

P GRH 4
1960

It has been said that the hardest thing to do is get the first bit of matter on a page. After that you are not supposed to run out of words until the space that you are trying so desperately to fill is completely gone. Somehow I doubt it.

I rather suspect that I have kept with the tradition of saying that this crazy thing was coming out the beginning of April. As it is now the beginning of May, I don't think that I am quite on time. Hope you're reading this by June.

Of course I am hoping that this fanzine, besides being sent to some of the BNFs, is reaching a lot of people like me who are interested in the activities of fandom but not on a 24hour a day schedule. Some of the "Little-people" ((if you'll pardon the term, it is one of my favorite expressions just as "Why-come" instead of how-come.)) I like people more than anything else, I'm afraid, and I like to get to know people. This Fall I will attend my first World convention at Pittsburgh. Between now and then I would like to "sort-of" talk to various people through letters. So I am hoping that this fanzine will bring at least a certain amount of response, not just as a fanzine, but as if I were writing a letter to each one of you and getting to know your likes and dislikes, your thoughts on certain subjects, and well, just you.

Perhaps this sounds rather strange to you, perhaps it can be explained to some of you by telling you that I am fifteen (sixteen in June) and very happy with the world most of the time...I love people and cities and countries, hills and valleys, hearing and talking..well, everything. That does sound strange I am horribly sure, but on the other hand I have been told that I am rather interestingly strange at times. I just hope that I'm not boring you, but if I am, you have probably skipped to the next paragraph by now and so are not even reading this..which makes me hope that you are reading this..Confused? I'll stop.

This is what some people would call "egoboo" it's a good thing that I'm not some people, because even tho I know that they are kidding when they use the turn "Egoboo", it sounds as if it were just to get the person to read the fanzine, or to write something else for them. I just want to honestly thank some people for what they have done, and ask some others who I have also admired, but these from a distance, to send me some sort of material in their field. If you feel that I'm imposing, then I can't be talking to you even if I am using your name, I must be talking to the person whose name isn't mentioned, but I would like to hear from anyway.

First, and I must admit, the most enthusiastic thanks, is aimed in the direction of Robert Bloch, whose contribution was the first that I actually received in my hunt. This was way back in January. I was thrilled! I'm sure that a lot of you have had the same reaction, I mean, here I am, practice a complete nobody, and a person that I have never written to before is sweet enough to send me a most delightful letter. Bob, I think that you were the straw that drowning me clutched to, and while I was still holding on another floating sliver came by way of California. In the shape of Bob Lichtman. Well, Bob is really quite a guy. Comes up with some surprising thoughts too, without his help concerning mailing lists, layout, and his life-saving article, I don't really know where I would be.

At about this same time, I began sending S-O-S signals to 1448 Meridene Drive. These signals were picked-up and translated by one Ted Pauls. Ted not only lent me a lot of encouragement, but he also sent me some illos, (one which you see almost under

this, and to the left. Also, I must admit that I probably would have never started on this terrific venture if I hadn't thought "Bob and Ted are only a year or two older than I am, so if they can publish a good fanzine after a few tries, why can't I?" No good reason that I can think of. And of course the group at the PSFS are all angels in helping me. Very patient too, at least more patient that I would be with me. Club, you're all angels!

Harry Warner has my greatest sympathy, Harry, I do know how it feels to not have a word left to say, it is a horrible feeling. I am using your reprint, and hoping that you will delight me by sending a letter of comment and later a story, written just for ME! Please?

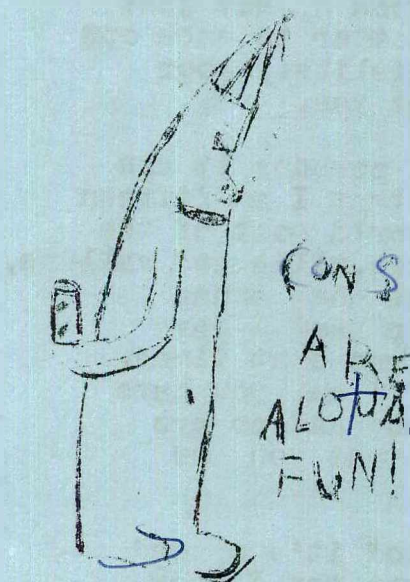
I just got back to the type writer, did anyone else ever decide that they wanted PITZA at Midnight? Me and my crazy family.

Now my cat, Christopher, has decided

that he loves me passionately, at least the dear little 10 pound cat won't get off my lap. I am, obviously, happy for all contributions, whether they be of literary value or art. or, if like me, you would rather not go venturing into writing now, I would be easily pacified with a letter. Tho I'd be thrilled if I got both. I hope that you enjoy the rest of my fanzine as much as I have enjoyed preparing it for you, and writing this for you. Love to you all, until I hear from you or whatever.

Somewhat fannishly yours,

Beggy Rae M Knight



Don

AN OPEN LETTER TO A YOUNG GIRL

ABOUT TO PUBLISH HER FIRST FANZINE

.....by Robert Bloch

This morning I received a request to write a fanzine article for a young lady residing in Lansdale, Pennsylvania. Imagine my surprise when, upon opening the envelope, a nice crisp new \$100 bill fluttered out.

I ask you to imagine my surprise, because it didn't really happen that way. In 26 years of writing fan-fiction, I've always hoped that it would happen, sooner or later. And heaven knows, I've hinted around enough.

But here it is, 1960, and I'm right back where I started in 1934-- still writing for nothing. So much for progress.

I only hope, my dear young lady, that you will chalk up a better record than the years than I have. When I began this fanzine business I was 16. Being a year older than you are now, and far from naive about the field, I didn't try to publish a magazine-- merely submitted material. And while since that time I've edited and co--edited fanzines, I have never soiled my delicate fingers or dirtied the diamonds thereon by actually messing with a mimeograph. This is not entirely a matter of laziness on my part; in fact, it's only about 98% laziness. The other 2% is due to the realization that any time I fool around with a mechanical object, it sets science back about two thousand years. I can't even use a simple can-opener, and if it weren't for the fact that I have such sharp teeth I'd never be able to prepare a meal. Of course, it is always possible to avoid this problem by eating a TV Dinner, but I hate TV Dinners -- the tubes taste horrible.

Now that I have been currently engaged in writing for television and such jazz, it is hard for me to maintain the literary standards requisite with fanzine submissions. I am reduced to writing in words of one syllable, or less. How can I possibly fulfill your request ~~and do~~ justice the way in which I myself entered fandom, so many years ago, in the days when Ron Ellik was still alive and John Campbell Jr. was just a gleam in a computer's eye?

Those were the wonderful times too. We only had about fifteen fanzines, all told, and since most of them contained articles by Bob Tucker, nobody bothered to read them.. Fans were mainly interested in some

kind of square stuff called "Science Fiction" which they read in quaint old journals called "prozines" and even discussed them with one another. The leading writers were named Bob Silverberg. In those days Phila. was still a city instead of a front for American Bandstand.

But I still remember the high excitement with which I discovered the field and the hours of pleasure I received from my participating in fanning. I still remember because I still enjoy it. Luckily for me, I didn't encounter any sour old curmudgeons like myself when I first entered fandom. In those days I was just a sour young curmudgeon.

Just how much longer I'll be around, I don't know; there are signs and portents that I'll be bowing out before too great a time has passed; if rheumatism still permits me to bow at all.

So it's nice in a way, to see young people like yourself enter into the spirit of fandom, and I hope your first issue will be a great success. Mine was -- her name is Sally Ann, and she's now a year and a half older than you are.

Fannishly yours,
Robert Bloch

FANSTUFF PILAU

His or her name has been lost in antiquity, if indeed it was ever known, but someone, once a long time ago, said, "Never underestimate the power of a woman." In

the case of fandom, it might be better to rephrase that to something like "Never underestimate the power of a publishing femmefanne." Past and present examples of this maxim are to be found in such dynamos of fannishness-with-the-feminine-touch as Lee Hoffman and Bjo Wellsm but the one in point just now ((The one that's making all the mistakes on this stupid typewriter that doesn't know how to type.)) is one Peggy McKnight. Many, many months ago I chanced to say that if she ever published a fanzine I'd contribute something to it. At the time, this seemed to be a fairly safe bet. However, the little lines of wisdom ((I use the title above with apologies to Lee Hoffman, who used it first.))

on the last page should have warned me, for one letter out of the blue came several letter-cycles ago and lo and behold! pur Peggy is publishing a fanzine. This ~~sheet~~ of paper you now hold in one or more of your appendages (I hesitate to say hands, as it's so binding--you never know if some fans might read fanzines holding them in their hind appendages) is the first issue.

This may turn out to be a column. With its appearance in this magazine's first issue, its an odds-and-ends article. However, if its also in the next issue, if indeed there is a next issue, it'll be a column. This isn't any guarantee that it'll appear in the third or further issues, though, it will just mean that I have a flock of ideas on hand when Peggy was about to publish. So don't expect too much; it's disappointing to be let down.

-----oOo-----

I SENT OUT MY FIRST TAPE the other day. All of the sudden I am a tape-responding fan. All this and I don't even own a tape-recorder! (Which, I guess, is typical of my methods: I've published some twohundred odd pages pf fanzines since my entrance into fandom in mid-1958 without even owning as much as my own hektograph.)

Science-fiction fans aren't the only ones who act fannish. A friend of mine, one Jerry Knight, is just as fanish in his way as the day is long. He makes brilliant puns in a soft-spoken voice, he alludes to certain group jokes perfectly, he even has recording equipment like so many fans do.

So I was over at his house the other day listening to some of his tapes (ostensibly I was there to get back some books of mine, but it always ends up that he plays some tapes.). We came to a hiatus in his playing and he asked, "Well, what do you want to do now?" I dug deep furrows in my brow as I said, "Might I make a fantape?" (Jerry knows about fandom, even has read some fanzines.) "I suppose so," he replied, and instantly I thought of sending a message to the people up in Seattle, because there are so many of them up there that I know.

To Knight's typer where I pounded out several pages of notes and then on tape with them, a process that took about 15 minutes for what turned out to be some seven minutes duration. Seven minutes on a 7-inch, two sided reel. The rest of the reel was filled chock-full of all manner of recorded miscellanea which seemed amusing to me. So I kept it on and sent it along to the Busbys.

You may not be interested in what was on that tape (other than my dull conversation) but I'm going to tell you anyway. The Busbys should be quite perturbed and amused when they here such thrilling things as: a Martin voice, saying over andover " I am a Martin, I am a Martin..." in little-green-man tones; a section of player piano music with someone saying on it "And

remember: it's a long, long way from May to December" (this was a gag ending to a musical report Jerry did with another fannish mundane); a bunch of folk-songs; part of a report of Witchcraft; some choice explosions; and many, many other interesting and unusual sounds and words.

Oh, I tell you, the Seattle-ites are going to be so surprised. And I'm happy and proud: now I am a tape-responding fan. I can chitterchatter with the best of them (after a little practice, that is). I can send my golden croakings, recorded on golden tape at $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per second, a chaotic speed, to say the least. Indeed, Tape-responding is a way of life!

"COULD I SEE YOUR BOUND VOLUME OF THE FIRST TWO N'APA MAILINGS?" I asked Bruce Pelz at a party the other week. "Sure you can," Bruce replied, handing it over. Thoughtfully he added, "Say, didn't you mention that you were going to join the "Knee-Apa" yourself?" "Yes," I said and did a double take of sorts. Pelz had said "Knee-Apa" instead of "Napa", as I had been pronouncing the title. Another case, obviously, of difficulties in pronouncing fan words and names.

This is always most annoying. For months I pronounced Ron Ellick's name "Ell-ick", until one day I met the Squirrel and he corrected me, much to my surprise. "It's Eo-lick" was about the way he put it.

There're other instances: "fout" is one. Up to a few weeks ago, I pronounced it "foot", with the same vowel-sound as it "neuter" or "rhotbheer" (although some people pronounce the last as if it were spelled "rutbeer"). Now I found that it's pronounced "fowt", like in "lout" and "clout". It's very annoying, yet edifying.

I imagine a lot of people stumble through my last name too. For the uninitiate, I will say here and now that it's pronounced "Lick-man". Surprised? As Elinor Busby said when I told her: "Darned if I'd have any letters in my name that I didn't pronounce."

But back to the problem at hand. This business of "Napa" versus "Knee-Apa". I hold it's "Napa", because that's how it looks. Bruce Pelz probably holds that it's "Knee-Apa", perhaps because he heard someone else pronounce it that way. I could ask him where he gets the extra vowel(s) to make it come out that way, but it would be pointless.

Pelz says one way. I say another way.

Neither of us agree, obviously. What to do?

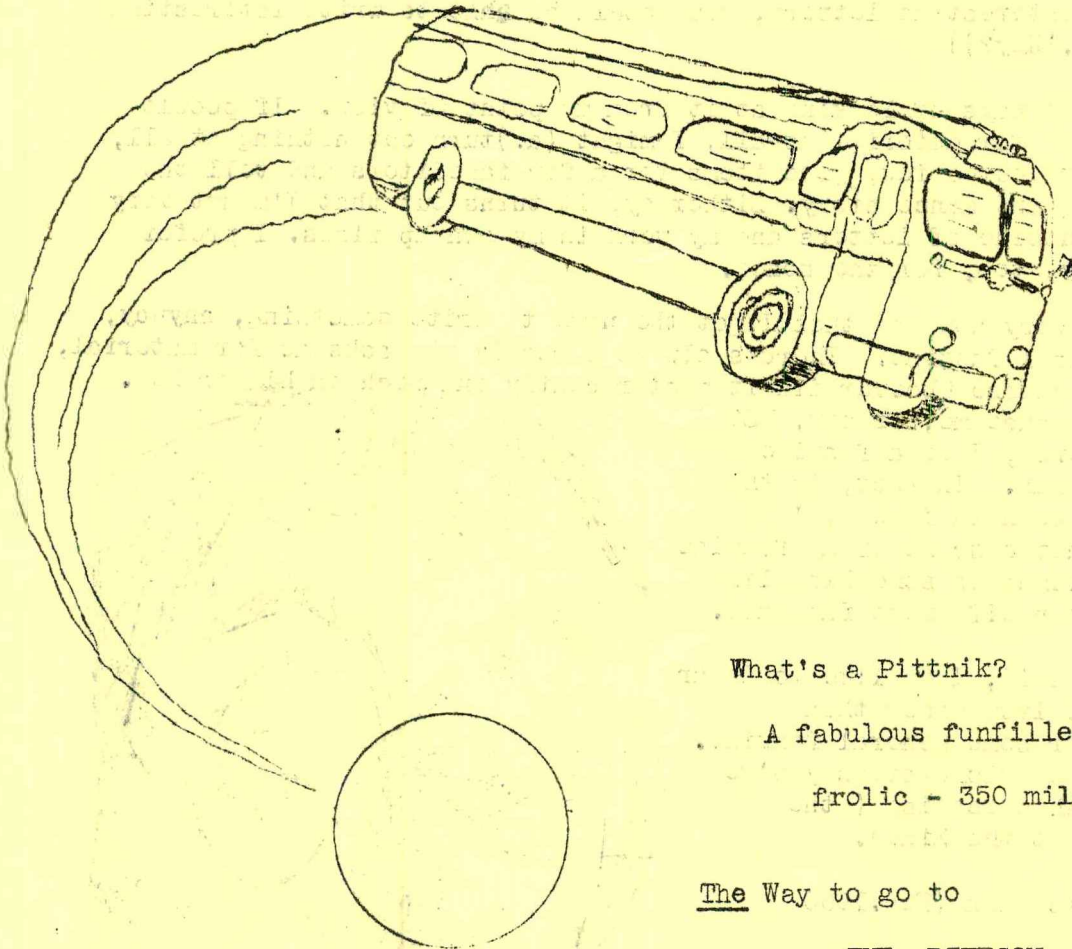
Will the N3F Directorate rule on this, please?

STAND BY, PITTCON!

THE

PITTNIK

IS COMING !!!



What's a Pittnik?

A fabulous funfilled, fanfilled
frolic - 350 miles long!

The Way to go to

THE PITTCON

...the great 18th World Science Fiction Convention, which will burst forth in Pittsburgh, Pa. (The Pitt-Sheraton Hotel), on Sept. 3-5, 1960. Science Fiction Fans from the far corners of the U S, Canada, Great Britain, and distant lands will be there.... Mingle with your favorite authors, editors, artists, and fans at the exciting programs, the colorful banquet, and the spectacular masquerade ball!

WHY DO PEOPLE ASK ME FOR MATERIAL FOR THEIR FANZINES? Certainly not because I'm any great shakes as a writer. I've not had many examples of my work in fanzines because I seldom get any ideas for articles and stories. So why the rush to get Lichtman stuff?

((ego booster??? Well, not really, no, because you were one of the first people I got to know in fandom besides the PSFS. Anyway, if you can write interesting letters, you should be able to write interesting articles... 'Key?))

There're two ways of looking at it from my point of view. If people don't ask me for material at all, I might (a.) turn out nothing at all, or (b.) work out a few, good items for a few faneditors and tell the rest a song and dance story. Eitherway, it turns out that I'm not very prolific outside of letters and my work in my own apazines. I prefer it that way, too, for the nonce.

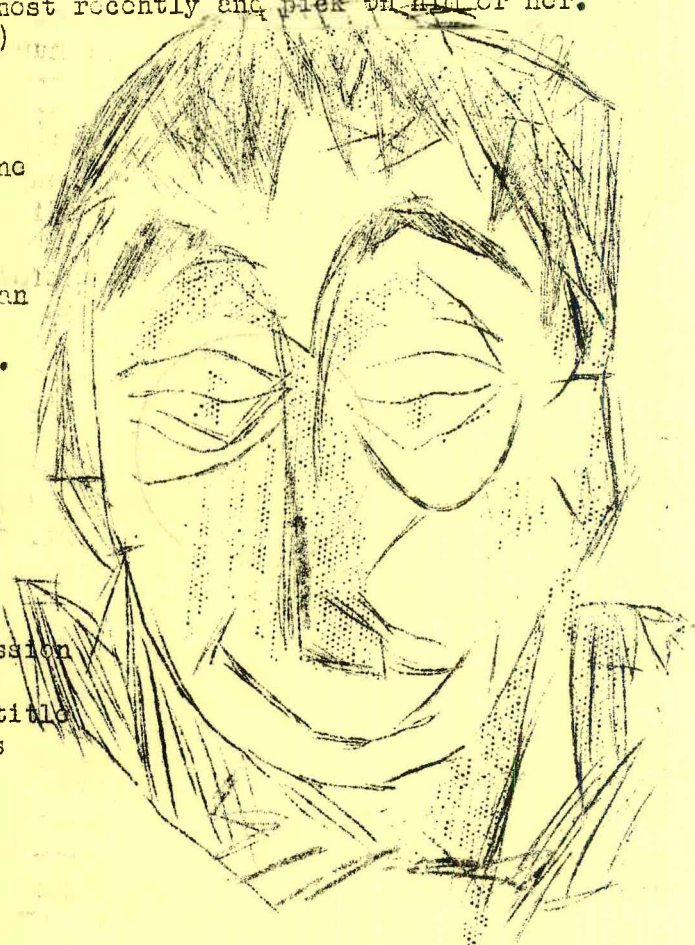
However, every now and then I get the urge to write something, anyway, for a general fanzine. There's always somebody who asks me for material, so I just choose whoever did it most recently and pick on him or her. ((In this case me, or now, US?))

And of course, I do a fanzine review column. In fact, in the time I've been in fandom, I've had at least a score of my fanzine review columns in something like half a dozen different fanzines.

But, as I said, I do like to do an occasional item other than reviews for some general fanzine. Like this conglomeration you've just finished reading (the article, not the Zine).

Bob Lichtman (Feb. 1960)

On the next page you will find a story " The Thousandth Injury" which is reprinted with the permission of the author, Harry Warner Jr. ((I goofed and forgot to put the title of it on the stencil before it was run off.))



LARS BOURNE

Wally Fort looked surprised when Bill Martin answered the doorbell. "I'll be damned. I thought you'd be on the train for the convention by this time," Wally said.

"Did you think that Betty was staying home housekeeping while I was away?" Bill stepped aside to permit Wally's bulk to move past him into the room.

"Oh hell. Are you going to start getting suspicious again? I left some letters somewhere. I thought that they might be here." He picked up the accumulation of mail from the coffee table and began thumbing through it, extracting the letters from envelopes that interested him.

"Betty went to her home to visit her folks during the convention. I decided to drive instead of taking the train."

"But you showed me your tickets." Wally tossed the letters and their envelopes back to the table.

"They're good for six months. I can always get a refund. Funny thing, I was even on the train before I decided to drive. Now that you're here, you might as well come downstairs and see why I didn't leave for the convention today."

Wally grabbed from a chair the propeller beanie which a very young fan had left behind during a meeting the other evening. He put it on his head, and began to look more like Joe Palooka's Humphrey. Bill didn't miss the searching look that Wally threw around the kitchen, from the top of the cellar stairs, as if hoping to see some evidence that Betty was still around.

"The express company brought it today. Watch those steps. I wouldn't want you to fall and hurt yourself. The express man brought a jug of genuine Burbee home brew."

Wally stopped on the third step from the bottom and looked over his shoulder at Bill. "You're kidding. I never heard of Burbee sending home brew to anybody."

"I never did either. But he did. Maybe he saw the revenuers coming and wanted to get rid of the evidence. I knew that if I'd taken that jug to the convention, I'd get three drops or so out of it, no more. And I couldn't leave town for a week without sampling it. And I'd planned all along to do more work on my new speaker enclosure before the convention. So I was going to work and drink all by myself tonight."

"Say, it's sure lucky that I dropped by. Where's the Golden Treachery? Gosh, it's cold down here. How can you stand it?"

"It's not cold, just a little damp. I couldn't put the new speaker setup on the upper floors. It's too heavy. Besides, it's going to produce awfully loud noises and the neighbors won't be able to hear it as well from down here. Say, Wally, do you ever get the feeling that you've experienced something before, while it's happening for the first time?"

"Like when you can't remember just when something happened before, but you're sure that you went through this before? Sure. It came over me that night that I left your old Weirds on the porch and they got rainsoaked."

"Do you have that feeling now? I have it, this minute, very strongly." Bill unlocked the door leading to his cellar den.

"I've read different explanations. Some psychologists think that it's caused by the body remembering previous movements. You do something that causes you to move around the same way that you did before, and it seems familiar to you even tho the

circumstances are all different. Freud thought it happened because you encountered, in real life, an event like something you dreamed, then forgotten consciously that you'd dreamed. I don't think that those are very good theories. I've always thought that that might happen because you once read about a similar happening, and still have the memory of what you read lurking in your subconscious."

Wally had put his hands on his hips. He blocked the doorway to the den. Bill waited patiently for him to move, so that he could enter. "My God, are you turning into a contractor or what?"

"You mean the sacks and forms? They're concrete. I'm ready to pour it tonight, it will be completely dry when I return from the convention."

"You know, you're a screwball." Wally let his ponderous bulk down into a chair. "All that work when you can go into a shop and buy a loudspeaker. I told you that's what you should do, after I couldn't fix your old one. I still feel kind of bad about that old speaker. Tho I still think that I was right about that loose connection. But it's a good thing you had that fire extinguisher handy." Wally had picked up a science fiction novel. He wet a finger thoroughly and then used it to leaf through the pages.

"Forget it, I wanted this kind of setup, anyway. After you go, I'll get to work on it."

Wally slammed the book onto the floor. It cracked when it struck, and lay open, as if the back had been broken. "Look, Bill if you're trying to hint that you don't want me around, just say so, and I'll drink some of that home brew and go. I know that you've been peeved at me about some of the things that have happened. If you want things just perfect, you'd better move out into the woods."

"Relax, man." Bill spoke with his back turned. He was lifting experimentally the plump sack of cement. "I've gotten over it by now. It was just a gripe left over from the way I felt when Betty told me."

"What did Betty tell you?" Bill felt Wally's breath brushing the nape of his neck. "She lies if she said that anything happened. She's so old-fashioned that she wouldn't let---"

She told me everything. I trust her. Since nothing happened, we'll forget it. But you know, if you keep acting that way, you're going to find a wife who isn't so old-fashioned, and one fine day, her husband---"

"Where's the home brew? Hey, you know what? I'm pretty good at this do-it-yourself-bit. Suppose I help you to pour the concrete for your music box here tonight? That'll prove that there are no hard feelings. We'll have a ball with the Golden



Lars BOLLNE

Treachery and concrete."

"Well thanks, but you might not understand how I want it."

"I don't see why good concrete should be wasted so you can play records. But I built a sidewalk once, and I can show you how to use this stuff. How about it?"

"I don't know. It's got to be done just right. The concrete goes all around the enclosure to give plenty of baffling. It's a brass reflex system, you see. Look Wally, I don't want to offend you, but this is important to me. I was planning to crawl right into the enclosure to give plenty of baffling and make sure that the thing's just right. I've got to get the stuff even on the chicken wires. I don't dare make a mistake. This thing is going to be so solid that it will stay put together for a century."

"Go get the brew," Wally commanded. He waited until Bill left the room, then crawled into the top of the eight-foot-high enclosure. It was a tight fit, and his propeller beanie came off as he lowered himself to the floor.

Bill returned with the jug and looked around.

"Get the ready-mix ready," Wally called. "Hay, you know what? You forget something, where's the speaker going to go?" "Let me have some of that home brew while you're getting the mix ready."

Bill stretched to his full height and boosted the jug over the enclosure's open top. "How are you going to get out?" he complained. "Don't drink it all. Well, you might as well go to work, now that you're in there." He heard the brew gurgling, as he prepared the concrete.

"Hold the panel to your left steady. Here comes the cement. Be sure that it's thick and even on the frames. Say, I've just thought of the french word for that feeling of having gone through an experience. *Deja*, they call it."

"This is fun," Wally said. "It doesn't matter that I got some cement on your floor, does it?"

"I guess not. How about letting me taste the Golden Treachery now?"

"Wait till I get this next panel done. It's good stuff. How do you go about getting on good terms with Burb? Look, pal, I want to help you finish this whole project tonight. What's left?"

"Hardly anything, I just fill it up with rock wool."

"Rock wool? My Ghod, you could build a house with the stuff that your wasting on this thing. Why rock wool?"

All the experts on enclosures like Varkonyi say that it's the best thing in the world for baffling. Some scientists figured out that the only thing that holds sound better than rock wool is the human body. For Pete's sake, Let me have some of that brew before we start on this last side."

"Keep mixing that stuff, Bill, keep mixing it. And get your rock wool ready. We're going to set a new time record for building a loudspeaker." Bill had his head attentively cocked, trying to determine if it was fact or imagination that Wally's voice had begun to thicken in drunken fashion. With a sigh, he hoisted in the final side panel.

Wally's arm, whitened with cement, raised an empty jug above the high side of the enclosure. Bill stared at the jug a moment. Then he took it into his own hands.

"Damn you," he said softly. "I wanted to enjoy some of that myself."

Wally emitted a noise that might have been a chuckle or a belch. "Yep, powerful stuff. You know, I think that I'd better be

getting out of here pretty quick. I feel like I'm getting drunk. And you know what happened the other times I got drunk at your house."

"Are you finished with the cement job?"

"Sure. This thing is as strong as a battleship. Go get a stepladder and climb on it so you can give me a hand to help me climb out of here."

Bill packed up the frame for the top panel and used the chair to raise it to the top of the enclosure. He slid it two-thirds of the way into place before he began to pour on the cement. "Be honest with me, Wally," he said, "Doesn't this seem familiar to you?"

There was a thump from inside the enclosure. "Damn, I'm drunk," Wally was muttering. "I can't even see good any more."

Making certain that the panel would remain balanced, Bill jumped from the chair and left the room hurriedly. When he returned, he had a flashlight in one hand and three sheets of paper, torn clumsily from a book, in the other hand. He dropped the flashlight through the top of the enclosure, then folded the pages once, to make sure they would stay together, and pushed them through the opening in the wake of the flashlight. Then he called down through the gap:

"The Golden Treachery"

Wally mumbled something incoherent. Then he said understandably: "Is this instructions or something?"

"Use your flashlight," Bill called impatiently. "The pages contain your part. I know my part by heart. I thought you might remember yours without prompting. Haven't you ever read Poe?"

There was a shuffling within the enclosure, as Wally leaped. His fingers clutched at the edge of the enclosure. Bill picked up a hammer and banged hard on the fingers. Wally immediately thumped to the bottom of the enclosure. Again Bill called, his mouth at the opening: "The Golden Treachery! That's your cue, man. Pay attention! Now your supposed to answer, something like: He, eh, he! Yes, The Golden Treachery! But is it not getting late? Will they not be awaiting us at the convention, Betty and the rest? Let us be gone!' Just change a few of the words to fit."

The whole enclosure quivered slightly. Deduncing that Wally had tried to crash his way out, Bill glanced at the bolts. They were holding splendidly.

"What's the idea, Bill? For God's sake?"

"For the love of God, not 'For God's sake.'" That was your last line. And you muffed it." Bill drew a deep breath and threw all his weight against the overhanging edge of the top panel. It slid the remainder of the distance, covering the enclosure completely. He waited a moment, in accordance with the script, and then called:

"Wally Fart!" No answer. Again "Wally Fort" He heard just a distant popping and cracking as he pressed his ear to the plug that would eventually be removed for the speaker.

Realizing that the den was damp, he covered the speaker, and covered the rock wool into a small mountain.

His watch told him that he would arrive at the convention in plenty of time, by driving. He hated to delay another minute from the carefree time ahead, but he put a postal into his typewriter and wrote: "Burb: Thanks for the homebrew. Wonderful stuff. It reminded me quite a bit of Amontillado. Hastily, Bill."

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((Pondered upon is the naming of planets, one wonders:))

VENUSIAN OR VENERIAN?

by Hal Lynch

The names "MARS" and "Martians" seem to be so well known and accepted, even by the celebrated man in the street, that he will probably pass them down to his planet-hopping descendants (though we can't count on the spellings, of course.)

But what will our great-grandchildren be calling the colonists and/or natives, as the case may be, of our sunward neighbors, Venus?

Most SF writers through the years have used "Venusian" without a qualm. But lately some Latin scholars, among them--most notably, Heinlein--have proffered "Venerian" as the more etymologically correct derived form. (If you want to get sticky, you could argue for "Venerean", I think.)

Well, that may square us with the language historians, but --as prophecy-- I'm afraid I can't buy it. The word "Venerian" may be correcter, but it's just too close to the dread word "Venereal" to be comfortable.

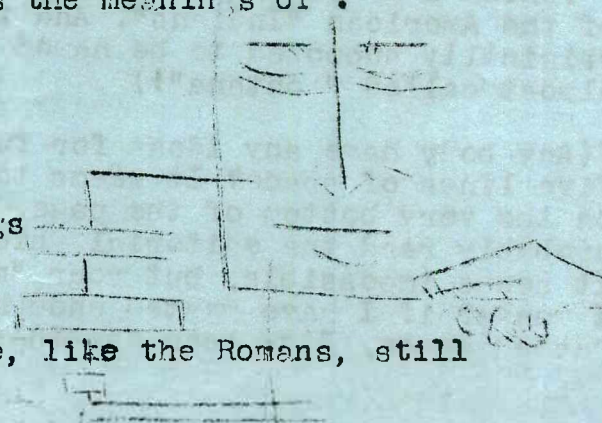
The great American, or even the world, public, will just not take it to heart. Mom and Pop will hand "Venerian" right back to the scholars, if they're going to be so dirty-minded. Along about the time the first spaceships come back from the cloudy place, some bright young reporter is going to refer to the boys as "Venerian exolorers" and that'll tear the roof off that name.

No, fellas, "Venusian", though it may be etymologically frightful, seems to be a much more likely candidate for the honors. But I doubt that "Venusian" will last long before being contracted to "Nooshian" (possibly ultimately causing the planet itself to wind up with the name "Noosha").

Another definite possibility is that the planet will get itself an entirely new name once it progresses in the mind of the public from a light in the sky to a place people go to and come back from. Even today (alas!) we've lost almost all respect for the classics. Who knows what the future dictionaries may list as the meanings of:

VENUS. 1. ROMAN GODDESS OF
love. 2. Ancient name for the
planet Hellhole.

Of course if our scientists are being too conservative after all, and the world is inhabited by cogitant somethings they will have their own name for the place. This "Venusian" name may be used by the Earthpeople (Or it may not. We, like the Romans, still call Deutschland "Germany".)



And then, the name the locals give Venus may not be very attractive. Look at our name for our planet. If their word for what's-that-you're-tracking-all-over-my-nice-clean-floor happens to be "fibbledegibbelt", we may be calling them "Fibbledegibbeltians".

And if they don't like it -- well, you'd be surprised how many names in our world's history have started out as insults.

Even if Venus turns out to be unoccupied real-estate, it may drop its classical name and gather unto itself a nickname, mistakename, or nom-de-first-gink-to-set-foot-on-er. And that last may not be quite kosher, at that. Columbus, his friend Americus Vespucci, and the earlymapmakers got things all fouled up, as you recall. Gives you an idea of how things could go with the naming of our sister world.

It could easily happen that the whole planet could wind up with a name first applied to the place where the first spaceship landed, could then be applied to the region surrounding it, then to the continent, and finally to the whole new world.

You know how it is, unlike geographers, colonists worry mainly about the place they're going to, not how far it extends in all directions. Mapmakers get confused, borders get vague, and names spread like stains across the surface of untrod territory. First thing you know, the whole planet is named "Toopcha", or "Sam'spot" or "Nuboyseeahdaho" or something quite unprintable in this century -- a name that was originally something one of the boys said about the first hill they saw.

Or the Captain's wife's name, or his mother-in-law's name, depending on how he felt about the place at the time.

Or maybe the captain, as the ship circles the world, will turn to the lone SF fan among his crew and ask HIM what's the name of this planet again? and the guy, an old Burroughs fan, but unable to remember ERB's name for the planet, will east desperately around in his mind and finally blurt out "Barsoom"!

From then on, things will really be confused.

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(Think I'm kidding? Well, there's the well known example of the American "Indians". And they tell me Colorado was originally supposed to be named "Idaho", and Idaho was almost called "Montana"!)

((Any body have any ideas for future use of how to use about five lines of space? It seems to be nasty to start something on the very bottom of the page. By this time, you have probably read the editorial which I haven't even written yet. It seems impossible, but your "now" and my now are different. I wonder if I have wasted enough space yet..even if I haven't wasted space, I've been wasting your time - so on...))