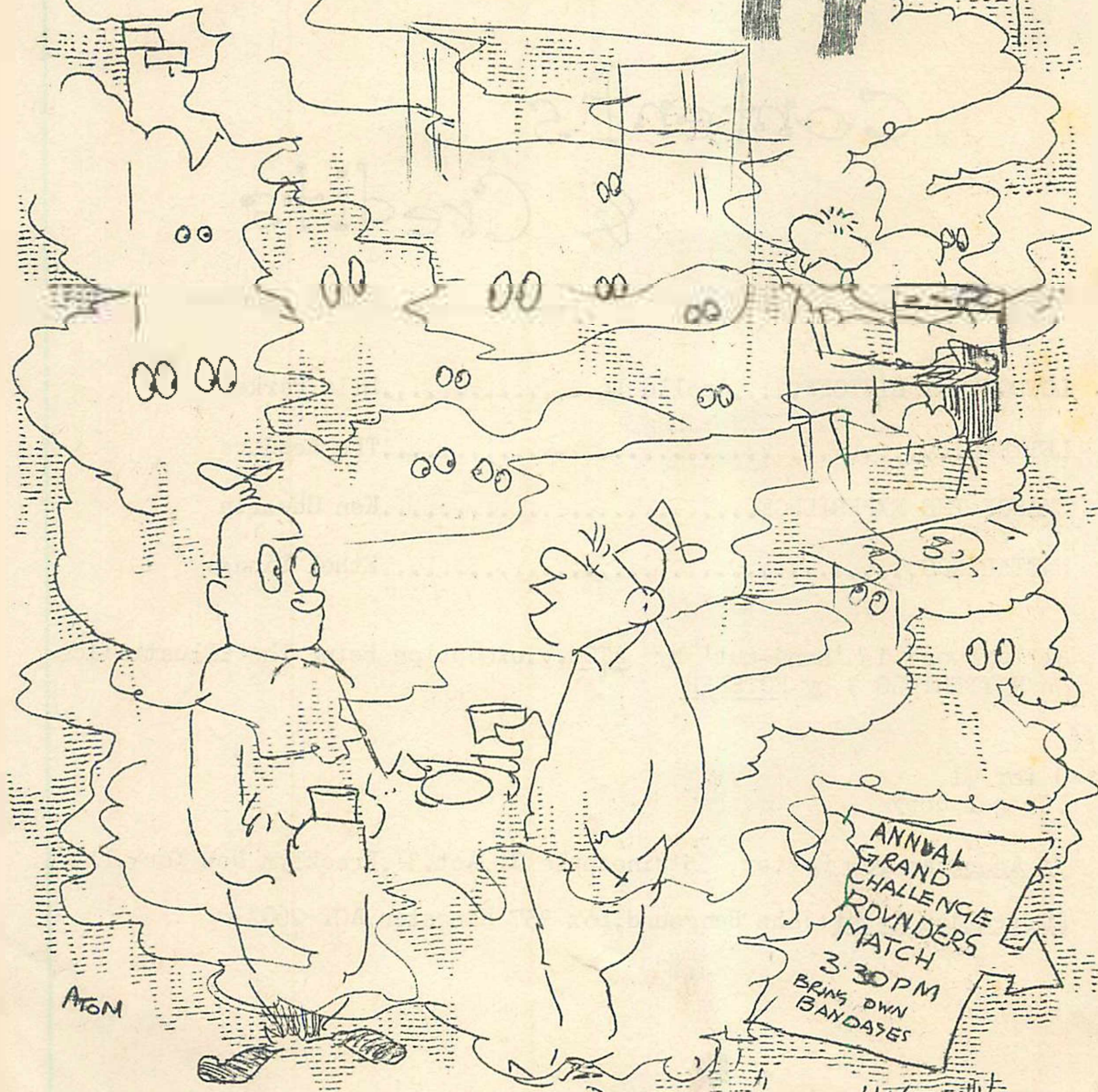


# Sketch



ATON

"Ethel's FAN BARBECUES CERTAINLY GIVE THE AMERICAN FAN VISITORS THAT AUTHENTIC FOGGY DAY IN LONDON FEELING"

Scottish

63

OCTOBER 1972

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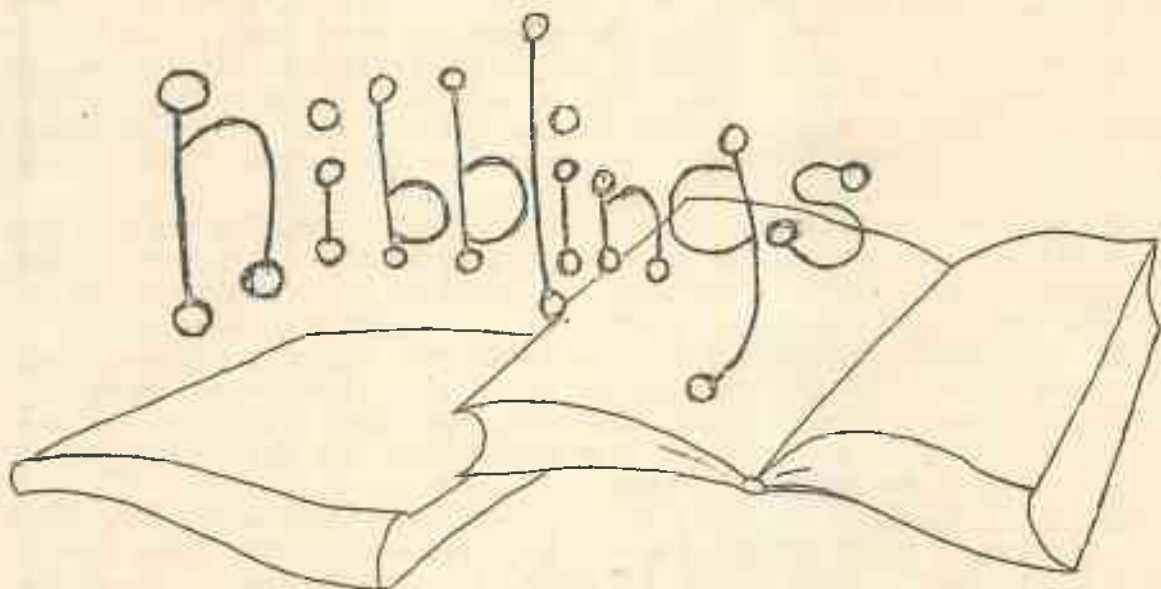
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IPOMOEIA by John Racham. Dennis Dobson SF. £1.40p. Nicely paced story of Sam Hutton who is sent for by his millionaire father with the terse words .."I need you". This starts him off to the planet Verdan and he is hardly on his way when the first attempt is made on his life. The puzzle of why and how it is tied in with the deadly drug beginning to infiltrate Earth keeps the reader guessing. I liked this one.

THE BATTLE OF FOREVER by A.E. Van Vogt. Sidgewick & Jackson. £1.60p A very odd story one would say..except that is what one expects from this author. He postulates a future in which only a thousand humans are left on Earth who live a test-tube life. One begins to speculate on what is happening outside; and Modyun is the one who takes the step of going to see. Not just an adventure story though it has the usual Van Vogtian plot upon plot. A lot of philosophy here too and you can agree or quarrel with it as you please.

POSSIBLE TOMORROWS: Edited by Groff Conklin. Sidgewick & Jackson. £1.60p 5 stories. First Asimov with the notion of a way to watch the past; and an end to privacy forever! Amis has a horrifying future in which a dictatorship can experiment on isolated groups of people. J.T. McIntosh presents a gestalt story unusual in approach and fascinating in the telling. This is the best in the book, I think. GONE FISHING by James Schmitz is also excellent, however as the study of a man marooned for five years and what this does for him in personality change. F.L. Wallace comes last with a story guaranteed to deflate any thoughts of man's greatness. A nice selection

THE YELLOW FRACTION by Rex Gordon. Dennis Dobson £1.50p. This is interesting on two levels. First in the situation of colonists who have landed on a planet not really suitable for man..average death at 40 yrs. Secondly in the situation of a band of people conscripted to take off on a spaceship. The way the culture has worked itself out in the light of the planet's conditions is well done; and the way the group of people are described involves the reader.

## Nibblings 2

THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN: by Wilson Tucker. Arrow Books. 30p. Paperback. Three men are being trained to use a Time Machine when the story opens. They are to go a short way into the future and find out if the President will be re-elected. They do not realise that their very going forward will be the reason for all that follows. It is told in leisurely fashion and with care to characterisation. I think I enjoyed rereading this as, having grasped the central theme, I could appreciate the careful structure more. Try it--twice.

TRIPLANETARY: by E.E. 'Doc' Smith. Panther SF. 35p. Paperback. The first volume in the famous Lensman series; and there are 6 more to follow. In this we meet the Arisians and the Eddoreans and watch the start of their conflict over Earth. This series is a notable addition to the collector's bookshelf.

CHTHON: by Piers Anthony. Panther SF 35p. Paperback. Cthon is a prison planet a garnet mine to which people are banished and Aton's story begins as he is left there. Highly original fantasy told with great imagination. There are many beautiful passages just as there are many brutal ones, the latter being much more realistic than is usual in fantasy.

THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL: by Michael Moorcock. Mayflower Paperbacks. 30p. Again fantasy...Dorian is the protagonist who is captured and has the Black Jewel embedded in his skull. With this his enemies, the Dark Empire, can send him abroad as a spy. Should he refuse the jewel can be turned against him. Plenty of imagination in this tale.

THE DYING EARTH: by Jack Vance. Mayflower Paperbacks. 25p. In this future Earth science has vanished and magic has come in its place. Vance shows a strange Earth with stranger men and beasts.

THE MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS: by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier. Mayflower Paperbacks. 50p. Of great interest to those who are intrigued by the occult for the authors have gathered together a great deal of information about the subject. Apparently they ended up still with open minds about it all.

DON RODRIGUEZ: CHRONICLES OF THE SHADOW VALLEY: by Lord Dunsany. Pan/Ballantine Paperback. 40p. First published in 1922 and worth reviving. The action takes place in Spain about the time of Don Quixote and shares the resemblance by being the story of a knight's wanderings and adventures.

BEYOND THE FIELDS WE KNOW: by Lord Dunsany. Pan/Ballantine Paperbacks. 40p. This contains a large collection of short stories many of which will be new to Dunsany collectors. One of the things I like about this series is the handsome and colourful covers...but I do wish they would give the artist's name.

THE GLASS CAGE: by Kenneth W. Hassler. Dobson SF. £1.75. After a biological war there is left a society who are in effect, in a glass cage. Their whole environment is controlled by a computer. The author describes what the effect of this would be; and how the technicians would gradually become priests and the people riddled with superstition. It is told by a young man sent in as a spy by a handful of people who have ventured outside. Neatly worked out.

ASSIGNMENT IN NOWHERE: by Keith Laumer. Dobson SF. £1.40. The third in a series which is exploring the idea of alternate time worlds. Curlon as a last descendant of the Plantagnets finds he is involved in tensions that threaten the Net. Interesting if you like to ponder different probability worlds and how a problem can be worked out.



### Nibblings 3

UN MAN AND OTHER NOVELLAS by Poul Anderson, Dobson SF. £1.50. In UN MAN there is the neatly worked out plot which shows Donner being killed and then appearing again as another man; the forces against the UN MAN are puzzled to know why they cannot kill him. MARGIN OF PROFIT features Nicholas van Rijn once again at his wily best. THE LIVE COWARD is the most thoughtful as it explores the idea of 'ravery' - and just what is a hero! A nicely balanced book.

LORDS OF THE STARSHIP by Mark S. Geston, Sphere SF. Paperback. 30p

An odd sort of book; the author wraps his meaning up and the story line moves from one set of characters to another in a way I find blunts the interest. It is set in a future where mankind has lost his technology and his power to move forward. The building of a spaceship to make enthusiasm rise is proposed; but in the end this does not make salvation possible either. Downbeat ending.

THE POLLINATORS OF EDEN by John Boyd, Pan SF. Paperback. 30p

Although I enjoyed reading this very much; I must complain (as I have before) that this book finished just where it should begin..to be proper SF. There is a planet called FLORA where strange tulips and orchids grow. Puzzle is - how are they pollinated? No insects. Then some tulips are brought to Earth and the puzzle begins to unfold. This theme, however, is very much secondary for a great part of the book to a story of 'organisation politics'. The book moves swiftly enough and holds the attention and I think only an SF addict would produce my complaint. Even then--the theme of symbiosis has rarely been better illustrated.

PLANET OF EXILE by Ursula Le Guin, Tandem. Paperback. 25p

When aliens are marooned on a planet they call themselves 'man'; but so do the natives and both cultures despise the other. Le Guin pictures this society well; and shows her great ability to conjure up an alien world..and what happens when both races are attacked by a third.

ROCANNON'S WORLD by Ursula Le Guin, Tandem 25p

Another of her imaginative alien worlds. Rocannon finds himself marooned upon it and has to try to send out a warning to his League about the enemies he finds there. This entails a journey across the planet in the company of some of the strange races - such as the cave-dwelling Gdemia, the delightful Fiia and the warriors of Liuar. Fine high adventure

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE by James Blish, Arrow Books. Paperback. 30p

I guess any good SF writer could imagine a planet that had an intelligent life-form that went through the cycle of reproduction which, in humans, takes place in the womb. It takes however an extra-special writer to place a Jesuit priest cum biologist upon the planet who would have to agonise over whether the race was one without original sin or a trap for mankind from an old adversary. Deservedly, this won a HUGO. Father Ruis-Sanchez is the man who has to make the difficult decision and his story is a notable one.

A SKULL AND TWO CRYSTALS by George Dick-Lauder, Dobson SF £1.80

The protagonist Makettrig is a Warden who is given a routine task to escort Lilamani to her home on Mercury. Naturally this turns out to be anything but routine - the action is fast and the author uses a full background to good advantage.

TROS by Talbot Mundy, Tandem Paperbacks. 30p

This is the first book about Mundy's legendary warrior who lived in the days

#### Nibblings 4

when Caesar was trying to conquer Britain. Well told and with a wealth of detail that brings the period alive. Tros makes a fine heroic figure and fights hard against Caesar. This book ends as Caesar is forced to plunge into a river to save his life.

WE CAN BUILD YOU by Philip K. Dick. DAW Books, No 14. 95¢

Primarily a story about a firm that manufactured electronic mood organs and then began to branch out into making simulacra of famous men. However the characters are all very bound up in mental health, as indeed is the whole population. Unusual as is typical of Dick, and very complex!

THE TACTICS OF MISTAKE by Gordon R. Dickson. DAW Books. No 9. 95¢

I have fond memories of this author's DORSAI when it first came out in ASTOUNDING; and it is a story that I have re-read with enjoyment. So I was particularly pleased when I realised that THE TACTICS OF MISTAKE tells of how the Dorsai pattern was formed and how this race came to be the finest soldiers in the Galaxy. Grahame is the man who comes to the Dorsai with his theory of training men in a special sort of tactics; I found it fascinating to watch how his theories are tested out in practice. Exciting and well written.

THE REGIMENTS OF NIGHT by Brian Ball. DAW Books No 19. 95¢

Quite a gripping story in which a tourist party visit an Earth which has long been a ruin. There have been stories that beneath the ruins lies a Fort and an "Army of the Night". When, through chance the Fort is activated, a group of humans find themselves inside a structure that is governed by computers that have become confused, and very, very dangerous. Moves smartly and holds the interest.

THE 1972 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF Edited by D.A. Wollheim with Arthur Saha. DAW Books No 5. 95¢

Nice to see that the editor can continue this series in his new publishing venture. 14 stories. I liked the first best, this is THE FOURTH PROFESSION by Larry Niven which concerns a barmen who is given some knowledge pills by an alien customer; it is amusingly told. Stephen Tall in his THE BEAR WITH THE KNOT ON ITS TAIL convey well the vastness of the Universe. M.G. Coney has looked at tourism of the future -- and I can't say I liked it much whilst admiring his ingenuity. Poul Anderson's story A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE neatly shows the bitter bit. The one with the puzzle I enjoyed watch unfold is OCCAM'S SCALPEL by Sturgeon. These are the ones I would mention first, but all the stories are good.

TALES FROM THE WHITE HART by Arthur C. Clarke, Sidgwick & Jackson. Paperback. 40p. There is also a cloth edition at £1.50.

One for the collector. These stories were written between 1953 and 56. The author explains that the White Hart was based upon the White Horse in Fetter Lane; and is amusing about how he feels when he visits its present-day counterpart. The majority of these tales are told by Harry Purvis and they are of the take-your-breath-away variety. They are told with fond amusement and the atmosphere of the WHITE HART is conveyed well. Any SF reader will love this.

THE LOST WORLDS OF 2001 by Arthur C. Clarke, Sidgwick & Jackson. Paperback 40p Cloth edition £2.25.

This gives a behind-the-scenes story of the making of 2001 -- from the point of view of the writer. We all know that the idea started from the short story THE SETINEL, which starts this book off. It is absorbing to see how many other stories were written by Clarke before the final screenplay and novel



## Nibblings 5

appeared. Here are all the stories that were tried and scrapped and tried again. A very engrossing piece of reading

ESCAPE TO VENUS by Clark Dalton (Perry Rhodan 15) Ace Books. 65¢. As usual this series is enlivened by Forry Akerman's column. Thora, the Arkonide decides to attempt to return to her home world, but only gets as far as Venus before she is in trouble and Perry is off on another adventure.

THE MONSTER MEN by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace Books. 75¢. Another fine edition for the Burroughs collectors this is the chilling story of Dr Van Horn's attempts to make life from chemicals; and what happened to No 13 experiment.

EXILES OF THE STARS by Andre Norton. Ace Books. 95¢. This is a tale of the Free Traders; but in particular of two who had been translated into other bodies after their own had been damaged. Quite a complicated story.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES by Isaac Asimov. Ace Books. \$1.25. Another brilliant collection of essays, proving once again how good Asimov is at explaining in an entertaining way to the layman. I liked best the section that explains where astronomy stems from.

OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES by Bob Shaw. Ace Books. 95¢. When the author first had the concept of 'slow glass'..which kept the picture of what had happened in the past, he used it for a short story. Here he has expanded the theme of how this discovery could change the life of its inventor..and the whole of Earth's culture. Well-plotted and a puzzle every now and then to hold the reader.

ROLLER COASTER WORLD by Kenneth Bulmer. Ace Books. 75¢. Quite an intriguing idea..Parsloe's Planet is filled with mobile cities that move from place to place as a life-giving radiation moves about the planet. Without this the people would die, with it they live a life of great enjoyment. There are areas, however, where the radiation has stopped completely..and slowly it is beginning to be realised that the whole planet might one day be without the radiation. The protagonist, Marsden, is an interesting character, less cardboard than many SF heroes. I like this one.

EARTHSTRING by John Racham//The Chariots of Ra by Kenneth Bulmer. Ace. 95¢ Double. In EARTHSTRINGS we follow Jeremy the reporter as he tries to track down Kit Carewe, the best-selling writer about outer space. One is kept pleasantly puzzled as he follows the trail and amused by the exotic personalities he encounters. In THE CHARIOTS OF RA, we return to the worlds of the dimensions and the adventures of two young American who are kidnapped into these worlds whilst they had been motoring. A whirl of adventure follows. THE BLACK STAR PASSES by John W. Campbell. Ace. 75¢. This comes out as a timely tribute after the death of Campbell last year. For these were the stories he wrote before beginning his many years as editor of ANALOG. I must admit I found them rather too technical and dry..but interesting because of their history.

THE SECRET BARRIER by W.W. Shols. (Perry Rhodan 16) Ace. 75¢. This continues the adventure started in ESCAPE TO VENUS..Perry and Thora are still on Venus and again in deadly danger. Forry Akerman again gives a good report of the SF film world.

THE OMEGA POINT by George Zebrowski. Ace. 75¢. An odd one..pictures a future in which Earth has ruthlessly exterminated a race, but leaving one member who relentlessly takes his revenge. So he is hunted by Earthmen-but his end at their hands becomes a kind of victory after all.

THE BIG TIME by Fritz Leiber. Ace. 75¢. This is a HUGO-winning classic. It tells the story of a Rest and Recreation Place for the Soldiers in the Change Wars. They had all at one time been snatched at death for Resurrection and some became Soldiers; but others became Entertainers at such a Place as is described in this fascinating story. The Change Wars that make the background is a stirring concept and the foreground is occupied by as weird a crew as any fantasy(or mystery!)lover could wish. Highly recommended. BLACKMAN'S BURDEN and BORDER, BREED NO' BIRTH both by Mack Reynolds. Ace Double 95¢. BLACKMAN'S BURDEN should be read first, not knowing, I started at the other end and so rather spoiled things for myself. An American negro called Homer decides to become El Hassan and to unite North Africa. The story is told from his point of view. Maybe I'm wrong, but to me it seemed a nice exercise in wish-fulfilment.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SF. 18th Series: Edited by Ed. Ferman. Ace. 75¢ 14 stories and five cartoons. Most original-THE PEOPLE TRAP by Robert Sheckley, a grim forecasting about an over-crowded Earth. Most amusing-OGRE by Ed Jesby in which a small-time bookie befriends an ogre. Most incomprehensible(to me)LUNATIC ASSIGNMENT by Sonya Dorman, no doubt its Highly Significant though. A good selection though, with something for everyone.

THE WITCHCRAFT READER: Edited by Peter Haining. Pan SF. 30p. 8 stories. Keith Roberts has a witch who breathes life into a scarecrow; and Van Vogt also has a story of a witch, but this time a sea-witch..definetly gruesome! The best story in the book is by Sturgeon -ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE - a tale of enchantment which begins with a girl who has a satyr's foot. Bloch is also delightful as he takes the subject of witchcraft and whirls it into space. A fine and interesting selection.

GALACTIC POT-HEALER by Philip K. Dick. Pan SF. 25p. Jose Fernwright is able to repair ceramics when all that is around him is plastic. So he is willing to listen when asked work on a distant planet. Told with the usual mixture of humour and satire that we expect from Dick.

THE NIGHT OF THE ROBOTS by Brian Ball. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.75p Danecki is being hunted by the Jacobis family and now only two are left but this blood feud appears to be ending with his death on an Earth left ravaged after the Mad Wars. He becomes involved in a grim struggle, not only with the Jacobis, but also by the robots left on Earth which are still capable of producing chaos. A very chilling and well-told story.

THE SEEDLING STARS by James Blish. Arrow Books. 35p. This is a series of stories that are linked together by the use of pentropy - biological engineering. It is too expensive to terra-form a planet, so man must become Adapted Man. The one I found most fascinating was on the planet that was mainly water..here Man is adapted as a minute under-water organism..and has to fight his way to survival.

~~~~~ Ethel Lindsay ~~~~~-

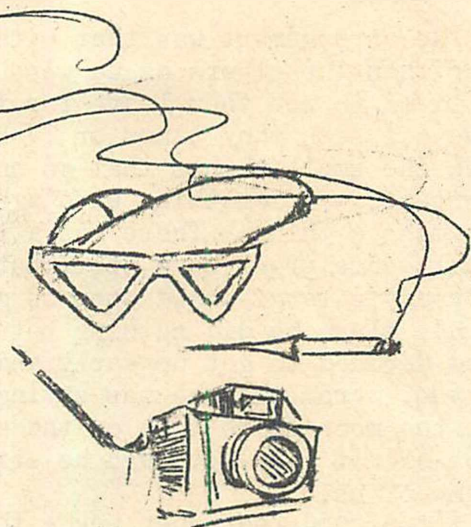
HAVERINGS is my fanzine of comment upon fanzines received. Published quarterly. No 53 is published with this edition of SCOTTISHE. 40p or \$1 for 6 issues



# lowdown on liff-off

## part II

by Ella Parker



It is amazing how folk seem to infiltrate a room without being noticeable. One moment the room is reasonably empty and the next, when you look around, the room is as full as can be. The noise level didn't appear to rise all that much with the influx of bodies so I suppose that helped to delay the realisation that more were arriving all the time. Sam Moskowitz had arrived some time during the early evening and was in the room and settled down before I knew he was there. As I recall, his voice used to boom out as he entered and you didn't have to look to see who had arrived. Many folk were there I'd never met before and who's name I forget, or didn't catch properly when introduced. I met Danny Plachta again, also Doreen and Jim Webbert, all of them easily recognizable still after all this time. Dave Kyle turned up and almost fell over with shock when he saw me there; our last meeting had not been under the happiest of circumstances being at the funeral of Ted Carnell. Things developed along the lines of all fan parties; lots and lots of talk and if any hard drinking was done I don't know when, they all seemed too busy to drink much.

The younger set had gone out to sit in the Freas trailer in the yard and I wandered out for some air only to join them in this smaller and more select party. Apparently I was honoured as you had to be under 21 to get in but they made me welcome and we sat chatting in a desultary way for some time. It was a very sultry evening to my English conditioned body and I was becoming more edgy as the evening progressed. I couldn't wait for the morrow to arrive - which was launch day - at the same time, I didn't really want it to be over too soon. Not an enviable state to be in I can assure you. I wandered from group to group settling at none, the longest time I think I sat in one place was when Kelly Freas did one of his caricatures of me, I went outdoors, came back indoors, made a cup of tea, smoked like a chimney and generally behaved as if I were bewitched. Finally, I drifted off to bed not too hopeful of being able to sleep, I was so restless.

## Lowdown On Liftoff.2

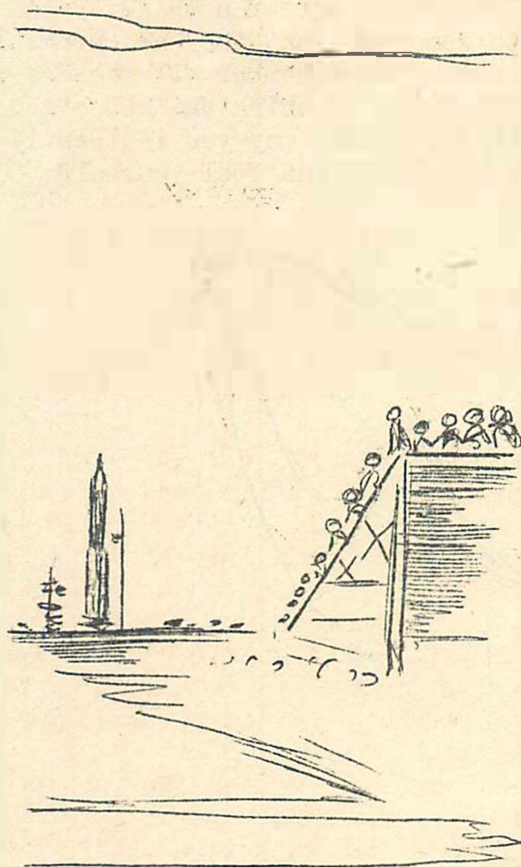
The arrangement was that with Danny and Mary Frolich I would leave earlier than the others as we were going to the building where the astronauts lived to see them leave for the launch pad. This is something that we have all seen many times on TV but to be there and feel the excitement and see the small things that go on outside TV camera range no matter how unimportant, was something else again. I was taking it all in determined not to miss a thing. There was a table just in front of us with a telephone obviously some press boys spot, but he wasn't there when we arrived. There was already a large crowd when we got there and when this press man came to claim his place he did nothing but bitch at all the rubber necking tourists who had decided to get up early and give the boys an encouraging cheer to their van. From what he was saying, he used to have this spot all to himself before the moon shots took on the attributes of a tourist attraction, and this he didn't like although he still had his front spot and could see better than any of us.

I'm afraid that when we got the tip the boys were on their way out, although it was far too crowded to attempt to take pics, I did tend to crowd this bloke more than was necessary just for spite. I felt pretty niggley with him, I can tell you. The lads were out of the building and into their van so quickly that you daren't even blink, but they looked cheerful enough and gave an expansive wave all round. Once they were in the van I dived through the crowd and got as close as I possibly could without actually joining them inside and then they were driven off. As always happens when what you have come to see is over, you have a feeling of anti-climax but this didn't last long as NOW WAS THE TIME TO GO TO THE LAUNCH PAD.

We scrambled for the buses which had been laid on for those of the press who wanted to come early and were now taking us to the press stand. Luckily I had taken Nita's advice and made myself a couple of sandwiches but what I was going to do for something to drink I didn't really know. Who cared? Not me. We arrived at the launch complex and immediately the atmosphere of a fairground struck you. True, there aren't any roundabouts or swings but the fairground cum festival cum picnic feeling stays with you all day. I discovered rather late that it is possible to book a seat in the press stand and I was lucky to get one. I was even luckier to get one right at the back in the top row. The heat by now was beginning to make itself felt and that high up there was a very nice breeze going through which kept me comfortably cool all day. I went down for a walk round the area just to stretch my legs and see what all was going on. Folk had their cameras set up and were fingering the settings nervously from time to time. Others had set their cameras up and wrapped them in towels or paper against the the heat and gone off to sit in the shelter of the press stand. I was amazed to hear that the press stand is nearer the the launch pad than any other and is the only one with a roof on it against inclement weather - don't laugh, I know this was Florida, but the next day, Sunday, we had a fearful thunder storm. The V.I.P. stand is further back and the dependants/tourist stand is further back still. So you see, the worlds' press is given preferential treatment even here. Now the time seemed to drag. I sat and banged off some film of the surrounding crowds and again of the V.A.B. which looked to be only a stones throw away. You know, that place fascinates me. It is so imposing and sits out there all alone and the building itself gleams in the light as if newly washed. I never did see Joe or Nita all this time, I don't know



### Lowdown On Lift-off:3



where they were, ferrying people to the launch I shouldn't wonder. It was possible to keep an eye on the count down as the large electronic time check was right opposite our stands and when it came to 10 minutes before launch I decided it was time to go down to the waters edge and choose my vantage spot for the actual launch. I was only wearing sandals and the heat from the scrub was an assault on my feet and I did give a passing thought to the possibility of snakes. But time was wearing on and the great moment was almost upon us. Harry Clements had loaned me his monocular lens as I had decided I wasn't going to be bothered with cameras, I just wanted to look and soak it all up in every detail.

Had I not already seen the report that Danny Frolick wrote of this event, I might not feel so diffident about putting into words just how I felt at the actual moment of launch. I have the words but don't of necessity have the gift for putting them in a highly readable order, so you must just take my word for it that this is how I felt, and what I thought as it lifted, and as far as I can recall, how I behaved.

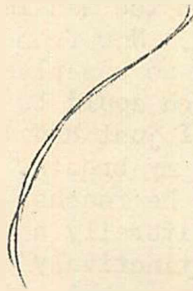
During our long hot wait on the stands we had heard from time to time what almost amounted to a cross talk act between the men in Control at Kennedy and those at Mission Control in Houston. Now from where I was sitting I could no longer see the electronic time check so was pleased to hear the count down being given over the p.a. system which could be heard for miles around. As they reached the now famous 10,9,8 I just had time to realise that my stomach was all knotted up and I was holding my breath. Watching TV really doesn't prepare you for the actuality. Just as he reaches 1, lift-off, there is the god almightiest whoosh of flame, it is literally a wall of fire and although I was easily five miles from it, I instinctively shrank back from it. This flame entirely covers the lower half of the rocket, it can't be for long, but it appear to be so. It doesn't entirely disappear but resolves itself into the tail flame on which the rocket rises. Again I caught myself thinking: "It's just like the books, it really does rise on a tail of Fire". This fire is burning bright hot and the darn rocket just sits there. By now I was so wound up it was only afterwards that I appreciated that having waited all day and been so keyed up it seemed to sit there for ages when in fact it was only seconds. Now it moves. Sooo slowly and quietly, up, ever up, now theres a slight wobble and I catch my breath but still it rises and I swear that all this time I forgot to breathe. Now it is clear of the tower and the noise and vibration hit you. It's a torrent of noise, sensation, emotion, and all

## Countdown On Liftoff:4

mixed up together at the same time. I defy anyone no matter how blase they think they are to watch a launch and not be moved by it. You think of the three lads inside, and even take time out to remember that they are probably far too busy to be as excited by it as you are. You remember all these years when you've been reading about just this kind of thing and how often you were jeered at for reading that muck, in a peculiar way you feel as if you have yourself helped to bring this into being and you feel yourself vindicated too.

I had been warned that once it was up, if I lost sight of it in the glasses it would be impossible to pick it up again so, as it went higher and ever higher, I went over on my back to follow its progress. I saw the first staging and the flare of the second stage actually fall. As it had risen I was aware that along with all the others lining the waters edge I was shouting "GO,GO,GO".

Tears were streaming down my face and when I realised they had gone and I could no longer see them I felt absolutely drained. For minutes afterwards I couldn't move from my spot on the verge of the water. Anything else after this had to be anti-climatic. I was so full of emotion I couldn't even talk about it to Joe and Nita when I saw them again.



Before going back to be with the gang again I walked around alone and tried to re-live the moments just passed. I was surprised it hadn't been more noisy. True, there was a roar but it was nothing to what I had expected, the thing that really got me - and I mean that almost literally - was the great vibration as it rose into the air. Every bone in your body, every tooth in your head and, I dare say, every hair on your head, just to the core. I did begin to wonder if it was going to become too much and if so what the hell could I do about it. Nothing.

To be concluded.....Ella Parker.



# LETTERS

Robert Coulson,  
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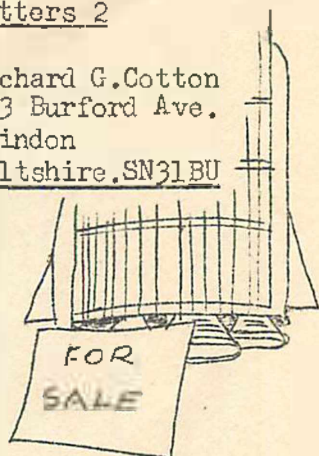


"Archie Mercer doesn't give the end to the Eric Erickson saga. I can't give dates but sometime after all the other RAPIERS had appeared, Erickson issued a one-pager, apologising to everyone he might have offended with his previous publications and announcing that he was committing himself to an asylum...I think the trouble with fandom, from Offutt's point of view, is that so many of us - myself included, obviously - view it as a place where one doesn't have to think analytically about the shriekers and empathise with their problems. In a regular job, one has to get along with one's co-workers, no matter what bastards they may be,

simply because one is with them constantly and constant friction is painful. Same with neighbours (except Andy and I sensibly live in the country and avoid much of that bag) And you come home from a hard day at the office and instead of yelling at your wife you can snarl at some sub-literate cretin in a fanzine with the assurance that if you offend him it doesn't matter. I try to pick my targets with extreme care; I do not attack anyone who is minding his own business. If he is dishing it out to others, I figure he'd better know how to take it in return. But some of us are not so particular..."

## Letters 2

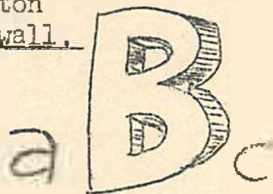
Richard G. Cotton  
23 Burford Ave.  
Swindon  
Wiltshire. SN31BU



"Having browsed through several current fanzines, I've worked up quite a gripe about book reviews. The usual one - that most of them are far too pretentious and forget that a book is supposed to be entertaining. However, I don't know what to think about your reviews in SCOT. They're short, and do at least say what the book is about, and because of their length, they prevent any prejudices from creeping in...yes I think this is a good thing. I liked Ella Parker's piece very much, and envy her. I wonder how much money is raised by selling Apollo 'knick knacks'. Would it be possible to raise enough money this way? Seems doubtful, but

D.D. Harriman managed it in a similar sort of way. I wonder what circulation figures are like for zines like Speculation, Locus, Energumen, or even SCOT. Am I treading on dangerous ground? It would be interesting to compile some figures. Well, I'd find it interesting anyway...\*\*\*\*SCOT has no secret figures..I run off approx. 150 copies. As to reviews - I aim to let the reader decide if he wants to buy the book. I leave the analytical articles to others\*\*\*

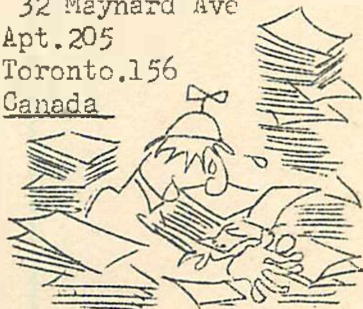
Archie Mercer,  
21 Trenethick Parc  
Helston  
Cornwall.



"Aha-at last Andrew Offutt, with or without caps, Reveals All. The man now begins to make sense. I'm not saying I necessarily agree with what he did and why he did it-in fact it's something I'm damned sure that I, for various reasons, would not have done - but I now appreciate that he has a point. (Cue for Atom???) I know that Damon Knight used to do likewise (which seemed equally pointless to me) and, even earlier, the bloke who composed the song "Nature Boy" under the name of "Edon ahbez". Pub-

licity releases concerning the last-named had it that he was of the opinion that nobody merited capitals except for "God" and the Infinite" "Nature Boy got them nevertheless." Thanks for the way you keep writing, Archie.\*\*\*

Mike Glicksohn  
32 Maynard Ave  
Apt. 205  
Toronto. 156  
Canada



"I don't think the fact that Susan co-edits ENERGUMEN means that I have more time to write letters actually. I still do all the typing of stencils and preparatory work with her role more along the lines of an actual editor, rather than a publisher. We share the actual running off work, though, and this does save me a lot of time. Mostly it's just that I really enjoy writing locs, feel a sense of obligation to respond to fanzines received, and am willing to devote the time to it that other faneds might spend at the movies or watching TV."

\*\*\*Try running off a copy of ENERGUMEN without any other help..and then see if you still think that I might be using my time to watch a movie or TV very much-I can't remember when I last saw a movie and I can't watch TV without feeling guilty if I am not typing too.\*\*



### Letters 3

Harry Warner  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown  
Maryland, 21740.



"I tried in my talk at the worldcon last year to get some kind of united fanish effort behind the space program, one of Mark Mumpers' proposals. The general reaction was that 'I liked the talk' and that was the end of it. If I had the strong personality or the inexhaustible energy possessed by certain fans, maybe I could achieve something. But what can I do, being what I am? I try to back the space program in conversations and I provide Kelly Freas posters to the local planetarium, and I know it takes more than that. Right now it looks as if the Star Trek people in fandom are succeeding in getting that series revived for television. Just think how much the same

group might do if they turn next to promoting the space programme as tirelessly as they've worked for more Star Trek episodes. What happens after the last Apollo goes up has some bearing on when the star ship Enterprise will make its journey. All of which leads into the fact that I enjoyed immensely the first part of Ella's adventures in Florida. I hope this signals the resumption of her fanzine writing career. She needn't worry about the extravagance of NASA's public relations people with press materials. Those giveaways create the publicity for moon flights that bring a half-million people to the Cape Kennedy area to see each launch, and taxes spent in the course of all those journeys by visitors far exceed publishing costs for data sheets.

Mark Mumper  
1227 Laurel St.  
Santa Cruz, Calif.  
95060



"You've caught me in the midst of yet another fanzine flood, and I'm desperately trying to cope with the tide by reading them voraciously and attempting to write at least halfway-coherent locs. You're quite right that there's a fanzine factory somewhere "out there", and I too am feeling the effects of it...Although I believe we should have a space program, and I still do experience the good old sense of wonder when thinking about jaunting out there, the descriptions I've seen of NASA's operations don't do that much for me. All the hardware and such is alright, I suppose it's rather mindblowing,

but I don't get so enthused about the technical operation as practised by Our Boys in Florida as Ella seems to. I dunno, but it seems we could be going about it in a much more fascinating fashion, with less of this All-American gung-ho technology attitude. More poetry, you know?\*\*\*Dear me, it sounds as if you are one of the American youths who are suffering a reaction from American "gung-ho" in the past - so that now you cannot come up with an honest patriotic pride in the moon-flights.\*\*\*

## Letters 4

Rick Sneary  
2962 Santa Ana St.  
South Gate  
Calif. 90280.

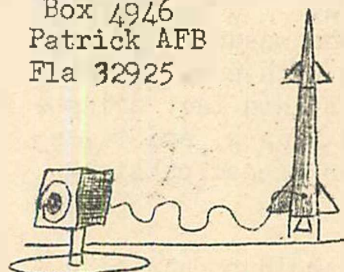


"I think I remember the Rapier, but I'm fairly sure I never would have responded. There were a couple of other mad cults back then. I remember one that I was finding rather interesting until the Leader appointed me to the equivalent of a State Supreme Court Judgeship. I figured anyone crazy enough to make me a High Judge wasn't worth wasting time with...Or Bentcliffe's letter...At long range I'd rate 7th and 8th Fandom as the high points of British Fandom too. That is, using

the Speer-Silverberg-Sneary system. Is that the same he means? Roughly 1955-56?. I agree that it would be impossible to write an objective history of the parts of fandom I was active in..the only answer is to write it anyway and hope enough histories are written that a future observer can blend them together. Or maybe something like the ISL should start the Secret Archives not to be published till after the author's death."

Sam Long

Box 4946  
Patrick AFB  
Fla 32925



"I'm stationed at Patrick AF Base just south of the Cape and I actually work at the Cape Kennedy Forecast Facility, the largest weather station in the area. The weather rocket launch pad is the only place on the Cape where you still press a button to launch the rocket - everywhere else it's done by computer. It is about 10 ft. long and is a 1½ stage affair, that is a booster that burns for about 1.8sec. and a dart which contains instrumentation and a parachute. The booster goes up

a mile or so after its solid fuel gives out, but the dart coasts up some 40 miles and sends data back on its way down. Last week I watched the Atlas-centaur launching of the Orbiting Astronomical Observatory. It took place about 6.30am on a cloudy morning. I went out onto the beach and looked north. Sure enough, at launch time a red glow suffused the horizon and a reddish flame far out-shining the Cape Canaveral Lighthouse rose slowly, then faster thru the dawn. Up it rose thru cloud and mist until all of a sudden it came out of the earth's shadow into bright sunshine and its vaportrail, hitherto invisible, became a white pillar of smoke slowly blowing in the upper winds. The sound of the rocket took a full minute to reach me-- I was 12 miles away. The Apollo launch promises to be even more spectacular, for it will take place at night, and it is said that it should be visible 500 or more miles away. One thing is sure: it'll turn night into day here in Florida for a few minutes. So, I eagerly await the next instalment of Ella's "Low-down"...My offer still stands: to put up any British fan who can make it to Florida for the Apollo 17 launch. Oh, and all my new friends and neighbours think I have a 'smashing' British accent.\*\*\*Ella will be back at Apollo 17 but that's a generous offer to fans. As to the accent...they must be kidding!



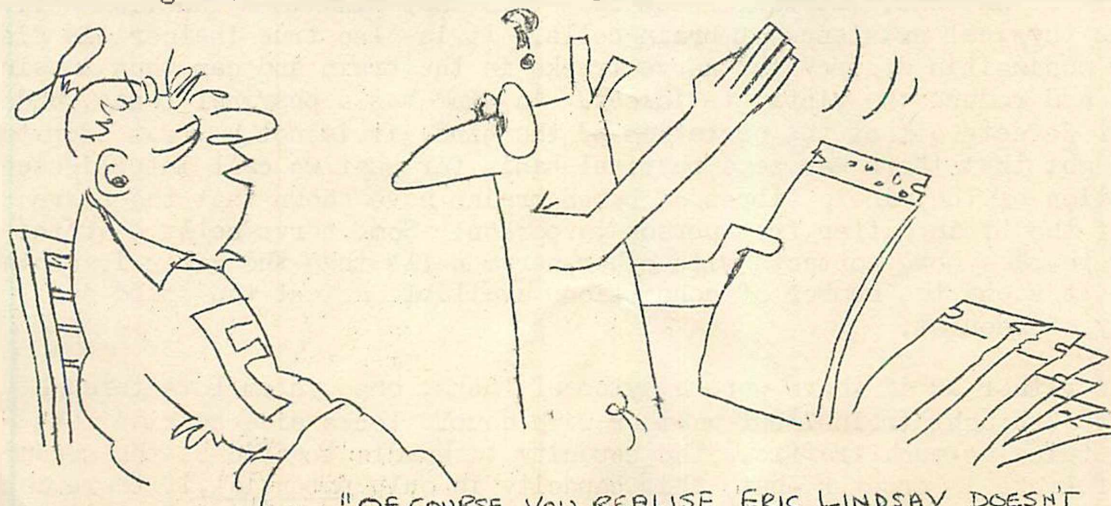
## Letters 5

Eric Blindsay  
6 Hillcrest Ave  
Faulconbridge  
NSW 2776  
Australia



"Everytime I write I seem to be disagreeing with something you say. I said the artwork in SCOT was tolerable and I intended to imply that it might have been better in the original but was not real good in the duplicated version. The reason for this is that art in fanzines, and in any other publication, is inevitably inferior to the original, because a copy is an interpretation of the artists original intention, and not a perfect reproduction of it. Let us agree on this point, the artists original is, within the limits of his/her talents and material, the concrete result of the artist's imagination. The result in a magazine is usually the cheapest

reasonably accurate facimile that the publisher can provide. This comment does not apply to just fanzines, it is true of all magazines and even of all books. Compare the reproduction of paintings in an expensive Thames and Hudson book or a Studio Vista to the same painting in a Pelican paperback. Each publisher uses the cheapest method that will produce the quality he needs. This means that fanzines with low budgets have poorer reproduction than those that cost more to produce, and even electrostencils are not very good as even they have a restricted range of half tones and shading. Hand cut illustrations introduce more distortion than any other form however, because as well as the reproduction difficulties we also have changes introduced unconsciously into even the most careful copy. Changes in line thickness, in the shade of black or gray used, slight shape changes, all change into something that is not similar to the original..This is why I complain about hand cut drawings. Not because I think there is anything wrong with handcutting in itself, nor with the original drawings. In fact, when I say a hand cut drawing is 'tolerable' that is high praise indeed. "Dear Eric, you don't pay attention! When I say "All artwork by ATOM" I mean it's by ATOM. He cuts the stencils himself of course - why should I copy them? Why would I dare! The letters are put on stencil by me and then sent to Arthur-he has that little space to work upon and I think the job he does is masterly. What other artist could be so clever and so witty in such a small space? If you mean you do not think his artwork is good..he has some HUGOS to prove that others think differently.\*\*\*



"OF COURSE YOU REALISE ERIC LINDSAY DOESN'T  
GO FOR HANDCUT STENCILS."

CHANGE THE EXPERIENCE

AND YOU  
CHANGE THE INTELLIGENCE

KEN  
CHESLIN

Assuming by "experience" that we mean that which affects a person; in whatever way and from whatever source; we can still differentiate between different types of experience and differing intensities of experience. The question assumes that certain types or intensities of experience have an effect on a person reflected in the intelligence that person displays. The question remains as to what is this thing called 'intelligence'?

A blow on the head or the destruction of part of the brain can affect the mind. If certain parts of the brain are so destroyed then the victim becomes an idiot, losing the ability to reason, or even to perform simple tasks, or to take care of himself. It would seem from this that mind is a function deriving from the physical existence of brain cells. It is also true that certain diseases such as meningitis destroy the nerve tracks in the brain and can thus impair thought and reduce the victim to idiocy. As mind has a physical basis, and physical defects affect the operation of the mind, it is not a great step to the thought that there may be a physical basis for what we call intelligence. Examination of the minute fibres of human brains have shown that the nerve cells of the brain differ from person to person. Some nerve cells have the ability to make more contacts with other nerve cells than the cells in another brain. It seems the number of connections available affect the speed and accuracy of thought.

It is rather as if there were a system of locks, one system lets through ten barges (thought trains?) but another with double locks side by side lets through twice as much traffic. The capacity to handle traffic of the second group of locks is greater -but, this capacity is only potential, if there is not enough traffic to utilise the locks then they will never be used to their full potential.



## Change The Experience And You Change The Intelligence:2

Now, if there is a physical basis to intelligence it does not necessarily follow that the person with the most efficient system of nerves will display, automatically, the highest intelligence. The catch in this is the part about displaying intelligence.

Suppose a native of the darkest part of darkest Africa was transported suddenly to some English city. Assume that he managed to evade the terrifying traffic and made his way to an ordinary house. Any person of reasonable intelligence can find his way around a house. But our African friend wanders around completely mystifying surroundings - he may switch on the gas, and not knowing the form of it end up gassed-he may poke his finger into a light socket out of sheer curiosity, with dire results. The trouble he can get into would be avoided by most seven-year old children - so is he stupid?

Or on the other hand our African has a visitor from, say Sheffield, a bus-man who has never been further than the sea coast. Walking down a track he sees some juicy-looking berries, tries some and gets acute indigestion, if he's lucky-or, getting up in the morning he neglects to shake out his shoes, and gets stung by the warmth-loving insect that crawled in last night. Or coming upon a leopard around the bend of a path he turns and runs for his life and either gets pulled down - or gets lost in the jungle. Yet at home he drives a bus and has the lives of hundreds of people in his hands every day.

There is no reason why both of the men alone should not be quite intelligent. What they have in common is that they have no experience of the other's environment, thus out of ignorance rather than out of stupidity, act in an unintelligent way. If you gave the African a test in English or History or anything like that he would not be able to answer a single question, not being able to read or write either. If you ask the bus-man the best way to make face paint, or to identify a dozen animal tracks, then chances are that he would come a long way short of the African's performance in the same test. Neither would be able to succeed on the set test. But. Neither would lack intelligence--only experience.

It would be daring to suggest that IQ tests measure anything more than the ability to do the test presented. What is actually measured in fact is the experience of the testee. The more uniform the background of members of a tested group are then the more accurately could be measured their ability to retain and make use of experiences, with reference to each other. A group of engineers, for instance, could be tested and then rated. If all the engineers had had identical instruction -- it would be valid for that particular time. It would not necessarily be an accurate measure of future ability.

The only thing a test of knowledge can test is knowledge. A test of the ability to detect patterns -- in words or diagrams, is testing abilities upon which our particular mechanical culture places great importance. Now it could be argued that a rule of thumb definition of intelligence must include the ability to collect information, the ability to recognise relationships between pieces of information, and the ability to solve problems. Thus our African friend could be taught to live in our sort of environment, and an Englishman could be taught to survive in a tropical jungle.

### Change The Experience And You Change The Intelligence:3

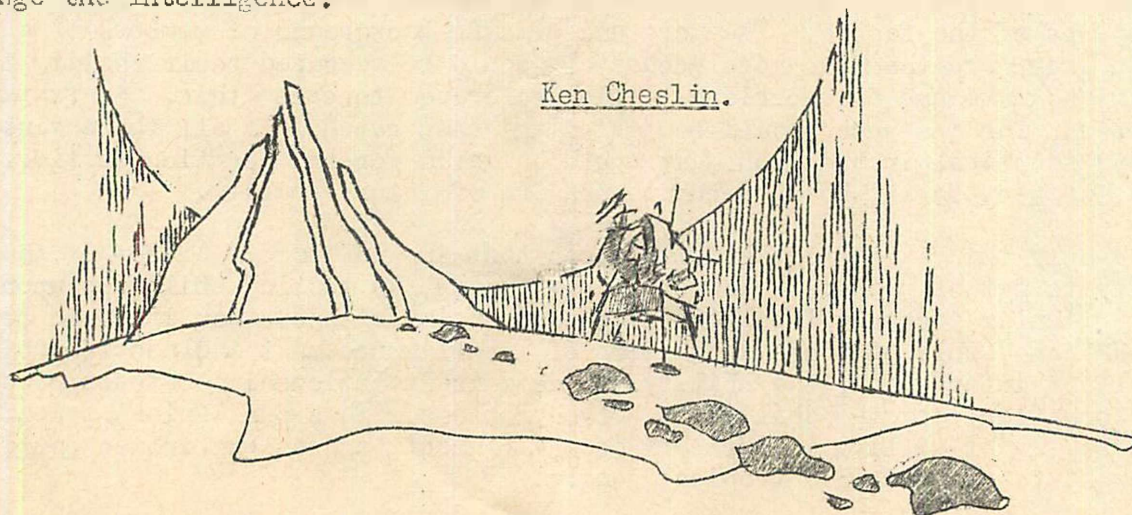
The difference in environment or experience does not change the intelligence; rather it changes the way in which the intelligence is manifest. This is not precisely the same thing as experience changing intelligence.

If a child from a background containing little stimulation or experience in language is compared with a child coming from a background where every encouragement is given to developing vocabulary (both start out with the same physical brain potential) -- the chances are the first boy will come second to the boy with the 'good' background. The innate intelligence does not differ, but the first boy has less to work with. He has, for instance, a lack of essential thinking tools -- words. A concept which the second boy can use with ease, for instance the word 'potential', the first boy has to think of as "something that might happen if". The first boy's thinking will be slower and more unwieldy than the second boy's.

"Change the experience and you change the intelligence", I would argue is not true in strict fact; but if you choose to call 'intelligence' that ability to display intelligent behaviour, then it is true.

It is arguable where a change in degree becomes a change in kind. Possibly if problem-solving ability is so low that the person is unable to survive in a "normal" environment without aid; then we might risk saying that the person concerned was without intelligence. On the other hand, with the increasing complexity of modern civilization a greater number of people, formerly able to support themselves by doing jobs needing little intelligence, are becoming unable to cope, even given training facilities. Therefore, even changing the experience will not help these people because their potential intelligence cannot be increased by experience. Soviet theory has it that every brain has equal potential; if this ever proves true -- then something may be done even in the above instance.

All things being equal, experience modifies the way in which intelligence is expressed through intelligent behaviour. Change the experience and you change the intelligent behaviour. If intelligence is taken to be intelligent behaviour displayed, then it can be said that if you change the experience you change the intelligence.





# natterings

1972 was the first year in which I did not have a 'home'; and how often my mind strayed to that thought, I have lived in Courage House for many years now; but of course I have always known that my stay here was temporary in that it was tied to my job.

When my Father died last year I had to pack up the home. I brought away with me quite a lot of things and it was very fortunate that I had only shortly before acquired the use of the garage here at Courage House, for I was able to stuff it full. My car sits surrounded by boxes and trunks and the kitchenette furniture!

It was time for me to make plans..and the biggest decision I had to make was whether to retire here in England or back home in Scotland. I knew I would not have enough money to buy a house---particularly since the house market started soaring---so that left getting a council house. Most local authorities have large waiting lists for their council property; but due to the nature of my job and to the fact that I had been so many years in Surrey; I knew I stood a very good chance of getting a council flat here. I doubt, if being single, I would get a house.

I also knew that it might be possible to get a council house in Carnoustie; as my parents had lived in one there for over thirty years. Last year when I handed in the key of their home to the housing manager ; I mentioned that I might be back to see him and he was rather non-committal. The situation when I went on holiday was, that I had not yet made up my mind completely; but it would be a good idea to at least visit the Carnoustie Housing Department. I stayed in Carnoustie with my married brother, David and his wife Ina; and both were pleased at the idea of my settling there. Ina offered to come with me to the Housing Department and we set off armed with all the arguments that might be needed to get me on the waiting list. Imagine my astonishment to discover that none of the arguments were needed! The Housing Manager just seemed to assume I was eligible and hauled out a form immediately. On talking to him we discovered he thought Carnoustie people were pampered - but then he knew of the housing situations in less spacious parts of the country. Carnoustie people, he said, all want a house in the centre or the western part of Carnoustie. they wanted an old house, and one with an open fire. I wanted a new bungalow with central heating and I didn't care where it was in town. Apparently this is the kind of house they have difficulty in persuading Carnoustie

## Natterings 2

people to take! I am still amused at the thought of Carnoustie people deciding that one area is better than another, when you can drive through the whole place in five minutes. To my American friends I must explain I think this is a variation of 'the other side of the tracks'. Anyway, I am now on the waiting list with a date deferred till July 1964. I can, of course, vary that date..depending on how things turn out. I can, of course, change my mind about where I live, but I feel the die is probably cast. The ability to drive a car; and being able to drive to Scotland this year for the first time, probably has a lot to do with my decision. I know that I will not be marooned up there!

Having done all that, it was odd on my return to find that big changes had taken place at my work whilst I had been on holiday. I work at the Surbiton branch of The Royal Eye Hospital..and our other branch in London had been visited by a Fire Inspection Team. I can't say I was surprised to hear that the Fire Team had declared that branch a fire hazard. It was built by an architect who had used the idea of a ship as a model! Down the centre of the building ran a spiral staircase, like they have in ships. His idea had been that this would be a safe staircase for blind people - it was very narrow and with a dividing rail down the middle. He had not taken into account, however, the fact that if this were obstructed by people in a panic -- it could be a death trap. The only wonder was that this had not been decided upon before; but what had sent Fire Teams round had been a very nasty hospital fire a few months ago. Their report immediately closed down all the beds and all that is left in our London branch is the Out-Patient clinics and the Casualty Department.

From April 1st next year our branch will be taken over by Kingston Hospital. No one, but no one, knows what Kingston will do with us. We are a 30-bedded unit with a very high turnover of operations; a casualty department that handles up to 100 per day, to say nothing of clinics that overflow. Kingston is in the throes of enlarging and our life here will probably depend upon what time they have to spare to think about us! At all events..boy..was I glad I had the security of a house at my back!

So I have been thinking of the day when I will have to pack up and leave here; and I started checking through just how much I had. That brought me to two things..the collection of magazine SF that fills a tea chest in the attic..and my fanzine collection. The fanzine collection is what I am pondering over most. I guess if I just sell it to the highest bidder it will inevitably go to America. Already one American collector has asked me to let him know should I decide to sell.

What made me stop and think was watching the auction at Chester this year. Fanzines were going for a fantastic price; £17. for an incomplete run of HYPHEN for instance. I had watched young British fans being beaten out for them because they could not afford the price. I have also heard young faneditors complain they hadn't seen any of those British fanzines they had been told were so great--and how could they ever? I have even had a letter recently from someone who wants to borrow HYPHEN just to see what it looks like! Then there was another thing; I had a letter from the librarian at the London Polytechnic asking if I could sell him copies of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW for their library.



ge, I thought, was a suitable home for this fanzine...a place where  
I will be free to look it up. So I parted with my SFRs happy to  
they would stay in this country. Wouldn't it be nice, I thought, if  
universities over here were as keen on collecting as are the American  
ones.

I wish I could think of a way to have  
the others used as usefully. I cannot trust the BSFA after being told  
that they have allowed the Fanzine Foundation to slip through their  
fingers. In fact, I would not trust any one person..only a library would  
not lose material. Or am I right in even thinking that?

I'd be open to suggestions. I do have  
a good collection. HYPHEN of course, but also APORRHETA:ZERO:QUANDRY;  
OOPSLA; all the Mal Ashworth/Ken Potter material..Chuck Harris, Vin/ Clarke  
Ted Tubb, the complete IPSO file, and dozens of other such goodies. I  
wouldn't be Scottish if I didn't want some money for them; but money is a  
secondary factor. I'd like them to be somewhere available to fans who  
want to see them. Is there any possibility of setting up a Fanzine Found-  
ation that will not get lost; or be kept unavailable. Any ideas? Do  
write, if you have.

Since I put this portion on stencil, an  
offer has come in from the BSFA to  
buy my fanzine collection! I have  
written back to ask what they would  
propose to do with it. See next  
issue for further happenings....

Ethel.



Reduced  
Rate

Don HUNDRY

RD # 1, Box 88

Hightstown

H.S. 08520

USA

