

Here is NeOL, late as always, from the basement of Ruth Gorman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota. February, 1962; bimonthly. One gets it by trading, writing (once every two issues), subscribing (2/25¢), or by being stuck on the mailing list.

---

Editroolings..... 1

"...The Laughing-folk, the Little People."..... 4  
by Marion Zimmer Bradley

Giants in Those Days..... 6  
by Redd Boggs

Glances Over the Pond..... 11  
by Felice Rolfe

Clay Tablets..... ?  
by Divers Persons

with the pictorial aid of Roony

---

#### EDITROOLINGS: Various Topics Re-visited

CHILDREN'S THEATER: My sister Jeannie and I found ourselves working together again on a children's show. It started when Karen Overman, member of the Radio-TV Guild here; was going to direct a radio show—her own adaptation of Alice—for the first time. She asked if I would be her assistant director. Being lazy, I tried to refuse, but I didn't try hard enough. This meant that I was to do a horrible lot of telephoning (did you know that people's phone numbers change the day before you try to phone them? Must be an extension of Von Nagel's Law) and that I would do sound effects.

Then, when Karen had trouble finding enough people to fill the large cast, I offered to play a role, and Jeannie, hamlet that she is, asked me to ask if she could play a role. The result of this was that I played the Caterpillar, and Jeannie played the Lizard and the Cheshire Cat. Yes, two roles. Jeannie happens to have much more vocal variety than I do, a fact which fill me with some end of jealousy.

We had quite a wild time the day we taped that show. The cast included Karen's six-year-old nephew, a darling, but restless boy who memorized his lines because he couldn't read very well, on up in age through high school, college, graduate school, and instructor. We crowded into the studio, and I spent the afternoon

slowly going into a trance while popping balloons, blatting plastic horns and whistles, breaking records, kicking tinware, listening for my cue to say "Who are you?" and trying to explain to Karen's nephew that I did not need any help in popping the balloons.

As I type, the date is February 25 nearing February 26. Next Saturday, March 3, I shall hear myself at 4:00 on KUOM (or Sunday the 11th at 10:30 on KSTP, if I should miss it the first time); I am curious to hear the show. Towards the end of the tape, I was awake, but not really conscious. And Jeannie? She has made me promise to tell her whenever there is a role she could play, and yesterday she finished playing LITTLE STEEL in The Confidence Man by Herman Melville.

THE WEATHER: Roy Tackett postsarcs, "With the temperature in Minneapolis reaching a high of -5° aren't you ready to rewrite the essay you authored praising life in Minnesota? -5°. That's not fitten for man nor beast let alone fans."

Roy wrote to soon. If he'd waited a few days, he could have heard about the high of -20°.

Nope, not ready. I said then and I say now that winters in Minnesota are beastly cold. But they are pretty to look at, if one looks from inside a house which is warm and well-insulated (houses in Minnesota are!). Of course, the past week or so has not been too cold. March is clearly coming in like a lamb—with a thick, white fleece which even now is appering the streets. A nuisance, but a handsome nuisance.

THE UNIVERSITY THEATER: Every quarter, the U. Theater presents an original play. This quarter, the original was a science-fiction play, The Furious Pilgrims. If the author wanted to say it was not stf, he'd have good reason to say so, but if it had appeared in a stf mag, it would have been accepted as stf. There is more science in it than in 1984, less than in Brave New World.

The plot gimmick is one dear to us all: brilliant and politically liberal scientist invents ultimate weapon. From there, the play goes on to explore the problem of duty; what is the scientist to do with his weapon? what should he do according to the highest duty and what is the highest duty? This is not so pretentious as it sounds, though I think it was more pretentious than it need have been. For example, Our Hero keeps asking "Where are the leaders strong enough to dare refuse their people's sacrifice?" After seeing the play five times (I worked lights for it) so that I had a chance to listen closely to the

lines just before that question, I decided that it meant (roughly speaking) "Where are the leaders who will not let their people place civic duty above everything else?" Although the line as written is probably more moving than any clear statement would be, I think it fails. It fails because, although the line haunts one so that it has to be thought over, it cannot be deciphered without knowing the preceding lines.

The play is best in showing the reactions of people to the weapon, from the noble, warm-hearted villain who tries to stop the scientist from "pancing the nation" and ends the show begging the people to be afraid, to the beauracrat scientist who finally joins the hero.

This week I must prepare all the props (that includes reupholstering a settee) for a one-act play, make water-colors of my proposed designs for Hernani, read several selections from The Canterbury Tales, and run off Cue, Neol, and The German Brevele. I ought to start work on a radio show script, at present titled "Johnson and Boswell." Conclusion: much as I dislike the practice, Clay Tablets, instead of fillos will be scattered on the blank spaces, and there will be few letters.

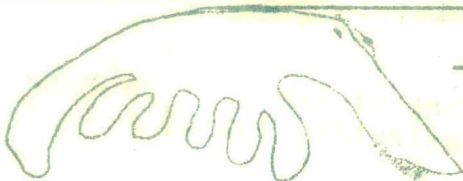
---

a Clay Tablet from BOB LICHTMAN, 26 January 1962  
6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California

My dreams change in all sorts of weird ways. Most of the time I sort of follow things along through either my own eyes or (if I am involved in a scene) through a set of detached eyes, and there are no sudden changes. However, there are likely to be, in the above setup, the "melt-swirl-swish" type of change, though they're a bit more confused and incoherent than the type one sees in movies. Once, and only once, I had a dream in which scenes changed by means of expanding geometrical patterns, just like some movies and many cartoons. I wish I remembered what it was about, though, because maybe then I could figure out why that particular kooky mode of scene-switching.

Alice strikes me as being very dreamlike, only nightmare would be the more apropos term. There is other writing besides Alice that tends to throw me into a state of one kind or another. I cannot, for instance, read through one of Kuttner's Gallagher (or is it Galloway? [both—RB] anyway, the kooky inventor feller) stories without feeling as though I'd drunk too much too fast.

BoWhy



—Anemone disguised as Lestrade



-4-

"...The Laughing-folk, the Little People."  
by Marion Zimmer Bradley

Lovers of hobbit-lore will not want to miss Carol Kendall's The Gammage Cup (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1959; \$3.25) for, although there is no hint that Mrs. Kendall was imitating J.R.R. Tolkien, or even that she is familiar with the Tolkien books, she has created the most endearingly hobbitlike race of little people ever to come to my attention.

In the Land Between the Mountains, in the village of Slipper-on-the-Water, lived the Minnipins: a nice, orderly, food-loving, unadventurous and, let's face it, rather dull and stodgy race of little folk. They all dressed in brown with green cloaks; they all loved watercress; they lived in tidy little cottages with neatly painted green doors and a Family Tree properly planted in the middle of each lawn. Except, that is, for "Oh, Ther!"—as the Minnipins called Gummy, who insisted on writing "Scribbles" (deliciously jingly poetry, almost elvishly nonsensical); Curley, who painted blobs instead of proper pictures, and had a shockingly scarlet door; and Walter the Earl, who wasted his time looking for hidden treasure.

When Walter the Earl actually found his treasure—a cache of ancient swords—and when Muggles, a nice sensible candy-maker, started defending "Them!"—the Minnipins, and particularly the extra-stuffy Periods (a family not too unlike the Sackville-Bagginses) kicked the whole nonconformist lot of them out—and then the adventures started. And the Minnipin attitude to adventure is most delightfully Tolkienian; I kept expecting them to say in Baggins fashion, "Nasty, uncomfortable things that make you late for dinner!" Muggles, the practical, common-sense little Minnipin girl (who reminds me more of Ruth Berman than anyone else!) has her hands full with the three impractical dreamers off on their adventure; but things suddenly lose their comedy and turn deadly serious when the ancient swords begin to shimmer and glow, and some horrible mountain-dwelling creatures, the Mushrooms, rush on them and attack them.

The efforts of Muggles and Gummy to arouse the Minnipins to their danger, the battle with the orcs—excuse me, Mushrooms—and their triumphant vindication of the nonconformist form the main events of a story written, evidently, for children in the middle grades. But the real joy of this book is in the delightful glimpse it gives into a world as charmingly funny as that of The Hobbit. The Minnipins are not at all unlike that "clever-handed and quiet-footed little people; I guess they were of hobbit kind."

Even the map in the front of the book plunges the lover of this sort of lore into a fascinating illusion that he has strayed

into some Tolkien marginalia; such places as Frostbite Mountain and the Watercress River with its five villages, Slipper-on-the-water, Great Dripping, Little Dripping, Loudwater, Stonerush, and Watersplash, could have come straight from the *les marches*.

The book is funny and fascinating and well worth reading, or reading to one's children, for its own sake; but it will be twice as delightful to addicts of hobbit-lore, because of this impression that Carol Kendall has somehow stumbled on a lost colony of Halflings in a land far from the Shire. I hope she will write more of the Minnipins!

---

a tablet from ELEANOR ARNASON,  
405 Parish Hall, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

I'm finally thinking about publishing "The Young Fox." I want to run off 30 copies with 10 for myself. That leaves 20 Foxes to find good homes for. Since the effort is too horrible in entirety, I'll run it off in sections, mailing each section as it's done. The process will probably take a year or more. Could you put a note in NeOL, informing your readers that any twenty people wanting installments of a lost-civilization-in-Africa story in the manner of H. Rider Haggard can apply to me. It is, I may note, free—for criticism, and patience.

a tablet from HARRY WARNER, December 30, 1961  
423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

I always thought that servants were addressed by their masters in the second person singular in German. Maybe kids are supposed to use the plural pronouns until they get old enough to be allowed to order around the servants or something. Life must be complicated in the countries where the distinction remains in the language, because how in the world does an adult decide when a youngster has sud only reached the age at which he must be given the honor of the plural to avoid overfamiliarity? FAPA had a discussion going a while back on the mystery of the distinction between singular and plural disappearing from English while it's been retained in most of the other languages in use in Europe. Speer came up with the answer, I believe, or at least a logical theory, but I'll be blessed if I can remember what it was. In the few instances in which I've stumbled my way through conversations in French or German, I've always been careful to explain at the outset that I'm not at home in the language, and if I use a singular instead of the plural, please forgive me because it's bad grammar, not bad manners.

Giants In Those Days  
by Redd Boggs

Last Days of the MFS

For nearly a year after Pearl Harbor, it looked as though the MFS might survive World War II without too much difficulty. New members like Gordon Dickson, Manson Brackney, Art Osterlund, and Sheldon Araas were being recruited faster than the armed forces were grabbing the old ones. Oliver Saari and Arden "Buns" Benson, as seniors in the Institute of Technology at the University (1942-3), were exempt from the draft; John L. Gergen was too young to register; and many MFS members were rejected—so many, in fact, that at the end of 1942, Manson Brackney remarked wryly, "If things in the MFS keep going as they have been...we shall have to be known henceforth as the M(4F)S."

As you will remember from the previous chapters, Doug Blakely had been drafted shortly before Pearl Harbor, while Cyril Eggum went into service with the National Guard and Bob Madsen accepted an appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. After 7 December 1941, many MFS members received draft notices, but Donald Wandrei and John Chapman were the first to leave. Wandrei left shortly after formally joining the MFS in January 1942. Chapman had married in February 1942, but this did not prevent him from being inducted a few months later. Incidentally, he and I were members of the same school squadron at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, presumably at almost the same time, but neither of us was aware of the other's presence till too late. Rod Allen was drafted during the summer of 1942.

Though eligible for the draft, Clifford Simak was accepted for a civilian job with army intelligence soon after Pearl Harbor and was sent to Seattle, expecting to remain there for the duration. Carl Jacobi and Morris Dollens expected to be drafted shortly, and Director Samuel D. Russell received his notice at the end of April 1942. Against this background of uncertainty, a hastily convened meeting took place on 8 May 1942, and the attendees decided that the MFS should suspend till after the war. They vested authority to reconvene the MFS after V Day—or whenever appropriate—with Phil Bronson. Unfortunately a quorum was not present at this meeting, and some of the members objected to the sudden action taken; therefore, another and larger meeting was held on 22 May to reconsider the matter. At this meeting, the MFS lost no time in reversing the original decision and reactivating the club. The new-found optimism derived largely from two factors: Director Russell announced that he had been rejected by the army, and Clifford Simak suddenly decided to return to Minneapolis for the duration.

For several months thereafter, the MFS vibrated with almost unprecedented energy and enthusiasm. Meetings and between-meetings activity continued at a steady pace, as in the palmiest days. John Gergen brought out the first issue of his general fanzine, Tycho, and followed it with the first issue of a news-sheet titled the MFS Bulletin. Phil Bronson published the ninth issue of The Fantasite shortly afterward, and the MFS found itself launching for new projects to tackle. In the autumn of 1942, at the Michiconference held in Jackson, Michigan, the MFS agreed to publish Jack Speer's "encyclopedia," then in the planning stage. Unfortunately, the MFS became moribund before this work, the Fancyyclopedia, was published in 1944 by the LASFS. The same autumn the MFS also divulged plans to complete at last the long-proposed MFS History. This was intended to be a booklet running about 30 pages, with the writeup done by Sam Russell and Gordon Dickson. To the knowledge of your historian, this History was never published, and the present work is the only one that has been written.

In the autumn of 1942, Phil Bronson decided to migrate to the West Coast. This was a momentous decision for the MFS, because the club ultimately wound up losing almost as many members to the LASFS as to the U. S. Army. "Phil is rather pessimistically inclined toward the draft situation," reported the MFS Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 1, "and wants to be with his family [in Santa Monica] when he has to go." After making and scrapping several tentative plans, Bronson announced that he intended to leave on Thursday noon, 13 December 1942, and that Morris Dollens—who had recently been placed in 4F—had decided to accompany him.

Bronson, who had been living in Minneapolis, moved back to Hastings to prepare for the migration, and during the weekend following the regular MFS meeting of 28 November—held Saturday instead of Friday so that members could attend the Minneapolis Symphony concert at which Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony was performed—Bronson played host to the hordes of Minnesota fans who descended on Hastings to wish him bon voyage. He claimed after that the mob consumed "two hundred sandwiches, eight troughs of potato chips, six jars of pickles, six dozen doughnuts, and 95 cups of coffee," not to mention the numberless bottles of beer, conveniently chilled on the backporch, which they guzzled. The party was so lively and so well attended that a sheet was hastily mimeographed to proclaim the occasion as the First Hastings Stf Con.

The tenth issue of The Fantasite, partly mimeod by Bronson and Brackney before the Hastings Con began, was published before Bronson left for California. This was the final Minnesota issue of this famous fanzine, although two more issues (May-June 1943 and February 1944) were published from Los Angeles. Bronson left

as scheduled, despite Saari's last-minute attempts to dissuade him, and though there seemed to be some uncertainty about his plans right up to the last minute, Dollens accompanied him (Dickson accused Bronson of Dollensnapping). Four nights later the two migrants attended a LASFS meeting—about 20 fans, in all, were present—and the day after that held an MFS rump session in Santa Monica when Private Rod Allen, on a three-day pass from Camp Young, California, called on Dollens and Bronson.

A regular MFS meeting was held in St. Louis Park the same evening, at the home of Clifford D. Simak; only six members were present. The following meeting, at John Gergen's, drew eight attendees, but it was obvious that the era of large gatherings was over for the duration. The emphasis henceforth was on informality. "Instead of attempting to hold regular meetings with the sparse attendances, what with most of our members gone or going into the armed services, we get together and have an interesting time talking," reported John Gergen, adding, "And indeed, we had a very fine meeting." During this period, Sam Russell, Manson Brackney, Gordon Dickson, Oliver Saari, Charles Albertson, and Art Osterlund were the most regular attendees aside from John Gergen himself. Arden Benson, Carl Jacobi, and Clifford Simak were still in Minneapolis but were seldom able to attend meetings.

Meetings were often held at Gergen's home in Southeast Minneapolis and were held at frequent intervals. Gordon Dickson wrote in the MFS Bulletin #18, February 8 1943:

The MFS is at present a little bewildered—and who can blame us? Our compound befuddlement is the result of the frequent meetings Gergen has been calling of late.... Our meetings of late have been on the rapid-fire order. I bumped into Saari on the campus today—and Benson. "Coming to the meeting at Gergen's Sunday?" I asked. "God!" shrieked Ollie, "another? I just left the last one the other day!" He collapsed into a snow-drift. Buns threw a handful of snow in his face. "Poor boy," sighed a passing coed sympathetically and dropped a nickel into Ollie's famous hat, which was lying upturned on the icy sidewalk. It's little episodes like this that give the tenor of our feelings in the frozen Northwest.

With Dollens gone, the recording of science fiction plays, a familiar activity for nearly two years, perforce came to a stop. MFS members even found it difficult to reply to a recording sent them by Bronson, Walter J. Daugherty, and the LASFS, but finally discovered "a little recording shop" in downtown Minneapolis which on several occasions they patronized for recording discs intended for the LASFS and others. In March 1943, the MFS contemplated



cutting "a last greeting to fandom" as a farewell gesture, but this disc seems never to have been made. While Dollens was still in town, one of the last recording sessions resulted in a record of chatter which was put on a new "glass" record and sent to Bob Tucker. "Fortunately," Gergen reported, "it broke on the way."

Probably the last movies taken of the old MFS were taken at the Hastings Con of 29 November 1942. Dollens managed to film part of a poker game, showing one member holding a hand of five aces, and a scene of Finnish horseplay in which Bronson sprayed various people with a fizz bottle and got his comeuppance from Ollie Saari, who zapped him in the face with a water-pistol charged with beer.

Before the extinction of the prewar MFS, most of the members had grown old enough to enter taverns, and in these latter days Delaney's Bar began to rival the New Elgin Cafe as the after-meeting hangout of MFSers. A proposed letterhead for the MFS, shown in B-r-r-r-ack! #2, featured Delaney's Bar, beer bottles, and a rockeying hip flask. Though early meetings were largely stag aside from the incidental presence of mothers or sisters, various MFSers had now discovered the opposite sex, and a number of female guests were present at various meetings, in particular the Halloween 1942 party.

After trying twice to enlist and being rejected for poor vision, Brackney was inducted into the army on 22 February 1943. Before reporting for duty, he made a last trip to Joliet, Illinois, to visit Walt Liebscher whom he had met at the Michiconference of 1942. At the MFS meeting of 11 February, "members sat around the table and listened while Manse detailed his trip...exchanged messages, and told the latest news from Illinois." Gordon Dickson soon followed Brackney in donning an army uniform, though he did not make a farewell trip to Illinois. He became, according to Bronson's reckoning, the eighth MFSer in uniform.

Meetings continued to be held, in the now-familiar hasty and helter-skelter fashion, into 1943; the last meeting reported in detail in the MFS Bulletin took place on 17 February of that year. Probably the club would have disintegrated even before that had it not been for the enthusiastic support of John Gergen who had assuredly become the sparkplug of the MFS during these last days. A youngster of only 13 or 14 years of age, who had first appeared in fandom early in 1942, Gergen began to play a pivotal role in MFS affairs by founding the biweekly newssheet MFS Bulletin in June 1942. Although this fanzine was intended only for the edification and entertainment of MFS members, it was exchanged with a few "outside" fanzines from the beginning, and after issue #7 (undated, but published in November 1942) it widened its appeal to become "a regular news-magazine":

We had hoped at first to publish a two-to-eight-paged Bulletin promptly every two weeks, featuring news-items and notes of MFS interest. The idea proved unfeasible. So a new policy is in effect immediately: The Bulletin is to appear as a regular biweekly newssheet, featuring country-wide news, from the various fan-clubs, fan centers, and fans.

On a modest scale, the MFS Bulletin, or Mafusby, as Walt Liebscher dubbed it ("Mafusby, Mafusby, my blue-eyed Mafusby"), became almost as famous throughout fandom as The Fantasite, and Gergen soon garnered a measure of fame far beyond the boundaries of Minnesota. The last wartime issue of the Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 11, whole number 23, dated March 15 1943, was a single-pager wholly devoted to news of "country-wide fandom," without a single reference to MFS doings. This issue was the last whisper of fanac in Minneapolis for exactly four years.

While the MFS was riding high, fan activity in outstate areas had not loomed large, but a few fans had appeared. One was Robert Mastell of Hibbing, who was a letterhack in Thrilling Wonder Stories about 1939 and later became a well known fan. Another Hibbing fan, appearing a few years later, was Art Saha, who began to subscribe to fanzines around the country early in 1943, but soon after he became active he joined the westward migration and appeared in Shangri-LA. Later he moved to New York City, where he still resides.

Gordon Dickson regarded the war, he said in MFS Bulletin #20, as a "god-given opportunity" for the MFS to expand its influence world-wide. He pointed out that, early in 1943, in addition to the original MFS, at the time still active, there were branches of the MFS strewn everywhere: John Chapman headed the India branch; Cyril Eggum the Africa one, and there were many branches right in the United States, including Annapolis (Bob Madsen, director), Indio, California (Rod Allen, director), Oakland, California (Doug Blakely, director), Somewhere South (Don Wandrei, director), and Alamogordo, New Mexico (your historian, director). But by far the most important MFS branch during the war years was the one in Los Angeles.

By June 1943, Sam Russell and Buns Benson had migrated to Shangri-L A to join Bronson and Dollens. While still identifying themselves as MFS members, these four fans joined the LASFS upon arrival and continued to play an active role in fan affairs. Francis T. Laney's Ah! Sweet Idiocy! describes how Bronson and Benson took part in the Knaves feud with the LASFS in 1943-4 and how ftl persuaded Russell--whom he calls "a completely wonderful person"--to become co-editor of The Acolyte, which had become one of the leading fanzines of the day. After publishing one issue of The Fantasite in collaboration with Walt Daugherty soon

after his arrival and another (a solo job) in February 1944, Bronson succumbed to what Laney described as "lotus-eating." "Aw, let's just sit back and blow smoke rings," he used to say when we'd suggest doing something," reports Laney. Though Russell remained active in FAPA and Vanguard till about 1946, the other transplanted MFS members drifted out of fandom during 1944.

Meanwhile, back in Minnesota, the MFS had ceased to exist as an active club sometime early in 1943. However, there were a few faint signs of life afterward. In September 1944, Carl Jacobi, John Gergen, Art Osterlund, and Clifford Simak met in the Marine Room of the Rainbow Cafe, Lake and Hennepin, for an "informal meeting." Jacobi reported the death of A. Merritt, and a discussion of his works followed. Afterward a story by Jacobi was read for comments and criticism. On a later occasion, a small gathering took place at Simak's house when Brackney and Dickson came home on leave. Gergen was again present, but Jacobi was unable to make it that evening, and, by that time, Art Osterlund was in the Seabees. Four years were to pass before the MFS was recalled to life.

To be continued

---

GLANCES OVER THE POND  
by Felice Rolfe

I'd like to mention J. Ben Stark again. If you're interested in subbing to these zines at discount prices, write him at 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley 8, California. New Worlds has a two-part serial in Nos. 110 and 111: "Storm-Wind," by J. G. Ballard. For months, the earth is buffeted by a wind which steadily becomes stronger until it reaches 300 mph. Disappointingly, the causes of the wind are not described, but its effects are. The villains of the piece are a psychopathic multimillionaire and his sadistic right-hand-cum-tommygun man; they kidnap several of the good guys. This seemed to me a rather strained addition of conflict. Its artificiality detracted from the main theme.

The novelette in #110 was James White's "Resident Physician." Sector General Hospital receives a patient which (one can't very well say "who") has the ultimate in personal physicians. The story with a well-set problem, an intriguing answer, no loose ends, and some fascinating pictures of the galaxy's largest, most cosmopolitan hospital.

Also in this issue were John Kippax's "Nelson Expects," a Playboyish, but trite sort of story; "The Fortress of True," by David Rome; "Stress," by D. E. Ellis; and George Whitley's "Change of Heart," which was good.

In #111, the lead novelette was Colin Kapp's "For the Love of Pete." This is an easy-reading story of an engineer who has either got a lot of psi, or is haunted by a powerful and spiteful ghost. Included also were Lee Harding's "Conviction," Ian Wright's "The End of the Line," and George Langalaan's "Cold Blood." Both the last two were well above average. "Cold Blood" is translated from French. There was also something which is infrequent in NW, a factual--well, more or less factual--article about the origins of the moon and its surface features, "New Moon," by Kenneth Johns. All in all, #111 scored. Three out of its four stories, not counting the serial, were most enjoyable.

Leading off Science Fantasy #49 is another Elric tale, "While the Gods Laugh," by Michael Moorcock. Elric and a "wingless woman of Myyrrhn" are searching for the Dead Gods' Book, from which he hopes to learn whether the universe is ruled by a God or by Chaos. There is an interesting attempt to put some modern theory into a mythical context--the struggle between Law and Chaos, the castle of the Lord of Entropy, etc.--but it just doesn't come off. At least, not for me. Elric is a pretty poor hero: gloomy, bitter, self-hating, and self-pitying. Especially self-pitying. Which is not really what you'd expect from a hero, and Moorcock does mean him to be the hero, quite clearly.

Also in SF #49: John Kippax's "Reflection of the Truth"; Frank Brandon's "The Seventh Stair," about a mathematician who vanishes into another world when he steps on the seventh of any set of stairs (would you all that the general case?); and "Heinrich," by Wallace West, a story about a couple who are on such good terms with their poltergeist that they agree to haunt his brother for him.

#50 features John Rackham's "Ankh." This is the final story in his trilogy telling of the struggle between Ram Ferrars, the Evil One, and Yalna, Hassim, and Ken Wilson, Egyptologists. Wilson and Yalna are caught in a conjuration known as the "Eyes of Osiris," and their personalities are used to disguise another couple. When they break free, Ferrars is destroyed.

Other stories in this issue are "Still Centre," by Edward Mackin, and "A Cure for Mr. Kelsy," by Leory B. Haugsrud. "Still Centre" is another tale of that lovable cyberneticist and expert moocher, Hek Belov. Mr. Kelsy is a young man who finds himself becoming a vampire, and is referred by a gypsy to a doctor, a female, who is also a witch. With three good ones out of three, SF #50 also scores.



a Clay Tablet from JUNE BONIFAS, January 5, 1962  
1913 Hopi Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico

I suppose the title, "Giants in Those Days," is a reference to Rolvaag as well as to Genesis. Giants in the Earth did take place in Minnesota, didn't it?

I certainly agree with you about Heidi. Recently I had to read parts of it to some small children, and I didn't see how they could stand its moralizing. I didn't read the passage "She is saying thou to the servants!" and would have been puzzled by it if I had. In this part of the Spanish-speaking world, tu is used to persons whom you would address by their first names, which includes servants.

Was Gary Deindorfer describing a true occurrence, or was he perhaps improving on the truth a bit? Perhaps the subway affects people strangely, but I can hardly imagine people being quite that susceptible. Although, never having seen a rawing pad, I don't know but what one might have given me glazed eyes, if I were a dired-up old lady. [and while on that ghastly subject, a Sway-may, Fred Galvin, is sometimes known as a Swan-may—RB]

from DAVID VANDERWERF, February 5, 1962  
Rural Route 2, Redwood Falls, Minnesota

I haven't noticed that fanzines stay only on fandom. I haven't even noticed fanzines (many of them) that even START on fandom. And what does Ellsberry find boring about sf and fantasy? By themselves, long discussions of sf may get boring, but the field itself?

from DEAN GRENNELL, 29 December 1961  
402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

I am currently wandering through The Once and Future King myself, at a very leisurely pace. I got somewhat bogged down in the long, rather dull passage where Pellinore and Palomides and some other bloke are snorfling about at King Lot's castle, decoying the Beast Glatisant and generally louting about. But I seem to be coming out of this and perhaps things will go faster now. In between I ingested numerous other tomes of divers nature and trifling worth.

This Avram Davidson seems to be a real eager and promising neo. I see letters from him in every fanzine I pick up these days. Mark my word, one of these days that lad will be a BFF and have a 'zine of his own.

a Clay Tablet from RICK SNEARY, February 8, 1962  
2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California

Dean Boggs and his Giants are great stuff. Just the sort of thing Warner was talking about in this issue of Void. There isn't much one can say about a history that happened before your own time, no matter how interesting. I haven't even heard of most of the names he mentions. Though it is even more surprising that I've met as many as I have. I'm pretty sure I've met Phil Bronson, and Gordy Dickson was out here in 1956 and '59. But Morrie Dollan is an old timer around here, and I found it hard to imagine him as a young fan, with his own zine and all. I was bemused by the faint memory of their past that two of the old guard Redd contacted seemed to have. It gives one to wonder how many of today's actifans will not only be forgotten by fandom, but have forgotten fandom in thirty years. Boggs seems to doubt there will even be germs on Earth in thirty years, but, until the big blow, one must go on as if nothing was going to happen.

Gary Beindorfer was amusing, though just a little disquieting. Or would be, if I were to believe every word of what he wrote. As one who used to enjoy riding streetcars and buses, his views on how to liven up the dull rides hit an understanding note. Though it is my opinion that there are many kinds of riders. I found many that were interesting, especially among the "night people." I got quite a kick out of the "Writers Notebook" idea—but not sure I liked his treatment of other people. I've never liked jokes that hurt or embarrassed others, no matter if they were poor clods. The world is frightening enough as it is, without making it harder on other people. But making them think you are a harmless nut doesn't hurt anyone and makes their life a little more interesting. By the end of the article, I gathered, though, that Gary was Berry-izing his facts, so I forgave him.

---

5620 Edgewater Boulevard  
Minneapolis 17, Minnesota

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
RETURN POSTAGE GNTD