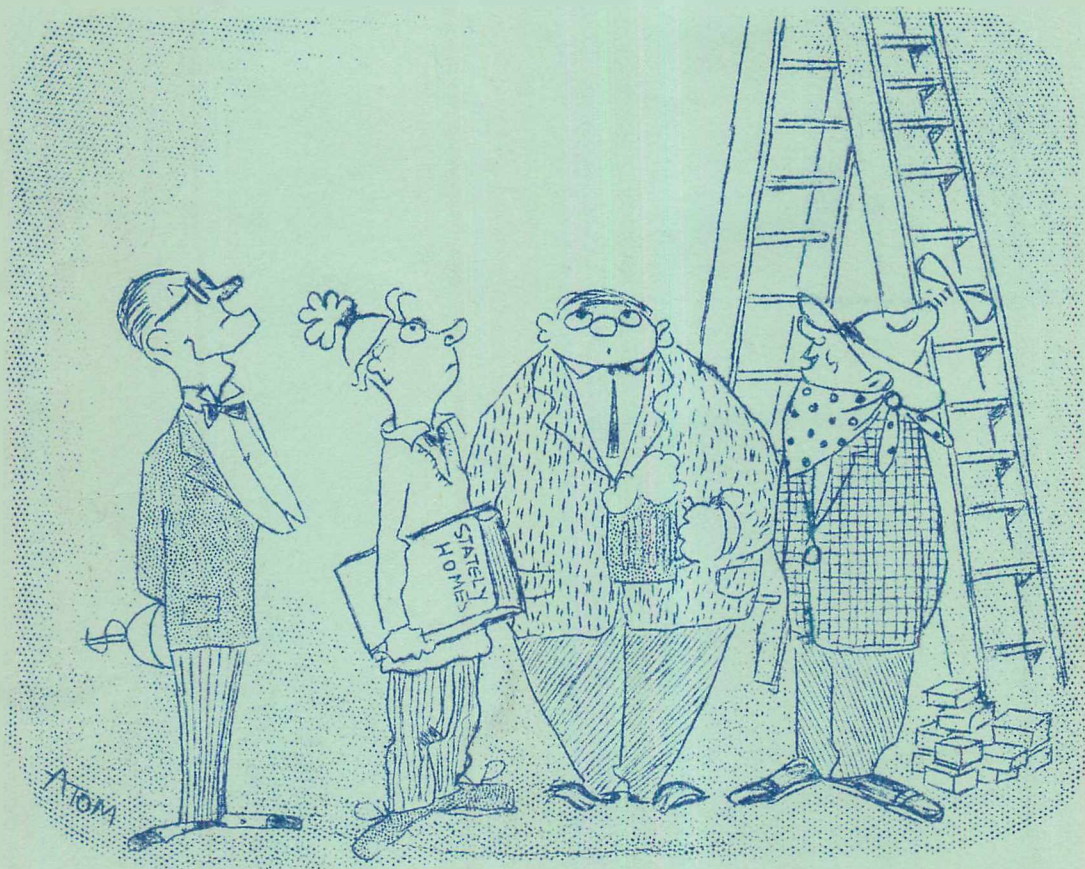


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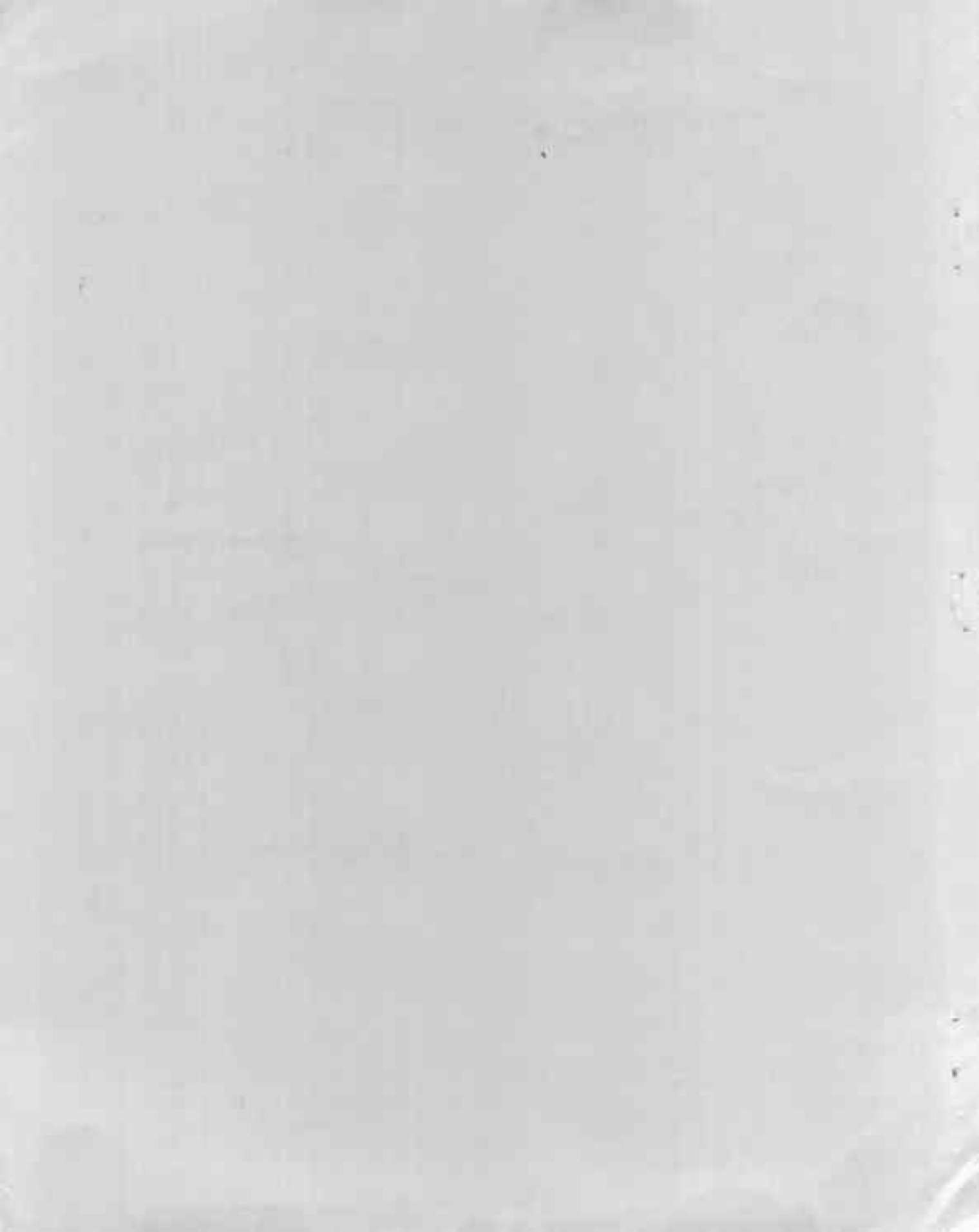
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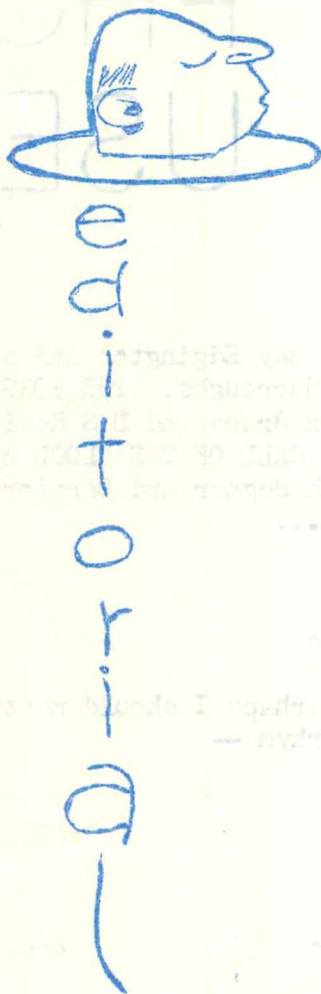


"Would you believe I found them in a deserted
attic in Belfast?....."

A compendium of wit and nonsense (the latter predominating) from
James (Sector General) White, Walter (Enchanted Duplicator) Willis,
Bob (Slow Glass) Shaw and George (MaxBrandFan) Charters. Artful
Illustrations by Arthur Thomson.



In 1867 a shilling stamp cost a shilling; in 1967 a shilling stamp still costs a shilling. How's that for stability?



The SCARR

No. 129

May 1967

I always find writing this a difficult proposition.

Firstly, on account of my lack of skill in putting down my thoughts -- I'm not a Willis or a Shaw.

Also, my timidity at unconsciously giving my "public" a bit of insight into my brain.

Thirdly, owing to a scarcity of topics upon which to hold forth.

Fourthly (and lastly) having cast my mind on any fannish imbroglio, should I act as assailant or champion of any protagonist? And should I try to play it all down -- or stir up passions?

I just don't know.

I always think my writing is odd.....but can YOU find anything odd about this particular brain-storm?

You should, you know!

Skopal,

G. L. C.

SAME book -- different title. As most fans know, sometimes to their cost, this is a quirk of many publishers. For example, Frederick Schiller Faust sold a story to Western Story Magazine: THE SENOR by George Challis (one of his pseudonyms). Being all-wise, the editors changed it to TIGER'S DEN by John Frederick. Being even more all-wise Dodd Mead changed it to SOUTH OF RIO GRANDE, and gave it another pseudonym, Max Brand.

To balance this, however, one sometimes comes across books with the same title but written by different authors. In 1927 Faust wrote a story called TIGER! TIGER! Alfred Bester used the same title. George Goodchild used the same title, and John Moore used the same title. Then there is THE TRAP. John Burke wrote it. Jean-Louis Cotte wrote it. John Knowler wrote it. Dan Billany wrote it.

There are more: THE SUN WILL SHINE was written by May Edgington and also by Laurence Meynell. JUNGLE GIRL by John Moore and E R Burroughs. THE FORGER by Edgar Wallace and Jay Williams. THE LONG TRAIL by Max Brand and D S Rowland. CITY UNDER THE SEA by Paul W Fairman and Ken Bulmer. CALL OF THE BLOOD by Max Brand and Robert Hichens. RED IN THE MORNING by Edith Begner and Dornford Yates. GETAWAY by John Harris and Leslie Charteris.....

What does all this prove? Damfino!

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Regarding the "brainstorm" on the preceding page perhaps I should mention that there is a similar oddity about the old nursery rhyme--

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
to get her poor doggy a bone.
But when she got there the cupboard was bare
and so the poor doggy got none.

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"Burke's Peerage" is a noble volume, but to a commoner like me it is rather dull. But one family at least has distinguished itself by unusual names, like for instance, Lyonulph Cospatrick Bruce Berkeley Jermyn Tullibardine Petersham de Orellana Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache and Marchmont Murray Grassett Reginald Stanhope Plantagenet Tollemache. But the name I like best is Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache.

I'd love to have a name like that. I'd always sign in full.

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A gentleman with the aristocratic monicker Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett once wrote a book called "THE COMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from Julius Caesar to

THE

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George II." Printed about 1847. A queer production. He makes jokes, usually puns, about nearly everything and everybody and rarely has a good word to say about anyone. Samples:

"Philip of Spain in 1554 landed at Southampton on his way to fulfil his marriage contract with Mary, but he had taken the precaution to send on before him the Count of Egmont who was intended to be mistaken for his master and thus serve as a sort of pilot engine in case of any collision with the populace. The expedient was necessary for the pilot engine -- Egmont -- got some very hard knocks from several old buffers with whom he came in contact, and Philip being warned came accompanied by a very long train by way of escort to his new station."

"When Mary was beheaded her son James was told it was an axe-ident."

"Henry VIII's daughter Elizabeth was bony, coarse, muscular and masculine. Her hair was red, like her father's, so it was he-red-hair-tary."

"James began to urge the Union of England and Scotland, but the English naturally objected for Scotland had nothing to lose, nothing to give, nothing to lend, and nothing to teach except the art of making bread without flour, jokebooks without wit, reputation without ability and a living without anything."

"The emblem of Ulster is a bloody hand, only too appropriate to the place."

"Prynne's sentence was exceedingly cruel and included branding on the forehead....his nose was savagely maltreated, to prevent its again being poked into that which did not concern its owner. His ears were cropped under the pretext of their being a great deal too long, and indeed Prynne was altered, as a punishment for rushing into print, that his own clerk would not have known him again in the abridged edition which the government reduced him to."

And so on and so on for 339 closely printed pages. But the plethora of jokes (or alleged jokes) defeats its own ends: the book is not really as funny as the author thought. When he wrote that bit quoted above about jokebooks he should have remembered the saying about glass houses.

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It is said that O.Henry's last words were, "Turn up the lights -- I don't want to go home in the dark."

William Palmer, the poisoner, as he stepped on the scaffold, asked, "Do you think it's safe?"

Queen Mary I on her death-bed said: "When I die Calais will be found engraved on my heart."

You can find these, and lots more, in any "last words" collection. But they always leave out some very interesting ones. Like, for instance:

Cat: For the tenth time, Farewell.

Calf: I'm glad the young master's come home at last.

Dragon: Where's George?

Bee: No flowers by request.

Motor-cyclist: Watch me pass him at the next curve.

Lark: I shan't have to get up early tomorrow.
Turkey: Only a week to Christmas!
Kookaburra: We are not amused.
Weasel: Pop!

Nobody can stop you making your own list!

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In the last issue I gave a list of well-known books and remarked that it was surprising how many authors the average man couldn't name. Here is a similar list:

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol	1984
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur	Raffles
Around the World in Eighty Days	Lavengro
From Log Cabin to White House	Peter Pan
The Man with the Golden Arm	The Sheikh
Tess of the D'Urbervilles	Vanity Fair
Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde	The 39 Steps
A Tale of Two Cities	Forever Amber
The Scarlet Plague	Room at the Top
Barchester Towers	My Friend Flicka
The Forsyte Saga	Captain Hornblower
Brave New World	The Prisoner of Zenda

And they are picked at random even though five or six are SF.

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The words "shameless" and "shameful" should have exactly opposite meanings but for all practical purposes they are identical.

Sometimes I think the words "climax" and "anti-climax" are in the same odd category. A story builds up to a climax and immediately thereafter it is anti-climax. The author may carry on for a page or two but it doesn't change the let-down feeling. The best examples of this are to be found in Westerns. In the "good old days" they usually ended with the hero and his opposite number having a "gun-duel" in the middle of dusty Main Street, with the sun beating down mercilessly. But not all of them. Zane Grey (though it's not fair to take him as he only wrote love stories with a romantic setting) in VALLEY OF WILD HORSES:

"Hurd, I -- I'll have you shot -- I'll shoot you myself," burst out Hardman, wrestling his arm toward his hip.

A thundering report close beside Pan almost deafened him. Hardman uttered a loud gasp. Then fell heavily.

See what I mean? Climax and anti-climax so close together the whole thing is as dead as Hardman.

Take Clarence E Mulford in JOHNNY NELSON:

"Two-Spot was my friend," said Johnny in a matter-of-fact voice. Wolf's slouching frame shifted slightly and froze.

"He never went heeled," continued Johnny's even, dispassionate voice. The open palm of his right hand struck Wolf's face with vicious force. There came two roars which sounded almost as one, and Johnny, leaping pantherishly aside out of the rolling smoke, held two guns on the paralysed group.

"Wolf shot him," he explained, backing away behind his ominous guns.

Climax and anti-climax so close you couldn't tell them apart.

Will Travers wrote GUN CRAZY. It is about Seth Jody who, like his father before him, is gun-crazy and kill-crazy. In the first two dozen pages he slaughters fifteen people, all but thirteen of them women. Then he eases off a bit and his score for a hundred pages is only 22. Eventually, Bray Thomas, who had taught him how to shoot, decides he'll have to kill him:

"I'm waiting for you," Jody snarled, his gun-hand trembling with eagerness.

"Sure." Bray smiled sadly. "It's been a long time, Seth, but I finally got the rights of it in my mind. I should have killed you a long time ago."

"You had your chance," Jody said. "Too late now. Nobody gets a second chance."

Bray palmed his Colt faster than he had ever pulled a gun before. He saw Jody's arm jerk into action. Already the killer's finger was squeezing the trigger. Bray fired, aiming for Jody's belly, and their guns exploded together. Jody dropped to his knees, his eyes wide, his mouth gaping in surprise. Bray felt his left arm jerk, then fire spread through the limb. He fired again, and a red splotch appeared on Jody's forehead. The young killer crumpled with a gasp that was lost in the thunderous echoes.

Bray wrinkled his nostrils against the bitter gunsmoke. He holstered his gun.....

The big moguls who run our television "entertainment" discovered this defect long ago. That is why, over the last few years, there has been a spate of films without a climax -- in fact they have no beginning, no middle and no end. The television addict doesn't care: so long as there is something moving on the screen accompanied by mumbling voices and loud foreground music he is satisfied.

There is even, I understand, a big majority in favour of longer commercials!

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Gestetner are now selling their stencils with built-in carbon-paper. WAW says this is decadence, but I am all in favour of it. The next logical improvement will be the inclusion of manuscripts ready for stencilling: later still we will get them already stencilled and in the final stages the magazines will be sold to us ready for mailing!

Brave New World!

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Lately I've been seriously thinking of writing a science-fiction novel.

[Pokenose: Oh, no!

Me: Oh, yes!

Pokenose: Well, tell us all about your great science-fiction novel.

Me: I was going to, anyway./

My BIG novel will be about a mad scientist, of course, and this is to be just a preliminary canter.

The scene will be on Mars, when pioneers are streaming out from the space-port in every direction to take up land to raise corn and cattle for Earth's teeming billions. The hero's name will be Cory Balloau, travelling with his uncle, his father having been killed in the third atomic war. The heroine will be Kay Bates, whose father has ambitions to own great gobs of land and become a feudal baron, and for this purpose is helped by an outlaw gang. One member of this gang, Mel Dorken, sees Kay's golden hair (I forgot to mention that she has golden hair) and has strictly dishonourable designs on her. Cory's uncle borrows money from Bates and when he can't repay is killed. So Cory decides to learn how to use a six-gun — no, let's make it a pyro-gun — and avenge him. Cory kills an outlaw, is chased by a posse, cornered, fights his way out and runs across Kay who has been captured and, or, maltreated by Dorken. So Cory jumps on his horse — no, let's make it a Martian goff — and chases after Dorken and after a terrific struggle kills him. Then the law comes from the space-port, Bates runs away and Cory and Kay get married and live happily ever after.

/Pokenose: You know, there's one thing wrong with that story.

Me: Whassat?

Pokenose: AMAZING published it in 1953. Guy Archette or somebody wrote it.

Me: Well, back to the mad scientist and his beautiful daughter..../

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THE GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS is a wonderful collection of practically everything about which people might argue. As well as records in about 100 sports it gives details about the world's longest, shortest, biggest, smallest, highest, driest, and so on. The 1967 edition runs to 344 pages 9 1/4" x 7". It is illustrated: 107 photographs.

The world's longest moustache is that of Masuriya Din, India: 8 feet 6 ins. Mills Darden (1798-1857) could be heard 6 miles away when he shouted. He weighed over 1,000 lbs. (Born in North Carolina.)

The most densely existing species in the animal kingdom is *Gymnodinium breve* which can live at 200,000,000 per gallon of seawater.

Highest wave (caused by a landslide in 1958 in Alaska): 1,740 feet.

Biggest iceberg: South Pacific, 1956, 208 miles by 60 miles.

Highest man-made rotary speed: 90,000,000 revolutions per minute (at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.).

World's largest book is THE LITTLE RED ELF by William P Wood. The pages measure 86 by 60 inches.

There is little room for humour in the book but in one or two places they depart from strict reporting. For example, in 1958 Mrs Schneider of Minneapolis wrote 25 words to complete a sentence in a competition for the best blurb for Plymouth cars. The prize works out at roughly £4,285 per word. The report concludes: "No known anthology includes Mrs Schneider's deathless prose."

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AIR
ON
A
HARP STRING



BY
BOB SHAW

DID YOU EVER SPIN a globe of the world, pick out the spot in which you were born and feel astonished that it had to be in that particular place?

I do this quite often, even though I realise the feelings of astonishment are philosophically invalid. Some of my friends combine an interest in astronomy with a belief in some form of theism, and they tell me I too would be a believer if I was aware of the incredible precision with which things like the earth's mean temperature, orbital position, etc., are arranged to suit human life. Long ago I got tired of trying to clear up their confusion between cause and effect, and content myself with heavily sarcastic — and, I think, incomprehensible — remarks about all the trillions of not-people who are continually not-wondering about being not-born.

All the same, when I look at the globe I wonder why Bob Shaw had to be born in Northern Ireland, and not in some more statistically probable place like China or the States. Einstein once wrote that he got on to the relativity business because he couldn't credit the idea that the physical system in which we live is different from other systems. It was this simple, child-like approach — rather than sheer brain power — which made Einstein so great; and, for all I know, I might be even more simple and child-like than he was. So what do I get if I apply the relativity principle?

I find that I was born in China, and in the States, and in Peru, and — in fact — everywhere and at every time. I am everybody at once, but because my other selves were brought up on rice or popcorn

instead of spuds, and have different names and circumstances, they don't know they are me. Which gets me back where I started, or reasonably close to it.

Leaving philosophy aside, it is a strange thing to open your eyes on the world and discover you are Irish. One of the most disturbing discoveries I made was that the Irish are liked in just about every country of the world. When I meet people from other countries their general reaction on learning I'm from Ireland is one of immediate warmth and friendliness. This makes me feel good, but strangely guilty. I don't know if the guilt is personal, knowing my own shortcomings as I do; or if it is national, knowing the feelings of my compatriots as I do.

If the defects in the national character were the traditional Hollywood/Barry Fitzgerald traits everything would be all right, but we aren't a race of hard-drinking, fist-fighting, twinkly-eyed, big-hearted liars. The most common attributes of the Irish are caution and meanness. This shows itself in all kinds of statistics, e.g., out of all regions in the U.K. people in Ulster spend the lowest proportion of their pay-packets on buying houses. Anybody who isn't interested in statistics can see us in characteristic action if he is prepared to spend a little time in the departure lounges at London Airport.

When passengers for Paris or Frankfurt or Rome are requested by the P.A. system to board their planes you will notice little knots of people rising gracefully to their feet and drifting gently towards the appropriate gates. It is all so calm, pleasant and civilised.

But, every now and again, it is the turn of the Belfast flight -- and all one hears is, "Would passengers for Belf....."

The rest is lost in the frantic, clawing scramble as the Irish rush to get aboard, regardless of the fact that their places are booked and waiting for them. And all the pushing and shoving is of no avail, because another group -- the super-Irish -- have already quietly made their way to the gate and formed a queue at it, getting in first, playing it safer than safe. While passengers for all other destinations lounge in comfortable chairs, sipping drinks as they wait, this little line of smug, smirking, anxious, triumphant faces watches them from the draughty discomfort of Gate 6.

A very small example, that, but one that is truly indicative of the national character, assuming such a thing exists. I know lots of people who run thriving, lucrative businesses, yet go to work on the bus and lunch off mugs of tea and lettuce sandwiches carried from home; who paint their houses with five-year enamel every year; who cross the city and stand in line to save two pennies on the price of sausages.

The snag is that, while I despise these attitudes, I can detect traces of them in my own character. And every time I do something extravagant or reckless the subconscious alarm bells ring and the old feelings of guilt are aroused. I can ignore them, but they are always there -- reminders that I had to be born in the land of the potato famine, the gombeen man and 10% unemployment.

Did you ever spin a globe of the world.....?



Peeps
Into
my
Diary

Feb 21 COSIGN #5 & 6 from Bob Gaines. Issue dated Nov-Dec 1966. But does anyone (except the Ed) care much about dating? (Of magazines, I mean.) I was going to date this issue of The SCARR May-June but knowing it would be delayed I just put May. It would have looked odd if I eventually had to put May-June-July-Aug-Sept..... Anyway, there's an article on Zelazny by Mike Ashley who likes Z more than I do. Reviews of films and books. One piece of fan-fiction by Catherine and sometimes I like fan-fiction. A Tolkien crossword and a letter column. Too, Larry Knight has a humorous poem but I didn't dig the humour. #6 has 3 pieces of fan-fiction all up to fan-fiction standard. I liked the articles, book reviews and letter-column though most of the writers are not known to me. Good reproduction in several colours.

Feb 27 Ace Double: Avram Davidson (50) GLASH OF STAR KINGS, a story of the old

gods of Mexico fighting other old gods -- not very interesting and padded out with lots & lots & lots of stuff about Mexico & Mexicans. John Rackham (60) DANGER FROM VEGA. Space opera.

Mar 3 Advert in "Banger Spectator" was (I think) meant to be "BOBBY STEELE ----- The Motor-Cycle King." But it was printed as "BOBBY STEELE The ----- Motor-Cycle King."

Mar 4 Bought Herbert Strang's A HERO OF LIEGE in Sandy Row (second-hand). Thought it would revive memories of the last time I saw it -- some 45 years ago. But it didn't -- I couldn't remember any of it and it is, in fact, a remarkably unremarkable book. Written in 1914 it relates the adventures of Kenneth Amory (with that name he had to be a clean-cut, manly young Englishman) in Belgium in World War One.

Mar 5 Patrick Moore RAIDERS OF MARS: modern version of A HERO OF LIEGE.

Mar 6 ALL JUDGMENT FLED by James White is a first contact story and will be out by the end of the year. /I'll say no more about it here except that I found it very satisfactory.7

Mar 7 Philip E High 60 NO TRUCE WITH TERRA. Silly title. Invasion from another continuum. Beaten because of a third race from a third continuum.

Mar 8 Neil Bell 60 THE ENDLESS CHAIN. Why John Ferrers was executed for murder and why he didn't care. Quote, P 139: "Blackmail under various names is a part of civilised life. Try to buy and sell a house and look at all the guys taking a rake-off. Blackmail. Mother's Day is blackmail. So are street collections. So are church collections when done with a plate. So are Christmas Cards and a penny for the guy. If you come to that we practise it with our first breath for what is a brat's howl but blackmail."

Mar 11 THE NEW UNKNOWN #1 c.w. NO-EYED MONSTER #10 from Norman Masters. Re-production is pretty bad which seems odd after going to the trouble of justifying the margins. Fan-fiction about the same as last issue -- what I could read of it.

Mar 16 Norman Edwards 30 INVASION FROM 2500. Time travel is absurd at times but this is the absurdest I've ever read. And WHY would they come back to 1967? Says Norman, straight-faced, "It's just a time loop which the hero blows up in their faces so it never happened at all, at all, or maybe in another alternate different continuum." (It's a good job there's lots of continua!) But even so, WHY COME BACK? I don't know -- I don't even know why he wrote the damn thing in the first place.

Mar 17 Angus McVicar RED FIRE ON THE LOST PLANET. This is a juvenile about a planet a few thousand miles away. (Some day somebody is going to write a story about a planet six feet above the Tower of London! At that, maybe it HAS been written and somehow I've missed it!) The boy hero goes to help when they're invaded from Pluto -- and the Plutonians send a raiding party every 20,000 years. Juvenile? Or childish?

Mar 18 HABAKKUK from Donaho. In colour: some sheets through the mill four times. 70pp on thick paper. In addition to minor pieces by Donaho, Stiles and Castillo there are two very good humorous articles by Eklund and Cameron. Even better, though, is the letter-column, with most of the writers anti-Ballard like myself. A piece by D'Annassa making fun of Ballard's unwillingness to think up a story to go with his Thesaurus extracts. ::: John Creasey 50 THE SLEEP. Character in Rhodesia tries to abolish war by using a sleep-inducing tobacco as a weapon. Creasey has also written THE FLOOD, THE DROUGHT, etc., but at least he doesn't take a section of Roget, write it out a couple dozen times, ram in a carelessly-written story here and there and proudly call it a novel.

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Mar 20 YANDRO from Indiana. There is a five-line poem (?) by Raymond Clancy; a real poem by Sprague de Camp (ruined by a horrible last line); fanfiction (a bit above average) by Jay L Gerst; an article by D'Annassa praising Ballard for all he's worth (that "he" can refer to either or both of them); two editorials, good reviews and interesting letters.

Mar 21 LES SPINGE from Darrell Pardoe. Mike Ashley writes about words; Pete Weston describes a visit; Terry Jeeves writes about drawing; Ken Choslin gives the low-down on that title -- a thing that often puzzled me. And there's a letter-column.

Mar 23 COSIGN # 7 from Bob Gaines. Couple of fiction bits: usual standard. Fanzine reviews. Letter column. Poetry (I knew it was poetry because it said so).

Mar 24 BADINAGE, journal of the Bristol fans. Or, It's Easy Enough to Make a Good Fanzine When You've Plenty of Talent to Fall Back on. Poetry by the inimitable Archie, fan-fiction by Beryl and others, articles, and (in the first issue!) letters. 43 pages and a bacover by the Norwich Union. ::: SATYR # 4 from John D Berry. Interesting articles and reviews, letters and a bad poem. Remarkable for lots of typos and lots of colour.

Mar 28 Will Travers GUN CRAZY. Written tongue-in-cheek. Seth Jody is gun crazy (like his poor dear father before him) and in the first two dozen pages he slaughters fifteen people, all but thirteen of them women. Then he eases

off a bit and his score for a hundred pages is only 22. Yes, I know I've mentioned all this before -- but who cares? Eventually the man who reared him has to kill him. A gory story.

Mar 29 Phyllis Gottlieb (50) SUNBURST. Mutations among children -- but not exactly the Zenna Henderson type. Amazing Stories version padded out.

Mar 30 David Grinnell (60) DESTINY'S ORBIT. Ajax Galkins wants a little world of his own and after a lot of dashing about in space and fighting a space-battle single-handed he gets it.

Mar 31 John Brunner (20) TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER. Time travel -- with no attempt to explain the paradoxes....not that it would do much good, I suppose.

Apr 1 Philip K Dick (30) DR FUTURITY. Time travel as good as Brunner's TWM. :: R L Fanthorpe (40) THE WATCHING WORLD. Krells, a trader, gets permission to land on Ralcor 9 where the colonists are being mysteriously killed off. Krells finds the invincible computer and then its inventors who bust it up out of gratitude to him.

Apr 2 Ken Bulmer 50 LAND BEYOND THE MAP. Another continuum in Ould Oireland, bedad. Impossible, of course -- it'd be banned either by the Protestants or Roman Catholics.

Apr 3 Edmond Hamilton 60 FUGITIVE OF THE STARS. The Vellae are building a big brain to help them conquer everything, so Jim Horne kills the brain in spite of lots of Vellae shenanigans.

April 4 Edmond Hamilton 30 OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSE. I have been told, though I find it hard to believe, that Ed wrote this at the age of six. He certainly writes things that a grown-up wouldn't, like, for instance, the countless repetitions of the word "countless." Or expressions like "thundering suns". (Although if Ballard wrote "thundering suns" his acolytes would probably call it imaginative symbolism or something.) Ed also coins words like largening. But the best part of the story is the way his spaceships can manoeuvre. When fighting a battle and travelling at 2,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles per hour at the same time it is extraordinary how quickly they can slow down, turn and resume the 2,000,000,000,000,000,000 mph in the opposite direction. A couple of other things puzzled me. The baddies are ten-foot serpents without limbs, so how they made the paper for their space-ships I can't imagine. The allies of the goodies were a much more advanced race composed of green mist -- which must have handicapped them too in manufacturing paper. I liked the simplicity of transferring from one space-ship to another when they're out there in that limitless void: they simply climb out of the space-door, hang by their fingers from the coaming and drop down on the other hull. The baddies had a death-ray (not a Cummings Ray which only produces sleep): when it swept a ship it killed everybody aboard, with the result that even when the ship was travelling at 2,000 &c mph it tossed and turned and barged crazily about. Then there are the other eddies: when the captain of a ship doing its top speed spotted one of these things ahead he instantly wrenched the controls to swerve the ship to one side, generally the left -- which sounds slightly sinister. One couldn't blame the captain for this as everybody knows how dangerous these eddies are. A real sense-of-wonder book.

Apr 5 ERG from Torrey Jeeves. Part of the Jeeves biography, some Jeeves mythology from the Wye Tart, 2-page editorial, two pages Mailing Comments and a piece about scales of notation which I found particularly interesting since

The SCARR is numbered in the trinary scale.

Apr 6 THE TWILIGHT ZINE # 21 from Cory or Leslie who seem to be female-type girls, and the cover shows a female-type girl superimposed on the Astounding December 1952 cover. I must say it improves it, though who ever heard of a girl on the cover of a sf magazine? Contents interesting though at times high-powered. With its letter-column it runs to 34 pages and I hope they send me the next issue. :: SCOTTISHE from Ethel. How the US is treating (or mistreating the Indians, by Ian Peters, contains a lot of stuff I didn't know. Readers write in to finish 20 very readable pages.

Apr 8 YANDRO from Hartford City. Ted White doesn't agree with the Coulsons about Star Trek and says so vigorously. Still and all I hope it comes here. Buck has more prozine and fanzine reviews than usual and he has come across a bigger percentage of books he didn't like. Luckily (?) there's an awful lot of bad books or I'd have nuttin for me diry. Their editorials and articles show how little they need outside contributors!

Apr 10 HAVERINGS from Ethel contains her comments on the 47 zines received in two months. :: CØSIGN from Bob Gaines. Book reviews, cinereview, articles and a letter column. And fan-fiction. And colour.

Apr 11 DOUBLE BILL from Ohio 44320. 50 BIG pages. Articles, columns, departments, artwork, letter column -- even poetry. What more would one want?

Apr 14 Bus fares in Shrewsbury have gone up because of increasos in wages, etc, beginning next July. /Shrewsbury is not in Ireland!7

Apr 18 NIGHT WALK, by Bob Shaw, tells how a man travelled a thousand miles on an alien, unfriendly planet and then light-years to Earth -- when one is alone and blind. To be published later this year. /Advice: Get it./

Apr 20 Michael Baldwin 50 MIRACLE JACK. An unusual story marred by bits of very very clever writing. Sym climbs buildings -- on the outside -- in London, then goes to New York to do the Empire State. Does he succeed? Don't know. Don't care.

Apr 22 Saw Asinov robot story, Satisfaction Guaranteed on TV. I have seen worse.

Apr 24 QUISH, the QUIP Annish, all 101 pages of it, including the six-page cover. Articles, fan-fiction, letters -- but the piece I was most interested in was Terry Carr's "The Purple Pastures." Never saw it before.

Apr 29 TV showed Level 7 from Roshwald's book. Poor.

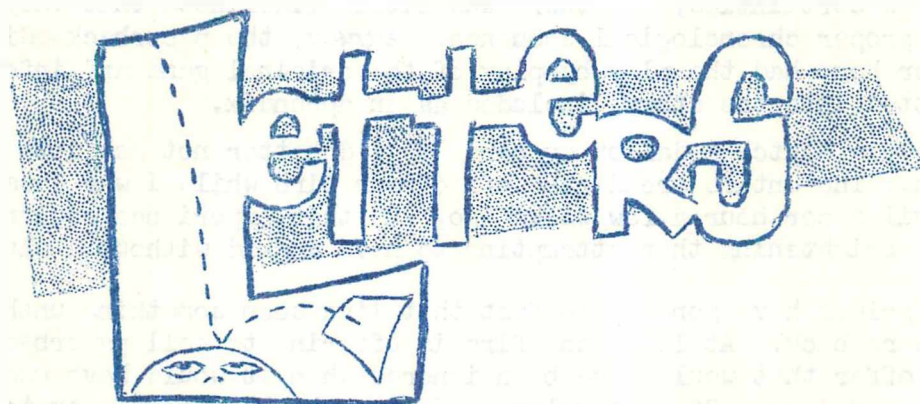
May 13 TV: The Fastest Draw. Poor.

May 16 YANDRO. Editorials; columns by Rick Norwood & Ted White; book reviews by Buck; letters; article by John Berry. All very readable stuff.

June 3 John Petty 60 THE LAST REFUGE. Future (1999) society where everybody conforms except Muller, rebel with a cause. He fights for freedom --- and loses. Long, long conversations.

Jun 16 CØSIGN has an article on Jules Verne by Ron Miller; prozine reviews by Dick Byers; letters & short articles. :: MARCON II; ZELAZNY bibliography.

Jun 17 FILM FORUM: a horror/fantasy fanzine. Films only.



Harry Warner, Maryland.

Another word that ends in v has occurred to me. Rev, as in rev it up. However, something about rhyming dictionaries worries me. How does the author of the last one determine if the author of the next one has stolen his materials. Most kinds of reference books can be seeded with deliberate errors to prove downright plagiarism. The local city directory, for instance, contains a few non-existent names and addresses, and if the publishers find the same names and addresses in any other published list of local people, it gives a lawsuit. But the rhyming dictionary's purpose is so special that any insertion of this type would instantly be considered an error by the users and all would-be poets would rush to buy the next one to be published.

In the United States it is quite normal practice for drivers to flash their headlights as a warning that police are active in the stretch of road that they've just gone by. The police can hardly take any action against these warnings, because the men who flash the lights can always claim they thought they recognised passing autos as those belonging to friends and this seemed a safer way of signalling a greeting than blowing a horn which might frighten some timid drivers. /But would the police allow a man to stop for an hour or two after passing such a stretch and flash all oncoming cars?/ There are also available over here anti-radar devices. You put one in your car and it makes a noise when you come close to any active radar equipment. I imagine that J. Edgar Hoover will perfect some day soon an anti-anti-radar weapon which will explode the contents of the anti-radar device as soon as it detects that the anti-radar has detected radar.

James White on Walt Willis was pleasant reading, although there is hardly anything I can write about it other than to chronicle my satisfaction. It's sad to think that I can never see Willis and family in the house they made famous. And I'll never attend a baseball game in the Polo Grounds, or hear Lotte Lehmann give a recital in person. Maybe we should form a nostalgia party whose goal would be the conversion of all space travel research to work on a time machine.

I didn't dislike The Squares of the City quite as much as you did. But it doesn't satisfy me either. I'm not a chess player, but I thought the chess origin of the story was bungled. Too many of the moves could not have been directed as they were supposed to have been manipulated, because they depended

on actions of individuals not under the direct control of the players of the game. These actions were things that could have been foreseen as probabilities, but not as certainties, and there was little likelihood that they would occur in the proper chronological sequence. Anyway, the paperback edition of the novel over here had the play-by-play of the original game and information on how it fitted into the story, included as an appendix.

I don't have a clutch pedal on my car. So I'd better not get into a skid to begin with. The entire tread came off a rear tire while I was passing a truck at 70 miles per hour a few weeks ago, and that experience couldn't have been any less frightening than attempting to have a skid without a clutch pedal.

Paperback prices have gone up so fast that I've seen something unthinkable just a few years back. At least one firm is offering to sell paperbacks at a discount, an offer that would have been ignored when it would have meant only a few pennies saved on a 25 cent volume. I'll probably become a customer, even though there is a \$5 annual fee to participate in the discounts. The discount runs to 20% in my case, because I must pay state sales tax if I buy books in Hagerstown, and neither the Maryland nor the New York City sales tax applies

You write about *Sixty Days to Live* as if it's a recent publication, or at least you give that impression by using the present tense. This causes me to wonder how many millions Dennis Wheatley has amassed by now, if he's still turning out popular fiction. I remember hearing fantastic things about his popularity a quarter century ago when I first encountered one of his semi-fantasy novels, its contents by now completely forgotten and even the title gone from memory although I think devil was one word out of several in that title.

Russell Chauvenet, Maryland

Almost made the presumptuous error of addressing you as George, but realised in time that Geoffrey or Geophilus or still another name might be the truth behind Geo.

This is mainly to mention that SCARR 112 arrived and was taken special note of because Peeps peeped into an issue of Spinnaker Roach at one point. It sounds like a review of #6 altho you give the # as #7. But I don't see why #6 would not reach you until February when it should have been sent in November. /The ways of our Post Offices are inscrutable./

Your affiliation with OMPA does not disturb the character of S CARR (any relation of T CARR?) as much as my membership in FAPA affects SR. But it remains odd that you can't be sure of Alvin Fick's pieces, the one thing in the issue that was universally praised by all who troubled to comment at all. Wherein lies your uncertainty in regard to Fick's work? /His name sounds like a pseudonym for somebody who could write short, elegant pieces, and there are quite a number of fans who could do this. No?/

A little surprised that Up the Down Staircase only reached 70 on your scale: I'd have put it at 80 or 85. But I don't do as much reading as you do and I see that 70 is above your average rating. Indeed, your ratings average so low one wonders why you trouble to read most of the stuff at all! /You're not the only one to wonder about that -- sometimes I wonder at it myself. Perhaps it's because of the poor, daft books that no self-respecting reviewer would review!./

Rev. Paul W. Alvin, Liverpool, England

Perhaps you have heard of my nation-wide campaign in the cause of temperance. Each year for the last fourteen years I have made a tour of England and delivered a series of lectures upon the evils of drinking.

On these tours I have been accompanied by an assistant, Norman Fortescue. Norman was a pathetic case. A young man of good family and excellent background, whose life was ruined by excessive indulgence in whiskey, gin and other strong drinks. How much better it would have been had he spent his life in a more useful way! Norman would appear with me at every lecture and sit on the platform, drooling at the mouth and staring at the audience through bleary, bloodshot eyes, whilst I would point him out as an example of what drinking can do.

Unfortunately, last year poor Norman died.

A mutual friend has given me your address and as I am at present visiting Northern Ireland, I wonder if you would care to accompany me on my next tour and take poor Norman's place.

/I have grave suspicions about the authenticity of this letter!7

Sid Birchby, Manchester, England

I continue to be concerned at the lack of a letter column. No letters? But what do you think this is? If you don't print the letters you do receive then surely after a while you won't receive even those few? No one likes the feeling of bombinating in a void: not even editors: not even readers.

I would have thought that it was important to encourage reader participation, and that it was not doing so to spurn those readers who do participate. Let us beat about no bushes, man: I want my egoboo!

Your remarks about quizzes were interesting. Like yourself, I have no great affinity for the genus. Our local evening paper often runs quizzes designed to show one's standing in various aspects of life, e.g., "Are you a Good Mixer?" or "What sort of Lover are you?" and always I turn out to be about average. This is no good to me! I want to be exceptional...a genius ...a superman...who doesn't?

A lot of these quizzes depend on one's having a good general background, or a good memory. The latter is especially the case when one comes to try a so-called IQ Test. It seems to me that if ever any type of test were over-rated, it is the IQ Test. Having in my time tried a number of these, with no astounding revelations, it is my feeling that very much depends on whether one has a cold in the head at the time of taking the test, or on a number of other random factors. In other words, that one's IQ is by no means constant but can vary almost from day to day.

Have you seen any of the books which tell one how to beat an IQ Test? There are several on the market just now, probably because the potential sales are increasing. More people are, after all, being subjected to these tests, either as a means of checking their eligibility for a job, or a place at college, or simply because it is another step into turning us all into little machine-men. Anyway, it is apparently quite possible to "cheat" the IQ Test, that is to say, to raise one's grading by several points. And the gist of the method is that one should become prepared for the type of

questions to be answered so that time will not be lost in puzzling out how to answer them. In other words, to become quicker on the uptake. And isn't this ironical? After all, the IQ Test is a test of intelligence. Intelligence is a word derived from the Latin "intellig," meaning "I perceive, understand, grasp the meaning of." In fact, I am quick on the uptake.

The fact that this ability to be quick on the uptake has little to do with one's innate standing as a creature somewhere between moron and genius is irrelevant. It is enough that the fashion demands that intelligence be measured by the IQ Test. This being so, there is a legitimate way to manipulate the results.

I would suggest that the very act of manipulating does in fact constitute a sign of superior nous. As a friend of mine in London's cut-throat East End used to say: "Anyone can get things with money. It takes a smart guy to get them without."

Robert W Gersman, St. Louis, Mo

As an ex Member of the Ancient Order of Hiberniana, and still A.O.H. minded, it grieves me to see Orangemen so hardheaded as to still want to hang on to the Queens apron strings, rather than break free and have a United Eire. Canada kicked them, and they have been kicked out of practically every other place on the Globe, why can't the North throw off the yoke and put an end to British colonialism, and let the sun set only on England.

I'm a science fiction fan, and subscriber to Yandro, where I read about your fanzine, but since there is no price or schedule listed I'm writing to find out. Am sending you a sample of my new fanzine, which may temporarily become a Newsletter, if I don't get more contributions in form of Art, Loc's etc.

I'd like to hear your feelings on the subject, and my first story in Thona, which in Gaelic means Goblin, It's a Sword and Sorcery type dealing with pagan Ireland, and era of Hero's such as Conn of a Hundred Battles, Correction I mean Niall, and Conn of the Silver Hand, Cuchullain, Deirdre of the Sorrows, Finn Mac Cool. I've read James Stephenson Irish Faery Tales, and am reading part of Sean O'Casey's biography, which comes in 5 books, about the era of the Troubles, The Easter Rebellion of 1916, and that also is the locale and time of my story.

Being Catholic myself, I was surprised to read what Sean O'Casey said how the Bishops, priest and others of the hierarcht have fought the working man to prevent him from driving the British out of Eire, but I can believe him even if he not Catholic, for being human, other cases have popped up, where the Clergy has fallen beneath the wiles of Secular riches, and power.

Anxious to have more discussion, please answer and let me know how much is postage, and also a stamp collector, would like to get hold of some of your stamps.

I just finished reading Michael Moorcock's Stormbringer, and boy is that sensational.

Also am a Hyborean Legionnaire, and a Burroughs Bibliophile. I've also have Padraic Colum book on Irish Folklore.

It would be impossible to explain Irish politics in a few lines. Perhaps, after you have read a few more books about Ireland, past and present, you will be able to make a more balanced judgment. Incidentally, my address is not, as

you seem to think, "Northern Eire." It is "Northern Ireland." The name "Eire" is one of the names given (by themselves) to Southern Ireland.

Your fanzine seemed to be hastily thrown together, with numerous errors in spelling, punctuation and grammar. In The SCARR, I try to have less than a dozen such in each page. The story you mention was also carelessly written: I couldn't make head or tail of it at all at all.

Terry Jeeves, Sheffield

Like you, I suffer from that perverse sun in my eyes both going and comingworse, on the going bit I have to climb a steep hill, which puts that blazing atomic holocaust (gee, what prose!) right on the bonnet. Also enjoyed the sundry idiocies of the law....another I like comes in the Highway Code, viz., "Before driving, make sure your lights, steering, horn, etc., are in working order...." I presume this means try 'em out, but further on it says "...it is an offence to sound the horn on a stationary vehicle".....quite a quandary, what?

As for your diary, it is nice to see some one else who didn't go overboard for "Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch," and wonder of wonders, a similar view on J.G.Ballard, not to mention similar views on Blish's "Mission to the Heart Stars." All in all, a very rewarding spot of reading.

Dannie Plachta, Detroit, Mich.

Please plug the following in The SCARR:

Roger Zelazny was awarded the first annual Nova Award at the recent Triple Fan Fair for "....his achievements in science fantasy." The trophy included an engraved likeness of the popular author, taken from a sketch by noted artist Jack Gaughan.

/Pokenose: How come you put in that note about Zelazny when you don't like his stuff?

Me: It just shows how very broad-minded and impartial I am.....7

John Muir, Manchester

I wrote to Terry Jeeves a bit back, and he said something about OMPA going into a nose-dive. Does this mean The SCARR is finished? /Yes, OMPA has gone into a decline and is lying comatose at the moment. But The SCARR goes on from strength to strength.....or something./

Could you possibly tell me the addresses of Bill Danner and Norman E. Masters? /Sure. RD #1, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania, 16043 and 720 Bald Eagle Lake Road, Ortonville, Michigan, 48462./

Fred Lerner, New Jersey

Thanks for The SCARR #112. I had no idea that OMPA was still going strong (or is it?); when I get out of the O.C.S. in September perhaps I'll try to rejoin it. I like very much the OMPAazines I have seen.

Perhaps you can answer me this: do residents of Northern Ireland consider themselves more to be British than Irish? Or is it the other way around? Most fan-writing I've seen from Ulstermen would indicate that they consider themselves Irish, but I don't know if this is a fannish eccentricity or a reflection of the general public feeling. I suppose a lot depends upon an individual's religion: a Catholic might consider himself more Irish, while

an Orangeman would feel greater identification with the United Kingdom. Is any of this correct? /A very difficult question. In the next issue of The SCARR I'll try to answer it if I can./

And do they speak the Gaelic anywhere in the North? /The number of Gaelic-speaking people is much less than those who speak French or Spanish -- or Latin!/
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TAILPIECE

It would be shameful to leave such a big blank space and the only thing I can think of to fill up this page is to record for posterity part of the conversation at last week's meeting (the 855th) of the Belfast fans. It would be impossible to remember who said what so I can't give names. The exact words are also impossible to remember. The subject was pets for children and when someone said that small animals frequently got hurt someone else suggested that a cow would look quite nice in the living-room! Then:

"Yes, even cats can be cruel but there's much kineness in a cow."

"But a cow would be too big -- a heifer, perhaps."

"Well, a cow would give milk but a heifer wouldn't -- at least not until she had passed a period of heifervesence."

"Mind you, a heifer would be more aristocratic -- it is a nobull animal."

"And what about the smell: you can't house-train a cow."

"That's easy: keep a flock of hens and you won't notice the smell from the cow."

"And how about feeding? You could graze the cow cheaply on the lawn, but hens are always peckish."

"Anyway, they have one thing in common: the hen broods and the cow ruminates."

"Fancy being able to boast the only nestablishment in the street."

"Would the children frighten the cow?"

"Very likely -- cows are cowardly, of course."

"And what are hens?"

"Oh, they're poulthroons."

"Ghu, let's talk about something else."

"No, no, there's lots of udder jokes to make yet."

"Well, I don't want a cow -- I don't like their bovine appearance."

"And I suppose you'd say hens are more logical....or ornithological."

"Yes, but they bully their chickens."

"You think a cow would be a more at-hatched parent?"

"Of course! She eggshells in the managemnt of her offspring."

Aren't you glad you don't belong to Irish fandom?

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