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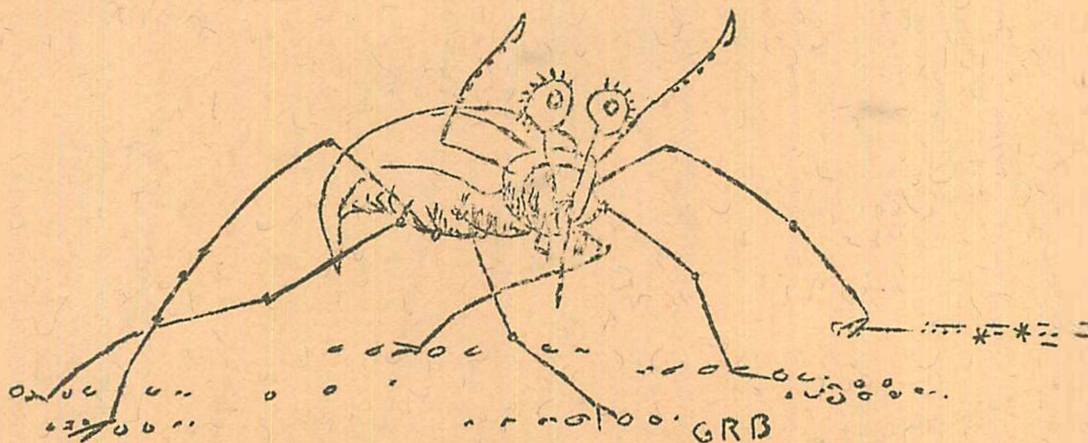
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_____ A loc?



MOEBIUS TRIP # 3 ----- January 15, 1970.

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A BOOK REVIEW
by
OMAR McBARSOOM

piers anthony's MACROSCOPE

"Macroscopic" by Piers Anthony was thrust forth by Avon in Oct 69 at \$1.25. Cover, in a somewhat astrological vein, by Charles Santore.

One glance over the book's blurbs will clarify the nature of the basic gimmick: men build a device (the macroscope) to resolve the info received on "macrons." So--the vastness of the universe becomes visible, really visible--one can focus on and read print, for example, thousands of years removed in space and time. But . . . on to the vastness of the novel's 480 pages.

Piers' hero, fashionably, is a Negro, a point which is totally immaterial to the development of the story, but we are soon to find out that our esteemed novelist leaves no stone unturned. Your reviewer has found that unless a story is of some racial significance it is prudent to make the protagonist of indeterminate race. Who cares what color the fellow is? Ah-ha, by the book's end we've learned that Piers needs little or no reason to add to the variety of the plot; his lead character is all colors, he would have us believe, being a product of a special experiment (which, incidentally, failed . . .). But at the beginning the "race" bit has the feel of an amateurish device.

Before many pages have passed you realize that Piers is not in the same league as polished professionals like Asimov, Heinlein, Silverberg or Clarke. A pity.

One further gets the impression in the opening pages that Piers' descriptions of things are intended merely as the usual reader-enlightening details of environment, characterization, history, etc., altho after a while one begins to wish that the author were not so meticulous. "Come on, let's get with it," one is tempted to mutter, to no avail.

The morass tends to deepen. Beginning on page twenty I began to suffer. My god, my god, why every little detail? Arriving in a large space station with the hero, we are exposed to every little trick of the elevator's operation, the transportation cart's operation, the room-numbering system, and so on. Grrr. One has only to suppose that we're arriving at a fictional hotel instead of a fictional space-station,

realize how ridiculous such minute, flyspeck observation of occurrences is, and begin to twitch and squirm in despair. (Oh, if only Piers would write--one is tempted to bray--in this novel like he does in Granfalloon!)

Next our hero, Ivo, reaches his friend Brad, the scientist, and is introduced to a red-haired, blue-eyed girl; he falls for her. You can see that cl' Piers is really going to be daring in this one.

Now our protagonist is taken by his friend on an almost casual jaunt to the macroscope, described as "the most expensive, important device ever put into space by man." By now one is wondering just who in the hell Ivo is to rate such "in" treatment. . . .

So, Brad shows Ivo some things the macroscope has revealed, saying, about a species 10,000 light-years distant from Earth, "They hardly care about Earth. Remember, we were in our tedious prehistory at the time we see them now. I have no doubt that they are extinct at present." Study the implications of that last sentence. Frankly, I thought there must be some reason, to naturally be revealed to the reader, why the character would make such an astounding--outlandish, actually--statement.

It was to introduce a lecture on the evils of uncontrolled breeding. Very admirable; Piers shows us how the far-off aliens were on the verge of eating each other up; he believes that we on Earth have maybe only a generation left before we begin to go under, since cannibalism is already widespread in the obvious places.

But I don't think that it is so cut and dried that the alien species is extinct 10,000 years later. The civilization, perhaps--even probably. But even handfuls of survivors here and there could--but the average reader can certainly jump ahead of me and draw his own conclusions.

And now the lecture is revealed as but an introduction, as we move to another planet, another species, and the evils of pollution. Briefly, total pollution had, some time before 15,000 years previously, caused the extermination of a race of attractive humanoids.

So telling are these two cases that Piers merely shows a third example as a scattered remnant, reduced to savagery, of a once mighty technology.

The plot thickens (as usual) as we learn that a distant source can and is sending a message via macroscope. The message is mindshattering to persons above a certain IQ-level. Piers handles the whole thing beautifully, bringing the threat of an investigating senator who demands a viewing of the message. Ivo and his scientist friend watch also; the senator dies, Brad embraces catatonia and Ivo--with a low IQ but special, not yet completely differentiated "abilities"--caught on in time to what the "message" was leading up to, evaded it, and survived O.K.

But the U. N. scientists of the station now know that the macroscope must be in great danger, so--Ivo is involved in a games tourney for which, despite his comparatively low IQ, he is uniquely suited; he wins, learning eventually (Piers is devious, don't forget) that he has "won" the macroscope.

Or at least, he has to make a "getaway" with it.



Racing for Neptune with a U. N. spacegang in pursuit, Ivo toys with the macroscope, getting closer and closer to the "destroyer" as he seeks to identify the knowledge it is guarding. He succeeds in learning how to tap that lore, which is comprised of broadcast records left for posterity by thousands of different civilizations. It croggles the imagination to realize that Piers has gone to such extremes to titillate our senses; these recordings come from all over the galaxy and one of them is at once seen by budding supermind Ivo as originating beyond: three million light years away in time and space! Mama Mia, what next?

A couple more pages of wrestling with racism. I was all set to continue what was developing into, quite probably, an interesting adventure, when Piers thrusts some more propaganda onto the scene--sort of like viewing Faust at the Met and being given readings, between scenes, from Manifest der Kommunisten or Mein Kampf.

Ivo steadily milks galactic knowledge after he and his four companions--"brainless" Brad and his girlfriend (for whom Ivo has had tight pants all along) and an engineer and wife--proceed through a miraculous utilization of an incredible escape method to reach Triton, moon of Neptune. There, miracle follows miracle over a period of several months.

Meantime the engineer, Groton, being an astrologer, has been moonlighting in the black arts, or so it seems when he begins to expand the subject with Ivo. Thing is, he seems to have two different readings, he tells Ivo, and--having put other little clues together--he suspects that Ivo himself might also be the mysterious Schön.

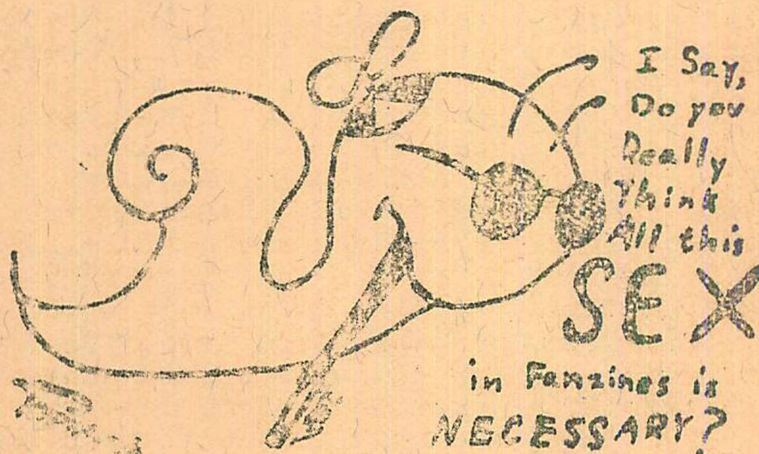
Ho boy. Will wonders never cease. We learn, at last, that the macroscope isn't the real wonder of the book at all--it's just a gimmick. No, the real "thing" that Piers has been cunningly holding back is that the protagonist, Ivo, is really the mysterious "Schön" (German--so it's pronounced "Shane") of umpteenth hints heretofore.

Right! Right! Ivo admits that he, Ivo, is only a figment (bear with me to the end) of Schön's imagination, created when the latter was five years old and "fed up."

Get it? Peerless Piers presents: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde . . . in modern design, naturally. (We really suspected it all along.) (Never mind some sideline hints about Ivo that are never really explained--such as his being "born" in 1842, as a white man.)

More shenanigans, as Brad is "accidentally" killed by the girl, Afra--yea, the redhead--with a resultant passage of page after page of inconsequential astrological mumbojumbo. I was afraid the reader was on the verge of being subjected to such crap when Peerless--oops, I mean Piers--was trying to use a "chess" analogy to have Groton explain a problem to Ivo, a non-player. . . .

Did I mention Faust a while back? Space Opera is with us in Macroscope--leave it to our ol' buddy. It isn't bad at all, although at times one wonders why Jac--er, Anthony, didn't give the work a more appropriate title, like "The Wind Between the Worlds," say. He gives



our voyagers four months of tinkering to perfect a gravitic star drive capable of jumping the gaps between the whorls and twists of the universe. Piers peers at every detail; interesting as hard science fiction --manna for addicts--but unnecessary; one thinks of the average reader and has to admit that passages of this nature will probably be skimmed over rather quickly. After all, when we ride away with the posse to track the outlaws we assume that horses are saddled, guns loaded, etc.

Anyway, buried in the interior of Triton, the whole buried deep inside Neptune, with the entire mass reduced to a nubbin--truly mass-miniaturization, you could call it--they proceed. Piers Anthony errs, in my opinion, when he gets to moving around the galaxy.

The time is 1980. The first "jump" is made. Ivo peers through the macroscope at a selected area on Earth and finds a newspaper dated 1930. Ah, so; the "jump" had obviously been for 50 light years.

Or had it?

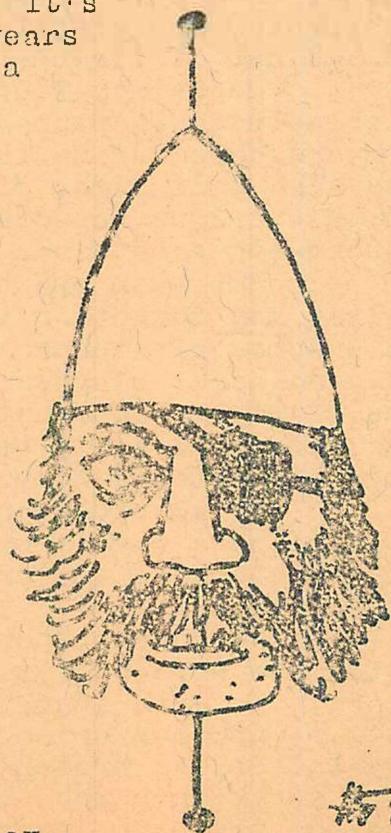
O.K. The jump had been 50 light years, but Piers falls into what I'll call the "Einstein Trap." By no stretch of anyone's imagination could it be 1930 back on Earth; naturally it is still 1980. Old Piers forgets that old Einstein used the speed of light as a constant, not that it really matters in the exhalted realm into which we've already proceeded.

Piers, Piers, don't you understand that when you start moving across "light years" numbering in scores, hundreds, tens of thousands, and doing it in rather brief instances, that you are operating in a field vastly different than Einstein's theories?

The booboo you make in utilizing such archaic time-juggling is ludicrous, spoiling--for the many to whom this point will be more than obvious--an otherwise basically fine yarn.

Now: we know it's still 1980 on Earth, but, relative to Earth, the point--50 light years distant--where our friends have flown, is also "1980." (Piers thinks that it's 1930, since light from the spot would take 50 years to reach Earth; actually in only one way could a 1930-Earth be found 50 light years away: if Earth still existed in the spot it occupied 50 years in the past, and if their "jump" had been in the exact direction to where Earth had been then.) But our friends, their equipment, the macroscope, are all there in their 1980 form, and they didn't exist in anything like that form in 1930. But enough of dealing with the antiquated temporal nonsense Piers has involved himself with.

Suffice to say that, after the next "jump," Ivo is ranging Earth (via the macroscope) trying to find what year it is on the home planet so as to know how many light years farther away they've moved (several thousand, possibly), when we find that our banquet of miracles has been crowned by the piece de resistance! Ivo, presumably merely "viewing" from thousands of light years away, abruptly falls from midair and lands in the Mediterranean Sea, to be rescued by a ship from Tyre, where he's taken. He converses in the tongue of Canaan . . . phew! when I started this book I didn't know what to expect, but it seems to have a little of everything,



#761

even fantasy; our hero is fluent in all the ancient tongues he encounters. Damn it, Piers, you go too far. Even though it is only Mr. Hyde--I mean, Schön, who is being cutesy in Ivo's mind.

Well, we have a little sword-and-sorcery episode, extending over quite a few pages, before Ivo suddenly "is" back with his 1980(?) companions. In a comedown rather similar to a Mutt & Jeff or Donald Duck episode, we find that it was all a dream, even though Ivo's wet dream wasn't and--but enjoy that part for yourself.

The search for the "destroyer" goes on, with info accumulating. One point: bases from which the evil broadcast originates are 15,000 light years apart.

One still wonders: P.A., P.A., what are you up to? And more and more, Schön is whispering into Ivo's innermost ear. (Is the poor fellow cracking under the strain, you might muse, or is this merely an indication that the alter ego is strengthening, preparatory to certain dominance?)

Schön gets bolder, getting Ivo to let him use their body's fingers to do a job properly; it is soon seen that he can even use the tongue and lips to speak his own words.

Finally one of the destroyer sites is reached. It is composed of a complex of artificial spheres. Since it might be defended by contraterrene missiles, our heroic little band must make a drone to send against it first--testing, testing.

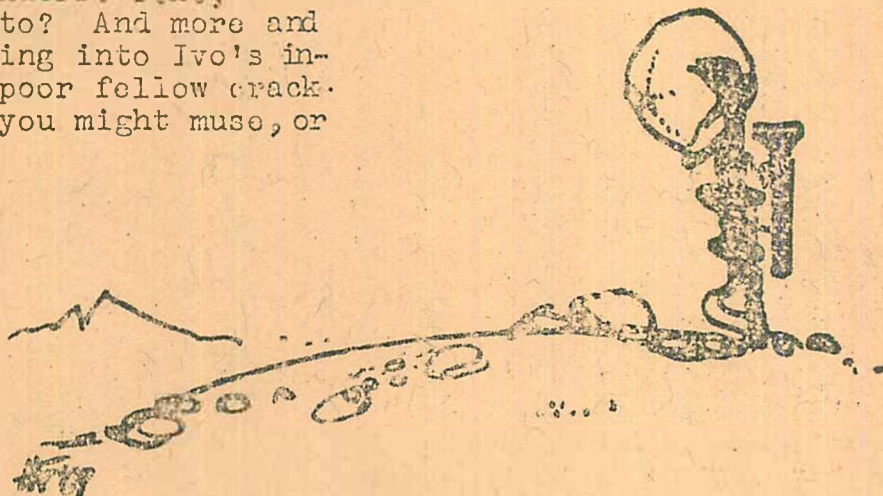
Meantime, Piers plays possum, never mentioning the fact that his ship-Triton-Neptune voyager, which has contained our friends and the macroscope during their galaxy-hopping, is still in its vastly reduced size (although, of course, retaining its original mass). Never mind the various aspects of comic opera, which are now becoming too frequent--in some cases as simply too much of a good thing. . . .

But soon one begins to realize that perhaps our peerless novelist has forgotten the miniaturization. Can it possibly be? We feel a sense of stunned wonderment creeping over us at the thought of such a colossal blunder. We are already, naturally, overwhelmingly aware of Piers' penchant for not forgetting details, however slight, so he cannot possibly be taking it for granted that we'll assume he returned our coterie to regular size. . . .

No response, nohow. Inside, the four Earthlings view exhibits, find a way to enter a closed area, and finally are presented with a history of the origins and expansion of galactic macro-communication.

We pause, then, to accompany the Schön personality on a dream (if the Ivo personality could do it, why not the alter ego? Wow,) of his own. He gets involved in a war of aliens.

Another episode. All restraint now seems to abandon our story-teller, as Groton's wife, Beatryx of the average IQ, is whisked into a dream sequence, one dealing with whites and blacks, in which she finds that the situation is master: the whole is a product of all of its parts. She is killed (really . . . sob).



Now Groton "dreams," as an alien, in the creature's body. He controls one side in a battle with another culture, and wins. His side, he meanwhile learns, has been constructing a "destroyer" complex--such as the Earth quartet is now visiting. Asking the reason for the destroyer he is told, "The Horven knows."

Luckily--again, all-powerful Piers?--he is selected to visit the Horven. The creature recognizes him, addressing him by name! It knows that he comes from 100,000,000 years in the future. . . .

This section of the book, like various others, must be followed quite closely. Do not expect to read and assimilate the entire work quickly unless you are considerably above average in the ability to handle reams of interlaced technical details. And at the same time don't be misled by the author's omissions, his failure to tie up loose ends which to you may have seemed quite important. Piers obviously undertook the superdooper chore of creating his masterpiece in much the same manner as an old-time parson wrestling with the devil, knowing that he'll lose points along the way but expecting to be on top when the final contest is concluded.

Be prepared, in the book's last 50 or 60 pages, for the unpredictable; it is as if our puppetmaster Piers were deliberately trying to scramble the reader. (By this time, having traversed over 400 pages, there has accumulated ample evidence that Macroscope has been stuffed--and overstuffed--to an extent exceeding that of the proverbial Christmas goose.)

By the time Schön has taken over completely and he and Afra are bouncing around from symbol to symbol, the average reader is apt to be perilously close to total satiation. So much of everything has been thrown into his mind that he might very well mistake a lot of it for garbage.

Comes the final twist and Ivo suddenly emerges, claiming the girl--and getting her.

Conclusion: Macroscope is not, unfortunately, Hugo material, not even being worthy of a nomination. That state, after all, should at least be indicative of a level considerably above average.

Macroscope is above average but is disjointed, has much too much insignificant detail, and ignores clarity. The reader is insulted by having several important informational cliffhangers dropped, never to be resolved. Buy it, read it, but expect to toss a few muttered curses in Piers' direction along the way.

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JULY 10-12

BOB TUCKER

PEORIA CON

1970

will be

TO BE KNOWN

GoH

AS THE ILLICON

There will be a con in Peoria next July 10-12 at the Sands Motel. It has a swimming pool, cocktail lounge, restaurant, color TV and Hi-Fi in every room, and is 100% air conditioned (and the air conditioning works . . .). It is within about six blocks of at least half-a-dozen chowhouses for all kinds of tastes and budgets, a used bookstore, new paperback book store, hardback book store, 3 movies (with maybe a SF movie during the con), with numerous other motels in the immediate vicinity. Rates for singles start at \$10.50, doubles (one double bed) start at \$13.00, twins at \$15.50, etc., etc. A picnic is being considered, but suggestions are welcome from all. For details, registration cards, DON BLYLY, 158 Hopkins, URB, Champaign, IL 61820 etc., write too: LARRY PROPP, 1010 W. Green St., #335, Urbana, IL 61801

BOOK REVIEW

EPISTLE TO THE BABYLONIANS

by

Charles L. Fontenay

Knoxville: U. of Tennessee Press

\$6.25.

One frequent comment about science fiction in recent years has been that science is realizing science fiction predictions and speculations so fast that writers have to hop to it to keep their themes ahead of the reality. One theme that has remained exempt from such outdating by scientific progress, up to now, is the well-known "superman" theme. This one has seemed in no more danger of becoming outdated than it was in the days of Van Vogt's "Slan."

But now Charles L. Fontenay, a newspaperman who was a fairly prolific science fiction writer himself about a decade ago, has come forth with a book that says the superman--or at least his progenitor--has been among us, here and there, for a long, long time. The book, "Epistle to the Babylonians," is not science fiction. It is a mixture of philosophy and scientific research, and supports its contention with references to history, biology, psychology and anthropology.

The sort of intellectual "leap from the known and accepted" represented by this book could not be expected to go over well with academic Philistinism. Fontenay's agent warned him that he'd never find a publisher for his book, and he almost didn't. When the University of Tennessee Press decided to tackle it as an experimental venture, five appraisers in different academic fields looked it over before it was accepted, and two of them--both psychologists--waxed wroth in a violent disagreement over each other's divergent judgments.

According to Fontenay, the incipient superman is "Homo individualis," a man who is free, by virtue of his genetic inheritance, of the restrictions of man's "social mind" to a greater extent than the majority of mankind. Appearing now and then as great creative geniuses, these mutations have been the key figures in man's advance to civilization from the Stone Age, according to the author's thesis. They are still part of the human ("Homo socialis") gene pool, emerging and being reabsorbed under changing forces of natural selection, and have never quite attained the status of a separate semi-species, Fontenay says.

On the basis of this concept, the author has constructed a theory of the rise and fall of great historical civilizations, which has never been explained heretofore on any scientific basis. And he thinks that, by the use "Homo socialis" has made of the contributions of "Homo individualis" to his society, the modern environment is exerting heavy selective pressure against "Homo individualis"--without whose creative approach, civilization cannot survive.

Fontenay is the author of three science fiction novels--"Twice Upon a Time," "Rebels of the Red Planet" and "The Day the Oceans Overflowed"--and many magazine stories such as "Escape Velocity" and "The Silk and the Song." To this, his first non-fiction work, he brings the imaginative insight and freedom from rigid preconception that have made science fiction almost as much a predictive field as a fantastic one.

Perry A. Chapdelaine
Rt. 4, Box 137
Franklin, Tenn. 37064

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I AM PAULED (PALLED)

— (YELLOW)

by

RON SMITH and BLAIR TIFFANY

((Once upon a time there was a phenomenon known as the Beatles. It swept like a monstrous wave across the face of the Earth. It brought change--oft for good--but some of what it wrought was inexplicable. Many watched its breaking, looking for signs and wonders....))

News Flash! Attention Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea! Word is just out from Apple headquarters in London! The great hoax has been revealed.

Late last night a news conference was hurriedly called in the dimly-lit main office of Apple, Inc., the Beatles own recording firm. The room, filled with a mist of cigarette smoke and melting copies of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," suddenly grew silent as a door opened from a second office next door. A figure, cloaked in the dim light and smoke, hurried forward, pausing only briefly to struggle through a crowd of newsmen until he reached the desk at the front of the room. The crowd waited in unrestrained excitement as the figure seated himself and a spot light suddenly enveloped the whole front of the room. The crowd gasped and a cheer rose up and out of windows of the office to echo round London town for days.

Paul McCartney was alive!

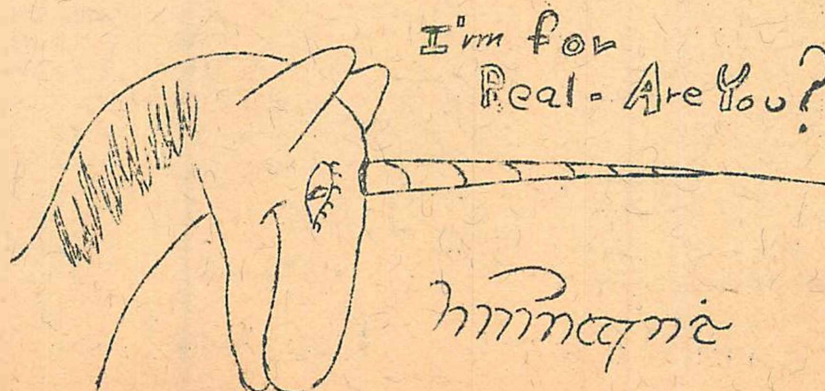
"Thank you," said Paul as the crowd finally settled down enough for him to speak. "I would like to announce this as the completion of a hoax. Here is the story of how it got started."

Pens scratched furiously on notepads. Reporters and honored spectators craned their ears forward to try to catch every word the soft, steady voice of the lone Beatle was saying. This is the story he told.

Shortly before the recording of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,"

Paul had been involved in an automobile accident. He had, through no fault of his own, been unavoidably detained and had told John, George and Ringo to go on ahead to the studio. They would wait for him there until he came.

However, on the way to the studio, trying to make up lost time, Paul



had accidentally gone through a red light and run over a policeman's foot. While being chewed out for this major criminal offense by the long arm of the law, a wayward German bomber which had been lost over the North Sea for over 25 years finally found the English coast and proceeded to drop its full load of bombs right on the recording studio, killing our heroes, John, George and Ringo. Paul, reaching the scene of the disaster some time later and realizing the effect on the balance of payments situation in Britain if Beatle albums were discontinued so soon after the devaluation of the pound, knew drastic action was needed.

And so came the idea of the hoax.

Working furiously, Paul began single-handedly grinding out singles and albums and building around them the implication he was dead. In this manner, the public, of course, supposed the other three were alive--the exact opposite of the facts!

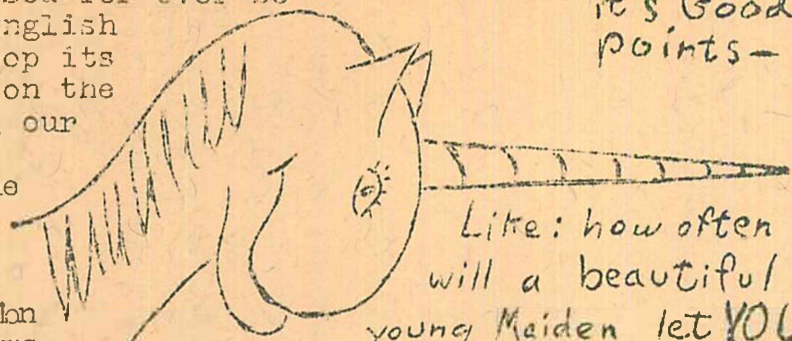
But clever Paul, he made a number of the clues in such a way that any person who was really thinking could have figured out the actual facts quite easily. True--on the "Sgt. Pepper" album's back cover Paul is turned away. The public interprets this as a sign of Paul's being dead and the other three alive, but actually it could also be interpreted as the other three being dead and Paul alive, but too embarrassed to face the public while presenting such a gross untruth! We find that actually the reason Paul was in bare feet on "Abbey Road" is that as his punishment for his crime against humanity Paul had to give his shoes to the wounded policeman.

Since the time of the other Beatles' untimely passing Paul has been busily impersonating the other three whenever they were involved in something of a public nature. His portrayal of Ringo as the gardener in "Candy" required great persuasive powers and a false nose. His impersonation of John Lennon during his marriage and sleep-in with wife Yoko Ono was simply of masterpiece quality, even fooling Yoko herself.

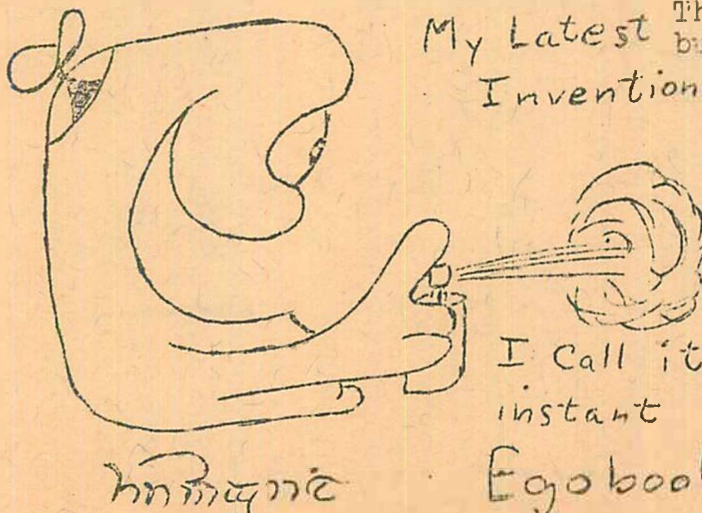
Yes, the truth, the whole truth, is finally out!

Aren't you glad?

Being a
Unicorn has
it's Good
points--



Like: how often
will a beautiful
young Maiden let YOU
Put your head in her lap?



My Latest
Invention--

I Call it
instant

Egoboo!

The above, of course, is not true,
but it might as well be.

It was written simply as a ribbing of the great controversy about Paul McCartney's supposed death and the "clues" in their albums. We have listened to and heard the muttered words, "I buried Paul," in "Strawberry Fields Forever." We have heard the clues in "I am the Walrus," and pondered over album covers in search of mystic meanings. It is pretty evident that this is a publicity hoax by the Beatles which was a lot of fun for them and greatly encouraged album sales.

But things are going a bit far. Remember, illogical as it all is, how much more proof do you have that the above isn't true, rather than the more generally accepted version?

THE END.

I TRIED TO WALK

THE VAPOR TRAILS

- BUT I FELL

I shake myself from this reverie as it smacks too much of Robert Bloch--I mean--I just couldn't see spending the rest of my life as a stamp to appear on the envelope of an unholy type of "chain-letter." I mutter mystic incantations and put on my crucifix, and with the mystic blade open the mysterious envelope. It is an ad for a used comic book dealer. Overcome with grief and disappointment, I drop the letter and move to my room.

I make a call (and start another paragraph with "I"--that's three now all you Bibles out there) to Burton. He is home--and his little brother wishes to use the phone for his own nefarious purposes. After a half hour of conversation that is interrupted every five minutes by Burton's kid brother asking him to "hurry up!" both he and myself quit. Such of the work as I can do on ETINITYUM has been done--and the Newsletter is mailed out--I brood.

It is evil and it forces me to obey it. It makes me commit myself to things--it makes errors when I try to say something of my own. I am typing this manuscript as it sleeps . . . for if it were awake it would never let me say such things. It has no mercy and makes me type for hours, long into the night. No longer am I Conan, no longer do I see Jack Farron on Television. Instead, all is replaced by an ever-constant vision of a keyboard. asdfghjkl; / zxcvbnm, .? / qwertyuiop / 234567890- / over and over again. I'd scream, but I have no wish to awaken it. You see, when I finish this article I'm going to kill it. I am going to tear off the keys and destroy the ribbon. I am going to smash the mechanism and break its demon will. Then I will, , , , ohgoditswakingup kdkdasdfghjkl; zxcvbnm qwertyuiop / 234-

.....i won!

13

THE BIG & THE LITTLE

by

Edward C. Connor



Will the post office ever become extinct? I bring this up as the result of a letter by Alexis Gilliland in Double Bill 21. He was commenting on editorial speculation in a previous issue on the possible state of

fandom in 1980. Alexis did mention that possibly by that time the P. O. would be passe, with computers picking up all mail via telecommunication facilities. I did a little guessing up to several years ago (when I was churning out articles for the philatelic press) in regard to things that might come to pass in postal matters, particularly with philately.

A favorite saying among the erudite--writers, specialists, dealers, whatever--in this field is that "a cheap stamp will always be cheap." There are thousands of varieties of stamps, remember, that are unbelievably "cheap." For all practical purposes they are individually worthless, merely helping to fill out packets of 100 or 500 or 5000 different, and so on. And there are several tens of thousands of other varieties which are each so plentiful as to bear, also, the label of "cheap." Once a stamp, in other words, has been produced in large enough quantities--maybe 20 million, or 50 million, or 500 million--it is cheap and billions of more copies are redundant.

We have, of course, some evidence that the "cheapness" tenet holds true. Various old cheapies--many from the last century--remain so today. Even used copies of the 2¢ commemorative of the U. S. 1893 Columbian set--which included dollar values--is still a cheapie.

But--as was noted in a speculative article in "Western Stamp Collector" five or so years ago--we've just seen the beginning.

A cheap stamp always cheap? Always?

Hardly.

A hundred years is nothing much. And the population can overtake any number, even 1,000 million. And space exploration is beginning.

So--in a hundred years our cheap, worthless stamp of 1,000 million copies is still cheap, even though several bales of the thing have met an end through fire, water, garbage infiltration, etc. After all, even though philately may be extremely popular, not everyone is a collector. . . .

But time passes and mankind can be expected to progress scientifically and astronomically, so that, to cut this abruptly, we are 500 years in the future, occupy vast portions of the galaxy, and find that our worthless, super-cheap little postal adhesive is now a prized rarity. For every single copy, as many as still exist, there are, nevertheless, an estimated 1,000 million philatelists in existence. Then too, such a situation could come much quicker.

Suppose, for example, that one of the old sfictional standbys turns out to be true. Earth is but one of countless planets "seeded" in past ages by a cosmic civilization. When our turn comes, we are "in."

Ah! How can Earthlings gain all the wonderful things avail-

able in the mainstream? It turns out that there are countless billions of characters--collectors all--waiting with itching palms and dripping tongues for the "emergence" of new planets. Naturally, such things are old hat and there are long-established regulations for visiting, trading, pricing, etc., etc.

Humm . . . if you should happen to have a few bales of worthless, junk stamps--the dregs of mixtures, say--stashed away, you could just possibly wind up with enough Galactic Credits to be on easy street anywhere you might care to go, and of course you could travel in style all over the civilized cosmos. . . .

The entire economy of Earth would be upgraded. Practically every household would have something worthless--even the stamps from the day's mail!--to trade for Galactic Credits.

(And possibly collectors from the mainstream could obtain licenses locally to explore city dumps for prized artifacts, with set percentages of the profits going to the municipalities, providing funds for obtaining needed Galactic merchandise, etc. But--back to the "postal" theme.)

In mid-January, 1970, an experiment was begun between 110 cities of the U. S.; mail is sent via Western Union. It is handled by computers and transmittal becomes almost instantaneous. The idea is that, and I rather imagine that Alexis had advance data on this whole business, mail will eventually be locally routed over cables into electronic "mailboxes" in offices and homes, materializing via facsimile printing (like Xerox copiers). Satellites, microwave systems and computers would (will, we should say) be indispensable cogs, with the latter doing the routing, pricing and billing.

Is there much of a chance for "mail" as we know it today to become extinct in the near future, say by century's end? I don't think so.

The Post Office may eventually divide, however, with stamps still being used. The big changes, computerwise, transmittalwise, et al, are likely to take place with bulk mailings. There are vast amounts of mail falling into that classification; it is practically all stuff that can be computerized, sent by telecom, churned out in individual homes via one medium or another. Such an operation could be entirely divorced from the P. O. The P.O. could continue as a profitable enterprise, I think, if it continued to handle letters within certain boundaries. Time will tell.

Fanzines are too intimate for treatment as computer-fodder. Not necessarily because of the number of copies of each printed, either, for I put the National Geographic Magazine in the same category. Who wants a fanzine merely because of the gist of its wordage? Each zine, after all, is unique, an object with as distinctive a "package" as any old, cherished pulp magazine. Surely too much would be lost even for such a little thing as paper, when all paper and ink is the same, as would probably be the case for all facsimile material churned out in your home by the telecom network. . . .

Does anyone else care to comment on this subject?



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THE RAISED FIST

by Leon Taylor

It was Christmas. I looked out over the unblemished terrain of snow, gentle but sweeping in its cloak. White paintstrokes of veiled light glowed against a shy outline of clouds, and I did not have to strain to hear the bells of somebody's joy. A child's laugh, Peace on Earth.

Yet even as waves of peace engulfed me and permeated me, I knew that I was looking at a land that had been. I knew that, should I close my eyes and after a lapse of twenty years open them again, I would see not a giant's white-lit masterwork, but a ravaged countryside, pocked and rape-ugly.

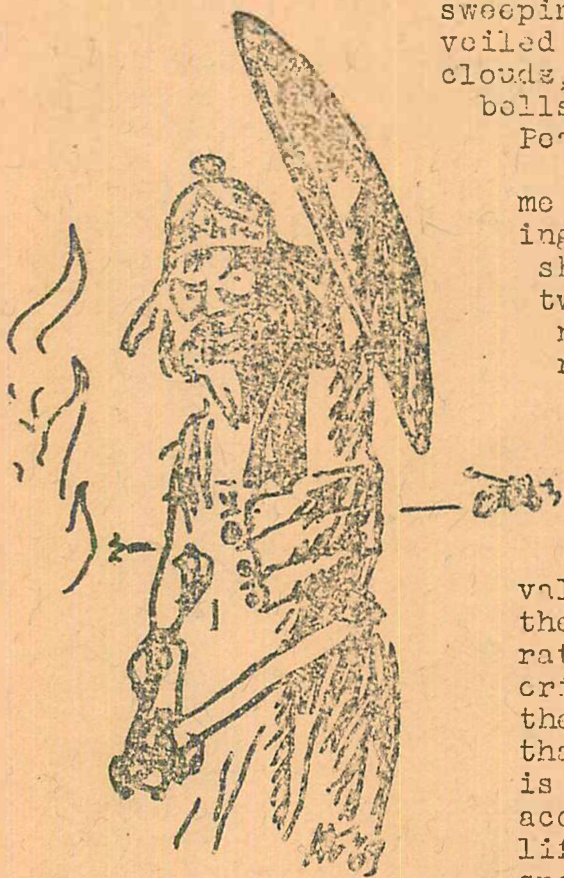
I knew that, save for an act of Providence or incredible luck, man and man's earth would soon become twin victims of violence.

Violence is the antithesis of every thing that we deem good, every value we imagine noble. It maintains that the one sure cure for any situation we'd rather not accept is a blow--preferably a crippling one--against life. Yet it ignores the fact that there is nothing more precious than life, that the sole alternative to life is non-life where there are no situations or acceptances or blows. It fails to note that life itself is neither responsible or irresponsible for any situation; punishing life for a totally human predicament is akin to

shouting at the cat for allegedly bringing bad luck.

Violence is singularly and unsalvageably evil; no good can come of a theology that preaches forced coercion as a final solution, for coercion is only a temporary thing and can not endure for the generations that man does. Yet we continually coddle it, as a weak, purblind man will his cruel mistress; we make excuses for her, soothe her through one of her fitful tantrums, faithfully justify her wanton acts. But even the most blinded of men will finally desert a tempestuous bitch; are we so witless that we shall never recognize this angry, blood-swollen beast for what it is?

"Violence is a perfectly acceptable last resort for the right cause," they tell us, and then they laugh, for they know that in the irrational, highly subjective moods that often descend upon this world of men, any resort can be made acceptable and any cause can be made



right. In inferring that there is a pure and noble cause to which all things are of sacrificial stature, they deny the simple truth that no such cause exists. And in deviously suggesting that violence is an acceptable means to gain a nonexistent cause (although they label it as a "last-resorted-to" means, perhaps to lull us into thinking that if it's really on the bottom of the list, they'll never get to it), they stifle the fact that violence is not a means but a product, and not a product of things pure and noble either.

Who are "they"? "They" are leftist/rightist/centrist/indifferent students rioting mainly for the sheer hell of it; "they" are huge, impassive-faced governments solemnly promising to save mankind by waging war on it; "they" are gore-seeking TV and movie producers who incessantly scream out that Violence is the Great Shining Way; and "they" are those persons that do not advocate violence but do not denounce it either, asking only to be left immersed in an inconsequential desk job or non-relating TV fantasy or trivial microcosm of fandom.

But in a larger sense, we all have blood-stained hands; for just as the accomplice who supplies the thief with the safe-combination is guilty of the crime, so are we for supplying "them" with the environment for violence. Every letter not written to a Congressman, every peaceful demonstration unattended "because of a cold" (you really were just too tired to go, but you didn't want to give your friends the wrong idea, did you?), every kind word not spoken to a friend or enemy or bare acquaintance contributes directly to the ugly, inevitable boiling of hate. And every silent word on Vietnam, every unspoken approval of war, every mute patronage for destructive "demonstrating" (what a farce!) is still another finger pressing the deadly red button.

There is only one justifiably violent act: the death of violence itself. And that can only come about by nonviolent means. Love. Concern. Understanding. You know what they are.

Consider. . Please: consider. Each December 25th we celebrate the birthday of the Man of Peace, but on December 26th we go right back to our old life of half-truth, half-love and half-peace, all of which will someday lead to a half-world.

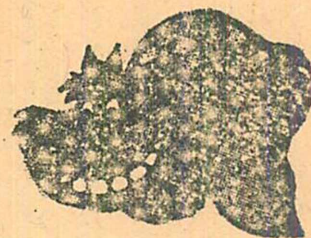
Buck the trend, guys;
politics is no substitute for life.

Maybe you angry young men out there think that blowing up this planet is the only answer to our problems, but I think there must be another way.

Yours for a
World of Peace,
fellas; have many
a Merry Christmas.
And many a--uh,
Happy New Year.
.....Leon Taylor.

What do you mean-
"there's too much
fighting going on
among fans!"
Why, for two
cents I'd bust
you right in
the mouth!





In which the editor growls, purrs, hisses, spits, &c., &c., &c., &c.,.....

The covers of Moebius Trip #1 and 2 showed a dark photo at right edge. It was dark to begin with and showed only part of a face, including a rather pointed ear. Presumably any viewer of Star Trek would recognize the features of Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy). Due to the "Castle of Frankenstein" rumor we still aren't certain that Star Trek is dead, dead, dead. We do know that without it television itself has often seemed dead. Hold your breath a while longer; an occasional miracle still happens, you know, elsewhere than in a Piers Anthony novel.

Oh yes--was it rumor or fact, that I heard a couple of weeks back, that a full-length (two hours, I think, was mentioned) Star Trek movie was being made especially for TV, and that there very likely would be several of these? I can't remember where I read or heard it, but possibly it was in one of the rumor mills that generally are well pleased if even 5% of their guesses (?) come true.

* * *

In regard to the two stamps used in conjunction with the article, "The Big and the Little," the Canadian stamp (issued 27 Jan 1970), reproduces "The Enchanted Owl" by Kenojuak, an Eskimo artist of the Northwest Territories.

The Mexican stamp was issued (29 Sept 69--the day the astronauts were in Mexico) to honor Apollo XI; two more Apollo XI stamps were to have been issued later by Mexico but they have, so far, been mysteriously delayed. Herewith is the story of how Mexico's LUNA 69 adhesive was formulated:

A New York graphic artist, Lance Wyman--already well known as the designer of many of Mexico's stamps--concocted this one. Did he use an actual photograph of Armstrong's first footprint on the moon? Believe it or not the answer is no. Wyman did use a photograph--one he took himself of his own mock-up: cardboard was used to make a shoe-bottom (about half of the actual size); the shoe-bottom was then pressed into baking flour; then, using light from one point only--simulating the approximate direction, angle, etc., from which the sun struck the original footprint--Mr Wyman shot his picture. A full sheet of these stamps gives a striking effect, as the design fills the entire space between perforations, blending (or "bleeding," to use the proper technical term) into the adjacent stamps.

(Incidentally, the designs of the two stamps shown are rather simple and it is hoped that they will show up O. K. with the new method we've utilized. Instead of having the artwork done on Gestefax Vinultronic Stencils, which are three times as expensive and require maybe 20 minutes or more of burning, we had some of the art done on Gestetner "Thermal Stencils No. 400," which go through the grill in just a few seconds. The rest of the artwork, including the cover, was done with a stylus directly into the stencils.)

It didn't work; the designs of the two stamps had to be done over with a stylus into a retyped stencil. The "thermal" stenciled stuff evidently will not work with designs in which too much detail is crowded too close together. The tiger-head on page 18 had enough contrast between elements of the design so that the finished product is quite recognizable. Incidentally, the thermal stencils cannot be made from artwork made with felt-tip pens; it won't register.... Grrrrr.....

Final totals are in on the number of first day covers canceled of the 10¢ Airmail Moon Landing stamp; requests from over 100 countries were filled for a final figure of 8,743,070 covers. The previous record of FDC cancellations had been set in 1962 with the stamp commemorating Col. John H. Glenn, Jr.'s orbital flight in the Mercury Friendship 7 capsule (3 million covers).

* * *

We welcome Omar McBarsoon back to the active ranks after his long period in the state of gafia. He told me, over a pre-dawn cup of tea a couple of weeks ago, that he had written no articles of any kind since the early 50's, when he had a half-dozen or so in the old "Shaggy." Like Dracula, Omar is a count but is really as down-to-earth as the meter reader or worm-farm operator. He had a cold at the time and bid me a hasty adieu, saying that he preferred, in order not to offend anyone, to enter into his "coughin' spell" in private. . . .

* * *

Hey--does anyone know the latest on the real(?) Loch Ness monster? We read some time ago that someone was trying to detect it with electronic equipment or some such, but whether the attempt was made or not, failed or not, we don't know. Frankly, it wouldn't bother us too much to think that the silence might be the result of a secret attempt that "failed," with the investigators winding up in the monster's belly.

* * *

Even tho we ran over our projected numbers of pages this we still couldn't juggle things enough to print at least a part of everyone's loc. Leo P. Kelley noted that loc's should run about 1/4 of an issue ... but some people think that about 1/3 of a zine is not too much; we'll just go along with the current for the time being. (Don't forget that we can always use nice, short articles.)

Bill Bliss' long letter got the shaft--it was next in line--probably because I didn't start using elite type soon enough. He started off with over a page of mathematical doodlings and hypothesizings, described some of the reckless driving he'd done recently, and noted that certain SF--as A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court or The Stray Lamb--has always been respectable. He thot a sure way to make SF respectable would be to use fake dust wrappers that would get by anywhere, such as Sex & the Single French, Case of the Golden Tit, Sex Nurse, etc. We could suggest "The Time Loop as a Factor in Population Stasis," "The Whore of the Worlds," et.....Finally, our last loc just arrived from Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tasmania 7000, Australia. He says: "I can only conclude you are the Ed Connor on p. 51 of ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, which I received yesterday and finished today. When I first got MT I looked you up in the copy of THE REGIONAL STORM I borrowed from Don Tuck, but apparently you're not quite that old! ... 'Bob Tucker: A Glimpse' was interesting. It's nice to know what the seldom-heard-of greats are doing, just to make sure they're alive. I read his 'The Lincoln Hunters' years ago when I was just venturing into Sf at our local State Library (fortunately well-stocked with sf) and I thought it was great. ... Leon Taylor's piece was good. ... FIAWOL! This week, 50% of my salary went on science fiction & fan expenses, including a package of Advent books and a donation to the 'Australia-in-'75' movement. If that doesn't make me a fiawol type, what will? No, I know the answer to that: 100% obviously! ... On gafia-tion: I've never really gafialed in the few short years I've really gotten into fandom, but I have had fits of laziness in which I didn't answer one letter for six months. Does that count? Probably. ... I know (by correspondence) one young fan who had an unfortunate experience in local fandom, and gafialed for about two years. He was in such a nervous state when he left fandom that he burnt his entire collection of Sf and fanzines, presumably including the master copies of his own long-running carbon-copies zine. Sad....."

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the Moon is Now

by

Joe F. Pumilia

Speaking of the anti-Lunes (people against the moon landing; as opposed, I suppose, to perilune?), and even throwing in forecasts of shorter and shorter space budgets (one reporter said something better happen or next year we won't be doing anything on the moon), I confidently predict--and all of you out there write this down and throw it up to me if I boff--that whether or not the lunar programs are cancelled, mankind will not be able to take back that first step from space. You see, the US and USSR simply cannot stop launching satellites and spaceships; surveyance satellites and communications satellites are too valuable an innovation to throw away; so were in space to stay. There will be space stations eventually, and there will be satellite servicemen who'll go out and repair those billion dollar hunks of wire when they go on the blink. Space around the earth has and will become part of man's environment.

And the moon--that'll always be out there, beckoning. Space travel will be perfected in near-earth space, doing earth-centered jobs. But the day will come when the ships will be so good, so economical, so safe, that there'll be no reason NOT to go to the moon. And then the moon, if it had been abandoned after the first spectacular visitations, will be put to use. Mining. Science. Industry. Astronomy. One hopes the first trips will discover something immediately useful about the moon, but probably they won't, at least nothing really practical (\$\$\$\$\$). But in the course of progress, we will return there and make it useful. The big vacuum will suck us outward like gas. Some people think we can turn away from space and throw Kennedy half-dollars at the feet of the poor. It won't be done. It CAN be done, but it won't. The moon will beckon and dance her tantalizing dance, and in the end we will return there and make it pay off in knowledge, in esteem, and yes, even in money.

Would take issue with Mike Deckinger, who says the project was performed primarily for the propaganda in it. Oh, it was! And it wasn't. When Kennedy called in LBJ (then head of the Space Council) to ask him what could be done to catch up with the Russian space effort, there had been a series of Russian space feats, there was pressure on the administration and NASA to show the US wasn't forfeiting the "race." The country had gotten into a blue mood over other things too, foreign and domestic. They hoped the moon-flight would help our prestige; they knew it would help perfect our space technology, for we had to be sure, for reasons of national

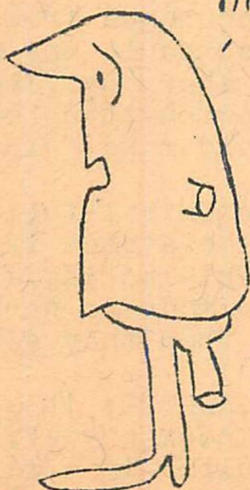
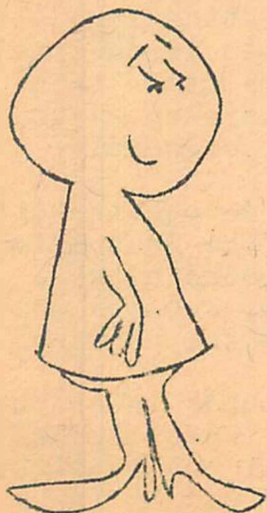
security, that we could do whatever the Russians could; so "propaganda" was only a part of it. In addition, would anyone doubt that the thousands of workers in the space program had only "propaganda" in mind? Would anyone dare to deny that some of them, and perhaps some people in the administration (to say nothing of the taxpayers), had motives that sprang from more noble sentiments? Love of knowledge; the desire to excel in technological skill (remember the scientists-engineers hassle?); the desire to participate in the greatest adventure of all time?

Of course Mike is way off when he said that "Nixon felt that this would be the best means of improving our image. He cared not a whit for the safety of the spacemen; ... It was a publicity bonanza and Dicky lapped it up. . . ." First off, while Nixon may indeed have felt it was the best way to improve our image (no other motives, Mike?), he inherited the program from JFK and LBJ, and any such feelings should be attributed to them also, as primary motivators. The statement that Nixon didn't care about the astronauts' safety implies either that Mike is one of the most proficient telepaths of our time or that he is simply in the habit of throwing out gratuitous insults.

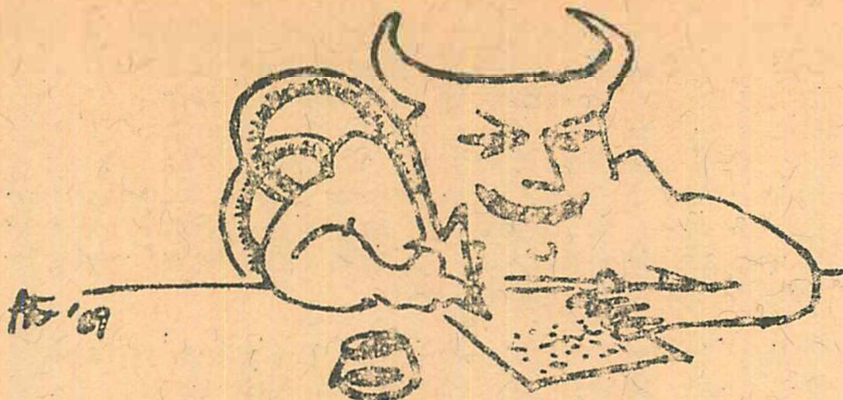
The moonshot was a redletter day for mankind. You see, it doesn't matter what the reasons for it were. Arthur C. Clarke speaking: "Though men and nations may set out on the road to space with thoughts of glory or of power, it matters not whether they achieve these ends. For on that quest, whatever else they lose or gain, they will surely find their souls."

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HARLAN, JIM WARREN
CAN'T BE THE
SCHMUCK YOU MAKE
HIM TO
BE!



MR



LOC

NED BROOKS
713 Paul Street
Newport News, Va. 23605

Aside from the discomfort of Taylor's plan to make SF respectable, I suspect that any attempt at respectability is a danger to SF. We simply do not have the same set of values as the people who decide what is respectable, whoever they are. Respectability is concerned with the here and now, while SF is concerned with questions of cosmic and timeless significance.... I wish I was as optimistic as you about the steam car. A few days ago the paper carried an item about Lear, quoting him as saying he was abandoning the project. Sigh....

If you count working for the NASA as fannish, I guess I could lay claim to a pretty FIAFOL existence, as most of the rest of my time is taken up in collecting and reading fantasy and sf!

I am surprised to hear of your troubles with not getting the fanzines you sent \$\$ for. I have had little trouble that way myself. I only send \$ as a last resort though, and don't ask money for any of my own zines, as I know I may get lazy. At best I only publish a couple of times a year.*!*

I see what you mean about Sneary's spelling. Phil Harrell used to do the same thing. Maybe we should adopt his ((Sneary's)) suggestion that the "other" fandoms be discouraged from attending worldcons. If the con committees did not schedule any panels on comics, or allow comic art in the artshow, or show any films other than direct dramatizations of sf novels, or allow anything but pure sf to be displayed in the huckster room--they would make a lot of people awful mad. . . .

Harry Warner is right about the chemical-fueled rockets--it would be a lot easier to get around the solar system if the Dean Drive really worked. There is nothing very hopeful-looking around either. Direct nuclear propulsion could probably be made to work, but the pollution problem would be horrendous. Maybe when they get the nuclear fusion problem licked. . . .

Hope I get to see Bliss's EARTH GAZETTE; it sounds interesting. The title isn't in the Pavlat-Evans Index anyway. Does anyone know if the "Journal of Irreproducible Results" is a real publication? Paul Willis in his Fortean zine INFC says that the staid old Smithsonian has a "Center for the Study of Short-Lived Phenomena."

As for sf story titles from Shakespeare, they are probably

endless. Two Arkham House books take their titles from the same speech in MACBETH--REVELATIONS IN BLACK by Jacobi and NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS by Lieber. NIGHT'S YAWNING PEAL may be too.

I would have expected a lot of Shakespearean titles from Lieber, who used to act in the plays, and his father before him but I can't spot any others, except maybe GATHER, DARKNESS.

If you want to collaborate on an index of sf titles from the Bard . . . all we would need would be a complete Shakespeare and a good collection of sf indexes. I have most of the indexes, but no Shakespeare.... Ha, I just thought of one, perhaps marginal--isn't DEMONS OF THE UPPER AIR, Lieber's new poem, from THE TEMPEST? And then there's Cynthia Asquith's THIS MORTAL COIL, from HAMLET (?). *2*

1 Of course, paid subs can and oft do act as a spur to get busy, especially to an editor who knows he's lazy.... As for not getting fanzines--well, \$3 MO went to Frank R. Prieto, Jr., who accepted it over 2 months after he'd quit publishing S-F Times; \$2 MO to Ken Rudolph for Shaggy; \$1 to "Tomorrow And--," etc.

2 Possibly--I forget, and what Shakespeares I have--mostly the tragedies, as I recall--are packed away in the attic.... As for an index of SF titles from W.S., we'd also need someone with mucho time....

Perri Corrick
126 N. Orchard St.
Apartment #2
Madison, Wis. 53715

...I'm in the middle of cutting the stencils for CORR #3.... What's this about putting electronic stencils in the oven? That's a new process on me --the electrostenciling I have done by the Gestetner people is by a machine that uses electric sparks to cut holes in a graphite master. (I think.)

1 Seems like most fans, at some time or another, have collected stamps. I used to have a fairly good collection of Irish, Spanish and Hungarian stamps, pretty complete, but out-of-date as I haven't collected for years now. *2*

Enjoyed MT #2; the repro is good but I wish you had a little more art--all those pages full of print are rather depressing. *3*

1 I have a feeling you're kidding me--I mean, putting me on. But of course, I was just slangishly referring to exactly the same process which you describe.

2 If you ever start again, you might look over the "topical" field. You can collect just about any subject you can think of now, with 150-000 or more varieties extant.

3 Sorry I didn't LoC your last ish, but maybe #3 will hit me just right. As for the art, contributors were good to me....

Ron Bennett
45 Namly Garden
5 1/2 ms Bukit Timah
Singapore 10

You'll be overwhelmed with sheer alacrity to learn that this is the first letter written by me during the present decade. I can supply a suitable frame at a reasonable price.... Many thanks indeed for Moebius Trip 2 and my apologies for having been so tardy in acknowledging such an excellent publication but I'm afraid that here is one fan who is indeed

on the border of Gafia, and I've a seven-foot high pile of unanswered correspondence and unacknowledged fanzines to prove it. I blame the climate with its 95% humidity. The climate inside my head, that is.

I really must rush (rush, he says!) to defend Britain, nay GREAT BRITAIN, against all these totally unwarranted attacks in Moebius Trip. The press was highly congratulatory in its Moon Walk coverage

and I certainly didn't spot any undertones of jealousy. Why should we be jealous? It's very pleasant to see a protege blossoming, after all. We see a promising future for the U. S. if you colonists keep up the good work.

Very pleasant to see Bob Tucker being lauded in a fanzine once again, an event which should of course be a daily ceremony in some part of the world. I've never considered The Lincoln Hunters as exceptional however--exceptional among his books that is--but I agree that it's worth a second reading. About a year ago I managed to pick up a paperbacked edition of To Keep or Kill out here for the princely sum of fifty cents and have reread it twice since (yes, 3 in all), once during the past week. I'm now quite looking forward to digging into the collection I have in store, upon our return to the U.K. later this year, and re-re-reading various other Tucker goodies like Wild Talent and The Loud Silence.

Have another stamp for your collection. My own collection goes back thirty years, too, though these days I tend to accumulate rather than collect with any serious intent, though I confess that I tend to be selective. For the record, the fan with the largest accumulation of stamps--he's quite likely to buy 10,000 sheets of the same stamp at any one time--is Liverpool's Norman Shorrock who these days isn't too active outside local circles, though of course he's more than well known to any Stateside fan who has visited the U.K. Norman is a stamp dealer and has a shop and an office full of the darn little bits of paper.*1*

Well, enjoy the 70's in Peoria, where I bought my first copy of John D. MacDonald's The Brass Cupcake (that's in store in the U.K. too--the second copy is out here) and where Ted White rang Bob Tucker..the heck with it; *2* it's 1:30 am, the fans are whipping away at the 85° temperature, I'm sitting here dressed in shorts, glasses and Seiko and I've just finished my iced coke. If I go on for another half-page I'll have to go downstairs for a refill and I'm too bone-idle. . . . Selamat Tahun Bahru.....

1 Norm Shorrock's name sounds familiar, from somewhere in the past, but can't remember whether the connection was fannish or philatelic.... Anyway, I don't have his address.....

2 Blast!--you left off telling about an illustrious fan-visit to Peoria which I'd have liked to hear all about. Please continue in your next aerogramme! . . .

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Rd. NW
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

Very much enjoyed the glimpse of Tucker. One of the good people of fandom there. Not only a fine fan but a good writer, both fan and pro. I think my favorite of his tales is The Long, Loud Silence.

Leon Taylor's article was amusing. His suggestion that the way to make stf respectable is to make it required in the high schools doesn't seem to work. Dean Koontz related his experience as a short-term school teacher in one of the fmz a while back. He assigned some stf to the class...he was called on the carpet for it and it was made known that the school could do without his type...as-signing trash like that to the kids to read.

Blyly's experience with the public press is typical of the reaction almost anyone gets. The newspapers always send somebody over to cover worldcons and the like and the reporter always gets it all screwed up and ends up writing about flying saucers which seems to be all they can think about in connection with space or stf or anything like that. I'll make you a wager...I'll bet that if one of the paper's leading ad-

vertisers had contacted the Peoria JOURNAL STAR about stiffandom it would have been played straight and with dignity. And that says a lot about the local newspapers.

The replacement of coal by gas as the prime house-heating fuel is one of those small favors we can be thankful for. Air pollution is bad enough as it is. Can you imagine what it would be like with millions of chimneys pouring coal smoke into the air? Hardly anyone thinks of coal any more. Even those beyond the reach of the gas lines heat with bottled gas or, perhaps, oil.....

I find little to argue with in your rebuttal to my comments about campus militancy, etc. Certainly I must agree that we have the facilities and technology to create a far better world than we have now. I would agree that the "average" collegian hasn't caught on to the idea that civilization is lucky to be alive. Some of them have, however, and are actively attempting to change things. Campus goons? I don't think so. Shock troops, rather. All part of the Triple Revolution. The ultimate goal is the elimination of slums, pollution, inequality of distribution but the goals will never be accomplished by strictly usual means. Every militant clash with the police or other authority makes the position of the more moderate proponents of the New Culture stronger. *l*

l Yes, I see your point in the latter instance. As for the ultimate goal being the "elimination" of slums, pollution, etc., can such things really, in this country, be obliterated? I think that slums will be here for a long time. Pollution? Perhaps it will, with stringent measures, be held at bay for several decades, until laxity of enforcement, mankind's growing numbers and society's snowballing waste products bring the ultimate confrontation with mass disaster.....

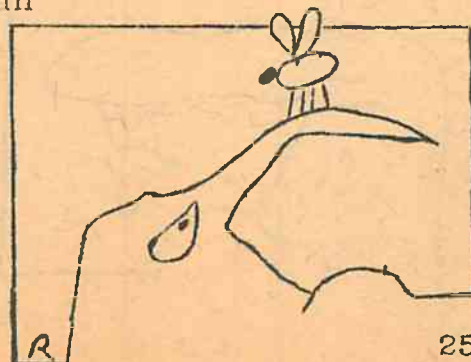
andrew j. offutt
Drawer P, 316 E. Main St.
Morehead, Ky. 40351.

I am not in NAPA, not a regular trader or reviewer, not a subber, NEVER a successful moocher, not the most notorious editor; I am the absolutely LEAST obnoxious fan, and only the third most infamous pro. So I'll write you a letter, because threats scare hell out of me.

For starts: what's that picture of goodole Bob Blech doing in that article about the infamous Robert Tucker? Come to think, what's that picture of ole Don Blyly doing in an article by Ed Connor (an obvious penname for King Fong)?

Paperbacks are published for slumdweller and other pore types, even pro writers? HUH! So howcum all five books I've sold to Brandon/Essex House have come out at \$1.95?--And those to Orpheus at \$1.75? Listen, Leon Taylor, you bin hanging around mighty highclass slums! (Economically speaking; we won't discuss their reading habits.) And ... pointed toes? Man, they gotta be square, baby, square. Like sf book titles.

Bob Vardeman's words on who's the fittest to survive and who ain't is fascinating. And rubbed my nose in an interesting paradox. Vardeman says what he says and says it well because as individuals we no longer need be the physically strongest to be the fittest; to survive "best;" e.g. to Get Ahead. Brains cut it, among other things. (Attitude: tenacity, drive; goodole greed is such a marvy motivator.) But among GROUPS of men, called NATIONS ... the reverse is true. Guns. Weaponry. War. Sure, these result from brainwork. But it's a paradox, nevertheless.



INDIVIDUAL: "My brain+drive is bigger'n/better'n yours, and I gonna prove it. By leaving you way behind, doll."

NATION: "We're bigger'n better'n you, and we gonna prove it. By bombing the shit out of you and killing all we can." (Or, in LBJ terms: "Democracy's best, and we're gonna make Vietnam free for democracy if we hafta kill everybody in it.") *1*

There is, though, the other unfortunate result. As Vardeman says, "survival of the fattest." Yes. And the myopic, the flatfooted, the snaggletoothed, the color-blind, etc etc etc. Swell breeding stock. (And here's a naughty: who gets the results of our best breeding stock? The country we're occupying or in which we're fighting. Of course this COULD be the way eventually to stamp out racism, by stamping out races: because American soldiers fuck like crazy everywhere they go. But it's a helluva way.).....

1 Yea--and here's an instance that seems even more apt: How about the Russian-British "partnership" with the Nigerian butchers in Biafra? Wonder if ol' Kurt Vonnegut, Jr will get back from there in the same frame of mind in which he entered? Or if he'll get back at all...?

Ann Chamberlain
3332½ Fithian Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90032

Thank you for your hefty, readable number two issue of Moebius Trip. All by its lonely self, it sat waiting for my greedy fingers, there in my mail box. There just wasn't anything else TO read--and when I saw the imposing list of letters you've printed from

the fans who always write and are always published, I knew you'd made it to the fanzine inner circle--(there is one now). How nitzy-nightzy....nice.

Anybody out there saving Raleigh Coupons? I've got about nine hundred and fifty....took me three years to save that many. *1*

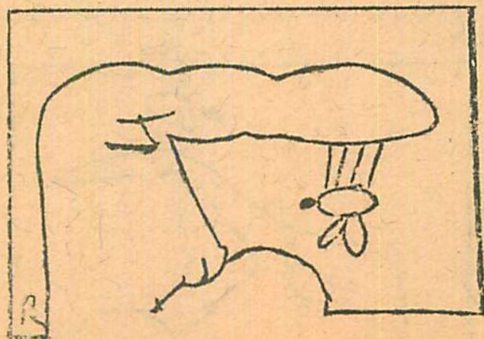
To paraphrase a famous but inconsequential spirit--Ferry Ackerman I know and Fritz Leiber I know, but who is Leon Taylor? *2* Science fiction has given scope and vision to many otherwise dull and inactive minds, but not entirely hopeless because they could at least see the picture once it was painted.

Somebody is always turning everything some other way, no matter how many times it was turned around before. Being only human, they then complained about how twisted up everything was. You noticed? It was a wonderful world, while we were wondering how far we could go and still hang on to all our goodies. Does anyone remember the marvelous strip Bjo did about UNIQUENESS? Thoughtful bit--she did it while hospitalized due to an accident which occurred on the way to Seacon. Shangri L'Affaires, (which, alas, is no more), pubbed it.

Well--l, for some people, I guess, science fiction doesn't lead anywhere. For me, it does lead somewhere--I find it very fascinating--the many variations of forms it can take and the ideas that very often become fact. You have to use the eyes you have to see with, but apparently the blind are always with us. You may not go in peace if liberty means more to you, but you can go in light if you develop sight for it.

So here's to Moebius Trip and Both Sides of the road!

1 You must know a lot of smokers.....
2 Leon Taylor is the head of the Futerran League, a teenage SF correspondence club, with 33 members in 3 countries; he is the demon book reviewer of "Schamooob," etc etc.



***** Thank you for Mobius Trip #2. It's a pleasant and friendly
Sandra Kiesel little zine. And since yours was the first bit of fannish
8744 N. Pennsylvania Ave. material we received at our new home, you doubly deserve a
Indianapolis, Ind. 46240 loc.

***** My husband was quite interested to hear of other stamp col-
lectors in fandom. He prefers classic stamps or "dead coun-
tries" to avoid the headache of keeping up with current material. So he's collected
Latvia and Thurn & Taxis. . . .

It would take more than compulsory high school reading to make SF respectable (only
wretched trash like ANDROMEDA STRAIN manages to crack the respectability barrier).
For many years my high school required LORD OF THE WORLD, an obscure English SF novel
by Robert Hugh Benson, in senior English. But the girls never, never connected their
assignment with the lurid paperbacks on the drugstore rack. (Actually LotW is an in-
teresting book--for 1905. It relates the conflict between Pope John XXIII and his
look-alike the world dictator from Russia.) A simpler approach might be to drop the
fatal SF label in packaging and marketing. Nowhere does Doubleday inform the reader
that THE DRIFT by Lloyd Kropp is SF although the jacket blurb honestly describes the
contents as non-realistic. Wonder if it will enjoy a different reception?

I feel I must say a word in defense of Leland Sapiro. Yes, he's very odd--I'm in a
better position than most to appreciate this, having corresponded with him for more
than two years and fought my way through three major articles for him--but Leland
would most certainly not cheat his subscribers if the RQ folded. He was very hurt to
have lost subs from people who feared this might happen. Leland has been very kind
to me and was the first fan-ed to publish my work. *1*

In all the discussion of "survival of the fittest" why didn't anyone point out that
that's a tautological catch phrase? Modern evolutionists don't summarize the pro-
cess in those words. I'd also question whether we can judge the fitness of individual
men on the same bases as we evaluate large animal populations. But if one does draw
up some list of desirable human traits and rates participants and survivors of wars,
there are better cases to study than Vietnam. The old draft was too erratic and sel-
ective. We also have no historical perspective on this war yet. Look at the incred-
ible carnage of WWI--a whole generation decimated--or the effects of a high casualty
rate on the post-Civil War South or non-combatant deaths in the Thirty Years' War. I
don't think you can make such a universal statement that war dead "are no different
in the contexture of natural selection than anyone else who dies." *2*

Ah, but there already exists a slick, professional "Journal of Unorthodox Science"--
it's called ANALOG. *3*

1 Yes, I agree; Leland is one of the most dependable fan-eds.

2 Perhaps I should have added, "For all of the more obvious of nature's practical
purposes (if there are such things)."

3 Mr. William Eliss, haven't you noticed that in your perusals of JWC's product?

***** Apart from Italian stamps I have developed a well connected
G. P. Cossato mania for science & space; regretfully the increasing output of
17, Collingham Place the nations not directly involved makes any organized hoarding
London S.W.5. England hard indeed.

***** I have only skimmed your zine; if I had read "All our Yester-
days" I would perhaps understand what certain topics are all
about. I hope Advent issues a more reasonably priced paperbound edition.
As you have rightly pointed out subs are a very tricky business. I do sometimes sub-
scribe provided the subject matter is concerned with criticism, something I enjoyed
being myself very poor at it, but I try to avoid it by way of exchange and wisely so.
... In the LoC someone mentions the money spent to put a man on Moon. While I agree
that more down to Earth things could be done with it, I think many people overlook
the amount of money used to finance the war, at the moment the one in Vietnam, and per-
haps the even bigger amount that goes into organized crime. While the Moon program
is in its various aspects beneficial (orbiting bomb and the rest have not yet eventua-
ted) neither war nor crime can enjoy such attribute. As for those who see the war
as a crusade against communism I would suggest a better look into the real reason be-
hind communism notably poverty which cannot be cured, as many seem to think by charity

alone, but which requires in countries where it is present in its extreme forms (Russia, China and France at the time of the revolution are good examples) a radical change of the local systems and a basic aspect of those changes should be education not to be confused with indoctrination. Lack of insight on the part of today's superpowers, who seem to be able to deal only with the effects without questioning the causes, is at the root of most of our world's troubles. As for crime, which seems to permeate most of the establishment, the recent event in your country if carried on to the bitter end might be the right answer. *1*

... New Worlds ... is supposed to widen the speculative field, not necessarily SF, to lift the narrow bounds that restrained NW in its previous form. I might be wrong but I have the impression that the only subjects a NW writer is allowed are sex & violence strictly dealt with every three lines or so. They say literature is reaching new pinnacles, is that true? It makes me feel I need a better education. I would like to hear more opinions on NW from your side of the Atlantic ...

The latest in British magazines is Vision of Tomorrow; the publisher is Australian though, and given the right support, writer's and reader's wise, is bound to fill the vacuum left by the old New Worlds.

The Italian fandom is at the moment a bit dormant. Naviglio from Milan and Missiaja from Venice are still producing--the first his Numeri Unici, the second his Notiziari. . . .

1 I think that the most interesting example of current anti-crime measures is what has been happening in Brazil, where the "underworld" has been "undermined" by a group which apparently was forced to take the "law" (many of the group are believed to be "moonlighting" lawmen) into its own hands, with quite bloody results. . . .

***** Latest issue of National Geographic, Dec. 1969 has "First Dorothy Jones Explorers on the Moon"---quote The Incredible Story of Apollo 11 in five parts unquote. (All in this issue.)
6101 Euclid Ave. I--Man Walks on Another World; II--Sounds of the Space Age
Bakersfield, Calif 93308. (Record also included.) Sides 1 & 2: From sputnik to Lunar
***** Landing narrated by Col. Frank Borman; III--The Flight of Apollo 11; IV--What the Moon Rocks tell us; V--Next Steps in Space. The pictures are fabulous! For anyone interested in Space, this issue is a must to obtain. *1*

Say--did I ever enjoy M.T. (Yeah!) ... That Leon Taylor article had me in stitches. I thought that v-e-r-y funny!

1 Just my luck that my membership began with the 1970 Janish. . . .

***** Well, why not?

Roger H Bryant Jr Someone in Peoria has a lot of nerve, sending me a zine whose 2nd-
647 Thoreau Ave. issue cover is the same as the firstish one, and printing in great
Akron, Ohio 44307 big hinting letters "SUBSCRIPTION?" on the inside.

***** But I glanced through, and the eye caught certain signs of promise:
***an illustrator who signs his JHancock in tengwar runes (altho the connection between the name "Schalles" and the apparent phonetic "Thrungrel" is beyond my limited grasp of the Westron), and

***the toss-off line "Thank Cthulhu" in the midst of the editor's blathering (do you really think the master of sleeping R'lyeh gives a damn about air pollution?), and

***a twinge of political sympathy (perhaps it wasn't all blather after all) with some of those same editorial meanderings (perhaps Mr Nixon would have been happier in R'lyeh than in Washington; or maybe his indecision would make him an ideal casting for the old Theoden if anyone ever films LotR), and

***a superb description on page 12 of what just might happen if I did take that brazen hint and subscribed.

So, having seen all those hopeful signs (and a lot of familiar names in the letter col) I sat back and read it all through. ... And decided it wasn't really that bad. ... Kind of good in fact. ... Promising at least. (*1*)

(*1*) (Thank Cthulhu he finally decided to subscribe.)

***** Ed, you're another! seems 2 be a fiendish plot in the States
Arthur Cruttenden @ present. "Let's send hr our finz & drive him round the
11, Heath Lodge Site twist." So y did u send MT 2, hrm? Not ths I am complaining
Welwyn, Herts., England --quite the contrary. I am most grateful. Could it just be
***** egoboo? Til now I've had 2 grovel 4 any finzs recd & then
suddenly they start dropping out of the blue. ... Phase 4
Phred @ last!! 1 odd point--unsolicited zines always come from the US of A. A pro-
phet in his own country, perhaps?

Burden borne...? subscription? sending mint US stamps is not easy, those I
have r going 2 stay in my collection (U.K., Commonwealth, U.S. & Swiss) but will send
U.K. if u wish.

Don't really approve of Leon Taylor's article. 1 of my small pleasures @ the
moment is reading Ace Doubles on public transport--sitting there with the upside-down
bacover carefully displayed can be most amusing. Surreptitious glances, furtive
nudges, "Look mum, it's upside down." If s/f becomes respectable then Ace's habit
will be well known & bang goes another bit of innocent enjoyment. Also--horrifying
thought--if it should come 2 pass we'll all be mundanes. Gash! ... Have now read
further & realize ths 'tis not aimed @ the English anyway. Measurements where given
are in inches. Thanks 2 Dear Harold & his determination 2 get us in the Market,
whether we want 2 or no, we are now going metric & . have centimetre equivalents
quoted in brackets as well.

U rail against the i/c engine. *1* What about the turbine? Rover-B.R.M. entered
1 @ LeMans a few years back & 'tho not really running in the race 'twas 1st British
car home, & (mass-produced) it should not be excessively expensive. Also its fuel--
paraffin (kerosene 2 u) is not taxed, or if 'tis, only lightly. I seem to recall ths
General Motors & Ford were bringing out (or @ least testing 1 off) large tractor-
trailer units 4 long-distance hauling work (inter-state, just 2 display my bi-lingual
ability). Did they ever go on sale? *2*

Can't really comment on the Loc's as I don't know the writers & am also intellect-
ually lazy (or incapable) & only hold opinions on issues ths concern me directly.

1 I'm against the i/c engine because of its pollution; the auto makers now claim
that they cannot get into production before 1980 a system that will eliminate the
worst pollutants from the exhaust system of the i/c gizmo.

2 Possibly; there is such a vast conglomeration of this type of transport operating
at any one time that I got lost long ago. ... One can hear them growling and trumpet-
ing all nite long on the neighborhood interstate, several hundred meters removed from
the editorial caves of Moebius Trip.....

***** I was about to unleash a joke on you to the effect that I thought
Roger Waddington a Moebius Trip was where you went round and round in ever-decreas-
4 Commercial Street ing circles and finally vanished up your own APA; but after see-
Norton, Malton, ing the reception that Bob Vardeman's idea got, I thought I'd
Yorkshire, England. better leave well alone....

***** Bob Tucker has long been my personal choice for a fandom Hall of
Fame, so I was especially pleased to see the piece on him; though
I'd have liked to have seen a longer look rather than a glimpse. *1*

And why make SF respectable? Surely the great strength of it is that it's so
gloriously unrespectable. You don't read SF because it's fashionable, but because
you like it; and why should we care what other people think? But I'm getting serious
about a light-hearted article; and it would be marvelous to make an Age of Grace out
of SF; maybe dressing as those Kelly Freas characters, who always seem to be wearing
pigtales? And they say that beanies are old hat (!)

When I was younger, stamp collecting used to be one of my dreams, wanting to
collect the stamps of all the world; which I can see now is frankly impossible. And
lately I've been rolling the idea about my mind of taking up another hobby. You can't
get much out of the printed side of SF apart from reading it and collecting it; and
dabbling in photography isn't equivalent to a deep and abiding interest. I'll prob-
ably be taking up stamp collecting, because I haven't so much room; and all those
fascinating adverts for stamps that appear over here.... *2*

1 Maybe another time..... *2* Why not begin immediately?

***** Since I'm still rather neo enjoy reading about fandom history
Rose M. Hogue and personalities. Muchly enjoyed the glimpse of Bob Tucker.
1067 W. 26th St. ... can't say that I blame him for his seclusion.....
San Pedro, Calif 90731. As to Leon Taylor's article I don't attempt to defend
***** and/or explain my SF/Fantasy reading affliction--I just enjoy
it . . . and I break all his rules. Doubt if making SF requir-
ed reading would kill its popularity--may even convert a few poor confused souls (I
guess I'm a bit optimistic about college age people--I feel most read the required
stuff and do try to succeed at school).

Has J.W.C. influenced your decision on steam power vs. electric as a replacement
for the present combustion engine? Sounds that way. *1*

Also agree with your statements of "Gafiation?" Since I've been involved with
fandom have seen the return of many fen. But feel many fen are sometimes forced to
"gafia"--sometimes things just get too much too fast--especially for working, student
and housewife type fen.

1 No--I've nothing against electric, but as a replacement for the i/c monstrosity
it seems that steam would be somewhat more efficient. Electrics have batteries.....

***** The article on Tucker was good. Since you saw him though he
Rick Sneary has resigned from FAPA. For reasons not related to Fandom.
2962 Santa Ana St. A sad blow to me, as he is one of the six names that have
South Gate, Calif 90280 kept me interested in FAPA. Bob's avoiding unwanted visitors
***** by never publishing his home address or phone number has
seemed a little strange to me. Not the desire not to be vis-
ited by certain fans--there are those I wouldn't want calling on me. But it seems to
me that there are other well known fans who are still not bothered. Harry Warner is
one of the closed parallels to Bob there is, as far as fame but general isolation.
Warner prably has seen fewer fans than Tucker, and there are many who find his home
address as fixed in their minds as their own. Harry makes it clear he isn't keen on
seeing unexpected visitors. Bob is far more out spoken, and should find it no trouble
to friendly remark to some unwanted guest...."Shove off, Mac!" ---Centrally located
fans, who have been local hospitable have grown to regret it--such as Ackerman, Ted
White and the Trimble--not so much from un-like guest, but to many friends drop by
to often to allow them to get anything done.... This is of course ment as speculation,
and not criticism of Mr. Pong...

Taylor's artle gives me an idea for something I might due myself--sorry, I've
three request...no four... Great Foo... O--Sorry, I just realized something, and as
I think and write at the same time--and relatively the same speed (I think at four-
finger hunt-and-peck typeing speed) I get carried away... Well, anyway... My own
fealing is I would be happyer if science fiction became much less respectable...and
the Clods did start laughing at us again. If some one had to undergo persacution and
redicule to be a Fan, maybe there wouldn't be so many of them, and we could get back
to the point were we were a little band of brothers, and it was possable to know
every other Active Fan, at least by name.. Now I will bit it is possable for some
one to go through the whole five year cycle of NeoFan-BNF-Gafia, and never be heard
of out side of a certain group. -- I'm for a movement for smaller Conventions and
to make Fandom unpopular....

I think the meaning of FIAWOL has change in the last 20 years. When we were
young (in Fandom) it referred to those who lived and breathed Fandom and science fic-
tion. The Ackerman's and Rothman's, who were devoting all their time and energy to
promoting and being active in the field... There where what I class as the Acti-Fans
(As differenchited from the "Fans". To a Fan, S.F. and Fandom is his chief hobby,
on which he devotes the largest part of his free time. An Acti-Fan devotes all his
free time.) I am not sure, but I think there are fewer of that kind of Acti-fan a-
round today. At least the active fans I know spend a lot of time on other things.
--- But there is another way in which FIAWOL is becoming even more real...that is
the case of some of the young, big city fans...especially the married ones. They
have found that most of their social life is carried on with other Fans. It maybe at
parties; playing cards; taking trips; or almost any thing. There might be little or
no mention of S.F. or Fandom, but all with it as a thing in common. This is one de-

velopment of the Bigness of current Fandom.. There are so many different types now that one can sub-divide groups of general like interest... *1*

...On servival of the fittest, I heard part of a review on radio recently, with out getting the title, that suggested something to give one pause. There might be a flaw in the design of Man, that could be rated as a low servival weakness. The suggestion was that basic (older) and critical (new) parts of the brain my not function properly together and result in irrational behavior.. Examples of this being mans long history of human sacrifice and murder of other members of his own speices. The Law of the Jungle doesn't include eating your brothers. That Man does, maybe because of something wrong with the way he was made. And, the suggestion was, that if this be true, then there might be something physical that could be done about it.. I don't have any opinions as to the possability, but it is a new idea....to me at least.

Tackett shouldn't feel bad--though I do remember reading the name Mervin Rat someplace, the reference is meaningless to me... I bet we could remember up a few names though that these young scapers never heard of eather.... --- Yes. I'd like to see some of the government waded out too. There are just too many laws and rules. To bad we all can't go some were else and start fresh. Over-throwing the present system --like some of our young revolutionaries would like -- is to drastic, and history suggest that revolutions lead to dictatorships more often then freedom..

1 Well ... one can't go back (unless Flying Saucers are really Time Machines and you have contacts), but one can, as I suppose most fans in the big metro centers do, gravitate to fans of his own inclination.....

***** ...Interesting thing about Moebius strips. When you slit one 8
Gail Barton times you end up with 4 interconnected loops. Separate these
31 Range View Drive into two groups of 2 each. Then pull them tight. You end up
Lakewood, Colo. 80215 with a knot that is impossible to untie without taking a cut-
***** ting tool to it. If the strips are leather, it takes a sword.
Presto--the original Gordian knot. It was leather and had no
ends. The 4 protruding loops would do fine to attach it to the chariot of Good Old
King Gordius. *1*

I have news for Leon Taylor. Around Colo. University S.F. (some of it anyway) is respectable. The cities in flight & the Foundation were both used in different courses there a few semesters ago. The Foundation was one of the texts in a 400 level sociology course. The cities in flight set was in Anthro-something. There is always one or two SF titles represented in the Honors courses. Then too, the only people on the tube who seemed to be saying anything at all coherent about the moon shot were either astronauts or SF writers. Cronkite babbled a lot. ...

...aside from sundries such as job hunting, non-fiction--science & history--eating and breathing, everything I've been doing since about 6 years back has had a rather fey air about it. Its been really fey since two or so when I collided with Star Trek. I am now a confirmed Treldy.

...I like Bliss's idea of a Fringe science fandom. There are quite a few oddities kicking around that could do with more investigation, talking about or tinkering around with. Things that come to mind are Dean drive, ABominable-snowMen's, Fresh-water & Salt-water longnecked unknowns & Unidentified Flying things.....

1 Has anyone actually tried this? Does anyone dare to try?

***** It's amazing really--I don't publish myself (or at least not
Mike Glicksohn yet) seldom LoC and move at least once a month and yet people
35 Willard St., of whom I've never heard manage to reach me with fanzines. I
Ottawa 1, ONT. Canada wonder if the CIA has any idea of the efficiency of our intelli-
***** gence system?

I'm about to pub the first issue of my own zine and had even considered Moebius Strip as a possible title. Foiled again! (I was calling it Quagmire until Tim Kirk pointed out another zine of this name. Question: why doesn't some central organization with philanthropic tendencies keep a list of active fanzine titles to which prospective editors could write such queries as "Is there now a zine called The Nurdlers Gazette?" Doesn't seem too difficult to set up.) I won't mention the name I've settled on for my paranoia informs me that if I should even say the name out

loud, a zine with the exact title would spontaneously appear.

I followed Leon Taylor's advice to the third decimal place and very nearly got away with reading Bug Jack Barron (the hardcover, of course) in the local Christian Science Monitor Reading Room. However, while attempting to walk with my thighs parallel to the floor and feet perpendicular to it, I promptly fell flat on my face whereupon my fellow perusers leaped up laughing hysterically and attributing my downfall to the nature of my reading matter. ...

On the question of Monsternags, I can't agree with your enthusiasm for F.M. of F. Having nearly all the early issues (when it was the best in the field) I'm aware that a great deal of the material Forry is printing now is lifted bodily from earlier issues. Far more useful information is found in Beck's "Castle of Frankenstein" which unfortunately appears irregularly and infrequently. Much the same can be said of Jim Warren's other mags EERIE & CREEPY. Originally featuring excellent art and stories, they started to be 2/3 reprints and inferior reprints at that. Recently they've gotten away from that problem but have not come close to capturing the quality of the early issues. ... *1*

1 The 1 ish of "Castle" I've gotten--only 1 seen all year--is excellent; have not been able to find Forry's mag since before X'mas; it's disappeared locally. Folded??

Hector R. Pessina
Casilla 3869 - C. Central
Buenos Aires - Argentina

Thank you very much for your zine which is very good and full of interesting items, especially the Bob Tucker glimpse and the amusing How to Make SF Respectable by Leon Taylor. ... I think that the moonshot has been a great achievement but most of what has happened in space since Sputnik went up is....I still remember what James Strong said in his important book about star travel FLIGHT TO THE STARS. "The successful orbital flights of Soviet and American astronauts have tempted more than one space travel enthusiast to compare them with the pioneering days of heavier-than-air flight at the beginning of this century. The analogy is misleading if it leads others to conclude that, sixty years from now, space-liners will be crisscrossing the Solar System with the same ease and regularity as jet aircraft link the cities of the world today. Men's first ventures into space would be better described as comparable to the clumsy hot air balloon ascents of the brothers Montgolfier in the 18th century" ---Some day in the future the first men in space and the first men on the moon will be remembered in the same way as Christopher Columbus is remembered by people living on the American Continents and in some European countries while the rest of the world remains indifferent to whether Columbus or the Vikings reached the New World first. I keep wondering what would have happened if a Russian astronaut had landed on the moon first and no "space or moon show" had been shown all over the world? Would the whole world and especially people in the so-called Free World remember the event and talk so much about it? The whole space race has been nothing but a propaganda race and both powers are to blame for it....unfortunately the rest of the world is not strong enough or interested enough in the subject to step in and turn the whole affair into something really terrestrial not just American or Soviet. ... As for survival of the fittest this is my idea: Those who survive are neither the best nor the worst but those who can forget their idealistic views just to save their skins.....

... I also need contributions for my Astrophilately department in one of my fanzines--THE ARGENTINE SF REVIEW. I need artwork, articles, stories, regular columns & the like both for this department and the rest of the mags....

...am working on a Larry Niven issue and I need info on his works in 1969, artwork about his stories, photos of the author and articles about him or his works.

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Barcelona 2 SPAIN.

Sorry I can't send any of my fanzines, but for quite a long time I haven't cut any. The reason is that I have turned pro, and now I'm copublishing the only promag in the SF field in all the Spanish-speaking countries. It's a hard task, and a bad paid one, so the three copublishers (all fans turned pro) we have to make other works to survive, so our free time is counted in minutes. ... But, anyway, I still like to have some zine on my postbox; I still find some moment to read and remember when I was also making my own stencils.....

Re to your zine, I have liked very much the article How to make SF Respectable, and also your editorial. No, there has never been made any film version of RUR, but the play has been done many times, specially in Czechoslovakia, his birthplace. Here in Spain, it has been just re-edited in pocketbook.....

WAHF: Bill Bliss, Leo P. Kelley, Gregg Galkins, David L. Burton, Leon Taylor, Florence Jenkins, Leland Sapiro, Michael S. Young, Irvin Koch, Richard Bergeron, Jeff Schalles, John Bangsund, Dave Lewton, etc.See how crowded we are? Write anyway.....