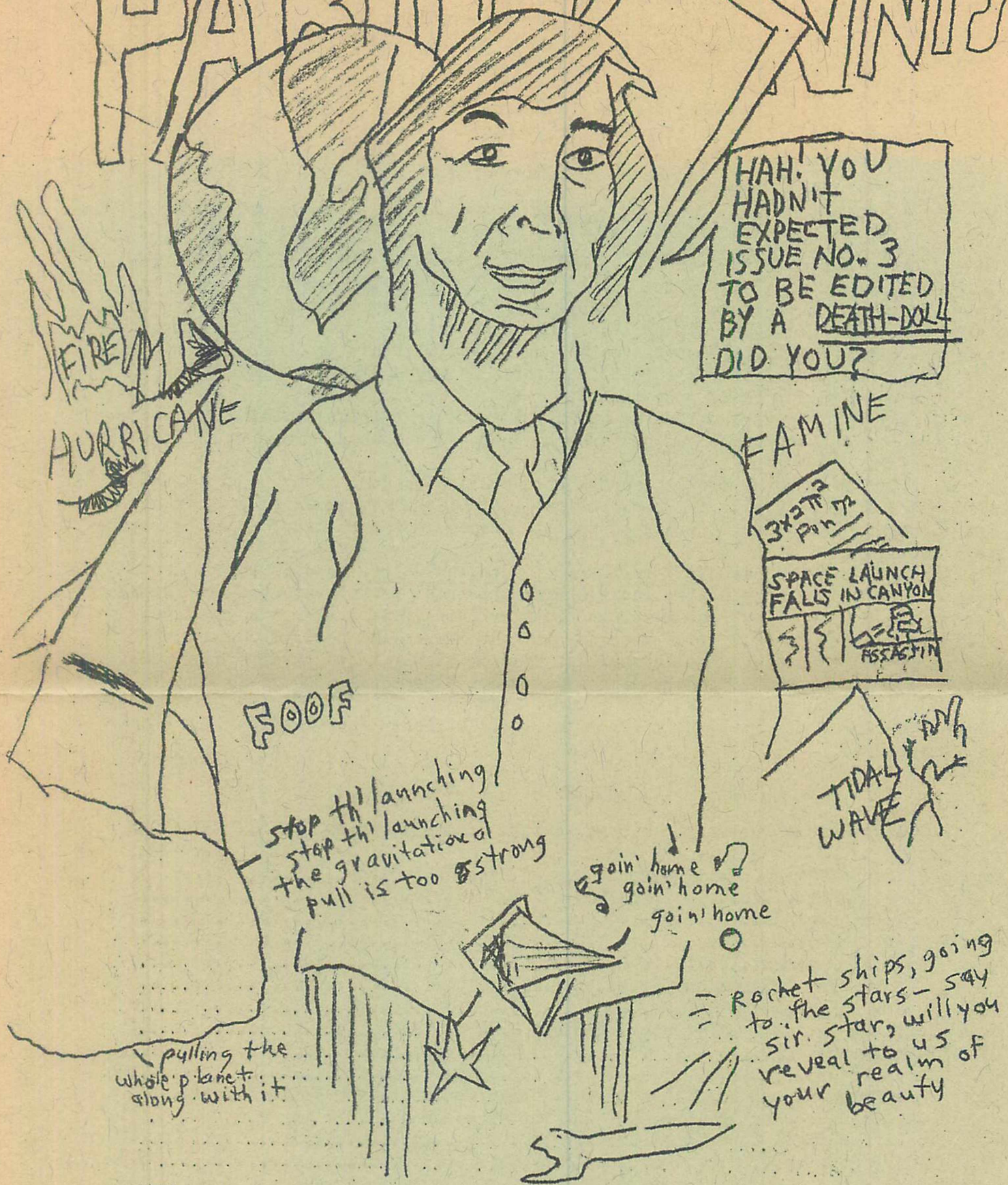


PARIO LEANIS



SER-CON ARTICLES: *THE SPACE AGE IN TODAY'S SOCIETY
*CULTURAL EFFECTS OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST

FICTION: *THE ATAVISMS

POETRY: *A NIGHT-SONG
*ANCIENT WATCHFULNESS
*THE MOCKING-BIRD
*SPACE FLIGHT

* ARTICLES *REVIEWS *LETTERS *COMMENTARY

-1-
A NIGHT-SONG

Once you left our quiet land
Our white huts of adobe
But now return, and you shall stand
Revealed in solemn glory

I am she who is the star
That's radiant in the northland
You, the one who wandered far
Farther than a Norseman

Come, for in a quiet place
We'll renew our seeming
You shall be with me all night long
And charm my inner being.

Here to hand---your hand---is PABLO LENNIS #3, edited by John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St., Lafayette, Indiana, 47904, price 25¢, trade, locs, contributions. That guy on the cover is one of my teachers, down to the university. I wanted not only a cover, but a wild one, for this issue, which I cast upon the waters---yes, the dark mirrorlike waters of the Styx. Am I still wanting a cover, in spite of having drawn what I think is one? You be the judge, if you want to criticize it maybe I'll get some letters of comment. There's a lot you could pan about it.

Let my desire for contributions be known---I just might print anything, so send me what's been rejected elsewhere. If you knew how happy I get when I receive contributions, you'd send a few.

I got a card from Bruce Townley saying he's publishing some of my poetry in a forthcoming issue of Le Viol. Ah, publication. This is the moment which you can say I've anticipated. I'll sure be happy to see it, Bruce. Not that many people are kindly toward poetry.

It all comes back rejected. I sent some to Cthulhu Calls, but the editor wrote back and said he wanted only poetry about extraterrestrial first contacts, or else black holes. Mark McGarry says he's used too much poetry lately, Carl Bennet says poetry isn't what he's in the market for. Does anybody out there like poetry? Here's what Bruce Townley has to say about black holes: "As for higher postage rates here, well, that's what comes from living in the same valley as a black hole (you might know it as the IRS)." Then, "See you in the funny papers, Bruce."

Maybe a table of contents is in order in this, the first issue long enough to have a table of contents.

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"It is another issue of PABLO LENNIS, and edited upon a slice of whey."

I seem to have some more room here at the bottom, and nothing to say, but random talking will be certain to fill it in. Aside from this, the issue is all finished, and ready to be taken over and mimeographed, but what forebodings I have; the mimeo may not work, and shred a stencil, causing me to type it over again; mimeographs are dangerous; people have gotten arms and legs caught in them, and due to the mbbius of it all, some of its portals lead to other dimensions--with what it them?!--then there are the things that tap you on the shoulder when you are publishing something on a mimeograph, and Those Who Disapprove, not necessarily beings with faces but sentient nonetheless. I just know I'm going to have this issue out, and the next day in will come a flood of letters saying the last issue was abominable, do not publish under penalty of law, editor condemned to abyss, one more issue and you'll have passed your last chance line---well, I'm out of room.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL ERA: THE SPACE-AGE IN TODAY'S SOCIETY.

a critique of "Television: Technology and
Cultural Form" by Raymond Williams (Schocken
Books, New York, 1975)

The industrial revolution which took place in both England and America in the last century, and which has as its basis the invention of printing presses and steam engines, among other things, is assumed to have caused a great speedup of culture and facilitated mass communication and a mass society.

This speedup involved the following processes: the steam engine, useful in powering other machines, stimulated other inventions which the steam engine itself made possible. Once the idea of a machine revolution, of a technological approach to things, became generally known, all sorts of men were stimulated to take part in it, and all of them learned from each other's inventions and contributions. The basic desire involved was the desire to learn what was going on elsewhere and to communicate with other people, both difficult during horse-and-buggy days. This desire both stimulated the industrial revolution and was inspired by it; that is, once the revolution began, it became the new and current way of doing things, and other people were drawn into it.

The printing press facilitated the spread of ideas and made greater currency possible for technological information and made it more generally available. The printing press is one of the basic tools of high-speed (mass) communication.

These trends culminated in the invention of the following major tools of mass communication: the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, and then the motion picture camera and finally television.

Meanwhile, newspapers, which as a medium of mass communication dates basically from the invention of the printing press, became more popular and more widespread, especially as further improvements were made in the printing press and the transportation facilities necessary to distribute them.

All of these things led to the concept of a mass society, which is the milieu of mass communications.

Mass society is a term referring to the involvement of different people in different cities and countries with each other, as well as more active and wide-ranging involvement with other people in the city. As mass communications and technological inventions spread, people became oriented to things outside their immediate scope of perception.

Mobile privatization is taken by Williams to be the end result of all of this. It involves people becoming so interested in mass media communications that they lose contact with each other. That is, their news comes from mass distributed newspapers and from such mass communications complexes as television, and they prefer staying isolated within their own homes, learning about the world through tv and newspapers and ignoring the more immediate problems in their environment. Also, word-of-mouth conveyance of news is less necessary, and as a result people become more isolated from each other.

Williams criticizes communications and perceptions of communications relating to technology and artifacts, and suggests a greater need for elementary, interpersonal communication---what he calls the "primary processes of human communication."

Also according to Williams, culture is at once mobile and home-centered, hence the term "mobile privatization;" travel occurs in unprecedented ways, but travellers seldom encounter anything on an interpersonal level; when at home, they stick inside their houses. Thus there are two forms of communicative isolation. Williams is concerned with an increase in intimacy and in more meaningful human relationships; and in the ability to derive meaning from existence.

Williams names, in addition to technology and the revolution of industry, a number of other factors contributing to mobile privatization: mass production, with its attendant quality of putting men on assembly lines and making mass men of them; automotive advance, giving people a freer individual means and range of travel; mass broadcasting techniques, including the necessity of designing a message that people in mass will understand and an attempt to reduce audiences to a common denominator of understanding in order to determine what mass thinking will be (Williams mentions brainwashing and shows that advertisers would be implicated in this, in a desire to make people wish to buy their products); and the specialization of cultural forms (as in literature becoming departmentalized). Society too, as well as literature, is becoming departmentalized and even bureaucratic. On the whole, he blames technological communication for interfering with human communication.

The culture, of course, is reacting to a speeded-up technology that is beyond them.

My own examples of this phenomenon would include the martialing effect of military thinking, with its desire for conformity to orders; the building of houses which are uniform in appearance; lack of social gathering-places within cities; suppression, censorship, and interference with the normal intercourse of people, especially those who are exceptional or unusual in some way, this being done for the purpose of curbing riots and civil disobedience.

So much for the definition of the term "mobile privatization"---conforming individuals confining themselves to their houses, gaining information from television and mass-distribution newspapers, gaining outside recreations through the superficial means of often prearranged travel in private vehicles.

As to the question of whether or not this is an accurate description of contemporary culture, I think it is definitely a description of a part of it. There are, of course, other forces present within culture, and some of them are antithetical. For in following Newton's principle that every action has an equal and opposite reaction, we can see that if this situation exists in society there must be opposites to it too, either within what we call organized society or outside of it. And if they were outside of society, they would still be part of the culture. There is a class of people who never watch television, live in individualized houses, spend a lot of time chatting with each other over the back fence, and don't travel much. These people exist within organized society; outside, perhaps, of society, we have the rural culture which also doesn't travel much and isn't conversant with too many contemporary inventions; in fact, some of them are still startled by the sight of an ~~xy~~ airplane.

In addition to these we have also rebellions against the technological culture, people who are in escape from it, and whole cities---many of them---which are exceptions to the technological rule. There are some cities, particularly western ones, where even the telephone isn't very commonplace. Also, there is such a thing as individualism. Individuals in aggregate amount to quite a large number of people, even if they're all doing different and individualistic things. There are people who don't choose to take any part in what other people are doing, such as those who spend their lives sunbathing. Finally, there are those who actually run the technological culture, and who can be expected to live differently themselves, on the whole, than the people whom they are influencing.

In spite of these objections, I would agree that, on the whole, Williams' description of contemporary culture, along with the reactions to, against, and influenced by it, is at least one of the chief characterizations of contemporary culture.

As for the world of communication, and the question of what other structures are significant in it, I think there are some structures that have been by and large omitted in discussions of mass communications so far. Many of these involve people who are unable to keep up with modern communications---there are, of course, people who are unable to read and write, and similarly there are people who are unable to keep up with what is going on on television or in the movies, people with whom broadcasters and directors have been unable to communicate.

There are also people who are disinterested in mass communications or in what they have to say, people who for one reason or another don't find themselves corresponding to the sentiments expressed in the mass communications media.

Also, there are those who consider themselves above the general messages of the mass communications industry, and won't condescend to watch television or read most newspapers.

What structures of communication exist for them? First of all, there are limited communications: magazines of limited circulation, magazines specializing in particular hobbies and tastes, newspapers catering (for example) to certain segments of business, magazines written over the popular intellectual level, specialized trade or professional magazines; and also closed-circuit television, and television networks resembling the principles of pay television, FM radio, and the like. Also, there are controls over the motion picture industry which insure that people see, in some cases, the movies they like, and in other cases, the movies they ought to see; some motion pictures are mass-circulated and some are not, being shown instead to a limited or select audience. An example of motion pictures in more limited circulation are the art movies such as cinema verte. Limited communications have the effect of constricting knowledge and information to a segment of the general population, and has the tendency to cause these people to form cliques, or clubs, which sometimes become oriented to power and influence and become originators of thought. The effect and influence of this form of media is always to set the people who receive it apart from the general population and to grant them favors in the form of information, knowledge, or some other quality, so that they become a consolidation. The thought in limited-circuit broadcasting is bound to be more original, and also to say more, since the number of people to be communicated with is smaller, and thus easier to reach with particular rather than broadly general statements.

There are also correspondence organizations, pen-pal societies, and the like. These organizations exchange information about the world and about different cities and the life found therein, completely out of sight of the general public or of "editorial (editorial)" control---hell, "editorial control" or "network control" as it might be called. The effect of the communication found in such organizations is to infuse new information into a town or city, outside of the range of editorial control or selection, and out of the scope of public and corporate supply and demand. These organizations form on the telephone, too, in structures known as "talk vines." The same structure of communication can be found among operators of amateur radios (ham radios) and among clubs which circulate their own bulletins, notably fan-clubs and the like.

There is also musical and artistic communication---the feelings of affinity and the resultant faddish behavior which may be expressed and generated by a popular song or by a work of art. These influence the emotional life of the population.

The only other form of communication I can think of, perhaps not natively structured communication, is the form known as "word-of-mouth." This is simply the passing of ideas from person to person; the sources of these ideas are various. Word-of-mouth communication is different from the others in that it is shaped and influenced by the

forms of communication around it; for example, word-of-mouth communication may express a thought found on television or in a newspaper. This isn't mobile privatization, and it exists in a sort of midway culture between two extremes, these two extremes being mobile privatization and ignorance of the mass media.

Word-of-mouth communication is significant in that it transmutes the information gotten from the mass media, these transmutations occurring due to opinion, reaction, the activity of group "opinion leaders," and they are also transmuted criminally due to lying about what they know or have heard on the part of the populace. Ignorance and misunderstanding of what has been heard are two other factors causing transmutation of public data or information. Also, there exists creativity among the population, and this takes the form of additions to what has been learned, which travel from person to person and build up influence in the manner of folk-songs or colloquial terminology. Finally, there are fads, or vogues, which sweep through the nation periodically, causing affinities in behavior among the population.

Williams makes some references to alternatives in the nature and form of contemporary mass communication in his final chapter. One thing he mentions is the inroads that public services are making on commerciality. This would be a radical alteration in the nature of mass communication, because mass communication is and has been for quite some time---almost since its inception into the culture---a commercial vehicle, completely dominated by commercialism. In fact, advertisers practically have all the say-so about what goes on the air. Obviously communications designed from a strictly commercial point of view are not going to meet the needs of the public; they are artificial, based upon the advertiser rather than what the public wants, a set of imposed standards essentially. Public service, on the other hand, is oriented directly toward what the public wants and requires, and an essential conflict arises here. It seems to me that public service will ultimately triumph over commerciality, simply since there has been such a great need for it for so long a time, but Williams does not make much reference to this.

As to the form of mass communications, Williams predicts many technological and programming innovations, based upon the pressure to constantly build new and better things that other authors have mentioned. I don't agree with this view, and I think that people are losing the interest they once had in advanced technology and becoming more interested in human problems, which is of course an assault on mobile privatization.

Williams suggests greater cooperation between, or among, the various interests represented in television, and further intercommunication within the communications industry itself. He also suggests democracy and a greater public interest in what television broadcasts as an anodyne for the situations he has described. He recommends "an educated and participatory democracy," in other words, getting the isolated public to take part in what they're watching and reading. Taking their problems, due to the poor nature of the situation, into account, it shouldn't be too difficult to stimulate them into activity; they need activity, they've been dormant for too long. Williams' main contribution to the solution of the problems he has raised is the promotion of new incentive.

Williams' book has raised an issue that was not apparent to many (although I can think of some precedents), has surveyed the history of communications accurately and isolated the major factors in its development, and has outlined, analyzed, clarified and crystallized a conception of society's communications that is relevant to the understanding of it. In doing so he has made his readers fully aware of the form the problem he has pointed out takes. By creating this vision out of the morass of seemingly unconnected data available, he has made an alteration of the present processes of communication possible. His analysis of the potentially dehumanizing and isolating effects of mass communications and its contributions to an unwanted mass society have made it apparent that mass communications has basic problems which need to be solved. Now that he has clarified the problem the door to a radical solution, to a revision of the nature and form of present-day mass communication is possible. And he has certainly made me agree that these changes are necessary. His description of alternatives, scant as it was, makes the reader aware that new possibilities in communications are possible. And his definition of the factors involved in broadcasting make it possible for the present-day set-up to be identified and altered.

I hope that theses such as Williams' will be taken seriously enough to result in some future changes in the mass-communications setup.

THE MOCKING BIRD

1	2
A man who lay dying in the grass	I've been to far places--don't want to say
Had this to say to us	I was the victim of a spell where
"I just want to die quietly, boys,	Cast by an anima of the north
Don't want to cause no fuss.	A woman called 'La Belle.'"

CHORUS: Hold him down, he's dangerous
 He's learned the bitter truth
 Hold him down and stomp on him
 He's speaking bitter sooth

Hold him down, we'll teach him, boys,
 He upped and left this town
 He followed a withh that lived in the north
 And tramped the world around!

(one of those far places he'd been to was over the edge of the margin--never mind, here's the rest of the song)

3 "Hold on, leave loose, I'm here to stay
Don't tramp upon me, boys
I've many things to tell you
If you'll hold down the noise.

4 I never was the same again
After I met that girl
Everything looked different then,
The chimeras of this world."

Bo, bo, bo-re-mo, he's seen the head bo-re-mo,
The winds sang from the north and he has never been the same
Since he left town he wandered round, with us stuck here to stay,
And now he bids us gather round to hear what he has to say.

The warbling bird, the mocking bird, that singeth in the park
The lonesome voice, the hand that warns you to avoid the dark
The barriers of our little world, all these he has transcended,
And now the curious crowds draw near, since his voyage is ended.

The little girl he left behind, her pale face in the dusk,
Implores one kindly glance from him, this trailworn, battered husk.
He turns from her, he mocks at her, he's seen girls from far away....
Come, Rellis, come, remember her, the girl who likes to play.

Her laughing eyes, her tossing curls as she ran near the brook...
The kind of girl who knows the world, though she's never read a book.
What vistas have you seen, my man, that you turn and forget
Your friends of yore, your girl, your home, and leave them in neglect?

5 "I saw a jewel in the Raven's mouth
That bade me seek afar
For lands that lie beyond the strands
Led by the Northern Star."

7 I dined in New Orleans one month
Till I tangled with the law
I left New Orleans most running
Cause walking much too slow.

9 In Kansas City I saw a man
Who was so ugly that
His mouth was like a hole in his face
I'm never going back.

6 And twisted in a giant's hands,
A noose whose utmost knot
Would lynch a seer and hang him up
In a secluded spot.

8 I left my girl-friend dancing there
In some old honky-tonk
And headed through the ju-ju fields
As if the night were drunk.

10 I walked the dog through Lady-Land
Dressed in ten different suits
Some woman asked how many suits I had
That is the honest truth."

CHORUS: Hold him down, he's dangerous
He's learned the bitter truth
Hold him down and stomp on him
He's speaking bitter sooth.

Hold him down, we'll teach him, boys,
He upped and left this town
He followed a witch that lived in the north
And travelled the world around.

11. "I tangled with the Lorelei
I lost the game, but won,
Exalted in disaster, I smashed on rocks
My travelling days are done.

12. I set my sights for the furthest stars
And unleashed my imagination
Now I'm almost dying, but not quite
I know my name and station."

Bo, bo, bo-re-mo, he's seen the head bo-re-mo,
The winds sang from the north and he has never been the same.
Since he left town he wandered round, with us stuck here to stay,
And now he bids us gather round to hear what he has to say.

The warbling bird, the mocking bird, that singeth in the park
The lonesome voice, the hand that warns you to avoid the dark
The barriers of our little world, all these he has transcended
And now the curious crowds draw near, since his voyage is ended.

His neighbors warned him not to leave, they told him he should stay
He packed his bags and left at night and was gone the next day.
Where he has been, what he has done, the mocking bird will tell;
He's been to lands where pixies fly, wherein the fairies dwell.

He's studied all the lore of night, and never would take heed
Of what his neighbors said to him in his devouring greed.
Now what an awful sight, he's taken fright, what a sorry plight, he's done no right,

the stars mock his failing sight.

He's left, and in his yearning need, he's done the deed.

His face set to the Northern stars, he's come back to this town

But all the friends he left behind, they try to put him down.

But when the odds are figured, he'll stand there with the best--

He left his home and travelled some, he has withstood the test.

The pallid townsmen can't enjoy the strange new games he's learned.

They'd give a lot to get from him the odd new fate he's earned.

The women of the far-off lands, the diamonds in the sky,

All these the witch has led him to, he'll be better by and bye.

13

"My friends, I'm home," he said to us,

As he lay there in the grass.

"If you'd turn me out, just pass me by."

Not a single one would pass.

14

We opened up our hearts to him

All of a sudden whim,

And sat to hear of what he'd learned

These stories told by him.

The warbling bird, the mocking bird, when all is said and done,

Will sing his song to mock both us and the guys who have the fun.

He passed the test, he did his best, he has a lot to tell,

The only sound's the mocking bird who warbles in the dell.

I should explain that the article printed just before the above song was intended to show, not merely a communications arrangement, but a highly scientific society that exists side by side with rustic, practically horse-and-buggy culture. I should have written an introduction for it. It seems to me we have our science-fiction with us today, but we also have some Lovecraftian atavisms.

ANCIENT WATCHFULNESS

The three, caught in a new day's light

Within the ancient city

Surrender now their songs of night,

Although it seems a pity.

Porshek, bourgeois, stolid man

Who huddles like a merchant

In pieces of brick from the city sees

What the founders worshipped.

The eldest doctor of the clan

Standing by the Aztek alter

Is caught in illumination from on high,

That makes his old hand falter.

Hiyek, who foresaw the blight

That left the land only samples,

Now he sees a stream of light

Shining on the ancient temples.

The only song in all the land

Is the wind that blows in the Cypress

But now there is a growing light

That could charm the Empress.

MORE FANZINES

~~BOOWAT~~ Garth Danielson, 616-415 Edison Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R26 0L 9.

BOOWAT is amusing. The editor, who writes in a frank style, doesn't pull any punches in discussing fandom or other people's fan activity. This issue has a report on a convention, an analysis of food chains, and writing by the editor. 20¢ sample, locs.

STARLING Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison, WI 53703. 50¢, trades, locs.

I couldn't understand much about the theme of the writing in STARLING, or figure out its editorial policy. I've sent my fanzine in trade, though (the main reason I edit PL is so that I'll have something to trade), and maybe I'll be able to make out the next issue better. Columns, an article on comics, a book review column (hhmmmm, that would be included among 'columns'), letters.

ALGOL Algol Magazine, Box 4175, New York, N.Y. 10017. This is edited by Andrew Porter, and is called "The Magazine About Science Fiction." I found a copy of it in our bookstore, the one on State Street. It's got a lot of names in it, but the articles weren't too interesting to me, being as they were about an aspect of science fiction, or several aspects, that I'm not familiar with. Looking at ALGOL has the same effect on me as looking at a computer--I can't figure out how it works or what the parts represent, and I can't get anything out of it. They say they might be starting a fanzine review column later on (I notice AMAZING has one now). Single issues \$1.50. I think I sent him a trade for it---how he must have held his brow.

LETTERS

A Column Referred to as "The Armed Attack"

In reply to an inquiry concerning Metagaming and a trade I received the following reply from Howard Thompson:

Dear John, Thanks for the introductory copy of PABLO LENNIS #1. I've entered you for a complimentary subscription to The Space Gamer.

You might mention to the members of the local gaming club and your readers that a sample copy of TSG is available to those who mention where they heard of it. SF&F gaming is a very active area of interest as evidenced by the publication of at least a dozen new games in the last year. I hope you'll consider gaming a legitimate topic for Pablo Lennis. Good Gaming, Howard Thompson.

(I tried to mention all this to them, at the last meeting, but I couldn't get an edge in. A lot of these guys don't read, you know. Did you ever take and try to show a fanzine to somebody who's never seen one before? Only the leading wargamers are interested in sf around here, unless I miss my guess. Wargamers is what the group is called here. I'll try as much as I can to get the local people interested.

As for considering Gaming a topic for PABLO LENNIS, it sounds perfectly fine to me. I'll send you fellows a copy of this issue, in case you are interested in hearing more about our local activities. And I'll be glad to publish articles and letters on gaming if any readers care to send them in.)

LOCAL FAN ACTIVITIES

I've been to still another meeting of the Medievalists, and at it I tried to ascertain how much remained of the Northern Indiana SF Society and whether the Wargamers had separate meetings. I found out that the Wargamers do and that both the SF and fantasy wargamers meet on the campus. They sound quite active, and I plan to attend one of their meetings as soon as I find out exactly where. I've been looking for an opening to introduce the people at the meetings to the fact that I publish a fanzine, but as yet I've had no luck. I got a membership list at the last meeting, and it may be I should just mail copies of this fanzine to a few of the members. I don't know if they've ever seen a fanzine before.

Today, Saturday, the Medievalists are having a party over in West Lafayette, which I plan to go to, and I'll see if the opportunity to pass out a fanzine develops there.

REJECTION COMMENTARY

I've been submitting material to a number of fanzines, and also professional magazines, acting under local advice that in order to get something printed I'll have to keep trying various places over and over again, starting out from cold. So far I've only had one acceptance, and the rest is humdrum rejection, but in studying the science of submitting manuscripts, some of the rejection letters have been interesting. I'm trying to decipher them to see if I can make out what the editors want. Here's one from Roger Elwood, editor of Odysey:

Bear Author: Do not assume that, because I must return the enclosed, your story is in any way below standard. There are often a variety of other reasons why a manuscript cannot be used. But I hope to hear from you again, as the creative juices flow. Cordially, Roger Elwood.

No mention of Ulysses' voyages, I see. I can't tell whether that's an encouraging response or not, but the paper of my own manuscript didn't look encouraging--it's blue. Here's another one from Terry Hughes, editor of MOTA:

Dear John, Thank you for your speedy reply to MOTA 15. I'm glad you enjoyed the fanzine and I'm also very proud that you enjoyed it enough to want to contribute to the fanzine. Unfortunately, I don't think "An Act of Creation" is quite right for MOTA. As I read the piece, I saw what you were trying to achieve but I don't think it quite worked. Perhaps you might want to run this piece through the ol' typewriter another time to give it a bit more polish and more fluidity. It's an intriguing idea that I can't recall seeing before, but, as I said, I think it still needs a bit more work. Thanks for letting me read this, John.

I've added your name to my index card mailing list due to your response and this piece. Why not sit back and read the next few issues, perhaps get a feel for the sort of thing I like to use, and then send me another contribution? You do show a creative talent and a good sense of humor. You just need to bring it more firmly under your own control. Redundantly yours yours, Terry.

From Carl Eugene Bennett, editor of SCINTILLATION, came the following note:

John: thanks for letting me look at this material. Can't use it though, SCINTILLATION isn't a fiction zine basically, so I discourage fiction and verse submissions. Reviews and articles will be most welcomed. Best, Carl Bennett.

I tried sending him an article about local things, and got another note:

John: Can't use this, but I might suggest your using it in the next issue of your own zine.

Reviews can be used in a zine that Keith Justice and I edit: SF BOOKLOG. I'll be glad to look at those. Tahnk (thanks) Carl Bennett.

Hmmm, Carl Bennett and I probably just aren't enough on the same wavelength for me to have any success there.

In trading fanzines I've been trying to find people with congenial interests among

the publications. It's hard to tell at first whether I have anything in common with editors, because it's hard to tell at the first issue what a fanzine is about.

I hope I don't get a rush of letters from people I'm trying to trade with saying, "Dear Mr. Thiel, obviously we don't have congenial interests." I need their review columns to find other fanzines, even if this is the case; fanzine reviews are scarce.

The briefest rejection I've ever gotten, except one from Bob Coulson saying "sorry we can't use the enclosed," came from the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. I don't have the rejection slip any more, but it simply stated that they weren't using the article and excused itself for not writing any more, due to the number of mss. they receive. Peter Dillingham, of CTHULHU CALLS, says "John--I'm looking for science-fiction poetry almost exclusively." Mark McGarry says he's been publishing too much poetry recently. The editor of a psychic magazine sent back a psychic experience, saying "Thanks for the interesting story, but I don't believe we will be able to run it." He went on to say he'd like to know if I ever meet the person at the other end of the psychic coincidence.

On the whole, though, trying to get things published is a lot less difficult than it appeared to be. I expected to get some manuscripts back with homemade bombs attached to them. Predictions about how long it takes to get things published have not been optimistic, but I've got plenty of time to write.

Here's the article that Carl Bennett rejected, and it probably would be appropriated here:

SCIENCE-FICTION IN LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

Wednesday evening I paid my first visit to a Lafayette science-fiction club. I had seen their advertisement posted in a book store specializing chiefly in science-fiction and beatnik literature and was surprised to find that there was not none, but three science-fiction clubs in the city--the Purdue Wargamers, who fight map-battles in Pellucidar, Barsoom, Flatland and Mongo; the Purdue Medievalists, whose interest seems to be in the writings of E.B. White and possibly Mervyn Peake; and the Northern Indiana Science-Fiction Club, located in what I've always taken to be Central Indiana. Possibly it's north of Indianapolis.

The meetings had dispersed for a vacation by the time I picked them up, and when I went back to consult a second time with the member whose name I had gotten, he had moved and so had the other two fans who lived one block away. Finally, after a long time had elapsed, another notice went up, saying that the NISFC had merged with the Medievalists, or rather been absorbed by them. I would have thought the Medievalists were the less long-lived of the two, having had their heyday a long time ago.

The Medievalists meet in a tower at the Purdue University Union Building, a room up a winding staircase that you can't get back out of once you've gone up there. I sat in the university's Sweet Shop until five minutes before the meeting began, and then went up to the turret, passing groups of people who seemed to be folk-singers who were sitting around on one of the ordinary staircases and on the floor at each landing.

I went into the room they were meeting in and had a chair--the room had a stage but was otherwise nondescript--and was noticed sooner than I had expected to be, by a girl who had a position in the club that I can't remember (Mistress of Arts was it), having only been to one meeting (I've been to three now--this is outdated) and having heard it only once. It was a medieval position of some sort. She pointed out the other officers of the Medievalists, mentioning them by name and telling what they did, and told me she would see if I had any questions after the program.

After various discussions of projects and preceding meetings, one of the officers read a description of the club's policies, which I remember vividly contained a putdown of those who could not take a joke. Nobody played any jokes on me, but I fancied I could take one.

The Medievalists, it developed, joust at tournaments with non-harmful weapons--wooden swords was what I heard mentioned. The winners gained reputation in the club. I admired seeing a group of science-fiction fans with fighting abilities. Their tournaments were held in various cities in the state (outside of the state too), and so they must have been in communication with fan-clubs in other areas. I thought that a tourney must be quite a sight to see.

The people were dressed in costumes---I could not even guess what period they related to---and they described some of their distinctions. A lot of them introduced themselves. They had some songs, too, but none were sung during the meeting, and I left shortly afterward.

After further discussions that I couldn't follow completely, the meeting broke up, and the girl I had been talking to asked me what questions I had. I asked about their meetings, and also asked if there were any members of the NISFC present. She pointed them out by saying "The sci-fi people are over there, and there are a few wargamers present." Then she told me that people were considered members after they had attended several meetings, and I told her I would be back there next week, and left.

I saw a display for their club a few days later in one of the glass display cases in the building that houses the library and the theater.

Purdue University is having a science-fiction series of films. Reading the names off my ticket, the films include NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, THE LOVED ONE, CATCH-22, BARBARELLA,

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, FRANKENSTEIN, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, INVADERS FROM MARS, ALPHAVILLE, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, and SILENT RUNNING.

I've seen six so far (now, seven) ending with ALPHAVILLE. Five, leaving out one I didn't stay all the way through, which was SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE. I think that there has been better science-fiction than this. What's so good about the film, or book, or Vonnegut? He seems to be considered the top writer in the field right now, and I just remembered he lives in Indianapolis. Maybe that's why he's considered the top writer around here.

I liked ALPHAVILLE best. (Still do. I hated THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL). It came nearest to being science-fiction. BARBARELLA was like a shampoo advertisement, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD didn't *gef*iel me much, THE LOVED ONE was the story of people talking to each other, CATCH-22 was about war. It caught about 22 people. On the whole, the series would be improved by better films being made, science-fiction masterpieces for example.

It's very difficult to go to the house of anyone with a book collection any more in this city without finding a bunch of science-fiction books. But are these people *f*ans? My brother has all the Conan stories. He has my congratulations, because most science-fiction books are not sold here unless they're six years out of date, reprinted by a different publisher, and by Lornel Greene.

My own collection is still rather small.

***** A see-sws effect in a remote galaxy!

THE ATAVISMS (Fiction)

High out in the unattainable-looking reaches of the system called Plantagenet Five, realm of dwarf-stars without any intention save perhaps the lighting of collections of small asteroids, was the star called Mindes. It could be seen from the ship, three parsecs, using the measurement of the crew, beneath the red star of Larides, looking from the port of the ship rather like a thermos-bottle tilted over on its side. The entire configuration of stars visible in the port-screen resembled a map exercise in Astrophysics III.

The crew of the ship, Largo Seres, were all graduates of the Space Academy, all amazed at how much their first cosmic assignments resembled the dull field exercises they had hoped to escape upon graduation. Perhaps it was because there was a war going on in the galaxy they came from. Whatever the reason, everything was pretty much programmed and routine.

The Plantagenet System was acknowledged as being the worst assignment any reconnaissance or research team could have, the bottom of the cosmos; "a vacuum," as it was described in the Spacer's Manual, "due to the fact that nothing comes out of it---and the form of commerce that has gone in has usually remained."

"We ought to be able to put down on Marsieppe within six hours," Hendrickson, the chief of the 'team' that constituted the crew of the ship, said. "One last jump will take us into the Mindian system. Our planet will be easily locatable, and as for interference in the reconnaissance and landing maneuver, we won't be getting any of that out here."

"How do you suppose we were selected for an assignment like this?" Astrogator Bogsworth asked. "You think our card fell out of a file somewhere?"

"I don't know," Hendrickson said, "but the assignment shouldn't be too difficult. Map the terrain, get a general impression of native life, and return. We shouldn't have any trouble with it. After that, we can rest up back at Brevisport and wait for a decent assignment to come up."

"My mother didn't raise me to be out in places like this," Chonlith, the chief research-man, said. "Of all the assignments a happy spacer back in James Port, surrounded by six women and eight bottles of Shining Moon, wouldn't look at, this has got to be the archetype."

"At least we're out of the war." This was Hans, who was the pilot of the ship and generally in charge of the entire operation of getting the craft through Deep Space without any mishap.

"There's that," Chonlith said. "I wouldn't like to be trading laser-rays with any of those Solarians or Venusians."

"Fat chance," Hendrickson said. "We're all listed as 'militarily expendible.'"

"An imminently preferable assignment to war," said Chonlith, "And we should be satisfied with what we have. This is about as far away from warfare as you can get, according to all I've read. This sector of the cosmos just isn't affected by it. Anyone care for a drink?"

"We're going to make the jump in five minutes," Hendrickson said.

"Well, let's button in, then," Chonlith said. "Great of you to tell us about it."

"All hands prepare to jump," Hendrickson shouted. "We're moving into location now, and the sooner the better. We want to get this assignment over with."

The jump itself lasted about five minutes, a fogging of the viewscreen, a spin and dance of light patterns that were visible, then a jagged dance through the screen as the Largo Seres settled into its new position. Now Marsieppe could be seen, a field of light about the size of a golf-ball. The stars were hazes from this viewpoint; much of the range of view was lost in celestial gas. Two other planets were apparent to view.

The ship did not remain in that area for long. There was nothing to be seen through the viewport, besides the golf-ball-size view of the planets, and no technical reason

to remain there for any longer than it took for orientation. In about five minutes the second jump was made, which took them into range of the planet Marsieppe's ionosphere. Jumps were rapid; most of the travelling took place in interstellar space, where there was no possibility of orientation and the ships had to be guided for long periods by instruments; and then again, once a planet was reached, a number of hours had to be spent in the laborious task of a put-down.

Hendrickson's estimate of six hours had been about correct. Actually the put-down took about five hours and ten minutes, what with the discomfort the crew were experiencing in the assignment and their slowness in moving from position to position. Chonlith took three and a half minutes squeezing himself into an emergency rig. But eventually the ship touched down, in the horizontal position characteristic of that make of craft. A Mach Gensing spaceship gradually floated to the ground from a position in the planetary atmosphere. After it had reached the ground, stabilizer props emerged from the side of the ship and braced it against any possible catastrophe. These same props elevated it into the perpendicular position necessary for a takeoff when it was time to leave.

The culture in the area in which they landed was decadent, riotous, and haphazard. Their artifacts looked like leftovers after some tremendous battle rather than showing any signs of cultural life. All structures were devoid of representation and significance, being instead chiefly functional and deliberately inartistic. After a look around the crew was of the general opinion that they had gained enough simply by looking at buildings to describe the life on this part of the planet adequately for any report, and all that remained would be to map the location of cities from the air. However, they still had to learn something about cultural lines; that is, were there any contests taking place among the natives, or were they homogeneous; did trade exist between cities; were any demarkations established. All of this information could be gained through observation, and there was no need to converse with the natives; however, if communication were desired, the natives did speak Freeling, a sort of decadent Spanish with which Bogsworth was familiar. The crew sat around, in rather hot sunlight, on some plank platforms the natives had built, smoking cigarettes. The smoke turned blue in the atmosphere and the flames burnt quicker, hissing a little bit.

"There isn't any way we can talk to people like this," Hendrickson said. "The truth is, I'd just as soon not be here. This is the driest, most burnt-out looking planet I've been on, and I'd say there's nothing here to interest any man."

The ship had an anthropologist, and this was one Barnhardt Norris, who served as chartsman and logistic coordinator to the ship as well. He was developing an interest in the life around them, in spite of its barrenness and lack of potentialities. He was interested in the apparently meaningless rites he was watching clusters of the natives practise, which preoccupied their interests and made them apathetical even to the arrival of strangers in spaceships. One of the chief problems he was running through his mind was trying to figure out where they could be developing a motive to continue in such meaningless activity, while there was evidence all around them that there was no profit in it. They didn't seem to be accomplishing anything, and yet they continued working and going on about their tasks as if they were still part of thriving culture. With this question in mind, he decided to consult with Bogsworth to see whether any communication could be established between himself and the natives.

"It's obviously all part of the war," Bogsworth said. "Pretty clearly there was some action out here at one time, and then when it moved on it left this culture bombed-out and stranded."

"I think all of us notice that," Norris said. "Places don't get like this without wars. I wonder if they were ever part of the action themselves, or whether they just felt it in terms of culture and communications breakdowns and starvation."

"Well, there aren't any buildings that are worth much. They must have been near the fighting at least. Maybe they were all moved out here, some place that's remote, to get them out of the way. That sometimes happens to inferior non-fighters."

Norris made clear to Bogsworth what he was trying to get at in conversing with the natives, and Bogsworth agreed that a study of what it was that made them all go on might be interesting. When they had finished a mealtime-break they wandered out among some natives who looked as if they might be willing and able to converse, while Henderson and the others were picking up the tedious and inevitable ground-samples. They had little luck at first, having to spend a lot of time familiarizing the natives first with their desire to converse, and then with their own natures; after that, the means of communicating ideas had to be struggled with. After an hour or so they had still been unsuccessful in asking their questions, and Norris told Bogsworth to help him make a note as to which natives they had been conversing with, so they wouldn't have to start afresh later. Then they wandered back to the group.

"What have you two birds been up to?" Hendrickson asked as they approached. "There wasn't any easier way to get out of work, was there? We've got some packing here that needs done."

"Oh, we were trying to find out a little about their culture," Norris said. "They aren't particularly easy to talk to."

"I'll bet. They don't look it. Why don't you help us get all our samples together and loaded back on the ship, then we can talk to them later if we want to."

As the loading was commenced, Norris chatted to the other men about his problem and aroused some interest on their part. The question made interesting conversation for them as they worked, particularly as they had little else to talk about. Hendrickson

especially seemed interested. He had a lively and sharp analytical intelligence that was troubled by problems such as these.

"Maybe some other people nearby are keeping them at work like that," he said.

"They look to me like they've fallen out of everybody's grasp," said Bogsworthy. "I don't see how anybody could keep them working."

"They work for food," Hand decided. "After the war bombed them out, they're at the mercy of other people to survive, and that's what keeps them at it. Right, Norris?"

"Two things wrong with it," said Norris. "First, what they're doing doesn't look like it would be valuable to anybody. Second, I have an instinct for people's feelings, and they don't have the general outlook of people who are working at all, only of people who are behaving."

"Well, I hope we solve this burning question before we leave this planet," Hendrickson said. "I'd hate to listen to Chonlith being curious about it. Let us know if you figure up an answer."

"Why do you do these things' is a pretty simple question," Norris said. "If we can get to communicate with them any better, we'll have an answer."

While the crew were taking out their weather-conditions equipment and the sky-charting instruments, Norris and Bogsworth had another go at it. They did have a coherent discussion with the natives, and some exchange of amenities, but there was still no luck in getting their question across. When they got back, the crew had had some time to talk over the matter, and their conversation and interest was becoming lively. They were disappointed when the ~~crew~~ had nothing to report. During another break several of them went out to wander among the natives and peer at them. The fact that they didn't seem to be doing anything at all obsessed the crew a little bit.

"We're reporting this culture in the following manner: Devoid of valuable possessions or valuable activities, senseless behavior, little desire to communicate. Culture has no center, and commerce with other cities looks virtually nonexistent." This was Day, one of the two-man research team along with Haverburg. Norris wasn't part of it because he hadn't reported his anthropological interests, which were too discursive for business anyway.

"Well, there must be some point to what they're doing," Hendrickson said. "I'm going to have a hand in finding out. Think how ridiculous your opinion would look on a report. We've got to keep up our rating, you know."

Hendrickson's help was quite valid. After Bogsworth and Norris had at last managed to set up a pertinent conversation, eliciting a look of wisdom from several of the natives and an air of mock secrecy, Hendrickson asked them a few questions which were much more to the point.

The question got lively enough among the crew that toward evening they were all awaiting results, in a great mood of curiosity and anticipation; and speculation as to what the answers would be was rife. Several trips among the natives had been undertaken by Henderson, Norris and Bogsworth, as well as a few attempts at observation by the other men. Were they ritually appeasing a god? Were they preparing an attempt on another city? As the crew were getting supper ready, Hendrickson, who had gone out with Bogsworth, came back and said that he had found the answer. His air was that of a man who had been quite startled, and who had learned something of real significance.

"You know, a while back we made the observation that these people were referring to some earth customs," Hendrickson said. This observation had been made by Chonlith, who had found one of them trying to build a loom, and it had been verified by the crew as accurate after a number of similar sightings had been made. "You'll be surprised when you find this out, but there have been some earth implements out here."

"I don't know where else the idea of a loom can have come from," Chonlith said.

"Well, this is the real backwater of the war, and the people who were out here weren't any of the better people from earth," Hendrickson said. "They didn't show them any technology or culture. But after they left, the people always remembered them. They call them 'furthest away'; they know we're from one of the galaxies that are farthest from this one. And a chief, or former chief, told me that they've always wanted to get them back here. It seems they feel they have a key to problems and enigmas, which I would interpret as civilization."

"It seems explainable that they would want to meet people like us again," Norris said. "We're the most advanced race and planet in the universe. Did they know you as being from earth?"

"No, they didn't. They seem to regard me as being from outside their spectrum; different from the ones they saw. But I've figured out what they're all doing here, and it's a rite, all right."

"What kind is it, then," Day asked.

"A pretty simple one, I'd say," Hendrickson said. "It's juju. They're imitating the behavior of the earthmen they saw in order to cause them to return. They do dances they think were theirs, and imitate their way of walking, and their crafts. All they want is to be seen and cause the men to return. They're real atavisms, imitating a past day in our own culture."

"Then I guess we've learned the answer to our question, and we'd best be on our way," Chonlith said. "This is no kind of planet for us. What time did you say liftoff was?"

"Liftoff is in an hour," Hendrickson said. "You'd best all be ready."

An hour later the ship departed, launching perpendicularly into the air and then floating directly up as they reached the stratosphere. Their report on Marsieppe was complete, and the planet was left a closed book. Since then, no one has come along to open it, but the secrets that hide there may be worth the effort.

THE END

MORE FANZINES

ERED NIMRAIS David C. Merkel, College Station, Williamsburg, VA 23186. Trade, loc, of 50¢. This is Merkel's fanzine, I guess, while Dorothy Boyle takes over THE MUTANT, or somebody else does. Do they have revolving editorships? I still haven't figured out their system out there, or what sort of people they are. But Merkel's fanzines are always amusing, and the poems and stories and jokes in them are talented and funny.

THE BEST LOINS ARE ON THE FLOOR Charles Burbee, 12723 S. Gabbett Drive, La Mirada, CA 90638. Trade, if it's still available. If you send for this one, you're going to be getting something vulgar in the mail. As I interpret the title, a table has been upset and pork-loins have spilled onto the floor or something. The editor seems to be saying that things are in a mess. It's a funny fanzine, and interesting.

Here's an article that ought to be interesting to anyone whose interests lie in the realm of the medieval. It concerns that period of history when Normandy invaded England, generally in the days of Alfred and Guthrum (you may remember Robert Howard's poem about those times). Fantasy fans should be interested in the period when magic was said to be rife.

SOME EFFECTS UPON TRADITION OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST

The Norman conquest and the "occupation" of England by the Normans covered a period from about 1066 to about 1200. Normandy lies on the Northern coast of France. The Norman invasion was precluded by the gradual development of close relations between Normandy and England. This made it possible for the two countries to have some understanding of each other, and for friction and hostilities to occur. The way was paved for Norman invasion by intermarriage, presumably some commerce, and by affinities between King Edward (Edward the Confessor) and the Normans, which led him to establish some of them in his court, bringing a French atmosphere to England.

After Edward's death, Harold the son of Edward's advisor Godwin succeeded him to the throne. So great was the intermixture already existing between England and Normandy that this succession was challenged by William, the duke of Normandy, who was a second cousin of Edward. William determined to obtain the crown by force, and led a large army into England, an army he had assembled from a pooling of his various domains. Generally unopposed, William defeated Harold at Hastings.

We can probably assume a general looseness of morality existed at the time, signified by intermarriage and by in-family warfare. The admission to an English court of Normans is generally significant of decadence. There could not have been much rhyme or reason to the dealings between the two countries, due to the decadence on the ruling levels making strict control of relations between the two countries impossible. In such a milieu as this, language would already be intermixing pretty thoroughly, but the result would not show high examples of either language. However, the people of both countries would become adaptable to each other's tongues, and the interplay necessary for the personal relationships resulting in the mixture of argots would have begun. The only thing lacking at this time was the presence of a substantial number of the commoner people of Normandy, including the proletariat, in England, but that would follow the Norman conquest. The scene was already set among the nobility.

I have a description of William's comportment after he took the throne of England, dating from a manuscript of 1087--the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. "William ruled over England, and owing to his cleverness it was surveyed so carefully that there was not any land in England of whose ownership and value he was ignorant." Probably manuscripts of the time are not much to be trusted, but one can catch some image of the times in their content.

The same work says shortly thereafter that Wales was fully under his domain, as well as Scotland and Maine; and Normandy was his through inheritance. This is probably exaggerated, but it gives a substantial picture of a successful rule being established by a man from another country, and suggests that Norman institutions were carefully regulated, including possibly language and customs.

William maintained good order in England, "To such an extent that any man of means could travel unmolested across the country with his bosom full of gold." Perhaps full of alcohol, too, judging from the expansiveness of the statement. It indicates, however, that William was well-respected by a lot of the people over whom he ruled, which is not usually, I would think, the case with a foreign king, and may indicate that the people in England didn't know he was a foreigner.

The Norman invasion was a great turning point in English culture, bringing with it an infusion into every aspect of regulated English life. The conquest constituted an interruption of culture, in which an essential interaction bred new customs. Norman prelates were introduced gradually into the church, and vacancies were filled by foreigners. Generally the Normans gained control of English church.

The general setting of the Norman conquest was a world in which Roman and Teutonic elements stood side by side, already in the process of being fused into the Feudalistic system which later arose in England. The fusion of cultural influences, which suggests control, must have resulted in an orderly system of interchange. Feudalism is

emonstrably a European form of government, and its later presence in England can be ascribed to European influences.

All of this being the case, a study of existing government in Europe at the time would be necessary in order to understand the effect that European had upon English government. As for the Normans themselves, their influence is probably more accessible, due to the greater nearness and to the relatively extensive records kept of their dominion. Having established the general areas of influence and control existing at the time, it is only necessary to focus in more clearly upon the customs and particularly the language to find what we are looking for in the way of influence upon the language.

Living in such close contact with each other as the British and Normans are described by most authors as going, a mixture of vocabulary is inevitable and certain. French predominated over English in England, and for two hundred years was the common language among the English upper classes. It was adventitious to learn it, and a social distinction was established between those who spoke French and those who did not. Commoners continued to converse in English. We can see that what existed at the time was a complete mixing of customs, with scarcely anything keeping the two nationalities distinct, except, perhaps, for class jealousies. The fact that the proletariat continued to speak English must have made the social structure very important, as well as isolating the upper from the lower classes and thus facilitating language divergences among the proletariat, which would doubtless have future consequences upon the languages. So the social rather than racial distinctions were undoubtedly a prevalent social mode, and the consequence of this must have been, in addition to a fusion of the two languages comparable to the fusing of the cultures, a sort of technical approach to social and language problems leading to an ideal of purification and order in the language, which arose in the 19th century. Another result would have been an exaggeration of interest in language. How could this not occur, in the conflict and mixture of two nationalities, and the schism which resulted between the proletariat and the classes in England?

An orderly history of England begins at this point, with greater records and documentation being kept.

The English, it seems, had to speak French to gain position in the courts; so all I have read would tend to indicate. This makes me wonder if any country has ever gained as much mastery, outside of Rome, as the Normans did over the English. It is apparent that English was entirely relegated into the hands of inferiors, and during this time it must have developed quite a great deal due to the loss of the guiding control of the Royalty, as they spent most of their time dealing with the Normans. While the language of the upper classes was gaining French influence, the lower class language was likely developing new grammar and words out of all bounds. Also according to ~~Norman~~ legend, the Normans had all of the dominant positions in court, and this must have made problems in Normandy more important than those in England, leaving the country further out of control and infusing the land with Norman customs.

In studying the framework of the feudal-like society that was established at this time, I've found that rent-paying tenants of English estates became knights. This is a system of taxation whereby those willing to make tribute gain status. This indicates the presence of the sort of system we refer to respectfully as "society," a form of living whereby social intercourse is delineated and is subjected to rules. Obviously there were attempts being made, in what I take to be the general chaos of and resulting from the invasion, to establish or reestablish order. This probably paved the way for the later grammatical attempts at language-regulation, and for later attempts at language reform. Certainly it established a hierarchy in language, whereby people were rated upon the general style of their diction. The language at the top of this hierarchy was at the time French. Later it changed back to English, due apparently to movements subterraneous to the hierarchy, but the hierarchy remained and is probably still with us today. The regulation of language I would take to be one of the two main factors, along with the creation of it, which lead to the form which language takes.

A sort of administrative machine existed in England at this time which extended clear down from the top to the level of the sheriffs, with strictly delineated social boundaries. The influence of this English administrative tendency must have been the control and regulated formulation of the language, and must have led to a general scholastic influence over the country's tongue that probably didn't exist in any other country. This self-appraisal and inventory must have led to the broad expansion, universality and later popularity of English that has since made possible the suggestion that English be used as a universal language. At all indications English is the most studied and researched language in the world, with the completest system of grammatical education.

It would seem that the Normans had provided the force for cultural change, growth, and progress, while the English provided the technical and administrative means, the effect of channeling, so to speak. The English culture as I've seen it described seems more analytic than other countries and other cultures, and more able to attain to the self-knowledge and self-study typical of the Renaissance.

I don't see why so few authors bear any reference to the greater civilization which is felt to be characteristic of England, when the Norman invasion is studied, nor why credence is given in so many places to the French idea that the English who didn't speak French were barbaric. It seems to me that the French were of a much more barbaric nature than the English, and I think that the mixture with the English probably had a refining effect upon the Normans. In spite of the conquest, were the Normans actually superior to the British?

A close connection existed throughout those years between England and the continent. Kings of England were coincidentally Dukes of Normandy, and William himself had closer

ties with Normandy than with the country he governed. English kings spend a good deal of time in Normandy and English royalty was generally continentally-minded. Landowners had possessions on the continent and frequently married women from there, as well as travelling a good deal in France.

I don't find it very easy to see how even nobles would be fluent enough or amenable enough to abandon their native tongue in favor of a foreign one. It is not usually the case to find people in one country very hospitable to people in another. Why was there no violence to speak of against the Normans following the war? Why were the English so adaptable to their customs, outside of proximity? It may be that England and Normandy were not aware enough of themselves as nations to consider their own customs individualistic, or to draw up social barriers that could not be crossed or customs which could not be changed. Most people don't like major changes in their lives and the thought of their doing something so difficult as learning a different language in so short a space of time is difficult to accept without further explanation.

In summing up, the main influences of the Conquest of England by Normandy seem to have been the establishment of a system in England which resembled Feudalism; the changing of laws to correspond with Norman laws; the interchange of ideas from England to the Continent; the fusion of two races resulting from commerce; and the schism which the period brought about between nobles and commoners.

The effects upon language that I have mentioned spring mostly from constant intercourse, decadence, the chaos of warfare conflict, social ignorance, lack of nationalistic loyalty and self-realization, and the necessities of law and commerce.

Any further studies I make will be founded upon this basic framework.

AN ASTRONOMICAL OCCURANCE

How many of you saw Kahoutek? I know I didn't. Last year or so when it passed, and people were talking about it on the radio and in the news, I was invited to go out and observe it on a telescope owned by my friend Dick.

"It will be visible for two days, in the upper atmosphere," Dick said. "It's supposed to pass very close to the earth."

In the company of another friend named Cliff, I drove out to his house and we had a look at his telescope. It was small enough to lift, and you did your gazing through a viewer on the side. We all played pingpong until it got dark enough, and then when we went out the sky was overcast. So we went in and played pingpong again. When we went back out it was still overcast.

On another day we tried again. Again it was overcast, and again we played pingpong. We missed Kahoutek and I never did have a look through his telescope. Kahoutek may have passed unobserved in Lafayette. That's one of the tribulations of knowing science and reading the news.

POETRY READING

I went to a series of three poetry readings over the last month. It's one of Purdue's cultural events, five or ten every season. The people who normally meet at Books & Coffee come out to read. Felix Stephanile was there (the editor of Sparrow) and so was one of my English teachers, Prof. Goldstein, who had been to China and wrote poems about it in Chinese style.

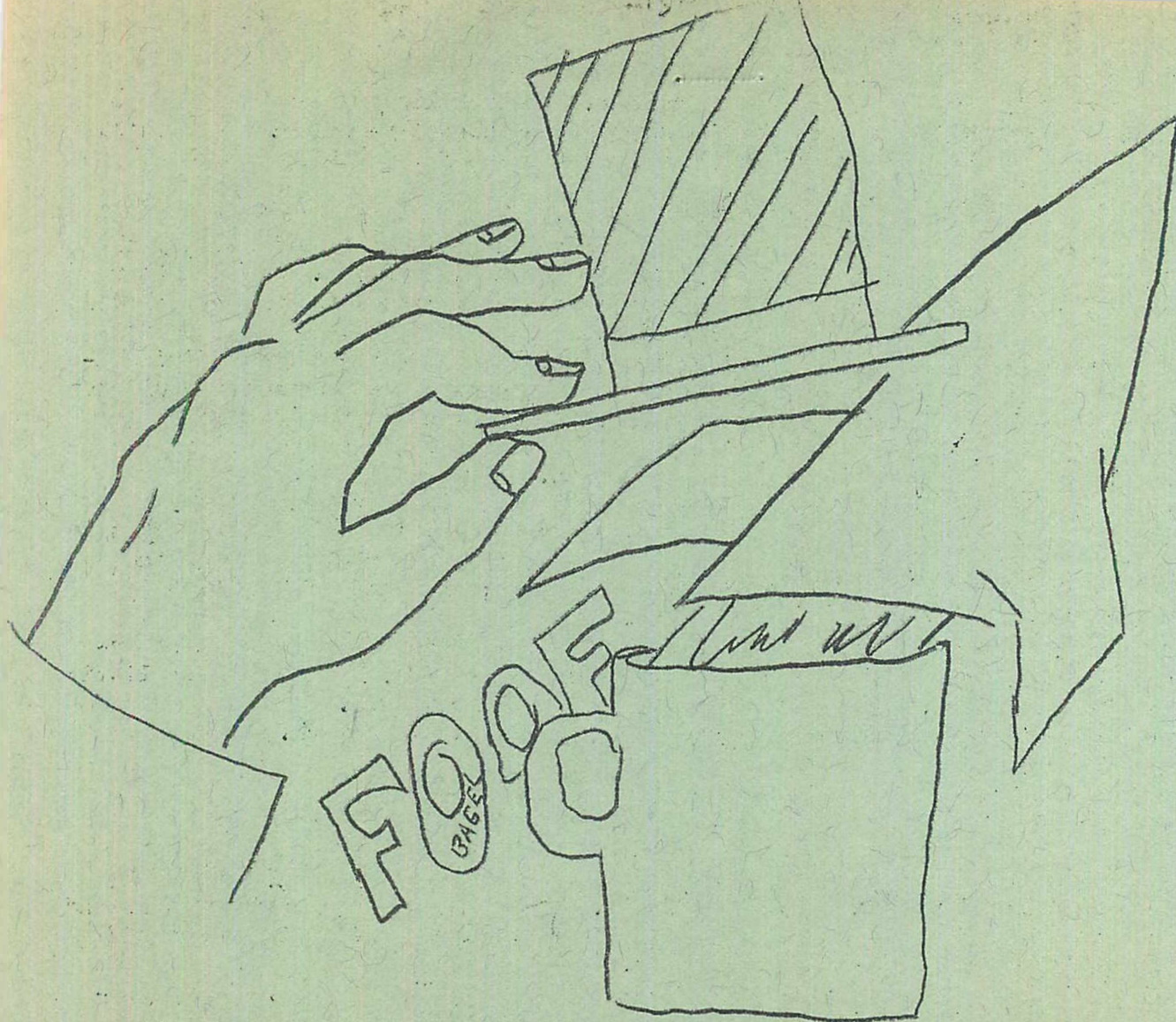
Very nice, but some of the poetry was quite good. Some of it had a beatnik influence, which has not always been the case at Purdue. But the best of all was the action when a poetess, a woman who was on the arrangements committee, who had arranged an earlier Jean Ritchie concert and had sat next to me during it, got up to read. During her poems somebody, I think he was a Libyan, started screaming. In another language. There was some dispute about whether the poetry, which was vivid, had bothered him or whether he was subject to epilepsy. He was taken into the next room and attended by nurses who happened to be in the vicinity.

Such is the state of the arts at Purdue.

Meelo, meelo, Hekkado, all right
We gonna get together and make a..space flight
When we get up where the air is so sweet
We gonna feel so groovy & sort of..all reet
I can see where love's the force we travel on
Cause everything that'ss sweet makes me feel.
gone, gone
Swinging in space where the air is so nice
Makes me feel like I'm in a wonderful paradise
Cool, cool
See the way we do
You know we could look down & maybe..see you
You know we're gonna play a trick because
we're not so slow...
Open up a port & drop garbage on the people down below...

"You must be Oilum, Inc.!"





Not much room here---I didn't anticipate this---

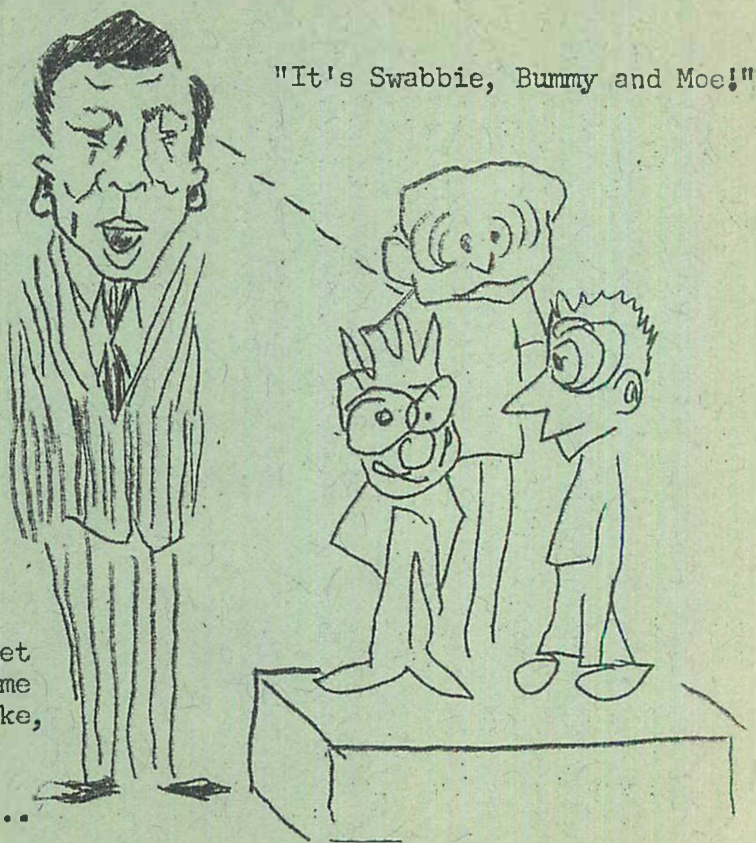
I'm still waiting for those letters of comment, that I once visualized pouring into my mailbox. So far there have still been none, or almost none, and this is the third issue. I had been anticipating saying, "And now, as we draw toward the close of the fanzine, here are some letters, and right where letters should be too, at the end of the zine." Apparently PABLO LENNIS is not very popular. A failure, as prophecy warned me it would be. Maybe I ought to quit publishing it. Some fanzines have letters of comment practically in their first issue, but such has not been the case with me. Well, I've got to do two more pages, in order to have a back cover, and then I can put this together and mail it out. In the meantime, here are two more fanzines to be reviewed, a generous fill-up between these two cartoons, which turned out to be bigger than I thought.

WINDING NUMBERS Randy Reichardt, 58 Penrose Place, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, R2J 1S1.

50¢, trades, locs. I got two issues of this, and it looks like a good, serious, sf zine to me. There seems to be a combined interest in fandom and prodom here, rather than a strict attendance at, or to, one or the other. Number 2 has a spaceship on the cover, either coming up out of water or resting on furrowed earth. Number 3 has numbers wound around---there's been grafetti done there, by the looks of it. Be amused by its contents.

MOTA Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, Virginia 22205. loc, trade. There's no lack about this fanzine---it has the humor, the timely humor. But there is a lack to the cartoon on your right---I can see it as I type. It looks like a defamation, desultory art. Back to MOTA, you will laugh as you read the humor of Lee Hoffman, Bob Shaw, and the editor. And now, to fill up this page, country music

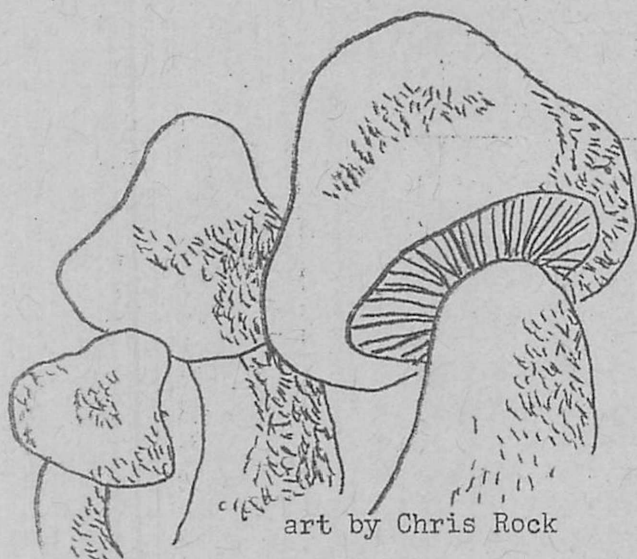
If you ever want to scrounge down and get yourself some country music, you can hear some fellow playing music on a guitar you will like, because it reminds you of slow, easy country living, and makes you feel like dancing or contemplating. Bob Wilson's still the king...



COME INTO
MY CELLAR...

-10-

FANZINES



art by Chris Rock

Rox/76

OZARK FANDOM Chris Rock, Rt. 2, Box 265, Mtn. Grove, MO 65711. 20¢ or trade. Excellent artwork, generally in the comic art mode, and lots of material on comics. The editor writes with a clarity I like immensely. As a sample, "why aren't Bob Armstrong and Victor Moscosco, or Kurtzman and Elder, or some of the other folks who have used the Disney characters in lampoons, involved in lawsuits?" Very expressive fanzine.

RADION Tom Mason, 705 Draper Rd., Blacksburg, VA 24060. 65¢. Interesting throughout, written in a lively style, with excellent artwork. There's a lot of active interchange among contributors, too.

NEW VENTURE Rt. 2, Box 135, Pullman, WA. 99163. \$1.50. Wide variety of contents, including an interview with Poul Anderson and fiction by Avram Davidson.

KARASS Linda E. Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, Pa. 19076. Trade, \$1.00 sub. This is a year-old issue sent as a sample, and didn't feature too much except a good job of keeping up on current events, especially conventions.

THE ARMED ATTACK returns, for I have another letter-of-comment. CHRIS ROCK, Rt. 2, Box 265, Mtn Grove, MO 65711. Thnx for the Pablo Lennis, where did you come up with that title (is he a literary figure I don't know?) (A lenient tennis-friend) Glad to see someone else spontaneously chose to use 14" paper. Economically it's the only way to go. However, I may be putting out a new mag this summer with a more traditional format. Thus, I bow to convention.

The most noticeable thing about PL1 is the nonfannish slant to the writing. This objective look at the zines in the reviews was refreshing, and very humorous. Not laughable! I mean that after seeing loads of reviews by folks adhering to the precepts of fan writing (undefinable but unmistakable) your approach is appreciated. To wit: "The editor is outspoken to the point of vulgarity and abuse, and a primary interest of his is comic books." I can see the text that prompted you to this observation in my mind's eye: "Those sob's at DC better revive Hawkman!", etc.

Likewise the review of Don-O-Saur, SF Review, Locus: someone who hasn't absorbed all the fan literature praising these zines and ed.s over the years is bound to have a unique viewpoint. But the capper is the line about The Mutant: "A kind of amusement sustained all the way through it."

But this points up an important thing about fanpubbing; few of us have delusions about our talents as writers/artists, perhaps because our professional counterparts (our idols) are the best in the world. You speak frankly about your unsuccessful attempts to sell manuscripts, others point out their shortcomings in drawing strips, and so on. This doesn't happen in the pages of pro mags or papers! And it should! The people who have the whole world as their audience should be more concerned about their shortcomings than those who produce for the informed fan audience. I used to work at a paper where the official policy was that we did not make mistakes, if we reported a lie we would not admit it. I quit that paper. Twice!

On poetry, you could print Sandburg stuff in a fanzine and everyone would tell you to drop it. I will say I really read every word and it didn't send me. But that means little; I'm no critic.

As for Kipling, it's always been a source of amazement that someone with whom I disagree in so many basic things can still bowl me over in his fiction. My list of the immortals would include Poe, Bierce, Lovecraft, and Wells. As for some of the conventional greats, well, they just don't make it. Shakespeare, I just don't like soap opera. Cervantes and Chaucer are too far back in time to mean a thing. Dumas should be working on Harlequin Romances. Give me Steve Gerber over the English teachers' wet



"Don't you fellows belong in Charles Addams territory?"



these books are well known or not, but no one should miss Hodgson's timeless aura of aeons passing, or his unique vision of the Cosmos.)

(I ought to remember here to thank Chris for giving me a few tips on and insight into fandom. That's always helpful to a new editor, I'm sure. Why don't some more of you write in and prop up my ship? If nothing else, I'm a tempting target, what with my naivety. As critics or letter writers, you could make a zine like this look like hash.

In figuring out how to publish a fanzine, I'm always looking not only for advice, but deductively analyzing whatever appears to me to be a trend, in order to get out a zine that will be in some way pleasing to the public eye. For example, what kind of material is most popular in fandom, and what kind is most difficult to get printed? I'm willing to print anything that encounters difficulty in being published elsewhere. Anybody want to write about sex? This zine is always open to that, so long as it contains no indecent language. A lot of people around here look at this fanzine. I thought there might be a market for a market for that, since I see very little of it elsewhere and there must be some of that kind of activity in fandom. I'll also print controversy, or stuff about your problems as fans, writers, or anything else.)

Whatever that is at the bottom, it bubbles. I don't know if you can make out my drawing very well, but it's supposed to be a diver. I got interested enough in divers to have two of them on the last page.

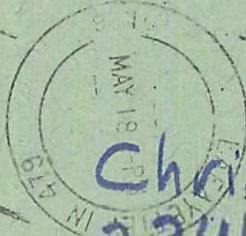
My, my, ish 3 coming at you with something-hell cover. I assume (perhaps correctly, or rather incorrectly) that Pablo Lennis has at least not seriously bothered anybody. Fandom seems like a difficult apparition to me, because it's not easy to convey thoughts by correspondance so that other people understand their meaning. There must be a lot of disconnectedness involved in fanzine publishing. I hear that feuds originate among people who do not understand each other well by letter. The article in this issue on communications should prove to be of no help.

I myself like this issue less than the others I have published, perhaps because there's more of an attempt in it to write something, and thus more failure. I don't write major thoughts, and I don't write very easily, but at least it won't get me condemned by the church. In fact, it's published in a church, on their mimeograph.

Space is running out---I hope the post office will mail this after I have to misplace the stamp. Nothing left to say except:

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Chris Hoth
22415 Gregory
Dearborn, MI 48124

"Heck of a place to get
your thumb stuck in your
pants."



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motive

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