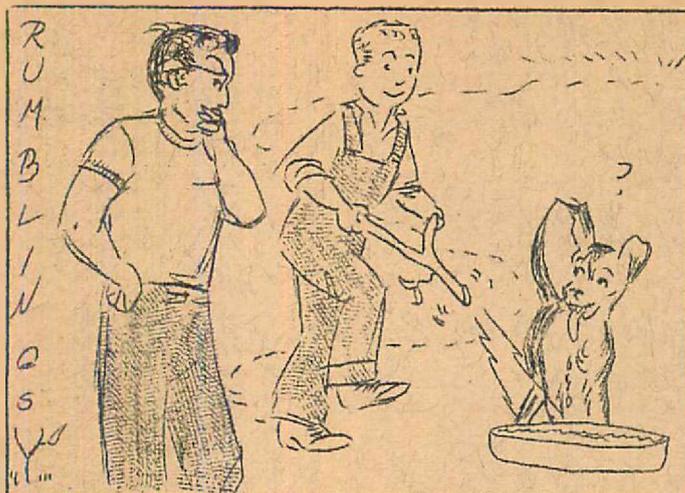
It gets pretty bad, and makes you wonder, too. We get some of our supplies at a store in Anderson....on weekends....sloppy clothes. Buck goes in wearing jeans and a t-shirt and a two-days beard to buy mimeo paper or ink or whatnot. And I'm equally cluttered. So once my mother was in buying paper clips or something and apparently was recognized as a relative. One of the salemen asked (as I understand it) tentatively, what church her son-in-law was minister of. This conjures up a fascinating picture of some of the ministers who may indeed buy mimeo supplies at the store.

Of course, in another department, I run into something else. And no, Nettie, I'm not; I will explain. I hate to throw out usable clothing, and I have a number of maternity smocks left around the house. I use a black one to mimeo in (or occasionally in very hot weather a scoop-necked awning-material one which is smeared with green paint)... I use various others to garden-tend in, paint in, wash dishes in, and in general slop around in, particularly during the summer. In the winter I'm partial to sweaters (especially in this house with its Swiss cheese walls). At any rate, at any given time during the summer, during the day, I'm likely to be wearing one of these blooming Mother Hubbards. I never think about it; it's just something convenient to wear and I can wipe my ink stained hands on them without ruining a good blouse. But it gets me all sorts of preferential treatment from traveling salesman. Now that I think about it, it probably gives them some sort of condoling excuse for my refusal to buy something, and my tendency to snarl at high pressure types. ("Oh well, you now how women are at that time"). I'll have to keep a smock handy for slipping on quick whenever I see a likely salesman drive up, just in case I'm not wearing one.

Ah ha, is that a barking puppy I hear? The Grennells have arrove, and it seems likely I will not get this mimeo this evening. So it seems possible I will be mimeoing it tomorrow, in between cooking and so forth. So if your copy has green beans or spaghetti sauce on it, consider it a true sample of the picnic.

As it turned out, at 2:30 a.m., I gave up on the editorial. It was a swinging picnic....I believe Buck said 35 adults and 12 kids....and my reaction is "Is that all?" Everyone had healthy appetites. There are so many people to thank, but especially Jean Grennell, super kitchen assistant, and Marion Bradley, who later took over some of the late late final chores and let me collapse. Marion is becoming to the Coulson picnic what Hamilton and Brackett are to the Midwescon: permanent and annual guest-of-honor. Not to mention unchallenged distinction as the southernmost Midwestern one could imagine.

And look, LOOK! It's still July, and this is the July issue! JWC



Dennis Lien's comments on dowsing brought back some recollections to me. When I was a kid, the well on our place failed -- the screen on the end of the pipe got clogged, and broke off when they tried to pull it up to clear it. I'm not sure what all was tried, but I have a vivid memory of being told to clear out of the back room because they were dropping dynamite charges down the pipe and they didn't want a 7-year-old distracting them while they capped the charges. (I'm not even sure who "they" were; Dad and

a professional well-driller, I think.) Anyway, they failed to get the well back in operating condition, so the only thing left was to drill a new well. (I suppose to the city-dweller, the idea of a "well" conjures up a rustic affair with a stone curbing and a bucket on a rope. Not in this section of the country; our wells were drilled, like a small oil well. 150' to 180' wasn't an uncommon depth.) The first operation in drilling a well was for the driller to cut himself a willow fork and walk around with it. Where the fork dipped, there was water -- theoretically -- and the drillers usually located two or three places and then discussed the handiest location with the property owner. This was standard procedure; we had two different drillers who used it and as far as I know so did every other operator in the area. My mother -- who was a fannish sort -- wanted to try it, never having encountered dowsing (locally known as "witching") before, and of course I did too. Mom claimed the fork dipped for her once, giving a definite "tug" on her hands. I got no results at all.

But maybe I'm psychic at that; two professional drillers fooled around all summer and never did bring in any water, despite their bobbing dowsing rods. Eventually the town ran a water line out to the cemetery and we were close enough to hook on to the city water. (I also recall that while three people -- Mom and the two drillers -- claimed to have got indications from the dowsing rod, no two of them got the indications at the same location.)

One of these dowsers could also stop bleeding by reading a certain verse from the Bible over the victim. A local barber claimed to have been an eyewitness of a dramatic performance; a man was bleeding to death in an auto accident near the dowser's home and he came out and muttered something and the bleeding stopped. (I never found out what verse it was; there was a specific rigamarole about telling the secret to another person, and it didn't include divulging it to small children.) I later worked with a woman whose husband could also work the trick, though he was a bit more modest in his accomplishments; the specific one she mentioned involved stopping a friend's nosebleed in a restaurant. She was quite matter-of-fact about it, apparently placing it in the same category as doing card tricks or judging stock; a talent that not everybody had, but nothing to get excited about.

This barber who witnessed the blood stoppage was also the one who informed us about "short growth". Since he was about 5'0" tall, we at first jumped to an erroneous conclusion. This "short growth" is a childhood disease and has nothing to do with the eventual size of the victim. I can't recall the exact symptoms; some sort of deformity, as I recall. The cure (or prevention?) consists of tying a piece of binder twine of a specific length -- measured against some part of the body --

then doing something esoteric which I can't recall, and finally burning the twine in the dark of the moon. This practice was dying out, but some of the older people in the area still believed in its efficacy. (If anyone has any specific information to offer on this belief, I'd be glad to hear it. Dad, an unimaginatively practical soul, doesn't even remember being told about it, and the barber who told us is dead. I tried the answer service of the Encyclopedia Americana, and they referred me to some A.M.A. booklet on childhood diseases, which is a big help.)

Then for awhile I went to school with a former Kentucky mountaineer named Hebern Caudill, who one noon hour began spinning tales of such mountain monsters as the Behinder (so called because it always grabs you from behind and you never get to see it). He said just enough to get me interested, and then clammed up -- I never did decide whether he believed it himself or was just putting me on, but he was a good talker. The only other reference I've heard to most of his beasts is in Manly Wade Wellman's "John The Minstrel" series.

John Kusske sent in a NEWSWEEK clipping which informed me that the publisher of EROS has been found guilty on 28 counts of advertising and mailing obscene material. I rather imagine the decision will be reversed in the higher courts; certainly the issues I saw weren't obscene. (Considering the price of the thing, I might have agreed with the prosecution if they'd charged him with using the mails to defraud, but I can't quite see this deal. NEWSWEEK appears to approve; somehow from this and the recent POST libel suit, I gather that NEWSWEEK tends to approve any action that might cut down the competition for the magazine buyer's dollar.)

We attended the Midwestcon, which seemed rather pallid compared to past ones that I recall. Some girl -- identified as Aggie Harook -- kept complaining that nothing fabulous was happening and demanding that somebody produce An Event for her. (I suggested a possibility to Bill Mallardi, but he claimed she was only interested in Events that happened to somebody else, which I feel is a narrow-minded attitude.) Oddly enough for such a small con, it included almost every fan whom I absolutely cannot stand. Which was frustrating; usually the schnooks were in close proximity to anyone I wanted to talk to. Frustration #2; I sat in on a conversation among Bob Briney, Leigh Brackett and Edmond Hamilton and then discovered that I didn't have anything to contribute, so I just sat there like a dummie, getting an occasional odd look from Leigh, who was evidently wondering who this jerk was. Oh well; last con it was Grania Davidson, this time it's Leigh Brackett -- maybe at the next Worldcon I can manage to tromp on Heinlein's toes or something. I spent most of my time talking to Bill Mallardi, Bill Bowers and Harvey Inman, which just goes to show how desperate I was..... A couple of bright spots were the presences of Bob Tucker and Bob Leman. (Leman surprised me by being a bit shorter than I am; after that photo on CRY awhile back I was expecting him to be eight feet tall) Bob talks amazingly like he writes, delivering the most absolute nonsense with an apparently perfect sincerity. The world lost a great confidence man when Leman decided to work for a living. (I stand in awe of his humor. I can do the same thing, for a sentence or two -- Bob can reel it off for minutes at a time, with a straight face. This takes imagination and muscular control that I just don't have; I either run out of inspiration or break down and laugh.)

Following the Midwestcon we went up to Milwaukee, seeing the DeWeeses, the Grennells, and Jim Sieger. One of these days I'll do the fannish thing and write a trip report, but this time you're spared.

SON OF "BRICK MOON"

article by

LEWIS GRANT



Nearly a century ago, Edward Everett Hale, author of "The Man Without A Country", wrote a science fiction story. It was called "The Brick Moon", and it appeared in the Oct.-Dec. 1869 Atlantic.

"The Brick Moon" is a story of some enterprising Americans who plan to launch an artificial satellite with a giant catapult, as an aid to navigation. The satellite is built of fire-

brick, so as to stand the intense frictional heat from being fired thru the atmosphere at high speed. As the brick moon is being built, the construction workers and their families are living in the caverns formed by the strengthening ribs. Through accident, the satellite is fired into space filled with people, and they end up in orbit, five thousand miles above the surface.

The story was good enough that Hale wrote a sequel to it, entitled: "Life in the Brick Moon". Deponent sayeth not how good the sequel was.

This colorful victorian antique was recalled to mind, last week, by a paper in Volume 1, Number 1 of the Journal of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, full of the same sense of wonder, and bearing the sonorous title of "Existence of Periodic Solutions Passing Near Both Masses of the Restricted Three-Body Problem."

Now, EPSPNBMRTBP may not strike you as a particularly stimulating title. However, the restricted three-body problem, made famous by La Grange, includes the trojan orbits, and the near stable point and far stable point, which, as Papa Veely informs us, stays on a line between the Earth and Moon.

Dr. Richard Arenstorf, the author of the paper, has discovered a class of orbits, related to the near point and far point which wheel around Earth and Moon, or Earth and Sun, in fascinating, flowerlike orbits. He illustrates orchids, pansies, and sunflowers. The most interesting orbit, to me, is the sunflower, which is composed of long, ellipse-like orbits sweeping around Luna and Terra. These orbits stay in the same relation to the two bodies, tracing out an invisible sunflower in the depths of space.

If we place a space ship in this orbit, it will continue to swing in long smooth ellipses around Earth and Moon, except that every so often, it will interrupt its orbital journey to sweep around the Moon at close range, and dart off on a new series of long sweeping orbits. When this ship is provided with ion jets to compensate for the minute perturbations caused by the Sun or the other planets, it will remain in this shuttle orbit for decades, centuries, or millenia.

Dr. Arenstorf suggests that we place a shuttle ship in this orbit, providing it with heavy shielding against meteorite dust, solar particles, etc., and allow it to swing back and forth between Earth and Moon. We save quite a bit in fuel costs by using small, light, unshielded

"landing boats" to lift men up to the shuttle. At the lunar end, they can be lowered to the Moon's surface by other small LEM's.

To lift the astronauts off the Earth, we may be able to develop ram-jet-powered aerospace planes, burning liquid hydrogen, which can take off from any airport and fly into orbit. One ASP being developed burns liquid hydrogen alone, and another heats it with a nuclear reactor. Both show possibilities.

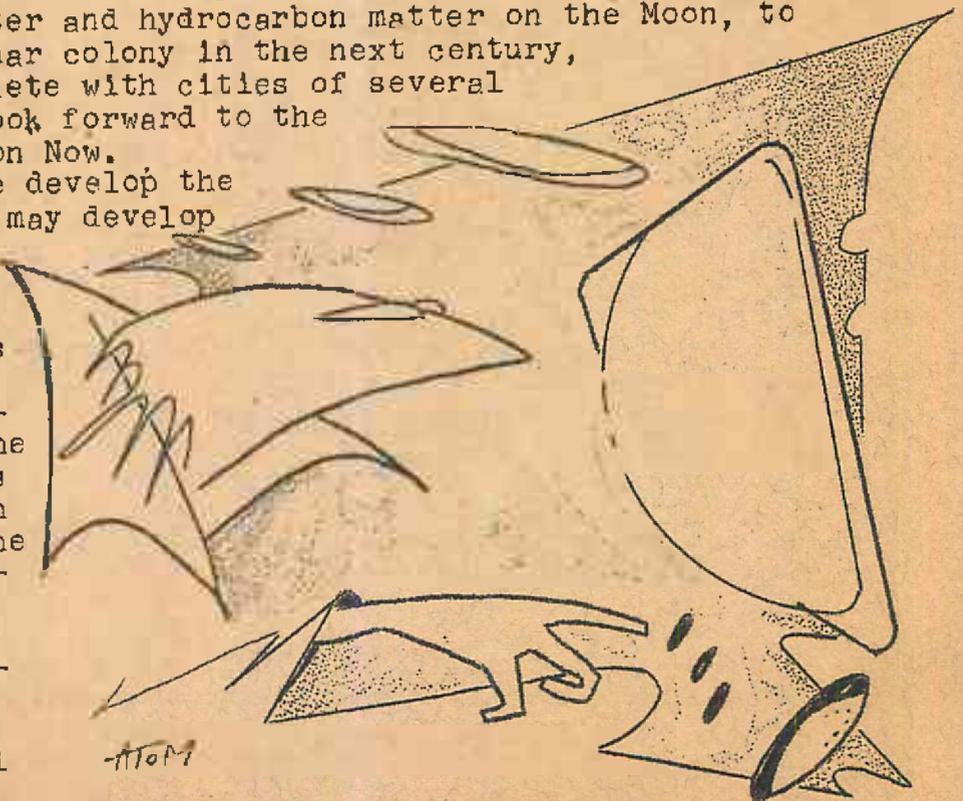
Meanwhile, back on the Moon, we may be able to use an electric catapult to fire small ships into orbit around the Moon. A catapult of the type required would be about 100 km long, and would consist of an unrolled electric motor. The stator would be turned into plates spread along the catapult track, and the rotor would be plates mounted on the catapult car. The car would be supported frictionlessly, and the plates kept the requisite tenth millimeter apart by Levapad action, probably produced by shooting steam between them.

The terrific contrast between the daytime temperature of 100 Cels and the nighttime temperature of -110 Cels (one Cel is a degree Celsius) will cause problems for any catapult 100km long. We might be able to prevent buckling, etc., by installing thermostats and heating rods in the track and keeping it at a uniform temperature slightly above the highest diurnal temperature.

Once in orbit, the small landing ship could be accelerated to meet the shuttle by power beamed from the Moon. We have the power beam now, you know. It's called the Laser, but it's just the old StF power beam. It may not work too well on the Earth, where the atmosphere will attenuate the beam, but if we have some equipment to catch the beam, we can beam power for hundreds of miles through space.

If we succeed in producing the aerospace plane, the shuttle from Earth to the Moon, and the lunar catapult and power beam, all of which are pretty good possibilities, it should be possible to cut the cost of a Lunar vacation to the amount the average fan can dig up (especially since fans seem to be getting richer and richer, and extrapolating to the time when all these are ready...) It may also be possible, especially if we find water and hydrocarbon matter on the Moon, to produce a genuine lunar colony in the next century, (maybe before), complete with cities of several thousands. We can look forward to the real Lunacon Real Soon Now.

Of course, when we develop the lunar shuttle (which may develop into the first space city, to be known as Arensdorf), we don't want to lift the tons of shielding needed from Earth. As Campbell points out in the March Analog, that is pretty wasteful, when we can get it from the Moon with an expenditure of 1/6 of the fuel. If we arrange our schedules properly, the first trips can be shielded by construction material



and things like the catapult track, which will be needed on the Moon. (Uranium makes a dandy shield against solar particles.)

When we get our lunar base completed, we can build a catapult, fire shielding into orbit, and install it permanently on the shuttle. The type of shielding doesn't matter, just so it is some form of relatively homogenous mass. Lunar rock and dust will do as well as anything else, and there is a lot of it lying around loose. However, we should refrain from firing random chunks into orbit. Working on the Moon's surface is pretty clumsy, but it is 1% as clumsy as working in orbit in space suits. Before we shoot the mass up to be installed in our flying city, it should be shaped into the proper modular blocks, ready to be easily clamped or glued into place.

We can produce these modular shapes on the Moon by building molds, and casting the blocks from lunar surface material, either glued together with some binder, such as asphaltic material, or simply sintered at high temperature with solar or nuclear energy.

Of course, what will we have when we glue these sintered modular blocks into place to cover our framework? A brick moon.

I am the very model of a module major general...T.Stratton and wives

unless

— R.L. CLANCY —

Atoms are peculiar things that hold us all together,
Unless they get mistreated, and then,
I just cannot say whether.

GLORIA IN X°C

I was writing a paper a few days ago which required a number of uses of the terms "degrees Fahrenheit", "degrees Celsius" and "degrees Kelvin." (Also known as degrees absolute). This struck me as unnecessarily cumbersome and wordy, especially when degrees Celsius is still known to a lot of people as degrees Centigrade. The term "degree" also has other uses, such as the degree of arc.

We could eliminate a lot of this confusion by renaming the units. For instance, I suggest the name Cel instead of the term degree Celsius, and the Kel instead of the degree Kelvin. Of course, the Cel and the Kel are the same size, but two names would cut down a lot of writing.

The term degree of arc should be tossed out, too. In fact, we might be smart to set up a whole new system of angular measure, isomorphic with our system of time measure, and with brand new names. For instance we could have the circle divided into 2^4 zests, the earth's surface into 2^4 zones, and the sidereal day into 2^4 zodes. Each one of these would be divided into 60 divisions with similar but discrete names, and each of these divided into 60 divisions. This would make navigation and geography so much easier.

— lewis grant

Bradley — for — Britain

Josef Notgudenov - An Opera in Four Acts

BY *john boardman*

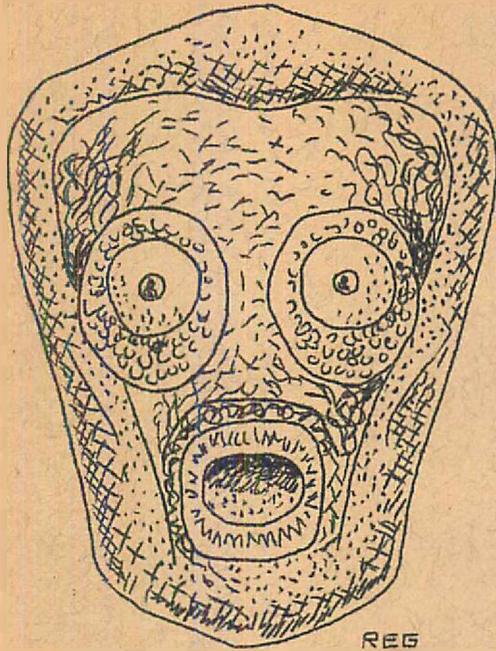
PROLOGUE: Red Square. Tsar Vladimir the Terrible has just died, and has left no successors. The Russian people gather to plead with the Supreme Soviet to choose a new Tsar. As MVD agents encourage them with knouts, they urge Josef Notgudenov to accept the throne. Josef protests that he is unworthy to be Tsar, but finally yields to their pleas and accepts.

ACT I, Scene 1: A Cell in the Lubianka Monastery. By candlelight an old monk, Bronstein, writes his chronicle of Russia. Beside him sleeps a young novice, Nikita. Bronstein sings that he is writing the bloody tale of how Tsar Josef has murdered all the heirs of Vladimir the Terrible. Nikita awakes, and tells how he dreamt that he was a cat whose head someone dashed against a wall. He then asks Bronstein about Josef's crimes. Bronstein tells him that Vladimir's heir would have been Nikita's own age had he lived. As Bronstein leaves, Nikita resolves to proclaim himself the true heir of Vladimir the Terrible, and to become Tsar.

Scene 2: An Inn Near the Border Between East Berlin and West Berlin. Ulbrichta, the pretty barmaid, is singing "Ist das nicht eine Schnitzelbank?" Two rascally monks, Tito and Imre, knock at the door. They are accompanied by Nikita, who has fled from his monastery. Ulbrichta sets wine before the monks, who soon get tipsy. Imre sings a famous solo about the Battle of Budapest. While he and Tito are drinking, Nikita asks Ulbrichta about how to get to West Berlin. Just then, the border guards raid the inn and announce that they have a warrant for Nikita's arrest. But Nikita accuses them all of deviationism and, while they are confessing, he escapes.

ACT II: The Tsar's Residence, beneath the Kremlin. The Tsar's two children, Svetlana and Vasily, are with their old nurse Molotova. Vasily, pen in hand, is studying a map of the world and drawing lines which include all other countries into Russia. Svetlana is mourning the untimely death of her fiance, Prince Kirov. To console her, the nurse sings a merry song, "How to Tell the Difference between a Muzhik and a Kulak." As she sings, the Tsar enters. Josef is concerned about trouble with the left and right deviationists at home, and with socialists and other fascists abroad. He sings his aria "I'll Send Them All to Siberia". The sinister Prince Maosky enters and informs the Tsar that Nikita has proclaimed himself the rightful heir of Vladimir the Terrible, and has the support of King John. Josef asks Maosky whether the heirs of Vladimir are really dead. Maosky assures him that they are, but Josef is tormented with guilt. In a powerful scene he imagines that the whistle of a samovar is the sound of ghosts coming after him.

ACT III, Scene 1: Princess Jacqueline's Room in the White House. The Princess tries on a new Dior gown as a chorus of fashion editors praise her beauty and taste. Then the chorus leaves, and the Princess sings how she will charm the pretender Nikita and make him yield Russia to



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her husband's rule. The sinister priest Father Barry enters and gloats how the Princess's beauty will make Nikita desire to co-exist peacefully, and will cause the Russians to depose Tsar Josef, join the True Church, and establish a stock exchange in the Kremlin.

Scene 2: The East Room of the White House. King John holds a great celebration of the coming downfall of the Tsar. Nikita is smitten by the Princess's beauty, and she makes him promise to follow Father Barry's advice when he attains his rightful throne.

ACT IV, Scene 1: Red Square. The people are stricken by famine and pestilence, and blame the crimes of Tsar Josef for their plight. A poor madman, Yevgenii, comes on stage singing a nonsensical song, and is tormented by a gang of editors. The Tsar enters, and Yevgenii

pleads for him to kill the editors as he killed the heirs of Vladimir the Terrible. The Tsar is stricken with remorse, and asks the idiot to write favorable poetry about him.

Scene 2: The Supreme Soviet. The Boyars are plotting when Prince Maosky enters and tells them that the Tsar is going mad. As Maosky speaks, the Tsar enters, reeling with a vodka bottle in one hand, and claims that Vladimir's murdered heirs are tormenting him by repeating their confessions into his ears. Josef Notgudenov realizes that he is dying, and calls for his son Vasily. After telling Vasily to increase the production of consumer goods and send all the Boyars to Vorkuta, he dies.

Scene 3: In the Katyn Forest. A group of kolkosniks enter, bringing with them one of Josef's officials, the Boyar Beria. Beria is bound, and the kolkosniks are beating him and singing a song which mocks him and his master. Imre and Tito enter, singing of the tyranny of Josef and proclaiming Nikita to be the rightful Tsar. Then Nikita enters in royal robes, and leads a procession of his followers off stage towards Moscow. Only the idiot remains, foretelling yet more woe to Russia.

A small memorial to our dog Rann, shot by person or persons unknown, on June 30. We haven't even discovered a reason for the act; if she was doing her duty as a watchdog she succeeded, for nothing was molested around the place.

Shadrach was rather lonesome at first, but is now enjoying his new status as Number One Dog in the family. He doesn't appear to be much of a watchdog, though -- in fact, his principle use seems to be as a mobile garbage disposal unit.

(Short interruption caused by the arrival of Don & Maggie Thompson. Shad put on his idea of a watchdogging performance; not a sound out of him until Maggie actually set foot in the garage, at which point he went into hysterics and ran under the back porch, still barking. And she's not all that frightening.....) All in all, I think I'm going to miss Rann around here. Compared to the other dogs in this area, she was a mental giant, and a pretty animal as well.

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY FOR TAFF!!!!!!!!!!!!

A DODDERING COLUMN

from

alan dodd

"Why," said the Martian, gazing at the strange Earth creature before him, "should you want to eat me? I thought you only ate ants."

"Ants?" said the ardvark, looking at him in disgust, "I am sick and tired of ants. Every day of my life I sit around with this long nose of mine sniffing up ants, and who notices it? No one. It's as though I wasn't even here. I want," he added plaintively, "to be somebody."

"But why by eating me?" exclaimed the puzzled Martian.

"Because," said the ardvark laboriously, "there are plenty of animals who eat ants. But imagine how important I would become as the first to eat a Martian. People would sit up and take notice. I would be famous--the first Martian eater."

"It is only to be important, that you wish to eat me then?"

"Of course," replied the ardvark, "this is nothing personal, you understand."

Advancing on the Martian he was surprised to find the alien had whipped from his hip pocket (or what would have been had he got hips) a book, which he proceeded to open. "Look," he said, "this is the official earth dictionary. And on the first page of every single volume there is this word--see?"

The ardvark looked cautiously at the book, and in the very first list of words was the one word - "ardvark".

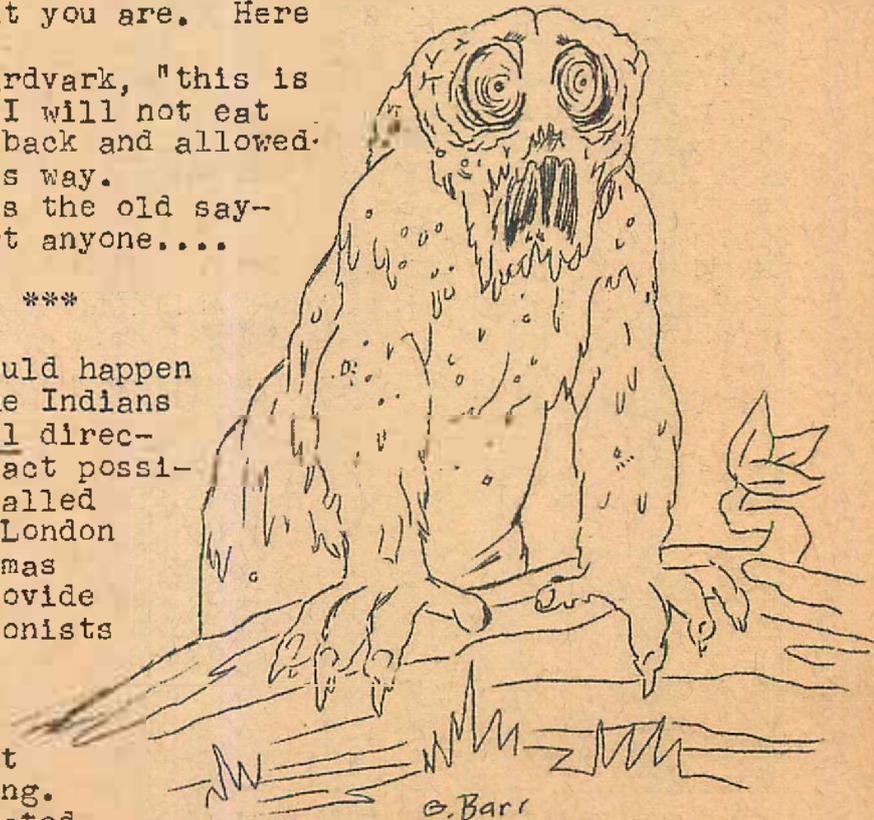
"You see - you are important. In the dictionary you are always the first word. Isn't that important enough for you? Now you don't need to eat me to prove how important you are. Here it is in black and white."

"Very well," said the ardvark, "this is so. You may therefore go. I will not eat you." Saying which he stood back and allowed the Martian to pass along his way.

From which incident comes the old saying: that ardvark never hurt anyone....

*** *** *** ***

I often wondered what would happen in a cinema process where the Indians came charging at you from all directions at once. This is in fact possible with a Russian process called Circlorama, which opened in London recently. With so many cinemas closing, it does at least provide regular work for 11 projectionists in a single theater. Going down a long sloping passage-way, you enter a room that is completely circular, or at least with 11 walls connecting. Each wall has a screen separated



by a bar of space from which the nose of one projector shines through. There are no seats, since the viewpoint is not fixed as with a regular theatre, though I believe a piano stool arrangement would get over this problem; but so far standing is the only solution, which is perhaps just as well since the only film in this process--RUSSIAN ROUNDABOUT--only lasts for thirty minutes.

The opening sequences are not very impressive, featuring as they do a series of flowers opening and harmless cartoons--including one of sputniks racing around the globe, one with a dog waving from it. It was a subject I personally found distasteful, recalling what in fact did happen to the first Russian dogs sent up by this method.

It is, however, when the screen begins to move--from train to the Black Sea, and by helicopter over Leningrad--that the film shows what it can do. With 11 screens synchronized by 11 projectors it is possible not only to see what is in front of you, but also what is behind you. The gaps between the screens add to the realism as they convey the impression of the support bars of a car windows or plane cockpit, and short of actually visiting a place this is definitely the nearest way of getting there. The view from all sides is as though you were in some floating ship with a circular cabin seeing everything as you were travelling through it. If you want to look out the back window and see what you have passed, it is all there, and the side and front views too.

At one part of the picture a horde of Cossacks ride at the screen, round the screen and behind it. In the climax--the visit to Moscow at May Day Parade--you are right in the centre of thousands of marching troops waving banners, flying emblems. Never has such a vast feeling of depth existed, not even with the late 3D films.

There is perhaps another example of this method that was used at the World Fair in Brussels a few years back in 1958 by the American contributors; but fortunately no commercial enterprise ever took it up. I say fortunately, because whereas one can survive Cossacks riding from all sides and round you, one could not, alas, escape the Red Indian circle of death. If the old perennial of Custer's Last Stand were filmed in this medium, I fear it would not only be Custer's last stand, but the audience's too!

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY FOR TAFF

Change of address: (After August 3rd)

Mike Deckinger, 14 Salem
Court, Metuchen, New Jersey

Recently Out (And practically guaranteed to make John Boardman red in the face) THERMONUCLEAR WARFARE, Poul Anderson, Monarch, 60¢.

Certain mentions throughout the texts compared with the publication date lead me to believe Poul may have had some difficulty getting this published. Non-fiction, it is neither far left nor far right, and it is almost sure to make the reader of either persuasion stop and consider certain possibilities (assuming thought and not pure emotionalism on the part of the reader). Well worth the hour or so it takes to read. Small bibliography and fannish acknowledgments included. JWC

FOUL!

by

BENNETT GORDON

So you want to hear about the time I saved the Carolus back in 2364? Well, it isn't actually much of a story, but if you really want....

I was a passenger on the Carolus, heading from Earth to Camote IV. The wife and I were taking a vacation--I was a referee in the soccer leagues around Devonshire and Cornwall for 32 years, y'know. Saved up for the trip for years. Anyway, we had some trouble on the trip with the hyperspace drive. Had to land on Rean III, which at that time hadn't been colonized. We put down near the planet's equator, in a clearing in the middle of the jungle. Was late afternoon, if I remember right. At any rate, while the crew was at work fixin' up the drive the rest of us decided to go outside to get some fresh air, after being cramped up in the ship. We didn't think we'd have any trouble with the natives, because they're usually scared stiff at the sight of a spaceship. But we no sooner got outside the ship than we were surrounded by a party of the savages, and we knew they'd kill us at sundown, since they've got some ridiculous taboo about keepin' strangers alive at night.

Well, the rest of the folks got pretty scared, but not me. I knew what was going to happen, because the sun never set. It stopped in one spot in the sky and didn't move. And when the bloomin' aborigines saw that, they got scared and ran off. Soooo, we managed to patch up the drive and got to Camote IV, safe and sound.

Well, laddies, that's the whole story. And in case you're wonderin' how I knew we were safe, just remember the sun never sets on a British empire.

THRU GRIME & SPACE WITH FERDINAND FUGGHEAD

On one of his rare moments off from the pressing demands of his work, FF undertook a journey to the planet Froyd, a world slightly larger than Earth situated in the Andromeda Galaxy. Froyd had been discovered several centuries before by a spaceship of fleeing psychiatrists, escaping after Earth's notorious doctors' revolt. They settled on Froyd and set up practise, diagnosing the ills of the natives for no other price than their freedom. A friend of FF, Sigmund Ebb-Krafting, extended an invitation to FF, to see how the colonies were coming along.

FF was greeted at the spaceport by the Doctor, and conducted through the main city, shown the doctors' clinics and living quarters. The construction was proceeding so rapidly that a development of split-level houses, only five years old, were being demolished to make way for an apartment project. The section was littered, and the houses were anything but glamorous at the moment.

FF stared, then turned to Ebb-Krafting. "You know, there is something distinctly psychological about this razing in the sun."

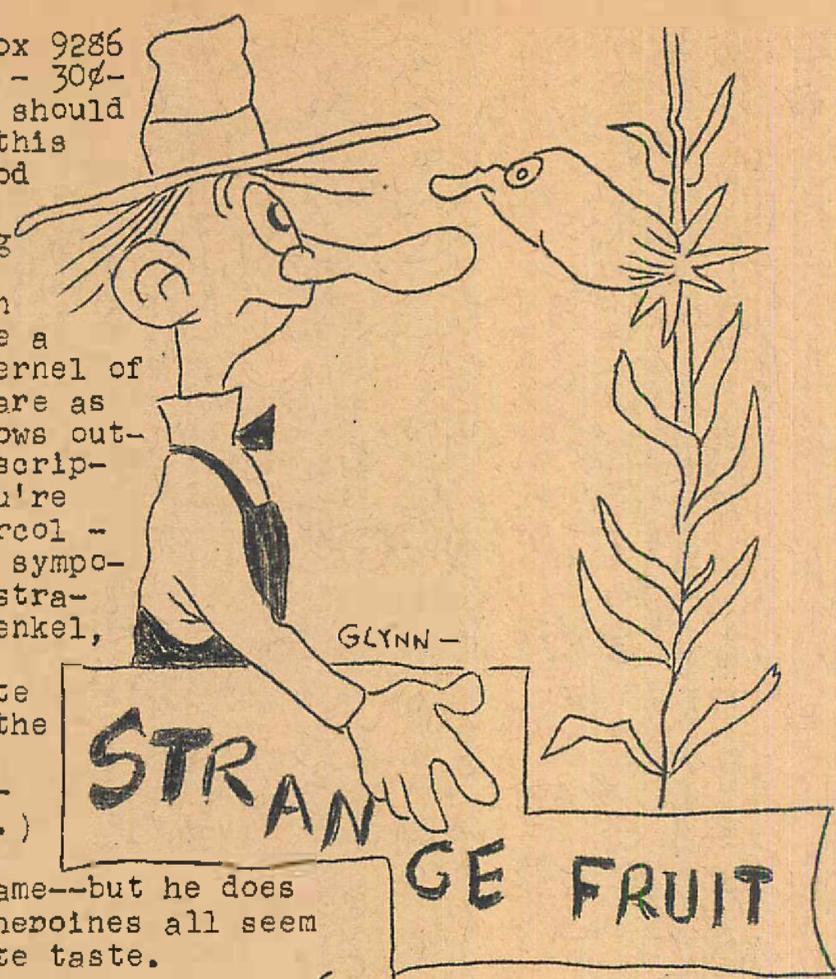
"What?" the doctor inquired after several minutes' thought.

FF gestured broadly to the row upon row of half-destroyed split-level houses through which workers bustled back and forth, intent on their jobs.

"Edifice wrecks," he proclaimed with a sweep of his hand.

— mike deckinger —

AMRA #25 (George Scithers, Box 9286 Rosslyn, Arlington, Virginia - 30¢-irregular) The fanzine that should have topped the Hugo ballot this year, with a particularly good issue. Poul Anderson starts things off with a fascinating bit of modern physics as described in strict Anglo-Saxon terms: "the forward-bits have a forward lading, and in the kernel of the unhurt uncléavish there are as many of them as there are flows outside." (That's part of a description of atomic theory, if you're baffled.) The rest is lettercol - umn, starting with a sort of symposium on swordsmanship. Illustrations, by people like Roy Krenkel, Frank Frazetta, Eddie Jones, Jim Cawthorn, Harry Couthwaite and Gray Morrow, are by far the best in fandom (better than about 90% of professional illustrations, for that matter.) I don't know who Morrow is-- and I'm suspicious of that name--but he does beautiful work, even if his heroines all seem too muscular for my degenerate taste.



Rating.....6

HOMUNCULUS #3 (Avram and Grania Davidson, P.O. Box 416, Milford, Pa. - free if you can talk your way onto the mailing list) And he mentions that Interesting Maps are sometimes considered suitable exchange. (Try him with a road map of Mexico.) Now that I stop to think of it, there really isn't much in here, but it certainly seems entertaining when I read it. Sort of a newsletter of the Davidson family. Rating.....6

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #12 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - bi-weekly -- most of the time - 13 for \$1) Big news here is the questioning of Palmer and Shaver with regard to the publication of pornography. (But he missed a later news item which announced that Shaver had left the state--rather hurriedly, I gather. Palmer seems to be either innocent or well-covered.) Probably the most furor will be generated over Mike Deckinger's dissection of the Neofund, however. (I'm on Mike's side; the Neofund is not only silly, it's the sort of dogooding that destroys self-reliance.) Rating.....6

FANTASY-NEWS #5,6 (Ken Beale, 115 E. Mosholu Parkway, Bronx 67, N.Y. - weekly - 10¢) Aside from the fact that there isn't enough fan and pro news to support a weekly newsletter, I suppose there's nothing wrong with this. At least these issues are readable, an improvement over the last one I got. Rating.....4

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #403 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave., College Point 54, New York - monthly - 15¢) And by George they're on schedule, momentarily at least. Couple of news items, most interesting

of which is the item that Ray Palmer is going to resurrect SPACE WORLD!
Suppose we'll find out that the boys at Cape Canaveral are really deros
in disguise? Rating.....5

FANAC #93 (Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif. - irregular - 4 for 50¢) The most complete roundup of fan news. I wish Walter would publish at least quarterly; it's easier to keep up on FAPA via FANAC than it is to wade thru the mailings. Rating.....5

PHOENIX #7 (Dave Locke, P.O. Box 335, Indian Lake, N.Y., 12842 - irregular - no price listed) Something startling to begin this; a pro-tv article by the editor. (It isn't improving, Dave; your critical faculties are degenerating.) Then there's a two-page article by Ron Haydock on the movie Tarzans; it looks like it might have been taken from an extensive treatment in FILMS IN REVIEW some time back and cut drastically for fanzine consumption. And an article on life on other planets, which is the sort of thing I prefer to read by a professional, or at least by someone who isn't just rehashing the theories that were written by professionals. Oh well, the tv article isn't bad. Rating.....4

LOKI #6 (Dave Hulan, 3806 Pinedale Drive, S.W., Huntsville, Alabama - free for comment? - quarterly) A general-purpose fanzine, with reasonably good material on all phases of fandom. Most of the material has a close connection with stf or fantasy, though, and you can't hardly get that kind of fanzine no more. Rating.....7

PELF #? (Dave Hulan and Dave Locke - addresses above - irregular? - 50¢ a copy, but they'd rather have letters of comment) As opposed to LOKI, this is strictly fannish, with Locke coming out in favor of Mike Hammer (Locke, you're an oddball) and against the Ring Trilogy. Rating.....4

I also got things titled FENRIS and UTGARD from Dave, but they seem to be apazines, so I won't review them.

DOUBLE-BILL #5 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio - bi-monthly - 20¢ - co-editor, Bill Mallardi) Send trades to Mallardi, cash to Bowers. This one is not only devoted to stf, it prints (shhh!) fiction. It's a nice thick issue, and somehow both of the editors seem prone toward making statements that bring on torrents of (mostly abusive) letters. (One of the funniest things at the Midwestcon was hearing Mallardi offering to do what he could to mediate a dispute; Bill's intentions were honorable, but I keep getting this picture of the bloodshed that his mediation could in all innocence produce. Rating.....6

SPECTRUM #3 (Lin Carter, Apt. 4-C, 2028 Davidson Ave., New York 53, N.Y. - bi-monthly - 25¢) Here's one for James Adams; a fanzine composed entirely of book reviews (20 pages of them) and letters commenting on the reviews. I still haven't been able to work out a method of applying these reviews to my own tastes (so that I can tell by the review whether or not I should dash out and buy a book). Lin and I seem to agree fully about half the time, disagree violently part of the time, and the rest of the time he is getting worked up, pro or con some mediocre novel like LORDS OF THE PSYCHON or SECOND ENDING which hardly seems worth all the excitement. And I shudder at the idea of even trying to match my taste with those of the other reviewers in SPECTRUM.



(Dave Van Arnam manages to write a terribly enthusiastic review of WITCH WORLD in such a manner as to discourage me from reading the book altogether, if I hadn't already found out that it is good, despite his praises. Sabatini, indeed!)
Rating.....5

JELERANG #2 (The Mercurian Club, c/o Harriett Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine St., Philadelphia 30, Pa. - 25¢ - quarterly?) Amazing; I thought neofans were a dying breed, and here is a whole club of them. It starts off with a con report, which seems no worse than most con reports (and no better, either). Harriett compounds the crime by relating a blow-by-blow account of her trip to Florida. (I have read one or two entertaining con reports; I have never read a trip report which was anything but deadly dull. Harriett's may be worse than the average, but not much.) There's an irritating article on stiff criticism in serious literary journals by Olin Fredegar. He starts off interestingly

enough, but just when the reader is expecting the real meat of the article to begin, he quits writing, explains that he hasn't done enough research as yet, and maybe he'll finish things off next issue! Foo! An editor who starts publishing an article before the writer has even finished writing it is either lacking basic knowledge of editing or desperate for material. There are some other minor pieces and a letter column which is mostly devoted to an argument concerning advanced math and physics; I don't know what any of them are talking about. The mag is multilithed (somewhat sloppily, but it's easily readable).
Rating.....3

TIGHTBEAM #19 (Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee) This is the N3F letterzine; write Janie about dues and such. All sorts of letters, from David Patrick's complaint that fanzine publishers aren't falling over themselves to obtain his obviously superior writing efforts to some favorable commentary on psi powers by a Venezuelan psychologist.

DYNATRON, #17 (Roy & Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - bi-monthly - 15¢) A generally excellent fanzine, but this issue didn't strike me particularly favorably. Though I did like Cox's story, and Jack Speer's article on precocity was fairly entertaining, tho I don't altogether agree with it.
Rating.....5

SCRIBBLE #12 (Colin Freeman, 41 Mornington Crescent, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, - bi-monthly - 10¢ - USA gent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland) The only current fanzine I can think of which is devoted entirely to humor. (Sure, I know about PANIC BUTTON; but is it still a fanzine?) Anyway, SCRIBBLE is the funniest fanzine around, these days, and well worth your money.
Rating.....7

HYPHEN #33 (Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - irregular - 15¢) Mostly devoted to humor, but it starts off with a con report. Oh well; fans seem to like them. After that,

things pick up, and it turns out to be a pretty good issue, after all,
Rating.....6

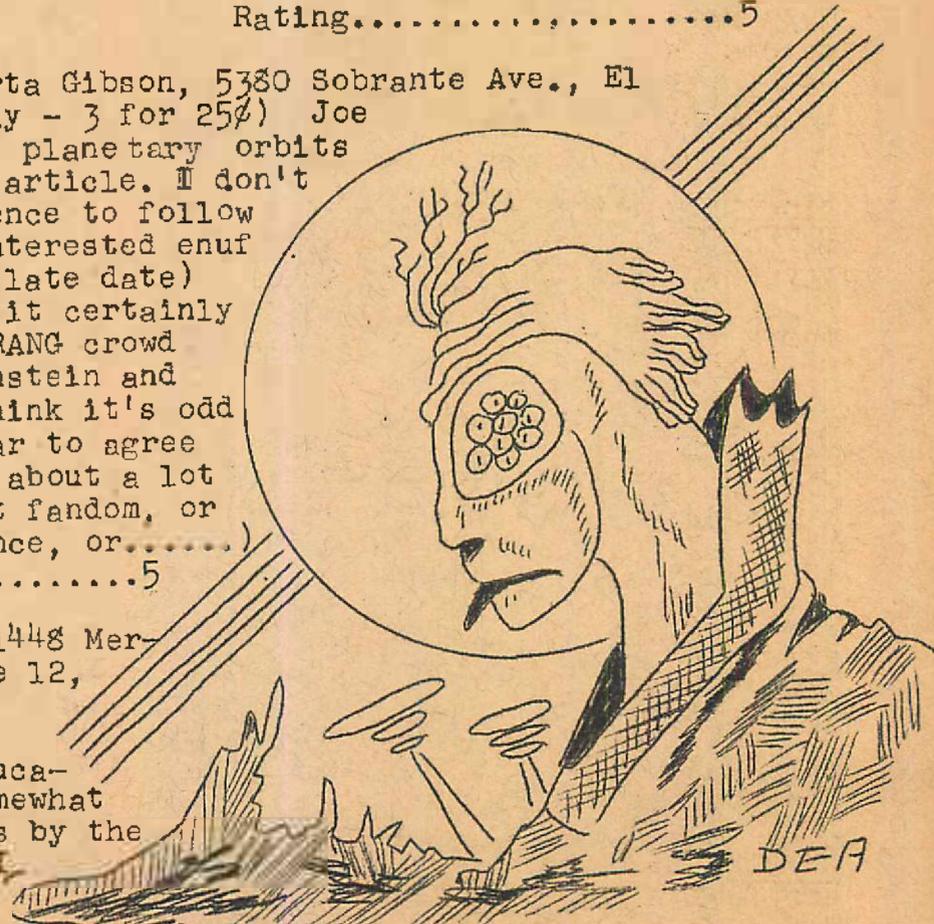
POINTING VECTOR #16 (John Boardman, Box 22, New York 33, N.Y. - irregular - 5 for \$1) Fandom's leading radical political journal. It's well-written; the only fault I can find (aside from my disagreement with some of John's convictions) is that while he does have a sense of humor, he never applies it to any political area. (Don't make any political jokes or John will interpret them absolutely literally and use them against you.) Most interesting features here were fairly detailed descriptions of The Church of the Brotherhood of the Way and the Labor Gift Plan. While the former is merely ridiculous, the latter is an interesting idea, though not one that appeals to me personally. Special Interest

GARDYLOO #3 (Frank Wilimczyk, 447 10th. Ave., New York 1, N.Y. - quarterly - 15¢) Interesting comments on encyclopedias, guns (although I'd like to know how a penny arcade operator in New York gets away with using submachine guns of any caliber--and also where he finds any to use), pipe-smoking and the like, plus a political article which I confess I didn't read very thoroughly. Like, I'm up to here with political articles in fanzines; I suppose it serves me right for reading them all at once.
Rating.....4

WITHIN #4 (Paul Williams, 163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass. - irregular 25¢) After a surprisingly good vignette and a long (12-page) rambling editorial, we get to the meat of the mag, which is reviews. Most of them are adequate if not inspired, though I personally found Bill Sarill's reactions to the Lancer pb series rather annoying. Sarill has been around long enough to know more about stuff than he shows here. There's an interesting reprint from the SCHOOL LIBRARY JOURNAL and a nice long lettercolumn.
Rating.....5

G² Vol.2 #9 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - monthly - 3 for 25¢) Joe goes in for space drives, planetary orbits and the like in the lead article. I don't know enough physical science to follow it (and I'm not really interested enough to try and learn at this late date) but it's fun to read and it certainly should intrigue the JELERANG crowd that was arguing over Einstein and whatnot. Joe seems to think it's odd that Ed Wood should appear to agree with me--we really agree about a lot of things. (Just not about fandom, or science fiction, or science, or.....)
Rating.....5

KIPPLE #41 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - more or less monthly - 20¢) The usual religious, racial and educational issues, spiced somewhat by entomological comments by the editor. Unfortunately, I



have very little interest in entomology and Ted's writing isn't quite good enough to intrigue me by its own brilliance (very little writing is, if it comes to that). Rating.....4

TAFF PROGRESS REPORT #4 (Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif.) If any of you new fans have been wanting to know what TAFF is, and here's a good way to find out. Even if you can't vote in the current election (there is a cutoff date to keep out votes from people who don't know anything at all about the candidates, TAFF or fandom) you can pick up background information to give you an idea of who to vote for next time.

SCOTTISHE #32 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - quarterly - 15/- - USAgent, Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.) Another con report; ugh. And Walt Willis is still publishing his old correspondence and calling it a column. I think that's cheating and why didn't I think of it first? (Aside from the fact that I don't keep my old correspondence, of course.) Still, there is a good lettercolumn, some poetry (well, verse, anyway), and Ethel's editorial, which is usually the best thing in the issue. Rating.....5

GRUMBLINGS

Mack Reynolds, Moralzarzal 9, Mirasierra (Madrid), Spain

All things come if you wait long enough, including starvation, and an answer to a letter from Mack Reynolds. The copy of Yandro eventually caught up with me. We had fled Paris, refugeeing from cold weather and high prices, and came down here to Spain to establish what we hope is a semi-permanent base.

Note what you said in the editorial comments on the Hugo Awards for '63. And, of course, are glad that you liked the North African stories. I put a lot of work into them, as a matter of fact, and improbable as it sounds, was even once stopped by a group of armed Taureg while crossing the Sahara.

I'm a bit bitter about the stories, though. For a full-time pro freelancer to make ends meet, a sf story almost has to sell more than once. Magazine sale alone doesn't pay enough. A short story should be picked up by an antho or so, and possibly come out in a paperback collection of your shorts. A novel length, such as BLACK MAN'S BURDEN, should later be printed in novel form in either hardcovers or paperback and ideally sell British rights, etc. However, in spite of the fact that I've been writing in the field since 1949 and have published somewhere between one and two hundred sf and fantasy pieces, I've never had a collection of my stories picked up by any publisher, and until this year never had a novel length reprinted. Too controversial. For crissake, if you can't be controversial in sf where can you be? That's what I like about the field. However, BLACK MAN'S BURDEN and BORDER BREED NOR BIRTH were turned down as too controversial. Kingsley Amis and Brian Aldiss, who I met at the recent British con, both suggested that I send them to Ted Carnell. They contend that English publishers

are more "daring". So Carnell is now trying to find a British publisher for them.

If I had good sense I suppose I'd stop writing on extrapolated political economy and go back to doing fantasy sell-your-soul-to-the-devil pieces, and take-me-to-your-leader space opera.

/All right, you Regency book editors in the audience; you're always advertising about how controversial your books are. Let's see you put up or shut up. RSC/

Walt Taylor, 390 Wembly Rd., Upper Darby, Pa.

On to Yan #125. It wasn't too hot this month...if it was as reminiscent of the old EISFA/YANDRO as it was supposed to be, well...all I can say is fandom has it better now. Nothing really interested me enough to warrant much lengthy comment. A few things, maybe, but not much.

Dave Locke, the atheist who does not believe in God and has professed his dis-belief to Yandro readers in both the 120th and 123rd issue, seems to end his Loc with a bit of unmeant (I'm sure) contradiction.

I quote: "...you've said that you don't always have the time to thoroughly read a fanzine, but when you don't even read your own...God." (Underlining mine, of course).

It just goes to show you that the word "God" has become just that... a word. Instead of saying "darn" or "wow", the vogue now is to say "God", forgetting the true meaning of the name of the Creator.

/Well, Dave isn't the only one who falls into that sort of error. I have yet to meet anyone, religious or not, who says "God damn it" with any expectation that God will actually do anything.....RSC

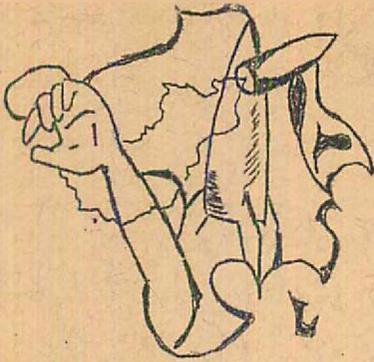
Dave also sent a Speed-o-print price list on things like stencils, Gestetner and otherwise....said price list I have tried in vain to obtain from the local Speed-o-print dealer. Fans can be more helpful than anybody.....JWC/

Tom Dilley, 1590 Robinson Dr. N., St. Petersburg 10, Florida

Tell Juanita that the greatest worry in DC is not the crime rate (no matter how high it may be), but the friggiedoñ traffic signs. If you follow the signs and obey all the laws, you will inevitably find yourself trapped in one huge circle, which will get you nothing but an accurate accounting of the time, for you will find yourself driving past the Lincoln Memorial precisely once every 13½ minutes. I think the National Bureau of Standards keeps a little man in a car driving around that inexorable circle day and night, this method proving more accurate a way of recording the passage of time than astronomy or atomic disintegration. One absolutely has to break a law to get out of driving around and around that circle; a patriotic move on the part of Congress, no doubt.

The cover of #125 is exceptionally good. It's a shame that you seem to have some variety of passion for multilithing the lesser ones and mimeoing the great ones, such as Bjo's this time. Even in mimeo, though, this one's doggone good.

Agreed: The Raven was a pretty damn' funny movie, and the color effects were great. I couldn't escape the feeling, though, that Karloff himself might have got quite a few more laughs out of the potential idea of the movie if he, and not someone else, had written the script. Karloff always has been quite a clever soul, and remarkably versatile; he's sensibly edited a few good anthologies, and has nearly the most



beautiful diction in the film industry. After seeing him in The Mummy, I couldn't help thinking it was a horrid waste to have him play the part of a dumb monster in Frankenstein (but then again, I guess no one else could have done that as well either). It's always a pleasure to hear and watch the man speak.

Adams was nicely funny.

Enjoyed the book review greatly. If this is the sort of thing you used to publish, I wish for a reversion to the earlier days (all of which I missed).

deWeese wasn't quite as good as usual.

"Lurcher at the Threshold" was hilarious in spots. If it had been printed in letters, words, and paragraphs, it might have been even better.

#125 was among the very best of your issues, and, as seems always the case with the best issues of nearly anything, leaves me with very little to say; ergo, I sit here listening to tapes of the first three vols. of The Bessie Smith Story (Col. LP) and wondering how the hell you can't like her singing. Have fun.

[I don't like her singing because I've heard more musical noises coming out of a cement mixer, that's why. Not sure what you mean about "Lurcher"; I won't guarantee the words and paragraphs but all our fiction is printed in letters. It's just the way the typewriter works. RSC/ We'll keep the warning in mind about DC--we seem to have gone this great circle route once before at a worldcon... in Philly. JWC/

Dennis Lien, Lake Parke, Minnesota

While I'm as enthused about THE DRAGON MASTERS as the next man, or woman (unless the next man or woman happens to be one of you), and even that of nominating it for a Hugo--I won't tell you what I finally did nominate, you'd laff. On the other hand, I can't say that I've ever been disappointed in or disliked a Cordwainer Smith story--I'll admit his backgrounds are implausible, so call them fantasies if you like. Say, there's a thought: what do you think of David Bunch? I will now duck while everybody starts to throw things.

You eat Brownies? My sister was one, before she became a Campfire Girl--horrors! Cannibal!

Oh yes, I will admit, in or out of print, to "embracing" dowsing (or water-witching, as Hiller calls it). As for the "superior intellect" required, I was in the top one-half of one percent of my age-group in the nation-wide National Merit Scholarship tests this year, something like 25th in the state, and was a national finalist. And I "embrace" "water-witching". Maybe I've been brain-washed by John W. Campbell, Jr. and FATE magazine, but there it is. Make of it what you will.

[I seem to be the only fan in the country who is indifferent to David Bunch. I think he's milked the Moderan series for about all it's worth and I wish he'd try something else for awhile, but the stories are about as good as the average fantasy short. RSC/

Charles Wells, 200 Atlas St #1, Durham, NC

Is the Antill that Juanita mentions as composer of a Suite for Ballet

"Corroboree" a misspelling of (George) Antheil (if I'm spelling it right) who wrote "Ballet Mecanique", or is it another composer altogether? I have a feeling that for all these years I have been confounding two people.

John Rackham's article is a strained attempt at analogizing indeed. In the first place, it is simply not true that "Poetry has never been a mass-appeal thing". That is unless you exclude ballads from poetry, and even then, up until the Renaissance, a great deal was written in verse that nowadays would be in prose; e.g. THE DIVINE COMEDY. Of course this did not have a "mass audience" but then neither did anything else written. And practically all folk-literature during those times was in verse.

As for "brand-image"--the image he conjures up of a poet would equally well fit an artist, a musician, or a novelist. The stereotype he describes is the stereotype that the non-intellectual has of any artistic type. Perhaps, in their minds, painters have beards while musicians have long wavy hair, but the general impression is there...Furthermore, his "prevalent image" of an s-f reader simply doesn't fit my own experience at all. But this may be because I associate mostly with college types, amongst whom escape-reading is quite prevalent--mysteries and sf mostly, but also westerns. His image of an sf fan seems to me to be more the image that the people I know have of a flying-saucer addict.

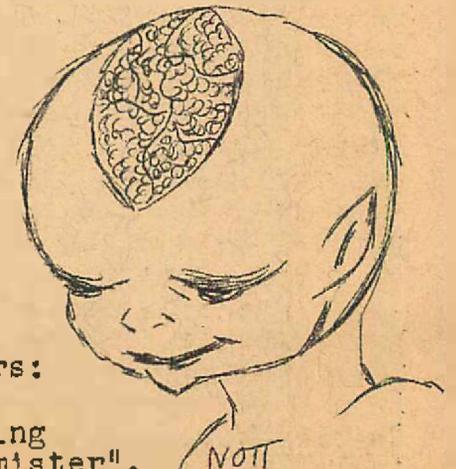
Yes, I am aware that some people confuse sf fans and flying saucer addicts. So what does that have to do with sf?

As for the inability to define "sf", it is notorious that the people involved in ANY discipline--mathematics, literature, physics--have a helluva time defining their discipline. This is no less true of sf and poetry, but it has nothing to do with any sort of mysterious underlying similarity between the two. (I was going to exempt languages from the list of disciplines whose votaries have a hard time defining them--after all, the Russian language is the Russian language, period--until I remembered seeing just the other day a lengthy article in the journal Language devoted to defining what is meant by "Modern German".)

Lewis J. Grant's letter makes some good points. I particularly like the North Carolina system: a city can annex any contiguous area without that area's consent, provided the city provides the area with sewage, water, etc. -- everything they provide the rest of the city with. The result is that North Carolina's cities are not hemmed in by a ring of parasitical suburbs--the city limits are usually just about where common sense would say they should be. The one way that an unincorporated area can get out of being annexed is to incorporate itself--often a more expensive proposition than being taken into the city, as far as taxes go (there is efficiency in bigness).

A contributing factor to the problems of big cities have been the zoning laws. Zoning for reasons of health, or "nuisance" zoning (can't build a fertilizer factory next to somebody's house) is OK, but too often zoning is used as a method of preserving the class-level of a neighborhood or a suburb, with the result that the big cities suffer from overpopulation by the poor, who take more than they give in taxes, as Grant says.

The point Tucker makes about the unions will be true of the Negro organizations in a few years: I am quite convinced that we will see the NAACP campaigning for trivial things like laws requiring people who wait on the public to call Negroes "mister".



NOTT

The trouble with organizations is that, even when their cause is the epitome of justness (as is the NAACP's) they go on existing when the cause is essentially won.

Hulan: It seems to me that the usual definition of atheism does not involve denying the existence of any kind of God that can possibly be dreamed up--atheism is narrower than that in most cases.

/It's a different composer altogether; this is John Antill, an Australian composer who, according to the Schwann catalogue, has had nothing but "Corroboree" recorded in this country. Our dictionary defines atheism as "disbelief in the existence of a God (or of gods)"; as far as I'm concerned if you believe in any Supreme Being whatsoever, from Jehovah to the primitive gods of sun, moon, wind, water, etc., then you are not an atheist. RSC/

James Sieger, S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wisconsin

Had thought I was the only one Eldred Tiomkin Boonsnucker was skeered of. Too bad, he's a beautiful critter. By gosh, why doesn't Gene train him for show business? Being beautiful, stupid, cowardly and unable to tell the difference between the sexes, he's a natcheral for a movie star....

"The Lurcher at the Threshold", which I didn't read until after you two birds had left, made my blood run cold. To think that only shortly before, I had stood in the presence of the perpetrators of this abomination, with a sharp Philippine sword, yet...and didn't do my Duty as a Citizen! Oh, the mortification of it all! I don't dare show my face among fans now, they'd lynch me!

Letters: pore Ackerman seems to be at that dreadful "awkward age" of fans--too old for his first childhood, and too young for his second. But he can cheer up, things ought to improve in a few years! Like Wilson Tucker, for instance...

No comment on his opinions, though. I don't agree, and don't much care about such opinions in regard to individuals, just like he sez...

Tackett: SCIENCE AND SORcery was an anthology edited by Garret Ford, a pseud of William L. Crawford of FPCI, the old Marvel Tales, and other things. It had 15 stories, mostly from Fantasy Book; authors included Cordwainer Smith ("Scanners Live In Vain"), Asimov, Pohl, Coppel, Ed Earl Repp, Robert Ernest Gilbert (heh), Bradbury, Hasse, Coblenz, Burks, and others less known. And not-previously-published stories by Moskowitz, and Big Names like George R. Cowie and R.H. Deutsch. It was "The Lost Chord", all of 5200 words, one of his longer stories. Anyhow, I much prefer Moskowitz' articles to his fiction.

PS (later) It's bad enough that you use tobacco (?) made up of rag-wed and chopped-up fragments of your old mustaches, but now I got worse troubles. You missed a lot of fun (?) by leaving too early. Our drains got clogged up somewheres, flooding part of the basement from the toilets. Nothing like an exotic scent to spice up the place, and after your cigarettes sewer smells are sweet. Anyhow, the sewer cleaners came today and dug six, count 'em, six holes to find the sewer opening. In our front lawn, of course. Not finding it, they got a trenching machine, and dug a tenfoot trench looking for the sewer pipe. Then they got to measuring things and discovered that the basement opening was feet from where they thought, so started another trench. After trying that angle they changed their minds in mid-trench and now are trying a fan-shaped hole to find out where we hid the sewer. As I write this they still haven't found it, and if they dig a little more, we'll have a front-lawn swimming pool...except that no doubt the trenching

machine will break open the sewer somewhere, and give us instead a cesspool. The irony is that several times in the past few years we've had to have the sewer cleaned, yet still never can remember where the opening is. So much for modern technology: anybody got a dowsing rod?

[Dennis Lien also mentioned the authors in SCIENCE AND SORcery, and Norm Metcalf confirmed this is the book he meant. RSC/

Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 336, KBerkeley 1, California, 94701

Back to #124. I just noticed Lew Grant saying "But are they moving to far countries where they will have no more to do with the city?" May I quote Richard S. Thoman: "Davis has estimated that all countries now usually classified as underdeveloped have more people living in cities than do all countries usually classified as technically advanced. Furthermore, in many such traditionally agrarian countries, the urban immigrants are where they are not so much because cities attract as because countrysides repel." The Geography of Economic Activity, P. 27.

[I don't think Grant meant "far countries" quite that literally. Anyway, that's a pretty meaningless quote. Naturally underdeveloped countries have more people living in cities than do technically advanced countries; they have more people, period. Now if someone would come up with the percentage of urban dwellers in the two types of country, it might mean something. Particularly if he defined "city"; what's the minimum population of a city as opposed to a rural village? RSC

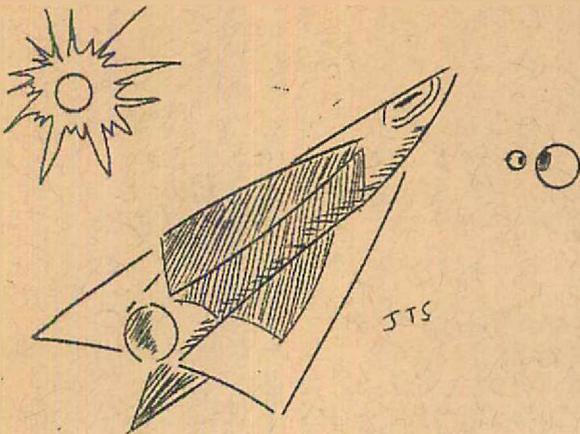
And no one bring in Tierra del Fuego or the eskimos and confuse things further JWC/

Claude Saxon, Route #2, Paris, Tenn.

There is a paperback out now that you ought to be interested in. Charles Boland's THEY ALL DISCOVERED AMERICA (Pocket Books Inc., M 7509). You might need that number; as a rule paperbacks are distributed here about 10 weeks after everybody else gets them, so you may have to order it, if you don't have a copy by now. The price (75¢) seems a bit steep, but I guess it's fair enough, since the pb includes all the photos and sketch maps of the \$4.95 hardbound edition.

Boland writes in an engaging style, and covers pre-Columbian explorations about as well as they can be covered in one volume, taking time out now and then to throw rocks at historians who subscribe to the NEBC (No Exploration Before Columbus) theory. This is a book you can read for information and then read again for enjoyment. Don't miss it. NEBC

[I bought the book, largely because you and a couple of other fans recommended it. It was quite enjoyable, though the author's conclusions have to be taken with a large grain of salt. First, since I read about Leif Ericsson in a high-school history book, I don't believe all his guff about the entrenched position of NEBC. Second, I was considerably amused at the way he used one unproved theory as "factual support" for another unproved theory. (Most noticeable in his theory of St. Brendan; he never did offer any real evidence for his theory. As "proof" of Brendan's existence he states that the man was born in A.D. 484. He makes no mention whatsoever of where he obtained this inter-



esting datum, despite his admission that most people don't believe that Brendan existed at all, so that by implication there must be considerable doubt about his birth.) Still, it was fun trying to separate the items that he might make a case for from those that were mostly diffusionist propoganda. I'd like to see a rebuttal from someone with some real knowledge of the field. (For example, P. Schuyler Miller is, I believe, an amateur archaeologist and should be fairly open-minded about new ideas; I'd like to see what he thinks about it. RSC/7

Sharon Towle, 325 Great Mills Lane, Lexington Park, Md.

Yes, 'tis delightful to find a bookful of Sturgeon stories one has never read before. Which leads me to another question that is on my mind of late. Does it seem to you that some of the Grand Old Men of SF are declining? That Heinlein's GLORY ROAD, for instance, is far inferior to his older MAGIC, INC.? Or that Sturgeon's VENUS PLUS X does not bear comparison, in any literary way, with any of the contents of CAVIAR or NOT WITHOUT SORCERY or E PLURIBUS UNICORN? Or, as some people tell me, that Bradbury's recent work for Playboy and Saturday Evening Post (which I haven't read, so am quoting general consensus because I've no opinion of my own) doesn't even approach, say, MARTIAN CHRONICLES?

If so, then what new talents (if any--which is the whole point) do you see budding and burning to replace them? Ballard? Possibly, with future development; though the best of his mood pieces don't nearly equal the best of Bradbury's or Sturgeon's. (Yes, Sturgeon did write a few; I think they're all in E PLURIBUS UNICORN). Bunche? He has an axe to grind. And much as I agree with him, I don't think a first-rate writer uses fiction simply as the veil for an idea. (Especially the same idea in every story.) And there's, eh, well there's--that is, you might mention--well, of course there's always---

Yeah, Arthur Jean Cox, in Inside #2, suggests that sf may be dying. At first I instinctively denied this; then I began to think about it. Who is writing really great things today, for the sf-fantasy market? Things equal to (not necessarily like) Asimov's FOUNDATION trilogy and END OF ETERNITY, or Tucker's LONG LOUD SILENCE, or Moore's JUDGMENT NIGHT? And in the vein of humor, will anyone ever approach "Once Upon A Star"? Or "Snulbug", or the Hogben stories?

Colorful adventure fiction at least is still going strong. There's MZB's Darkover stories, and Brackett's new novelette in Amazing (I agree with you she's still as good as ever) and Sprague de Camp's TOWER OF ZANID was a few cuts above the average, and I hear Van Vogt is returning to SF in one of the prozines next month. And for really complete fantasy worlds, I don't think anyone will ever approach Tolkein, but the Hothouse series is a damned good try. And Ballard does have command of a peculiarly entrancing form of imagery, when he remembers to write either dream-fantasy or coherent-plot-story and not try to do some of each in the same story.

So fantasy ok. So what else is new? What's new in SF?

Maybe, as Cox suggested, the ideas have been worked to death. Maybe the trouble is that we have classics--in time travel (SIDEWISE IN TIME,

END OF ETERNITY); in psi (Zenna Henderson's stories); in dystopian (FAHRENHEIT 451, 1984); in after-disaster (LONG LOUD SILENCE), in galactic epic (FOUNDATION), in robotics (THE HUMANOIDS). Anyone got any new ideas?

✓Okay, fans, here's something you can opionate on. What new writers are coming on, these days? Of course, those classics you mention span a period of about 20 years (SIDEWISE IN TIME - 1934; "The SilkenSwift" from E PLURIBUS UNICORN - 1953; some of the others may be older or newer, since I didn't check any but those two). They weren't all written in one blaze of glory. Still, it does seem that there aren't as many good items coming out now. I can think of a few, though; THE DRAGON MASTERS, DARK UNIVERSE by Galouye, THE SKY PEOPLE and PROGRESS by Poul Anderson, Mack Reynolds' African series (which I think is every bit as good as FOUNDATION). Of course, none of these are exactly new writers, but (except for Vance, who is merely uneven) they are all writers whose work is steadily improving. Then there is the resurgence of adventure-fantasy, with the stories of John Brunner, Ken Bulmer, Marion Zimmer Bradley--and Andre Norton's WITCH WORLD!--leading the field. Maybe swords and sorcery will supplant science; I certainly wouldn't mind. Especially if Leigh Brackett gets back in the field. RSC/

Rob Williams, 1515½ South Main, Elkhart, Indiana

I admire Forrest J.'s courage-to-take-a-stand, even if I don't admire all his credentializing--it has a sort of adolescent whine to it. Oh well, at least it wasn't written in Ackermanese.

C.M. Moorhead next, I suppose?

Is your duet letter answering, in Grumblings, a Permanent Thang? I hope so. This is the first time I've seen JWC in the Litter Col'm.

Her comment to Ethel Lindsay, on How To Answer Nosey-Parkers, is a killer! Hee hee hoo...

Buck, though your fanzine reviews may not seem worth your while, they're well worth my while. I don't know how definitive they are, but you certainly do write them up in an authoritative manner. Gee, when I disagree with your ratings, I feel positively rebellious!

✓Letter-columning is sort of complicated, now. Instead of me cutting the letters on stencil, I pick out letters, mark passages to be stencilled, and type up my comments, if any. Then Juanita takes the stack and stencils it, adding anything that she feels like. RSC
Snuffly. JWC/

John Kusske, Jr., 522 9th Ave. West, Alexandria, Minn.

Saw "The Birds" the other night. Not too impressed. The whole movie made me think of the hypocrisy of Hollywood. Can you imagine a theater showing a double feature with "St. Francis of Assise" or however it is spelled as one feature and "The Birds" as the other?

✓It does sound like an interesting combo. RSC/



Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

There are in fact two reasons why one goes to Brighton for a Holiday; one is the reason you saw on television, where people wrap up in a coat and sit on a deck-chair near the beach--which has always seemed rather pointless to me, or alternatively you go there for the weekend with someone and sign the hotel register Mr. & Mrs. Smith. The latter I would say on the face of it isn't a facet of Brighton David Brinkley could very well put into his programme. Actually, that is only a very small part of Brighton life. It has a whole host of entertainments, and two piers, shopping centres as big as London's, and is to all intents and purposes a London by the sea. One of the gimmick films on TV often shown is in fact a speeded-up train journey of the 4 minute run to Brighton. It takes about an hour by train, but the film does it in four minutes flat. S'fascinating, too. Which British gas commercial did you see - the operatic one for "The Esso Sign Means Happy Motoring?"

Talking of Ken Slater, someone mentioned to me in a letter--Bert Hodson, I believe--that Ken is currently selling American pbs for about 5/- and 6/- a copy. Even taking into consideration the postage etc he is charging something like six-sevenths of a dollar for an ordinary pb and since he can't be paying anything like that for them his profit must be quite enormous. Needless to say there aren't too many fans I know willing to pay that much for say a current Leiber pb.

Another part of the HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING news. Do you remember sometime ago I produced a Film Index of SF films in collaboration with Roar Ringdahl of Norway? Well, I sold 50 copies of this to Forry Ackerman some months back. In the June Famous Monsters Of Filmland these same indexes are for sale at ONE DOLLAR a copy!! Sold by a "Bobby Benson" who strangely enough resides at the same address as Forry.

I feel rather proud to have produced a fanzine that eventually sold for a dollar a copy. I mean, one-shots is one shots, but a dollar a copy advertised in a magazine with a circulation of 119,000 - that is fame indeed.

I wish I could think of some way of succeeding in business and becoming a tycoon; it's always so easy to do it in America, according to Harold Robbins' books. But there doesn't seem much opportunity here.

It's true, as you say, Black Magic is taken more seriously in England than it may be elsewhere--if you exclude Haiti and its voodoo. But you must realise that the origins of these things go back a lot farther in a comparatively old country like this than they might elsewhere. The ruins at Stonehenge alone are there to remind you of the cult of the Druids. I don't doubt the current Black Masses are performed in part by bored people with little else to do, looking for strange excitements. Perhaps they do hope something will actually happen. There are many genuine believers in the Black Arts, many students; and if what many of them have to say is true, there is quite a bit of supporting evidence to substantiate what they believe in. I know Dennis Wheatley, England's most prolific writer of the Black Mass into commercial terms, has told Seth Johnson he would never tamper or watch any of these ceremonies, simply because he genuinely believes something or some power comes from them.

Maybe I should start reading Harold Robbins' books. Though I'm not sure I'd enjoy being a tycoon if I did become one. I mean, trying to get the income tax repealed, Earl Warren impeached, and instructing my neighbors in the proper form of patriotism isn't exactly my line of interests. RSC/

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