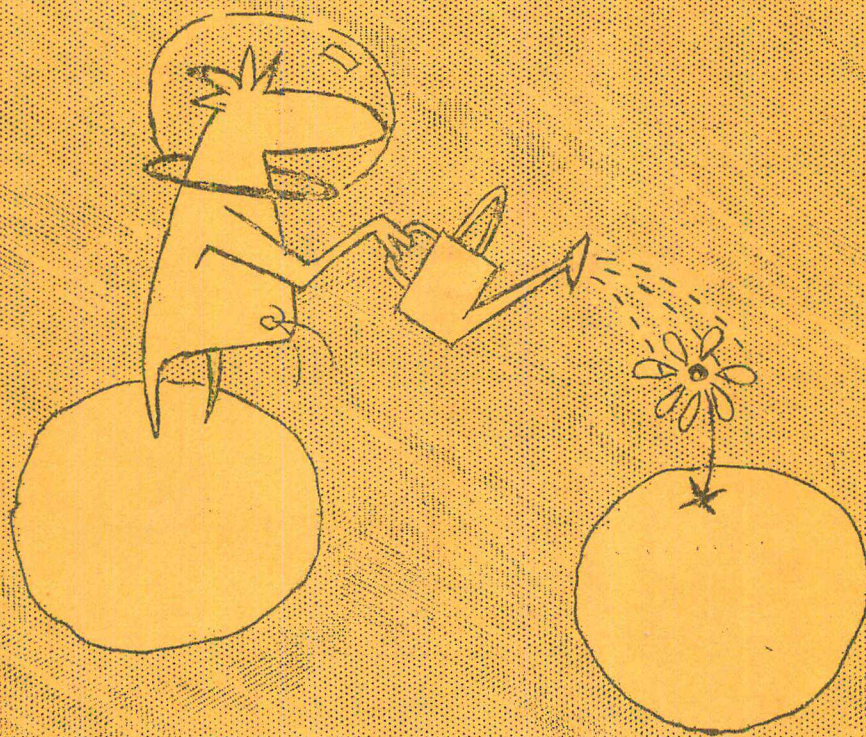


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US Agent: Andrew Porter

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CONTENTS

NIBBLINGS.....Science Fiction reviews....Ethel Lindsay

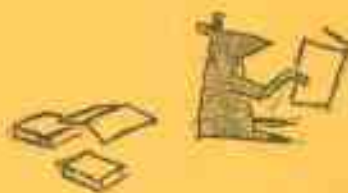
LETTERS.....The Readers

LOWDOWN ON LIFTOFF.....Ella Parker

NATTERINGS.....Ethel Lindsay

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nibblings



It is always a pleasure to see a new outlet for SF appear; and it is a personal pleasure to welcome the new DAW BOOKS of Donald A. Wollheim. In his introduction he states that each book he selects will be making its first appearance in paperback. Four will appear each month and here is the first selection:

SPELL OF THE WITCH WORLD by Andre Norton.DAW BOOKS No 1. 95¢

This is the seventh book in the Witch World saga, and contains the story of the twins Elys-the witch-sister; and Elyn-her warrior brother. A tender story in many ways as the brother draws away from his sister even after she has saved him from enchantment. There are, in addition to this, two other stories of the Witch World..devotees will not be disappointed.

THE MIND BEHIND THE EYE by Joseph Green.DAW BOOKS No.2. 95¢

On the whole - a rather breath-taking conception! A 300foot high giant alien is found to have survived extensive brain damage. So human science scoops the brain section out and installs computer control of the body. With a man and woman scientist installed inside the brain - the body is then ready to be sent back to the alien society with two human spies..behind the eye! An intriguing story.

THE PROBABILITY MAN by Brian N.Ball. DAW BOOKS No 3. 95¢

I doubt if I can describe this complicated plot! The author has a future in which Frames are a way of life. Each Frame is enacted upon a planet as a stage and men and women are the actors who are involved in historical recreations and fictitious dramas. "Spingarn" had been a Plot Director, and now finds himself an actor in a Plot. From there it gets, as I said, complicated! Ingenious too of course and the idea worth exploring.

Nibblings 2

THE BOOK OF VAN VOGT: A NEW AND ORIGINAL COLLECTION. DAW BOOKS No 4. 95¢
Torturous was always the way to describe the plotting of this author; and he certainly hasn't changed. First he has a time story around the family clock that unwinds in dizzy fashion. Another story uses the alternate world idea. I was very pleased to find THE BARBARIAN among this collection-it has never before been anthologised. This is the story of Lord Glane, the mutant in which Van Vogt cleverly projects the Caesar theme into the future. THE SOUND OF WILD LAUGHTER has a woman whose husband is now a disembodied brain as the central character. Her involvement with two other men really did not make much sense to me. LOST FIFTY SUNS tells of an Earth ship in search of a lost colony. All good examples of the author's style.

Now for some hardbacks.....

OUT OF THEIR MINDS by Clifford D. Simak. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.60

The supposition is that if enough generations of men believe in something unreal..that something will become real. So Horton Smith reads his dead friends' notes that theorize upon this and which suggest the time may come when men may be faced with his own creations-to his peril. Hard upon this he finds himself in a nightmare world that contains monsters, werewolves and even the Devil himself. Nicely paced and containing some fine ironic humour.

WHAT'S BECOME OF SCREWLOOSE? by Ron Goulart. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.75
10 stories. The title story is fine for those afraid of gadgets..liable to give them the horrors! Then in HARDCASTLE there is the picture of Bob who lives in a fully automated..and articulate house. INTO THE SHOP has a sheriff having trouble with his automated lawagon. Even more sinister is PREZ which tells of a cybernic dog who dislikes his mistresses boyfriend. CONFESSIONS is a murder with a new twist. Indeed all these stories have a real glimpse of a future in which life becomes at once simpler and yet more complicated..in which man's inventions are made amusing and also very much a warning.

TIMESCOOP by John Brunner. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.50

At the age of 29, Harold Freitas becomes heir to a corporation worth billions. It also includes a computer called Sparky which helps produce the new discovery ..Timescoop..which can bring back from the past any article or person. Harold decides to have a grand family reunion of his ancestors amid a blaze of publicity for the firm. At first sight a good idea; till the difficulties of fitting these ancestors into Harold's present-day world become alarming. Ebenezer who turns out to have been a witch-hunter; and Joshua who had transported slaves are only two of the problems that Timescoop brings forth! I felt real sorry for Harold!

NIGHTWINGS by Robert Silverberg. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.60

In this future Tomis is a Watcher whose Guild has the duty to watch for the invasion of Earth. When the day comes that Earth is both invaded and conquered; it seems as if his work is at an end. He begins to travel and learn more of the other Guilds. He finds the Sentinels with nothing to guard; the Defenders with nothing to defend; Masters and Dominators have gone into hiding or been killed. His adventures as he tries to find a meaning for his life; and the scenes he passes through make absorbing reading.

Nibblings 3

Some more paperbacks...

THE FALLING ASTRONAUTS by Barry N. Malzberg. ACE 22690/75¢

The author takes a look at the astronauts' world and shows us Col. Martin who suffered a nervous breakdown whilst he was orbiting the moon. The theory here is that the intensive demands upon the men to be so correct, such models of humanity, is bound to make them crack. Oddly enough, I read a news story lately that said it was now O.K. for an astronaut to have a divorce, up till now it would have spoilt the 'image'. So perhaps someone at Space Centre has read this story! Certainly watching the men having such fun on the moon at Apollo 16 does not lend plausibility to this theory. But read it and see what you think!

THE GHOSTS OF GOL by Kurt Mahr. ACE 65979 60¢. Perry Rhodan series.

Perry ranges further into space and encounters a new planet and a new form of life. Plenty action for his fans.

DAY OF WRATH by Brian M. Stableford. ACE 13972/75¢

This continues the story of Mark Cahos and is sub-titled Dies Irae III. It follows from the book KINGDOM OF THE BEASTS. In this one Mark discovers that he was the Beast War- and that it had all been planned with himself as the focus. How he deals with this makes exciting reading

LOST OF THUNDER by Andre Norton. ACE 49236/75¢

On the planet Arzor, Storm and his companion eagle become aware that something odd is happening among the clans that are native to the planet. Based rather on the American Indian system, these clans are now gathering for a 'medicine' that bodes ill for the colonists. Hosteen is sent off on a scouting expedition and finds that there is indeed a plot- and that it comes from a very surprising source.

THE GENERAL ZAPPED AN ANGEL by Howard Fast. ACE 27910/75¢

The titles story is intriguing but stops just as it is getting interesting; which is my usual complaint against short stories. This is a collection of 9. THE MOUSE is a sad tale of an alien visit which leaves a sentient mouse. Pure fantasy is the basis of most though; with notions such as - the Earth could bleed to death; the Earth being rolled up like used-up scenery; and a Movie House that becomes a Universe. Towards the end the stories get more night-marish with insects taking over. Not too cheerful a mixture.

R IS FOR ROCKET by Ray Bradbury. PAN BOOKS 25p

A nice collection giving the typical Bradbury touch to such things as a boy who yearns for rockets; a man whose son is going to the moon; and a son whose father dies in space. The themes are treated with the sense of humanity that has made Bradbury so admired. Some fine classics here too; such as THE LONG RAIN which I remember once seeing on TV; and THE EXILES where the idea of man's mental creations being given life is so well explored. Collectors item.

S IS FOR SPACE by Ray Bradbury. PAN BOOKS 25p

Makes a good companion to the above. Wonder who did the covers? They are very attractive. CHRYSALIS shows Smith going through the chrysalis stage and becoming able to head out into space. Among this is a good example of how Bradbury can make children appear chillingly frightening-called ZERO HOUR. The one I like best is THE MILLION YEAR PICNIC as it is a lovely idea to think of a whole planet in which man can start afresh. Subjects covered here are over a wide range; often verging on fantasy; always told from a viewpoint very shrewd about human nature.

Nibblings 4

THE PALACE OF ETERNITY by Bob Shaw. PAN SF 30p

Mankind is at war with aliens and Tavenor on the planet Mnemosyne watches as the war comes that way. After many years of war he had gone there looking for somewhere to hide from it. As he retreats deeper into the alien world he finds other refugees from the war, but then is killed. The latter half of the book concerns his discovery that he is now an 'egon' and can be translated into another body. He becomes the son of the woman whom he had loved and from there the story continues to twist and surprise.

THE HOUSES OF ISZM and SON OF THE TREE both by Jack Vance. ACE DOUBLE. 77525 95¢.

The first half concerns the adventures of Farr who visits the planet of Iszm trying to find out more about the houses that grow there. The secret is jealously guarded by the inhabitants. An interesting conception, as is the plot to steal a female house-seed. In SON OF THE TREE, Smith reaches one of those planets at which Vance's imagination excels. The culture here is centered around a giant tree..in fact the culture is completely dominated by it.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST by James Branch Cabell. BALLANTINE BOOKS 40p

Another in the fantasy series that is edited by Lin Carter. This is the 5th Cabell book. It is augmented by an introduction to the history of Cabell's Poictesme and Lichfield. The story itself is of Felix Kennaston and his dreams. Torturous and yet fascinating. Readers who are interested in the Cabell books will be pleased to find that the relationships of the descendants of Dom Manuel are explained in a small essay which is included in this volume. It is a "sort of bonus", and Carter assures us it is very rare.

LUD-IN-THE-MIST by Hope Mirrilees. BALLANTINE BOOKS. 40p

Introduction by Lin Carter, who describes the land of Dorimare as not unlike the Shire of THE HOBBIT. The action of this book starts in Dorimare but to the west of it lies Fairyland. It has been centuries since there has been any communication between the two--except that "fairy fruit" sometimes comes floating down the river. When Nathaniel discovers that his son has eaten the fruit -- he has to follow him into Fairyland itself. Carter points out (and it is a description I cannot better) that, apart from being a novel of fantasy, this is also a parable showing the error of trying to artificially divide life into prose and poetry.

THE MAD KING by Edgar Rice Burroughs. ACE 51402/75¢

Mixture of fantasy and adventure as Barney Custer impulsively states he is the "mad King" that everyone is looking for..the King who has a price on his head and many enemies.

THE DRAMATURGES OF YAN by John Brunner. ACE 16668/75¢

I liked this one very much for the heart of the book is a puzzle. Man has found the planet YAN and a small human colony has become established there. A few have some communication with the Yanfolk; but their ways are very different. Suddenly the quiet ways of both humans and Yanfolk are disturbed by a visit from Gregory Chart, a dramaturge who specialises in dramas that involve whole planets. He has had all the applause he wants from mankind, now he wants an alien audience. With his arrival some of the mysteries of Yan begin to be uncovered -- and the few humans who remain to see the result witness an awesome affair. Suspense is well maintained; and my efforts to out-guess the author came to naught. Very satisfying!

Nibblings 5

SORCERESS OF THE WITCH WORLD by Andre Norton. ACE 77551/75¢

This is the final book in the Witch World series that tells of the children of Simon Tregarth and Jaelithe, the Wise Woman. The children were triplets Kyran the warrior; Kemon the seer-warlock, and Kaltha, the witch. This is the story of Kaltha which she tells herself. Fine high adventure.

DREAD COMPANION by Andre Norton. ACE 16669/75¢

This one is more fantasy than SF as it takes the theme of a child 'possessed'. It is told through the eyes of Kilda who had been hired to take care of Bartare and her younger brother Oomark. When Kilda stubbornly follows her charges she comes into a strange land where all is evil and enchantment and everything that is eaten or drunk changes a human. A fine old-fashioned theme given an up-to-date application.

THE COMPLETE WEREWOLF AND OTHER STORIES OF FANTASY AND SF by Anthony Boucher. ACE 11622/75¢

The title story is a real classic; also a favourite with me as I do like my fantasy laced with humour; and the story of Prof. Wolfe is highly entertaining. There are 9 other stories and even when the theme becomes more sombre as in THEY BITE, he held my attention even as I shuddered at the ending. So-a nice mixture for both the fantasy and horror lover.

UNIVERSE 2 Edited by Terry Carr. ACE 84601/95¢

Bob Shaw first with RETROACTIVE in which time travel helps one man to pay for the guilt he felt at helping to kill a planet. Silverberg describes a future one-man-upship ploy.. "We have been to see the end of the world" Certainly a ploy to top them all! FUNERAL SERVICE by G.F. Conway seemed pointless to me.. a man feeling guilty about his father, but nothing resolved. R.A. Lafferty speedily introduces a picture of the chaos that would reign could we no longer understand each other. Rotsler is writing about art; but he lost me. I enjoyed Joanna Russ's USEFUL PHRASES FOR THE EARTH TOURIST-this was witty, funny and slightly horrific. However, with Ellison's ON THE DOWNHILL SIDE I lost patience--I think it's just a love story at bottom. These give some idea of the variety of this collection; some better than others.

THE DOOR THROUGH SPACE by Marion Zimmer Bradley and RENDEZVOUS ON A LOST WORLD by A. Bertram Chandler. ACE DOUBLE. 15890/95¢

The first half concerns a Terran Intelligence agent who is sent back to active duty after 6 years at a desk in Headquarters. Handicapped by a blood-feud with his sister's husband he sets off on a dangerous mission. I took a dim view of one notion--that of women wearing a bracelet chain-with the husband having the key! Another story in the popular series of Rim adventures -this time it is of four men who attempt to set up a shuttle service between the Rim planets. As is this were not scope enough, the author also brings in the use of the idea of alternate time streams.

Now time for another British one...

THE PEOPLE TRAP by Robert Sheckley. Pan Books

14 short stories. The title story describes grimly a land race in a heavily crowded future Earth. The second story has the nasty idea of a race of people who believe that the most wonderful thing is to have a painful death! The next fortunately, is amusing--SHALL WE HAVE A LITTLE TALK where an Earthman grapples with an alien language, in RESTRICTED AREA Capt. Kilpepper is suspicious of a new planet even as his crew delight in it..and how right he was! Then there is the postman on his round in space who has to ditch on a planet where all the

Nibblings 6

animals are telepathic, has a neat ending! All the stories show high ingenuity; I think I liked best FISHING SEASON in which an old man fishing is a very good illustration of the terror that has struck the neighbourhood,

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY by Evangeline Walton. Pan/Ballantine books.40p

This is a book which deals with Welsh mythology and was originally called THE VIRGIN AND THE SWINE. Introduced by Lin Carter who explains that the original tales were collected into a book called THE MABINOGION. This is the story of the Great Ones of these early Welsh myths, and in particular the story of The Children of Don. Fine high drama in the telling, as this is in the classic style of mythology. It's odd, really, that the Welsh myths have had so little attention when so many others, such as the Greek, have been told and retold.

Anyway if you like any of them..you will like this one.

THE CHILDREN OF LLYR by Evangeline Walton. PAN/BALLANTINE.40p

This is taken from the second book of the Mabinogi and continues the epic fantasy. This one tells of Bran the Blessed..and of his half-brothers one of which..Evnissen -who must be one of the few villains that by the end of a book one could pity.

WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD by Andre Norton. ACE 87871/75¢

This is the story of Simon Tregarth of Earth who has a witch-wife on an alien world - and who faces the danger of invaders from another dimension. He has to smash down the doorway and does so in a fine tale of sword-and sorcery

THE PLANET OF THE DYING SUN by Kurt Mahr. Perry Rhodan series.ACE 65980/60¢

Perry and his companions still search for the secret of immortality; and are plunged into more dangers this time on the planet of Gol..and then they are lost in an unknown region of space. Usual fast pace of events as expected in this series.

TECHNOS and A SCATTER OF STARDUST both by E.C.Tubb. ACE DOUBLE 79975/95¢

TECHNOS is a further story of Earl Dumarest, the man who is seeking Earth and who goes from planet to planet where there is a whisper of a clue as to the location of what, he is told, is mythical planet. This time he lands first on Loame and finds an agricultural society fighting against a plague of weeds; he then goes to Technos to discover there the reason for the trouble on Loame. An interesting series told with verve. The second half is a collection of 8 stories that are a good mixture of fantasy and SF in which the author's imagination goes to work..a new twist to a demon story..and a planet of bells are two good examples.

WHEN THE SLEEPER AWAKES by H.G.Wells. ACE 88091/75¢

This classic story of the man who fell asleep for 203 years and awoke to find he owned half the world loses none of its impact as the years roll on since it was published in 1899. If you do not already possess a copy this is a very nice issue.

THE BARONS OF BEHAVIOUR by Tom Purdom. ACE 04760/75¢

In this story Ralph Nicholson is a psychotherapist in a future when the tools of his trade have not only been used by advertisers..but also by politicians. One politician in particular has been using psych technique to make himself powerful and Nicholson decides to help the fight against this. As he uses the same methods I waited for someone to say the 'ends justifies the means'. No one did however. I didn't like this one much, mostly I suppose because I would hope that such a future is completely impossible

THE WORLDS OF THEODORE STURGEON. ACE 91060/95¢

9 stories with an introduction by Sturgeon in which he gives a glimpse of his

Nibblings 7

frame of mind whilst writing. The stories all contain his own brand of humanity..in THE SKILLS OF XANADU: Brill finds a planet of what he takes to be savages; and gains a new understanding of what culture means. In THERE IS NO DEFENSE The Joint Solar Military Council has an alien invader to face. THE PERFECT HOST is a chilling story of an alien parasite. THE GRAVEYARD READER is an odd story-the kind that leaves you thinking. THE OTHER MAN tells of a doctor asked to help the man who took the woman he loved. THE SKY WAS FULL OF SHIPS is notable for a snappy ending; and SHUTTLE BOF is a minor classic MATURITY, the last story, is another odd one which explores the idea of what maturity really means. A collection you are sure to enjoy.

THE RING OF GARAMAS by John Rankine. Dennis Dobson SF. £1.75

A new novel in the stories about Fletcher, the Inter Galactic agent. This time he is on the planet Garamas which is supposedly neutral between his own IGO and the more military Outer Galactic Alliance. From his first impulsive move to help a Garamasian from the Secret Police, he finds himself deep into another adventure.

Latest ACE Releases....

THE REBELS OF TUGLAN by Clark Darlton. Perry Rhodan series. 65931. 60¢

WILDSMITH by Ron Goulart. 88872/75¢ Another sardonic look at our electronic future featuring Wildsmith, the android writer and Tom his frantic publicity manager. Entertaining plot with lively dialogue

ON THE SYMB-SOCKET CIRCUIT by Kenneth Bulmer. 63165/75¢

Quite a complicated plot. Mathew is a coord who has opted out of his powers and who fears being made to return. He joins a planet where he finds, to save it, he may have to reveal his identity. Symbiosis is the main ingredient in this books; and its use is well explored.

THE GAME-PLAYERS OF TITAN by Philip K. Dick. 27310/75¢. Fascinating story of the way humanity took to game-playing when war brought sterility - and how the aliens from Titan also took a hand in the Game in a really treacherous way. Lots of original concepts here.

EMPIRE OF TWO WORLDS by Barrington J. Bayley. 20565/75¢. Takes place on the bare world of Killibol where in one city the inhabitants survive by nutrient tanks - whilst others are determined to obtain tanks also.

THE FIVE GOLD BANDS and THE DRAGON MASTERS by Jack Vance. ACE Double. 16640/95¢ In the first half, Paddy through a lucky chance has the clues to rescue Earth and sets about doing so with gusto. THE DRAGON MASTERS, you will recall, won a HUGO, as a fine feat of imagination. In this future Basics and man are at war, and have been using genetics in an effort to win.

Coming reviews:

THE BATTLE OF FOREVER by A.E. Van Vogt. Sidgwick & Jackson

POSSIBLE TOMORROWS edited by Groff Conklin. Sidgwick & Jackson..both due out June 29th.

Ethel Lindsay

Letters

Harry Warner
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown.
Maryland. 21740



"A lot of people over here have much the same prejudice as Ron Primula expresses toward the Red Cross. I don't know how much is valid and how much results from imagining that a particular instance means general policy. But the Red Cross can behave in stupid ways. In Hagerstown, money for it is raised as part of a combined fund-raising program. Every year, just before this drive begins, the Red Cross has its annual dinner and gets the newspaper to publish a picture of workers in uniform receiving awards for length of service. This is terribly bad for

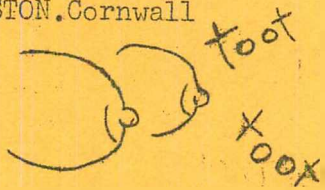
campaign because many people think: "So that's where the Red Cross money goes, free meals and uniforms and gifts for a bunch of well-to-do old women instead of helping people in need." In fact, the Red Cross workers pay for their own meals at this annual dinner and they buy their own uniforms and the awards are only little pins that cost only pennies when bought in quantity. But the organization never manages to get pictures showing these same old women when they're actually helping find homes for people whose homes have been flooded

Letters 2

out or rescuing a Vietnam soldier's family from a financial crisis..I still can't understand Andy Offutt's reaction to criticism. He must know from observation of many other fields that there is a difference of opinion about the merit of what anyone does. I know from experience that a putdown like the one described by Andy can cause black thought and a scowl for a few minutes, but the depression should be only temporary and then reason should take over by asking the emotions if they could reasonably expect an exemption from the way the world is constituted."***Surely, though, Andy's main complaint was the rudeness with which the criticism was given? For instance, I have said to Mike Moorcock that I don't really like any of his work; but Mike takes no offence because he does not expect everyone to like fantasy. Also I had told him this at the same time as I was informing him of seeing a large display of his books and was obviously pleased about this on his behalf. As you see, there was a world of difference between the two criticisms!***

Archie Mercer

21 Trenethick Parc
HELSTON.Cornwall



"At Bristol, New Year's Moment is signalled by mass hooting from the assembled shipping-and as Bristol's harbour comes right up into the centre of the city, the sound is loud and clear. At least to those who live in and around the city centre. Of course, afterwards it's all spoiled by some twit with one of those jangle-horns on his car who drives interminably round and round jangle-hooting as he goes. I imagine

that the ship-sirens, however, will be heard at that moment wherever hootable shipping may be gathered, whether in Scotland, England, or elsewhere. I'd forgotten all about the "Seven Planets" article. Shows what a backlog you must have". ***I do have a little backlog, happy to say, except that poor Ken Cheslin's piece is way overdue publication.***

Rick Sneary

2962 Santa Ana St
South Gate.
Calif.90280



"On kilts...as your men's fashions become less conformative, is there any sign that more are wearing kilts? I've got too knobbly-knees to wear even shorts, but I would think a man could wear kilts today with less likelihood of being laughed at, than even ten years ago. This far removed, Scottish dress is fairly romantic..or at least to me. I'd rather be dressed as a Highlander than an American Indian, say. Your moving things out of your room for painters

made me shudder. I remember the last time I did. Things fit in here like Chinese boxes. I've just thought of a way to put up a small bookcase in the top part of my closet..had to build a step-stool first!"

Mark Mumper

1227 Laurel St
Santa Cruz
Calif.95060



"Roy Lavendar's letter brings to mind a subject that has been buzzing around my head lately, namely the effectiveness of fandom as a social force. The initial reaction to this is inevitably something on the lines of 20,000 laughing hyenas, but I don't belittle the concept of several thousand people, who all more or less know each other, coming together in some sort of group and exercising whatever

Letters 3

social or political powers they might have. Of course, fandom is so diverse that a consensus on any subject usually requires an act of Ghod, and the idea of getting more than three fans to agree on anything is rather disconcerting. However, despite all the petty quarrels that disguise themselves as fan feuds, and the innumerable debates that exist in this mad micro-universe, I do think that many fans do in fact agree on a number of non-trivial subjects, namely civil rights(of all sorts), social "planning" (cities, environment, etc), even the necessity for a strong space program. If we want to see humanistic, far-sighted programs implemented by our respective governments, something more than just personal conviction must be utilised. I don't want to suggest organising a fannish bureaucracy, because that's just what is not needed, and I think most fans, like myself, are slightly anarchistic. But some sort of lobby or influential body would not be a bad idea; fandom has no idea of the extent of its possibilities. I'd like to hear some thoughts on this and possible alternatives to the "lobby" pattern. Folks are welcome to write to me.****I think you are a nite nebulous in your ideas. One might be able to get fandom to rally behind something specific--such as the space program-- but it would need organising. You can do very little without organisation.***

andrew j.offutt

Funny Farm
Haldeman
Ky 40329

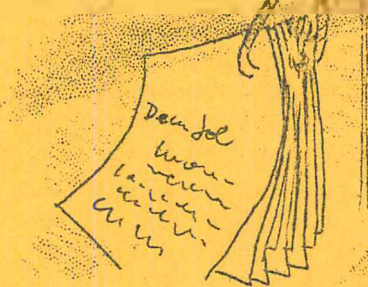
"What, in point of fact, is an andrew j.offutt? It's the son of a son of a son of a son of a son, for he has the right to suffix the Roman Numeral V to his name. The lower casing came from my having "retired" but two years ago from the insurance business. When first I set up ship(with a folding card table, a folding chair, a very inexpensive--also cheap--file cabinet and a telephone), I would make appointments and if the appointee suggested coming to my office I'd cry nono, I'll meet you att your place, or at----- for coffee.

I desperately needed some means of attracting attention to this new kid in business. I hadn't the money to advertise. Sitting there in the office one day quietly starving, I read some poetry. e.e.cummings. And I thought: That's it! You could see the lightbulb go FLASH just above my head. I can attract more attention that way(lord knoweth I need it; shoe leather makes such terrible sandwhices)than by spending thousands on advertising. So I did that. And it took. People liked it, began writing me that way, and I fell into the habit of signing and typing my name lowercasely, and soon found it was something I daren't stop. Jodie spells her name with caps, and often spells mine that way too. My children do. Damon Knight, who also once used noncaps as a schtick, will not; presumably because he outgrew it and thinks I should, too. I don't know, friends. It's so difficult, just TRYING to think of it. It would take months of practive to sign my name with a capital a or o. What I DO is so much more important than what I AM. But when I have people judging me by this idiosyncrasy...Well, that's the story. I can't recall having told it elsewhere, so there you are, a genuine first.****Some people get more hot under the collar about names than others. The most indignant letters I get are when I mispell someone's name. Yet my own is spelt more with an e than an a..and I can't really be bothered about it. I reserve my indignation for something more important.***

Letters 4

Mary Legg

20 Woodstock Close Flats
Oxford. OX2 8DB

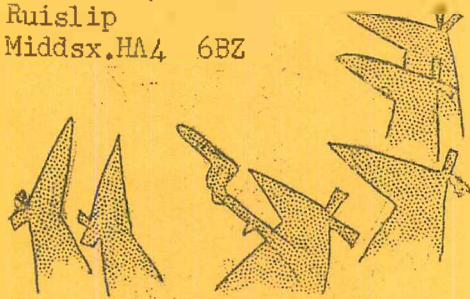


"How do you pronounce SCOTTISHE?***as it is writ..SCOT..IS..SHE***I was interested in the mention of George Macdonald's two books. Would this be the man who wrote the two Curdie books? They have been among my favourites. Archie's article is a bit of fanhistory. He's right to call old letters the raw material of such histories. A couple of years ago an American fan mentioned he was collecting letters-just any old letter fen had written. But I don't know how many he got or what happened to them.

Andy's article is a bit of a puzzle. By which I mean having been mistaken about his last one, I don't want to take this in the wrong spirit, as t'were. What I see is, Andy was rather hurt by the comments of this other fan-understandably enough-but might he not have been a leetle prepared to meet something of the sort in view of such other incidents? Even if not, fans are people - well, at least basically-and you get some shockers anywhere. Still, why worry? Sticks and stones, as they say. Cons are getting huge comparatively, but never as bad (or as good, depending how you look at it) as the recent Con in America, where reports have reached me of a couple of thousand attendees, save us! I noticed at Worcester that there was fragmenting into groups which tended not to mix. A Bad Thing, as Stellars and Yateman might say"***I can't answer your question about Macdonald - but perhaps some other reader will. ***

Dave Piper

7 Cranley Drv
Ruislip
Middsx.HA4 6BZ

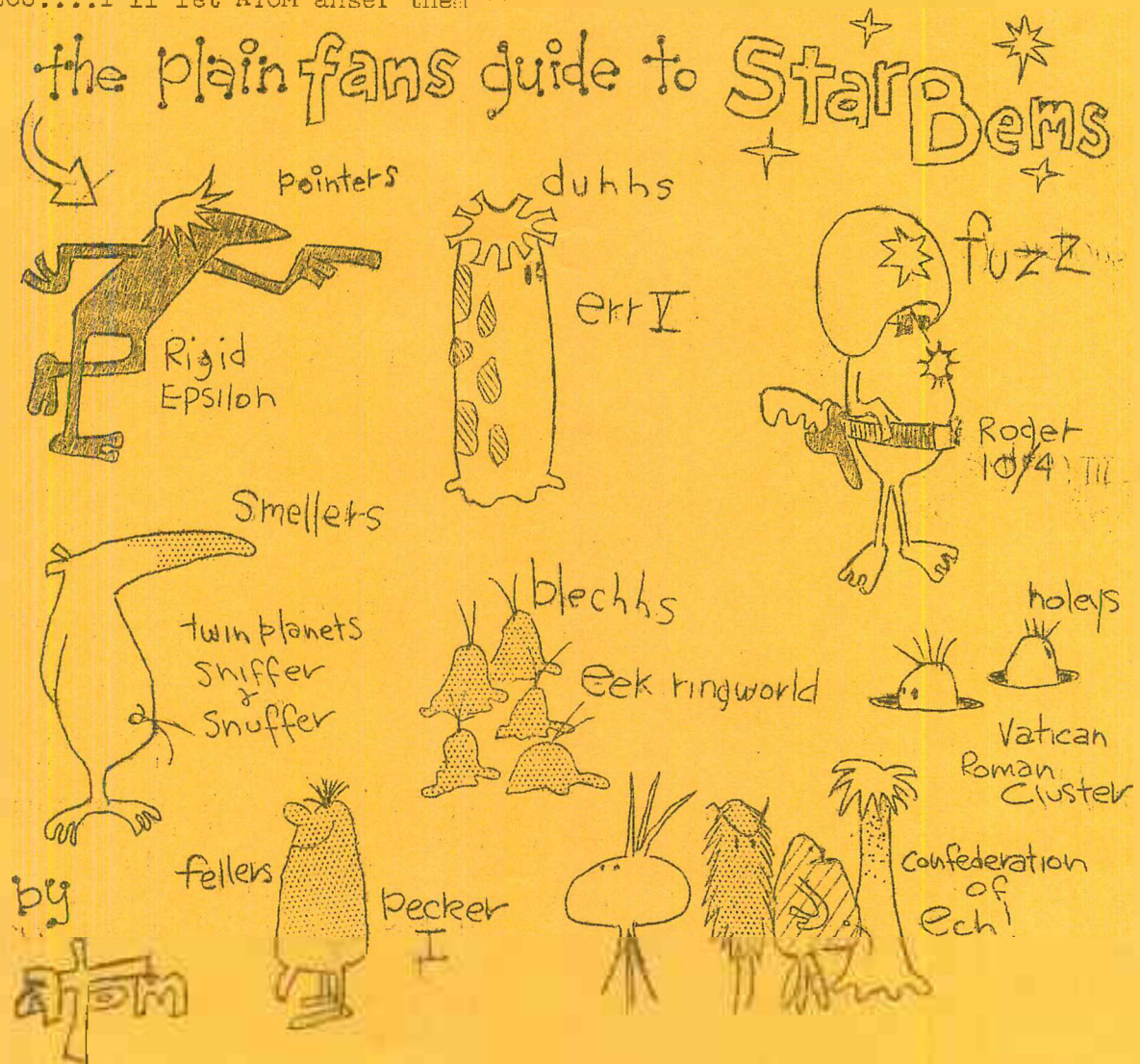


"As far as I can gather they(as illustrated on the front cover of SCOT 61)would appear to be smellers, rather than seeers. Ah, if you see what I mean! They don't appear to have any visual organs and this, coupled with their rather large noses, would certainly indicate to me that our Galactic Friends sniff their way through the Universe. Universal Sniffers no less. But, presupposing that my sopposition is correct there remain two anomolies.

a)Disregarding the Pioneer-type oiks with their phallic symbols, there are three main characters in this Atom-caught tableau from our(?)murky, misty, future. One of them, I presume from the rather sparse decoration of his sash, would appear to be the general dogsbody of the Three-Star with Galactic Cluster-type on his immediate right. Our left. The dogsbody being in the middle.Right? Now, he appears to be pointing! You will notice that the Three-Star fella is 'looking' at an angle of circa 20 degrees to the horizontal whereas the dogsbody is pointing at an angle of circa 45 degrees. Is it any wonder? If these geezers can't see, and I feel that I have conclusively proved that without the visual organs it is extremely unlikely that they can, then having the dogsbody point something out to the Three-Star nerchant is bordering on the ludicrous. However, this first anomoly only sets the stage for the second:which for sheer ludicrosity beats the first outasight! Viz: b)These geezers are smellers. Right? Therefore they smell out their enemies, point their bloodthirsty weapons of war at the

Letters 5

general direction of the smell and..BAM! Gotcha! Now, let us suppose that like all armies, the most bloodthirsty and murderous of our Galactic Friends are rewarded for their valour. With medals and the like. Right? Now, now, the only one of the three main protagonists to, apparently, have earned some medals is the fella on the dogsbody's left. Our right. Right? Two medals. Right. So he's obviously pretty much of a Hero of Star-Cluster M 254 as the Dogsbody has only got one tatty star on his sash and obviously the Three Stars adorning the sash of the Big Chief are honorary decorations...he probably married the Galactic Prime's back-of-a-bus-looking daughter. The Galactic Cluster is just to differentiate him from his twin brother who had, on the Three-Star merchants wedding night infiltrated the wedding feast and had a go at the bride in full view of the guests whilst the bridegroom was having a wee. The twin brother being a little kinky about back-of-the-bus-looking crumpet. So, our third character is a Hero. Right? Two medals. Right? But. BUT. If he can't see the enemy he has to smell 'em right? Right? BUT, how the blue blazes can he smell 'em when HE AIN'T GOT NO NOSE!....or did ATOM just forget?****I really do get the weirdest letters! All those questions too....I'll let ATOM anser them****



Lowdown on **Liftoff** Ella Parker

I give fair warning to those of you who are not interested in the Space programme, or who think it all a tremendous waste of public money, read no further. This is not for you. I am a space addict right from the days of sub-orbital flights and my enthusiasm is liable to gall you. Having said which, we are off.....

I left London 1.p.m. and arrived Orlando 2.40 a.m. London times. Quite a few things have changed on the Trans-Atlantic flight since I last did it. For one thing they have films. Tough luck on you if your seat happens to be in front of the screen which is dropped from the ceiling; if the plane is full, you've had it. They also have earphones which are on hire for the princely sum of £1. I must admit these are a great help in passing the time. It is from the earphones you receive the sound track of the film.+ 7 other channels, ranging from pop to opera, ballet music, film sound tracks etc. There is also a channel especially for children. Oddly enough I read just recently that the business men who commute over the Atlantic frequently, prefer to listen to this last one. So much for Big Business. The selection of music is good but it was surprising on the way home just how many passengers fell asleep with the things clamped to their heads. It was a night flight.

I had to change planes at Miami for the domestic flight to Orlando. I swear I walked $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile or more to reach the booking-in desk of the Airline I wanted. This is one place where they could usefully install moving walk-ways. My back was playing me up after all that sitting and I had to use my walking stick. This seemed to cause a fair amount of amusement as I saw nothing but laughing faces as I passed lugging my top heavy hand bag, to say nothing of the bag I had been laden with at the duty free shop in London. That had my supply of cigarettes in it so I wasn't about to let it go. I had by now had enough of flying so I was glad to find it didn't take more than 40 mins. to

Lowdown On Liftoff 2

reach my final destination where I was to be met.

I was to stay with Joe Green - the SF author - and his wife Juanita - henceforth known as Nita - and I was doubtful if I would know him. After all it had been ten years or more since I met him in Seattle and I was by now a bit dazed from lack of sleep so I wasn't my usual bright and perky self. Luckily he saw and recognised me even before I had got the place into focus. He had his daughter Rose with him and I never did ask him what he thought of it, but the first thing I needed and quickly, was a cuppa. Not only was I tired but parched too. Thank God they put the Tbag in the cup and not in the saucer as so many of them do; the way I felt at THAT MOMENT it would have been the last straw. Much refreshed we were on our way.

I confess here and now, I have no recollection of meeting Nita in Seattle although she assures me she was there, so I only knew it was she as we had arrived at the house. With a warm greeting from Nita and a stately acknowledgement from a lovely brown dog - Sandy - I knew I was going to enjoy myself. I had not been able to see much of the countryside as we drove home because it was already dark, even so the one thing that did impress me, even at that time of the evening, was the heat. It was a palpable thing as I came out of the airport and already I felt over dressed. Joe went out and brought back King sized hamburgers. These must be specials; they were enormous and I hadn't realised I was so hungry until I bit into mine. I was really too tired to make much sense or to be very good company, so after a nice big cuppa I wandered off to bed.

In spite of being so tired the night before I was up bright as a new button at 7.30. It must be the knowledge of being on holiday, I couldn't sleep much past 7 or thereabouts. The latest I was up during my two weeks this time was 8am, and that was because I stayed up late the night before watching TV. Joe had to go to work but Nita had managed to get a couple of days off. Although so far I was the only one to arrive there was an indefinable air of anticipation about. Maybe some of it was brought by me, I was so looking forward to the launch and felt a bit on edge realising I had made it at last. Anyway, there it was, a feeling of excitement in the air which was almost electric. Nita had a load of shopping to do as there was to be a pre-launch party on the Saturday night, and I do mean load. It was so easy to think of America



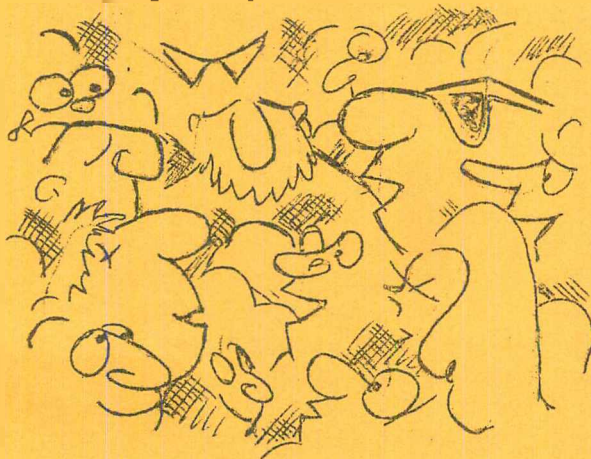
Lowdown on Liftoff 3

as the country of largesse when you see the amount of shopping they do on just one visit to the shops. True this was for a party but Nita looked to me as if she had bought enough to feed an army. It was just as well, because an army did turn up. She filled one trolley, left it near the check out and went back with a second & filled that one too. There was everything in that store, including cut flowers and the most enormous tomatoes I've ever seen. We didn't have a lot of time to spare as we had to go to Melbourne and meet Chris Moskowitz. Chris has come to quite a lot of the launches and takes the opportunity to indulge in some bird photography. I saw some of the pics she has taken in the past and they are wonderful. Chris's plane was about 3 hours late as I recall so Nita and I went for a stroll round some of the local shops and then came back to sit in a nice cool dim lit bar. There was quite a bit of debate between Nita and the girl behind the bar what I should have. All I was demanding was something cooold. I'm still not sure what it was but it was delicious. There was also a souvenir shop in the airport which gave me my first indication that you don't have to go the Kennedy Space Centre (K.S.C) for APOLLO knick knacks. My fingers were simply itching to get hold of some of them, but Nita insisted I wait until I got to the Kennedy Visitors Centre (K.V.C.) and see what was there. Reluctantly I agreed. Chris arrived finally and for those of you who remember Don Ford and the ATom cartoon on the front page of his report, this was more of the same...a batch of cameras with Chris behind them.

After taking Chris to her motel we went back home where everyone was going quietly mad. It was almost impossible to hold any kind of consecutive conversation as the phone never stopped ringing. Oh, about that phone. The first time I heard it ring I expected Nita to answer the door, instead she answered the phone. It has a lovely ding-ding quite musical and quiet yet it can be heard above the loudest talking. So much lighter on the ears and nerves. Folk who had been invited were ringing to say they were bringing four/five extra and would it be alright? When asked from where they were speaking it usually turned out that they were well on their way to Joe's already. What could he say, but yes. I swear those walls were made of elastic; more and more people kept turning up, so many I didn't manage to keep track of them all.

Luckily some had brought caravans-trailers and were sleeping themselves in the yard. I got up one night to make a late cuppa and the only floor space not covered by sleeping bodies was the kitchen section.

Friday morning we began making moves to collect our Press passes. I was supposed to be accredited to DEBSON BOOKS but they couldn't find his letter. After going back 3/4 times to see if it had come to light, without saying anything about it, Joe got in touch with Don Wollheim, Elsie actually and asked if he would oblige. Elsie phoned a message via Western Union -how else? - and we went back to the



Lowdown on Liftoff 4

press centre later. No, no accreditation from New York either. By now I was beginning to feel more of a nuisance than I wanted to be. Joe and Nita never let me know by word or sign that they had a lot more to do than keep running back and fro on my account, which made me feel worse about it than ever. We left it at that for Friday.

Saturday morning there was still no sign of Elsie's wire. There was to be a Press tour of the Space Museum, the V.A.B. and the launch pad on which APOLLO 16 stood. Nita would be able to go later so loaned me her pass. It was fascinating...I'm afraid that's a word likely to be much used here. Since I saw the V.A.B. on our TV set it has had an odd attraction for me, one I can't explain in any way that would make sense. Imagine then how I felt not only to be standing right there outside it, but was actually able to go inside. When you walk in everything is on such a large scale your eyes wander all over the place. It is difficult to focus on any one thing or place. You look to your right and something attracts the eye which leads right up to the roof. You try to look straight ahead, but straight ahead is so far away your eye is caught by something in the side bays. And so it goes on. I caught sight of some men in white helmets with the word "HOST" on them so I grabbed one, figuratively speaking. Not only did they answer any questions you might have, they also helped to focus the eye on one thing at a time by pointing out details which would so easily have been missed. I had noticed near the entrance a much wrapped package which was only slightly smaller than gigantic. Not only was it wrapped in layers of polythene but it had as a final protection what looked like a thick tent zipped up front. He pointed to this and told us it was one of the engines for APOLLO 17 which had been delivered the previous week. His finger led our eyes up and up past all the galleries along which the workmen walk to reach their work gantries. These gantries swing out towards the centre of the building as they work on the assembly. A fine job for a steplejack if he could take the heights.

I wondered how they, the men who work in the building on the assembly, feel around launch time. Were they perhaps so used to successful launches they had become blase? Were they only 'doing a job' or were they there because they were space minded. I found it most heartening to hear that all of them felt personally involved in each launch. They meet the men who ride the rockets so this would help them to identify with them and on the day they are all to be found outside viewing with their fingers crossed and a prayer in their hearts.

For someone like me who has absolutely no technical or engineering knowledge it was quite something to be able to look at rockets and models of the lunar module and note - thinking of the model kits we have made here - so that's what that is, and now I see what that is for. And down on my knees to look underneath to see if the model had the same appearance as our model...It had. What is the name of the story of the old watchman who has the job of guarding a graveyard of rockets? That is what the Space Museum reminded me of. They were of no more use but they can't bring themselves to get rid of them. True there was no evidence of rust but the feeling of a rocket graveyard was very strong all the same.

Lowdown on Liftoff 5

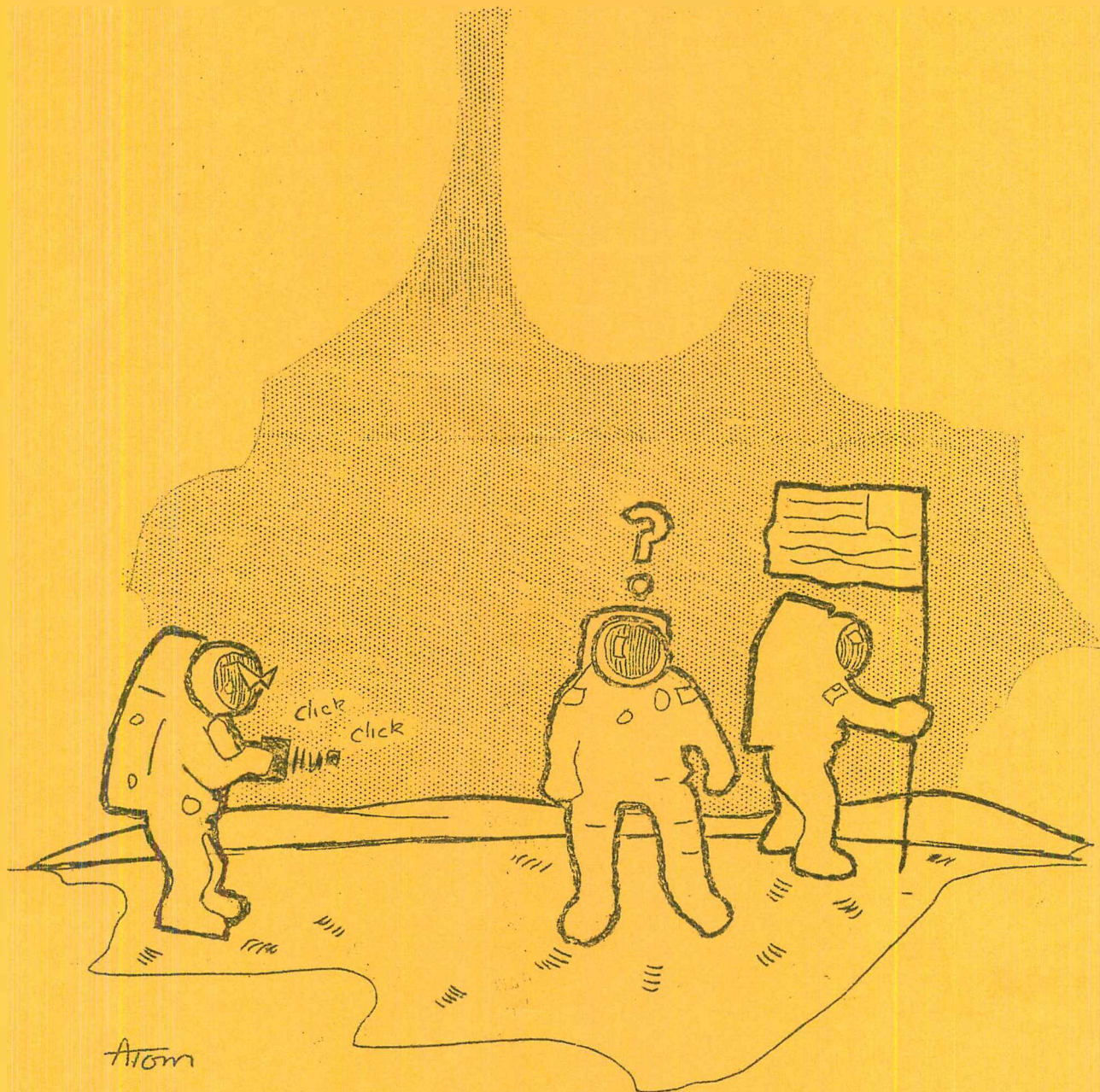
The final stop before returning to the Press building was to the Kennedy Visitors Centre (K.V.C.). As we left the bus our guide told us that we could go to the toilets, cafe, souvenir shop, have a look at the exhibits in the hall...and we had 20 minutes. I didn't know when if ever I'd get the chance again so I bounced off to the gift shop. 20 minutes=\$22. I really made like a tourist and didn't much care what anyone thought. Most of the things were APOLLO souvenirs. A plate to put on the wall of the first moon walk. A tea spoon for Ethel's collection with the 16 mission emblem on it. Key rings and paper knives for various folks, some transparencies I'd never seen before - there were lots more I had to pass up on the score of expense. A goodly selection of post cards including some lovely 3d ones etc. I got back to the bus bearing my loot and feeling triumphant just in time to avoid being left behind. On the same bus I had the company of Hal Clements. It was hard to know what to call Hal. His real name is Harry Stubbs and he insists on introducing himself as such, but when Nita, who had known him for some time, admitted she felt the name Hal came easier to her I didn't feel too bad about using it too. It must be odd to answer to two different names under varying circumstances. Hal is also a camera bug and was most helpful to me in my quest for good pictures. My own camera had broken down the day before I left and I'd had to buy a (to me) new one en route to the air terminal. As it was 2nd hand it didn't have a booklet telling what the parts were and did. There's a dial on it I still don't know how it works, something to do with metering light...I think. Anyway, Hal was a great help - as was Chris Moskowitz - in suggesting the correct setting for the light which obtained at the moment. Due to them I've got some very nice pics. Hal struck me as being very shy and is certainly very quiet and self-effacing.

When we got back to the house Danny and Mary Frolich were going to the Press building and Joe suggested it might be a good idea if I went too to see if this pass would come through. NO. Joe phoned the Wollheims again and asked Elsie to get Western Union to Telex a new wire to the Press building. To cut a long story short, I finally got my pass late that afternoon after a lot of trouble. Western Unions fault as usual. Now I had my pass and was wearing it you would be astonished at what could be had for the asking, sometimes you didn't even have to ask. In one room of the Press building they had trestle tables lining the walls round the room full of information sheets, glossy booklets, pics and anything anyone could want about the mission. Each engineering company puts out its own brochure describing in great detail their part of the project. I have some very interesting ones about the different cameras the lads took with them. I also have a detailed specification of the lunar module which is fascinating to read but all too long to detail here. They also give you a whacking great book of the flight plan with another just as large and thick of the contingency plan in the event of something going wrong. When you talk about the cost of the Space programme I wonder do you take into account just how much is spent on informing and cosseting the press of the world? So, it's only a fraction of the cost, but it must mount up some when you think of all the free buses laid on to take the press hither and forth and some of those brochures issued are real pricey jobs. Nothing it seems is too good for the Press. Naturally I took full advantage of what was going, who wouldn't, but it still shook me

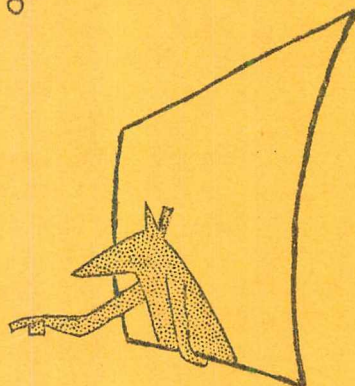
Lowdown on Liftoff 6

just the same to see how extravagant they were. Finally all the excitement and tiredness caught up with me and I took myself off to bed for a nap. I figured it was going to be a late night. After all there was the Pre-launch party to come in the evening. That I meant to enjoy.

to be continued in the next issue....



Natterings



When I was struggling to pass my driving test, I attended a series of classes called HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR DRIVING. These were conducted by a young police sergeant and had a large emphasis on safe driving. I was interested to notice the people attending this class were mostly middle-aged; and also that quite a few of them had only lately passed their test. As one man said to me with a shrug of his shoulders - "When we were young we never thought that we would ever be able to afford a car!" My friends in America, who think of a car as almost an extension of themselves, may find this hard to believe; but there are many people like myself who had to wait until they were well into middle-age (the younger you are the more you think of it as old age) before the possibility presented itself of being able to afford what one had thought of as a hopeless luxury. Certainly with the money paid to the nursing profession, I had felt like that.

It has its compensations of course; I can't think of anything more guaranteed to make you feel younger than your actual age than to learn to do something new in this way. Of course I envy the youngsters their care-free confidence behind the wheel; but I can't believe they get as much sense of achievement in driving as I do.

After getting the little pink slip that gave me new-found freedom the first snag I encountered was London traffic which, like so many people, I found intimidating. I can remember my relative from Aberdeen being amazed at the speed normal around here. I, however, had been amazed when he drove us round Aberdeenshire on empty country roads at never more than 30mph. In London traffic is always in a hurry; and there is little patience given to the slow learner. I know that a lot of the older drivers rarely go further

Natterings 2

than their local surroundings and when they to avoid the rush hours and the more complicated traffic areas. However, I figured there was not much use having a car unless you are going to use it fully.

The first hurdle was to find my way from here in south London across to where Ella Parker lived in north London. No Artic explorer could have set out armed with more maps or trepidation than I did! After about a half a dozen trips I now know a good route, for there are many different ways one can go. According to Ella, Joe Patrizio swears he has never driven to her place from St Albans the same way twice! Half the battle I discovered is in knowing the traffic pattern. I am not above parking the car and walking back to study it...

The next thing I wanted to do was go visit Frances and Brian Varley in the Lake district. I had some time off in June in which I could do so if I had the nerve to tackle motorway driving. Brian advised a rehearsal..so one morning at 6am to avoid the heavy traffic, I set off and was on the M1 by 7am. Ah, the bliss of no gear changes, no corners, no on-coming traffic, no pedestrians, and no traffic-lights!

After that rehearsal I felt happy enough to tackle the journey in earnest. I made full use of the service areas for rest stops and my speed was never great; but I made the journey in good time arriving at the exit for Penrith by 5pm. It was a very windy day -all along the motorway it blew in great gusts so that whenever I got up speed I could feel the car sway. I would then drop my speed as I did not feel safe with that sensation.

Once I had left the M1 and was on the M6 the traffic became less heavy and the surroundings improved magically. That part of the M6 as it enters the Lake district is quite magnificent. The panoramic view of the hills on either side is quite breathtaking. I think it must be one of the loveliest scenic routes anywhere and can recommend that you try it.

The only trouble I had the whole way was when I came off the motorway and onto a roundabout. I nearly landed back onto the motorway again! I sure hate roundabouts; I never seem to have enough time to absorb all the information about it--before I am on it..and that's no time to be wondering where to go.

My next adventure lies before me. In July I intend to drive to Scotland in easy stages. Whoops! there goes another rubber tree plant!

I had such a restful vacation in the Lake district. It was a holiday weekend when I arrived so Frances and Brian were free to show me around the Lakes which were so near to where they lived. After they went back to work I enjoyed touring; the driving was certainly a change..all corners and hills and with wonderful scenery round every bend.

One day I went into Maryport where Frances had told me was a second-hand bookshop. When I found it I discovered it was really two shops, one leading from the other. One held the books, the other was a general store and it was easy to see the general store was the more profitable half. In fact it had spilled over into the book section and I had to pick my way among the groceries to get to the books. The books were dusty and in no sort of order and I had to shift things like boxes of Cornflakes to get at some of the stacks. I found quite a few books; but I could see on the top shelf one that I wanted...THE DREAM DETECTIVE. How to get to it was the problem as

Natterings 3

the stack had dozens and dozens of trays of eggs in front of it. I asked an assistant to help and she nonchalantly climbed up the shelves to get the book. How she got back again without putting her foot in dozens of eggs I'll never know!

I've just been reading with interest the editorial by Mike Glicksohn in ENERGUMEN no 12. Mike is discussing his trading policy. He noticed when he started trading for ~~zines~~ in the usual way; that a faned who traded with him rarely bothered to write a letter of comment as well. Mike realises, as we all do, that the letters we get in response to our fanzines are the best reward we can have. He, himself, writes letters to faneds - but frankly I wonder how he has the time to do so..perhaps the fact that his wife co-edits is the reason. I notice that the other fanzine editor who is a good letter writer is Buck Coulson..and he too has his wife as a co-editor. In fact..4 out of the five fanzines nominated for the HUGO this year are co-edited in this way. It must be wonderful; the only help I get with any part of the production of this zine is in the artwork. Every issue, I sigh, thank goodness for ATOM!

I don't know how many zines Mike gets, or if he locs them all, but in the HAVER that goes out with this I have commented upon over 90 fanzines. That is roughly a two months crop. I can quite see why Mike would rather have a loc than a trade - but I can't really expect a busy faned wo write that letter. Especially as nowadays there are so many fanzines! Time was when it was easy to keep track of them all, to write letters to them, and to publish your own zine. Not any more --there is a fanzine factory at full blast out there and you just can't keep up with it!

Ethel Lindsay. June,1972



Roger Earnshaw
12 The Close, Rayners Lane
Pinner. Middsx. HA8 5DU