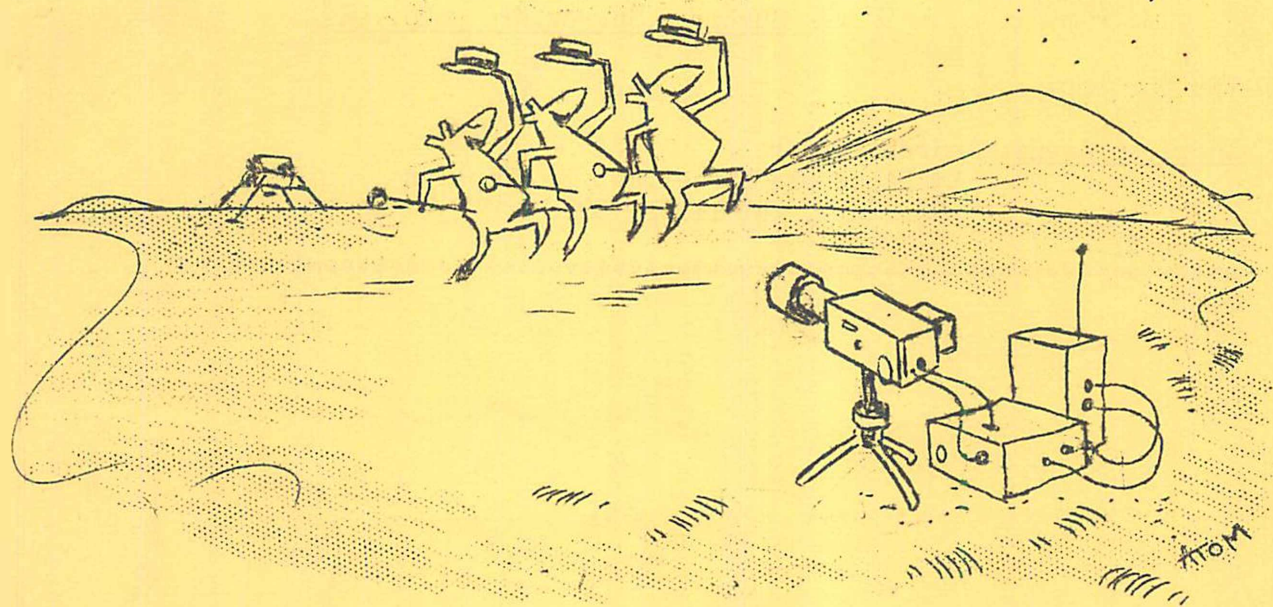


# Scottishe



♪ Where has that old gang gone... ti tum ti tum ♪..

# Scottish 64

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Artwork and Headings by ATOM .

Produced and published by Ethel Lindsay  
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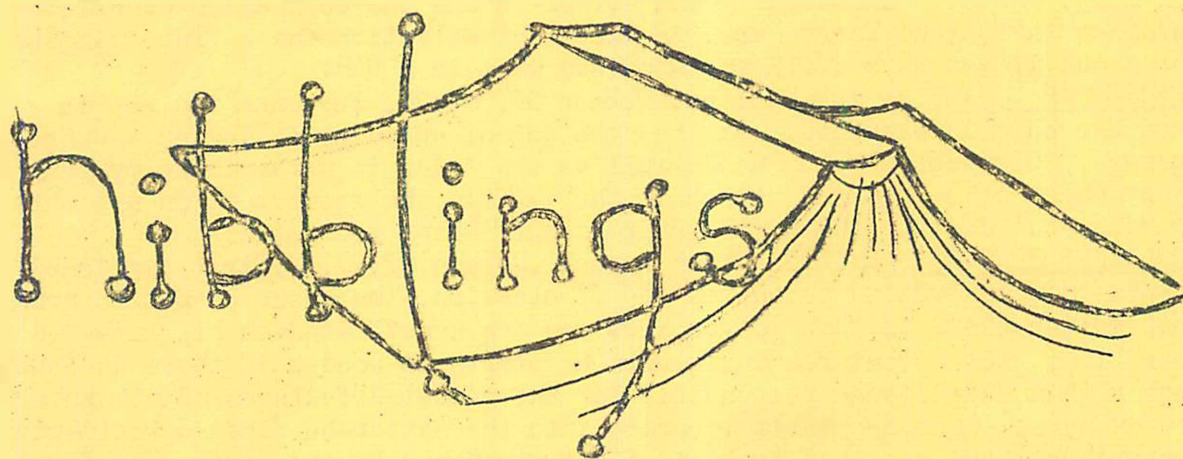
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ENVOY TO NEW WORLDS by Keith Laumer. Dobson SF. £1.75. Retief, Vice-Consul and a junior member in Earth's Embassy world, often has ideas at variance with his superiors. In a number of amusing stories it is shown that he is often right - and that he has the ability to cut his way through to the heart of a problem. At one point he introduces himself to an alien as Retief of "the Mountain of Red Tape"; and he shows a contempt for Red Tape that causes many a diplomat to feel his blood pressure rise. An entertaining book.

STAR WATCHMAN by Ben Bova. Dobson SF. £2.10. I guess this one will appeal more to male fans, it is all about fighting. To be sure the central character, Emil, the Watchman desires to see a peaceful solution to the fighting on the planet Shinar; but there is an awful lot of fighting before he accomplishes this. Interesting to those who would follow battle strategy.

ROGUE STAR by Jack Williamson. Dobson SF. £2. A rogue star is a solitary sentient star as opposed to the stars which are not solitary and with which mankind has become blended. Cliff Hawk decides to try to build a rogue star - a small imitation with which he hopes to reach the rogue stars. But he cannot contain what he has built and in the end it contains him. Rather a weird one and needs considerable stretching of the imagination.

VOLTEFACE by Mark Adlard. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.60. This future is a very chilling one... an over-crowded Earth so that being crushed to death is not uncommon in the streets and subways, and at the same time no need to work to have all you may want. Strangely enough - people being as they are - the first characters we meet are nearly bored to death. How the concept of work is tried once again and how the various characters react makes the basic line of this work. I found it both compelling and very cold at the same time.

BUG-EYED MONSTERS. Ten SF Stories. Edited by Anthony Cheetham. Sidgwick & Jackson. £2.50. The time-span of these chosen stories is from 1940 with Howard Koch's INVASION FROM MARS to Terry Carr's THE DANCE OF THE CHANGER AND THE THREE in 1968. Koch's is of course the radio adaption of WAR OF THE WORLDS and very interesting to have the script of this to read now, remembering, as we do, what a scare it caused at the time. I think THE DESERTER by William Tenn is

## Nibblings 2

the saddest as it tells of an alien who hopes to promote peace with Earth. P. José Farmer's MOTHER impresses me as much now as it did when I read it first in 1953. However undoubtedly the strangest and the most alien of all the stories is that of Terry Carr. An excellent selection and a fine thing to hand out if you have a friend who asks what is a BEM.

DEATHSTAR VOYAGE by Ian Wallace. Dobson SF. £1.80. For once the cop is a lady and her name is Claudine. She has the job of guarding a King on a space-ship voyage. Claudine has her hands full as she tries to unravel the mystery of just which of a promising bunch is the villain who seems bent on not only murder, but destruction of the ship itself. Keeps you going.

DREADFUL SANCTUARY by Eric Frank Russell. Dobson SF. £2.10. First published in 1948, this is counted as one of the SF classics. The question put to Armstrong, the protagonist, is "How do you know you are sane?" -and on his answer depends his life. His adventures begin when he starts to wonder if there is something other than coincidence responsible for the repeated failures of attempts to reach Mars. Once he starts to probe into the matter - he finds a world-wide conspiracy - and one that looks as if it stretches beyond Earth. One for keeping.

FOURTH MANSIONS by R.A. Lafferty. Dobson SF. £2.10. Freddy Foley is a simple guy which was why he was chosen as a butt by a group of people who called themselves The Harvesters. This group had learned to mindweave - and they use their power to plant a compulsion upon Freddy. There is a waywardness about this author's writing that keeps the reader on the hop; and you are introduced to a fascinating bunch of characters, starting off with Freddy!

WORLDS APART Edited by George Locke. An Anthology of Interplanetary Fiction. Obtainable from Ferret Fantasy, 27 Beechcroft Rd. SW17. In the USA from Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, Rhode Island. 02892. £2.50p. These stories are taken from magazines spanning the 25 years before WW1. They come from such magazines as Cassell's 1887-1893, Pearson's 1900-1912. They are faithfully reproduced and the illustrations alone are worth a mesmerized look! The first part is a series of stories written by Rev. W.S. Lach-Szyrma entitled LETTERS FROM THE PLANETS which describes a tour undertaken by a Venusian. I enjoyed a story of two Irishmen who built their own world - without women! Another story THE GREAT SACRIFICE describes how Mars averts tragedy from Earth. There are a few more short stories of different kinds and then another series. This last is by George Griffith and is the adventures of the Earl of Radgrave who took his bride on a honeymoon in space. He builds the ASTRONET and the first illustration shows the bride leaning over a rail to watch the Earth below! Force F which propels the ship is made possible by the "now famous separation of the Forces of Nature into their positive and negative elements." Their stay on Venus produces the most fascinating pictures for the Venusians of this author are winged. A highly interesting volume and a real collector's item.



Paperback Section

THE DAY STAR: by Mark S. Geston. DAW BOOKS. No 6.95¢. Highly imaginative tale of Waerth where a young man, Thel, leaves his home to start along the Highway to the fabled city of Ferrin. I felt it moved very slowly as if the Time Winds responsible for so much that Thel sees, actually blew through the story!

TO CHALLENGE CHAOS by Brian M. Stableford. DAW BOOKS No 7.95¢. Chaos X is a planet one side of which is in another universe--the ultrauniverse and in ultra, the laws of physics do not apply. King Fury is the emperor of black-side and the story concerns the last human cargo to be ferried into his domain. The story contains echos. of Orpheus---though even his Underworld would have seemed a picnic compared to what the travellers found. Rather a grim story.

THE MINDBLOCKED MAN by Jeff Sutton. DAW BOOKS. No 8.95¢. A patient is missing from a space satellite clinic; and there is only one explanation--he has teleported himself out. So a man lands on earth in this fashion..but with amnesia; and the reader is given the puzzle to unravel of just who he is. A bit of mystery with my SF I always like and, although I found this one easy to solve, I enjoyed it. Plenty action

AT THE SEVENTH LEVEL by Suzette Haden Elgin. DAW BOOKS. No 10.95¢. I find this author quite fascinating and the planet she has conceived..Abba, even more so. Reading of its culture which has women as an inferior article to the men. is liable to stir up women's lib feelings. Not that it is as simple as that, for poetry is the thing that is held in highest honour, and a woman has been able to reach the Seventh and highest level. Coyote Jones has been assigned to Abba because this poet Jacinth is being poisoned, as he is a powerful mass projective telepath it is felt he may be able to help. So we see this weird culture through his eyes. It remains relatively unchanged when he leaves so that one hopes the author intends to do something about it in a subsequent novel!

THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW by Gerard Klein. DAW BOOKS. No 11.95¢. This is the first book to appear in English by this French author. In his story the Federation is vast and stable due to the Time Engineers who visit each new planet found and engineer its history so that it may never be a menace to the Federation. We watch a team visit Ygone; and find that the Team Leader is already beginning to doubt the wisdom of his work. Many surprises meet the team and the philosophical ideas behind the plot, make interesting reading.

A DARKNESS IN MY SOUL by Dean R. Koontz. DAW BOOKS. No 12.95¢. What comes out of an Artificial Creation laboratory? Something rather nasty from the point of view of man; as this powerful story bears out. It is told by Sim, the artificial creation who becomes God. I suppose the ending would seem inevitable to some; it certainly gives the reader something to mull over.

THE WORLD'S BEST HORROR STORIES. edited by Richard Davis. DAW BOOKS. No 13.95¢. By its very nature a horror story must have a down-beat or shock ending--something to make you grue. Well, these 14 stories are guaranteed to make you do that. To be read one at a time at bedtime if you like having nightmares. It starts well with Bloch's DOUBLE WHAMMY; although the most effectively chilling to me was PROBLEM CHILD by Peter Oldale.

#### Nibblings 4

ARMAGEDDON:2419 A.D. by Philip Francis Nowlan.Ace Books.75¢.This is the original Buck Rogers novel in which he is taken from the 20th cent.to the 25th and finds an earth waiting for a leader to win its freedom again. Of interest to the sf historian!

AT THE EARTH'S CORE by Edgar Rice Burroughes.Ace.75¢. The exciting world of Pellucidar is found by David Innes when he burrower pierces the earth's crust. Another one for the collector of SF classics.

THE BIG SHOW by Keith Laumer.Ace.75¢. 6 short stories showing good versatility.The cutest describes a tv actor of the future; and the most entertaining, called THE PLAGUE, describes the unorthodox methods used by the Nolan family to repel the plague that appears in their midst. Good fun!

THE HARD WAY UP by A.Bertram Chandler and THE VEILED WORLD by Robert Lory. Another adventure beyond the Rim stars from Chandler will please his many fans This time young Lieut.Grimes is the hero whose adventure starts when he is put in charge of the landing party for Delta Sextans IV.The accompanying novel by Lory keeps up the adventurous pace when Odell of FIA finds himself unjustly booted out of the Agency. A good twosome

SWORDSMEN AND SUPERMEN. Centaur Press. 75¢. This is a collection of stories to delight the fantasy fans.Three are from the early days-MEET CAP'N KIDD by Robert E.Howard,THE DEATH OF A HERO by Jean D'Esme,THE SLAVE OF MARATHON by A.D.H.Smith. What will be of more interest is the two new fantasy writers showing that the genre is still alive and well. Lin Carter is, of course, becoming well known now, but Darrel Crombie promises well here. Considering his WINGS OF Y'VRN is a short story he manages to pack in a tremendous amount of imagery and story, using a powerful imagination. Guess he'll be heard from again.

BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD by Brian Aldiss.Ace.95¢. After firmly putting out of my mind the extracts from this that ran in NEW WORLDS, I settled down to enjoy the story of a world bombed by psychedelic agents. Charteris, when we first meet him, is only beginning to be affected, is only the start of an acid-affected man. It is told in his thought patterns as he becomes more and more out of touch with reality. He eventually leads a crusade of people on a trip across Europe which shows the devastation there, and the fascinating way people weave in and out of reality. As reality fades - the descriptions become more penetrating. Although they are worlds apart in style, the ending of this book reminded me of EARTH ABIDES. Certainly worth reading, but I admit I skipped most of the poetry. Of all the after-the war books, this one takes the lead for originality.

THE CITY MACHINE by Louis Trimble.DAW BOOKS.No 24.95¢. A planet where the colonists all live in City strictly graded into three levels of affluence. When the lowest layer decide that something must be done to ease their lot -they contact Ryne the last man who can still read the old writing to ask him to help. This will mean jeopardising his own position; but he decides to help them. Fast-moving and well plotted.

BLUE FACE by G.C.Edmondson.DAW BOOKS.No 17.95¢. From the man who wrote THE SHIP THAT SAILED THE TIME STREAM, so I opened it eagerly. There is still the mordant sense of humour that attracted me in the other book-and if anything it is more mordant! Taber discovers an alien whilst on an anthropological trip among the Yaqui Indians. At first sight this seems like a golden opportunity..but there are snags! Unusually good writing.



## Nibblings 5

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN and DR FUTURITY by Philip K. Dick. ACE DOUBLE. 95¢ The first half concerns an age when people can be teleported to another planet; but there is no means of return. An overcrowded Earth watches on TV pictures of a wonderful new planet with masses of space..and many emigrate. But there are some of Earth who are sceptical. I must say I could foresee the outcome of this one easily! DR FUTURITY is much more complex and so more interesting. Dr Parsons is suddenly transported into a very weird future where to save life is considered an obscenity. Just why that is the case will keep you reading. PELLUCIDAR by Edgar Rice Burroughs. ACE. 75¢. Pellucidar is a world inside the Earth. David Innes travels to it by using an "iron mole" which breaks through the crust of the Earth. After that he has a series of adventures because of his determination to bring civilisation to the inhabitants. For the Burroughs collector.

THE VENUS TRAP by Kurt Mahr. No 17 in the Perry Rhodan series. This gets to be more like a magazine all the time! The continuing Perry story finds him still involved with peril on Venus; but in addition to this are letters from the readers and a short story by Weaver Wright.

THE JEWELS OF APTOR by Samuel R. Delany. ACE. 75¢. The introduction reminds us that this story was written when the author was 19! Vividly and beautifully written too, it tells the story of Geo, the poet who embarks with his friend Urson on a voyage to Aptor with the High Priestess Argo. One worth keeping! INTERPLANETARY HUNTER by Arthur K. Barnes. ACE BOOKS. 95¢. Apparently the material for this was originally published in STANDARD MAGAZINES in the 1930s and 40s. There are some fascinating drawings of the 'monsters'; but no mention anywhere of the artist's name. The various hunters stalk their quarry on Venus, Jupiter, Neptune etc. Of all the monsters pictured here I liked the Gora of Titan best, probably because it looks a bit like a rather good dragon.

THIS SIDE OF INFINITY: Edited by Terry Carr. ACE BOOKS. 75¢. All the stories - 8 of them - have character. Zelazny's story of a mountain climb keeps you breathless with the climbers. David Redd describes conflict between a human and aliens and moves powerfully to a climax. Tom Pardom has a rather sickening story of an age where children are the ones who are taking hostages! Lafferty's story is rather wry too at least in the ending, although his description of a race called Shelni is engaging. A 1954 George O. Smith story shows the futility of war, but was the one which moved me least. Was delighted to find a new Telzey story by James Schmitz. A fine selection

BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1972: Edited by Frederik Pohl. ACE BOOKS \$1.25. Actually I think the best story in this is Pohl's own THE GOLD AT STARBOW'S END which tells of a spaceship sent on a ten year mission - but a very unusual one and the outcome is even more unusual. I liked the element of puzzle in this one of course. Larry Niven's tale of the man who figured out that the sun had gone nova has a nice little twist in its tail. I guess the most chilling is by Grahame Lean - CONVERSATIONAL MODE in which a man is conversing with a computer. 10 stories of good variety.

MENACE OF THE MUTANT MASTER by Kurt Mahr. Perry Rhodan. No 18. Ace Books 75c/ The adventure on Venus being satisfactorily settled, Rhodan returns to Earth hoping for some peace. Montermy is a super-hypnotist and his plans keep Perry busy. This also contains the Akerman column and a serial!

## Nibblings 6

THE WORLD MENDERS by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. DAW BOOKS. No 15.95£. Farrari is a Cultural Survey trainee who has been suddenly posted to the world of Branoff IV. He is by no means sure just what he is meant to do, but soon finds that the other specialists observing this world find his viewpoint helpful. Then he discovers the Olz are treated as a race of slaves and is appalled to realise policy allows no interference. So he starts to interfere and so makes a startling discovery about the nature of the Olz. Keeps you reading to discover the answers.

GENIUS UNLIMITED by John T. Phillifent. DAW BOOKS. No 16.95£. Iskola is an island where only those with genius were allowed to settle. There they happily settled into research, each in their own privacy. However something is going wrong on Iskola and their restrictions are relaxed to allow three agents to enter and try to trace the trouble. A nice picture of what can happen when genius isolates itself and decides that "The ideal society would have no stated rules because it would be so designed that everyone would do the right thing anyway."

CREATURES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS by Roger Zelazny. Arrow Books. 35p. A very grisly beginning in the House of the Dead where Anubis rules supreme. Like all the Gods, it seems, he is cruel. This book fairly teems with Gods. Osiris and Horus being two from the House of Life. War is waged here, but it is ~~between~~ Gods - there is little of humanity in this book although much of scholarship and writing ability.

THE PRESERVING MACHINE AND OTHER STORIES by Philip K. Dick. Pan SF. 35p. The title story concerns a man who wishes to preserve music and tries to do so by using animals. Most of the stories have downbeat endings. Most horrific is CAPTIVE MARKET the story of Earth's last group of humans at the mercy of a greedy old woman. The last story PAY FOR THE PRINTER has the light of hope at the end but only after a very dismal reading of what human beings are capable of in their greed. Each story shows brilliant imagination. Some of the images invoked that leap to mind are: Silvia surrounded by thirsting "angels"; the Biltong dying in the service of humans who will beat it to death; John Cupertino battling to get out of the fantasy which he imposes on himself; Johnny who falls in love with the woman he must kill.

THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK AND OTHER STORIES by H.P. Lovecraft. Panther Horror. 35p. A classic to add to the library of either a horror or sf fan! It has a fine introduction by August Derleth - 10 tales which include the title and also THE RATS IN THE WALLS, THE CALL OF CTHULHU and THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE. It is best, I think, not to read them late at night!

GREY LENS MAN by E.E. 'Doc' Smith. Panther SF. 35p. This is the fourth novel in the Lensman series being published by Panther - and this should make a fine collection by the time the seventh and last of the series comes out. In this part Kim Kinnison is trying to infiltrate the criminal stronghold of Boskone, and so provides another adventure for the Galactic Patrol.

THE SPACE-TIME JOURNAL: SF Anthology edited by Judith Merril. Panther SF. 30p. 21 stories quite a fat volume for the price. THE ISLAND by Roger Jones starts it off piquant tale of three men living apparently aimless lives on an island. Some are rather fantastic such as WHO'S IN THERE WITH ME by Daphne Castell; and some are thought-provoking as in MANSCARER which sees Art return to the world. Some I couldn't be bothered with such as Ballard's YOU AND ME AND THE CONTINUUM, and Jones's THE HALL OF MACHINES. This is what was called 'The New Wave', quite a lot appeared first in NEW WORLDS. If you missed it, you can catch up with this collection.



## Nibblings 7

CENTURY OF THE MANNIKIN by E.C.Tubb.DAW BOOKS.No 18. Nicely judged picture of a future where the use of drugs of all kinds is possible. The main one is a drug that controls the aggressive instinct. We see this world through the eyes of Tulliver; who is a police agent. He can also take a drug to bring out a latent talent for poetry. When a woman of the 20th Century is brought out of deep-freeze, he has the unenviable job of escorting her around to see his society. She certainly makes waves in his culture! 95¢

DINOSAUR BEACH by Keith Laumer.DAW BOOKS No 21.95¢ I think this must be the most convoluted time-travel story I've ever met! Agent Ravel on routine assignment to tidy up the past is apparently accidentally stranded. His story unravels time-tidies after time-tidies till the mind boggles. Action-packed yet thought-provoking.

OLE DOC METHUSELAH by L.Ron Hubbard.DAW BOOKS.No 20.95¢. This contains seven stories describing the adventures of Ole Doc and his four-handed companion Hippocrates. It is Doc's job to fight disease, but he also gets himself involved in a myriad other things. Nice to see all those stories handily put together.

THE RETURN OF THE TIME MACHINE by Egon Friedell.DAW BOOKS.No 22.95¢ Originally published in 1946 in German, this has now been translated by Eddy Bertin. It was written by a great admirer of H.G.Well's who got tired waiting for a sequel to THE TIME MACHINE. Anyone who enjoyed the first will also enjoy this as it is written with the same wit. It is not so sombre however, and there are many amusing touches.

THE STARDROPPERS by John Brunner.DAW BOOKS.95¢. Stardropping is a new craze. everyone is beginning to have a stardropping machine..although no one is quite sure just what the machine does. Agent Cross comes to England to investigate the growing addiction of people to using these machines; and also to find out if it is true that users have begun to disappear. Keeps you guessing.

TOWARDS INFINITY edited by Damon Knight.PAN SF.35p. Nine SF stories that have been culled from the great days of the genre. My two favourites are THE WITCHES OF KARRIS by James Schmitz and IN HIDING by Wilmar H.Shiras. Both are stories that are unforgettable. The others are in the same category -Sturgeon's THE MAN WHO LOST THE SEA; Bradbury's THE EART MEN and Campbell's WHO GOES THERE being three prime examples.

MENTION MY NAME IN ATLANTIS by John Jakes.DAW BOOKS No 25.95¢. There have been many stories of Atlantis; and why it sank into the sea. This new version is told in humorous style, which makes a nice change. The teller of the tale is one Hoptor, a vintner..and his tale is one of rare vintage.

ENTRY TO ELSEWHEN by John Brunner.DAW BOOKS.No 26.95¢. The story of an alternate world where common people are ruled over by a ruthless despot. Colin. the hero, finds that Earth is threatened by the same conditions. This is one of three stories in this book and gives it its title. HOST AGE describes the puzzle of a plague that defies medical science. I liked best LUNG FISH which describes the tension between the Tripborn and the Earthborn as a starship nears its voyage end. All three keep you guessing as to the ending!

Dec.1972. Ethel Lindsay.

# LOWDOWN ON LITFF

Ella  
Parker

Having seen the launch of Apollo 16 and shouted myself hoarse in encouragement, when I could draw a normal breath again I realised how glad I was that I'd taken the precaution of bringing those sandwiches with me and that I'd talked Danny Placha into lining up for me at the refreshment trailer to get me some milk. Drained of emotion as I now was, had I also been hungry I swear I would have collapsed.

I dived along the waters edge quite happy for the moment to be among complete strangers and without the necessity of making conversation. I don't really know why it is but, when I experience a strong emotion, whether it be grief or pleasure, I find myself unable to talk about it for some long time afterwards. Its as though I daren't let it out, I have to hug it to myself in all its detail. I'm not even sure if in some cases this could be thought of as masochistic. This had been the main purpose and aim of my trip to Florida, now I could take time out to think of other things.

When off on a short term trip in which one does and sees a lot of things in a short time, details are apt to become blurred and it is only when one is home again and able to look back at leisure that some things re-impose their hold on you. I've already told you of the weird fascination the Vehicle Assembly Building has for me but, I notice on reading back, that I've entirely neglected to mention another monster which held almost as much interest for me; the giantcrawler or Transporter - to give it its real name. I recall vividly the first time I ever saw it and realised what I was looking at. We were on the press tour of the Cape complex and the Frolichs had their binoculars with them. Danny passed them to me and pointed to where I should look without really giving me any indication of what was to be seen, just a general wave of the hand into the distance. I focussed onto this general area and was just about to say I couldn't see anything of special interest when I saw it. What I had taken to be a small(for that area)blackened building was in fact a vehicle. It was gigantic. Later our bus was to go past where it was parked and I was lucky enough to grab off a couple of shots 'on spec', they came out rather well and I was even luckier to get a shot with a full size estate car beside it which looks like a child's toy in comparison.



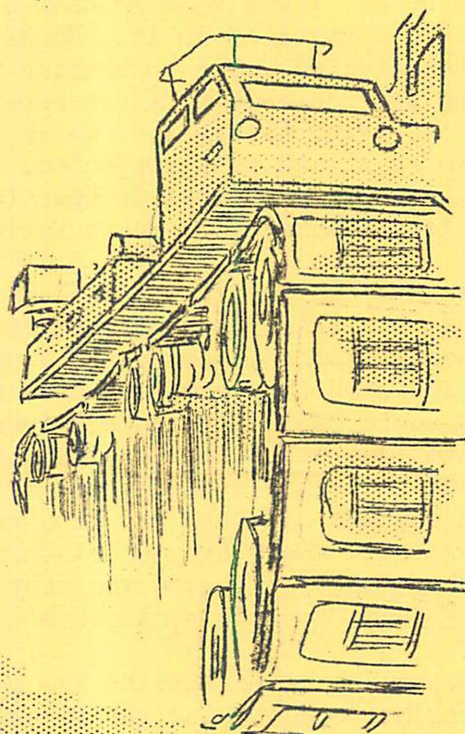
## Lowdown on Liftoff 2

We had been driving down a gravelled road which led to I didn't know where. The driver stopped the bus and asked us to look out the windows at the road we were on. It didn't appear to have anything peculiar about it, but I should have given a thought to where we were. Bus drivers are not given to stopping on a gravel road in order to make inane remarks. It transpired we were actually driving along the route taken by the crawler on its way to the V.A.B. to pick up the Saturns with capsule and take them to the launching pad. Our bus was on one side of the road and there was a grass verge down the middle with a similar road the other side - for traffic going in the opposite direction, thought me. The entire span was just the width of the crawler's treads. The grass verge was in the middle because the vehicle straddled it.

He told us it had taken the authorities a long time to discover the best material for the road to enable the crawler to move without sinking or churning normal type road stuff into mud. After numerous tests which had come to nothing they had thought to give gravel a try and that was it. The road has to be re-gravelled after each trip the monster makes and that's an awful lot of gravel. (More expense).

Another important scene on our bus tour and depending on how you feel about the whole programme, it could be just about the most important place in the world, was a small insignificant looking cluster of huts in a wire enclosure. The largest building there was the size of a small warehouse. Absolutely featureless as derelict buildings tend to be. I was astonished to be told that this was the first site for what had grown into the Cape Kennedy complex as it is today. This was where it had all begun. Talk about an acorn growing into an oak.

One thing that was very noticeable to my English ears was how P.R. conscious the NASA people are. Yes, even the bus driver was doing his bit. We were reliably informed that great care had been taken to ensure that any and all wild life in the area had been disturbed as little as possible, if at all. The U.S. equivalent of our R.S.P.C.A. had spent long months testing that launches didn't disturb nesting birds from their nests or cause any of the livestock to move out to other areas. I find that somehow touching. They spend all those billions of dollars and take the time to make sure that



### Lowdown on Liftoff 3

they don't do too much damage to their surroundings. It is amazing just how much wild land there is around the Cape; acres of it.

Wandering along the waters edge and reliving all I'd been through my main feeling of the moment was what a relief it would be to see something of normal size, I felt overwhelmed by tigness at the Cape, it was somehow exhausting.

It was something of a relief to forget for a while the tremendous emotional experience I'd been through so I deliberately pushed it to the back of my mind and joined in the party mood which obtained back at the GreenHouse. Nita came up with a marvellous idea. She would come home at lunch time and take me out to the K.V.C. and phone Joe asking him to pick me up on his way home from work. In this way I had a couple of nice long visits there which I didn't expect to have. I was able to have a long detailed look at all the exhibits they had and I revelled in it. Rockets opened along their length with all the components detailed, even to showing how the Lunar Module is packed away behind the service module before separation. They have a Command module which has made the trip, the base of which is blackened and scarred from the terrific heat to which it has been subjected. There are all sorts of displays on which you pull this and push that to operate them, all with commentaries and some of them far too technical for me to follow.

There are two theatres at K.V.C. - remembering that in America they call the cinema 'theatre'. One of them actually was a cinema and was showing films of past Moon missions. Immediately opposite was another room exactly the same size but in which they gave lectures about every aspect of these missions in which you would be likely to be interested. I was spellbound. It is surprising to find that T.W.A. have quite a lot to do with the running of K.V.C. I'm not certain that they actually administer it, but they do operate bus tours round the complex and they are also responsible for the lectures given in the second theatre. There are two of them. Each lecture takes about 30 minutes, less if they don't get asked too many questions. They alternate in giving these talks and, I suppose, in this way manage to stay reasonably fresh.

The first thing to hit the eye on entry is the back pack which is open down the back. Remembering the lives which have depended on these pieces of equipment I was happy to stand and gaze my fill. Each pipe which has a certain function is painted a different colour which gives the whole thing a false appearance of gaiety. As we have seen from TV pictures, then men on the Moon often seem to be pushed forward, by their packs and I wondered if there was any chance of them being made smaller without sacrificing any of their efficiency. Yes, they are working on reducing the size but are only going to be able to make them slightly smaller. I would have loved to get my hands on one of their helmets to see just where and how the conduits led into them from the packs but they didn't have one on show. They did have an assortment of foods which have been taken. First they showed us the old type plastic bags from which they had to suck their nourishment but, as the trips got longer the need for bulk in their diet became apparent so they gave them tins of meat, bread, puddings and other goodies. He let me heft the tins and as you would expect they are not nearly as solid or heavy as the ones in use on Earth.....You know even talking



#### Lowdown on Liftoff 4

about the difference in foods used on the Moon and on Earth gives me a kick in the imagination. When he mentioned that they now eat bread in their capsules I immediately asked about the problem of crumbs. He assured us that it is specially compacted so that they don't have that problem. All their body wastes are brought back in plastic containers for examination after the trip and then he came to the subject of the suit.

Most of you will by now have read as much about the attachments as he told us. What did startle me was when he showed us a lump of suiting split into its component layers. This was for insulation, this was for something else again, and then he came to a silvery looking piece and this, he said, is teflon! I know I'm not technically minded but I don't think I'm any more stupid than the average, and this shook me rigid. Teflon? A layer in the suit?? I thought teflon was used to coat the interior of the engines or some such thing. But no, and its job is to toughen the suit to make punctures less possible. As you can no doubt imagine, this was the part of K.V.C. that really caught me up and held me, I found it all blissfully fascinating.

That really was the end of the Space Saga as far as I was concerned. Apart from the fact that from time to time, depending on the route taken, I could see the V.A.B. way off in the distance, I came down to earth and enjoyed the remainder of my visit with Joe and Nita.

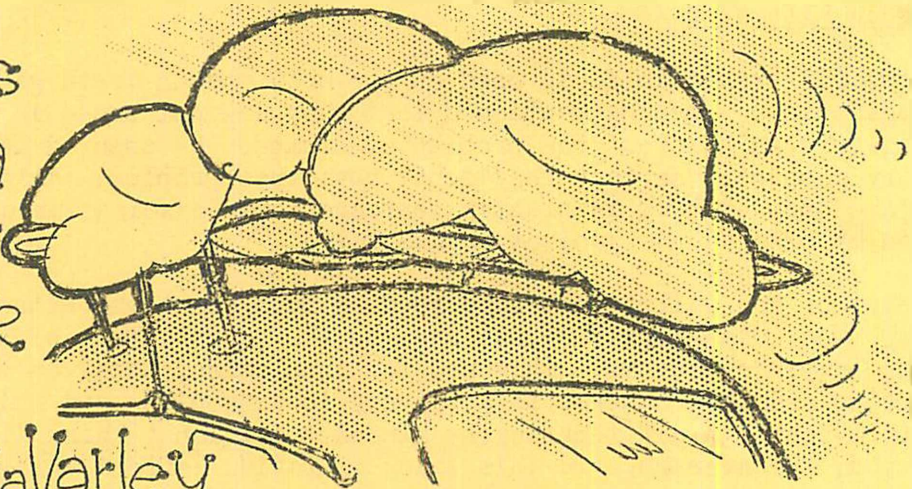
On my last Sunday - it was a gorgeous day - they took me to Cypress Gardens. It was a glorious place. I was lucky enough to be watching TV when the B.B.C. did a programme on this place so I knew what there was to see and went round all of it. We saw the water show in comfort but the one thing for which I will always remember it is the variety of its foliage. You wouldn't believe how different the plants are from path to path. They have a children's section filled with animals and dwarfs for the kids to sit on and have their pictures taken. There's a Japanese section with the kind of bridge you would expect to find in their gardens and the whole place is enchanting. They have a swimming pool which is the shape of the Florida coastline which, the plaque says, was used in a film made by Esther Williams and they had it transported to the Gardens. It's a beautiful place to spend a day.

All too quickly the time came to return home. I had a lot to tell Fred but still and all, I love the sun and didn't really want to leave it. Need I say that with the help of Joe and Nita I had a much better time than I would have had without them. I am grateful to them and if anyone can come up with a practical way of saying thanks, I'd be most happy. I had a ball!

Ella Parker.

# Travels with a Roof Rack by

MachiaVarley



The saga begins when, as four of us were proposing a fortnight's holiday in a Triumph 1300, I suggested that a roof-rack might alleviate the problems caused by the lack of bootspace in a 1300. My contention was that we only needed the rack travelling to and from Austria the boot being entirely adequate for picnic materials etc during our actual stay. Further I had access to a roofrack so I only needed to purchase strapping devices (or so I then thought).

We toted the roofrack to London where it and our luggage was attached to the roof of Dave and Jenny's car. Note here that I had bought a new car at the psychological moment, thus ensuring that it was the Seideman's transportation that we used as mine was not yet "run in". Read on to see how poetic justice struck!

As we strapped the luggage on the first few drops of rain started to fall, this increasing to heavy rain by the time we left the nice, dry garage. We stopped for dinner just outside Canterbury, eating expensively and not too well at "The Pet" at Duck's Bottom (or was it "The Duck" at Petts Bottom?). Apart from the food, the main adornment was a framed, duplicated letter from one E. Heath thanking Mine Host and his spouse for their congratulations on his being nominated Mr Universe. This establishment is recommended in the A.A. Handbook - our error was in assuming that the A.A. was something to do with motorists rather than the other organisation of the same initials.

Somewhat fuller and much wiser we departed for Dover, the car now throwing up a bow wave such as to make Our Leader truly proud. Arriving at the car-ferry, three members of the crew made abortive dashes in search of the snack-bar, only the captain remaining grimly at the wheel, determined to go down with his car. Alas no snack-bar was to be seen where seasoned travellers recalled it being last year and we settled down for the long wait, each imagining the SS.Snackbar, a modern Marie Celeste, storm-tossed in the Channel, lights ablaze, deserted by crew and passengers with four hot cups of tea steaming gently by the forsaken cash register.

An hour later the eagle-eyed navigator, rubbing rainspots off his specs, espied a light to port. Shrill feminine cries from the Crows Nest confirmed

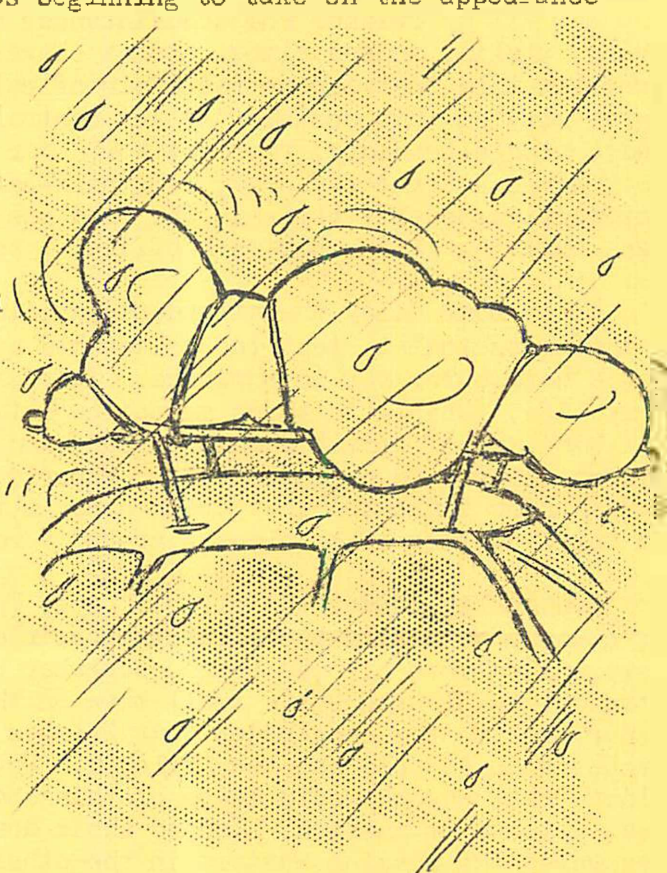


## Travels With a Roofrack 2

that this was indeed the snack-bar, now hove to in a different quarter. To calls of "ABANDON ZE SHEEP" we hurriedly sought out three cups of tea before they cooled too much.

It was whilst supping tea that the Navigators' Mate first voiced her doubts about the condition of the unprotected luggage on the roofrack. From then on perturbation grew amongst the crew. In the cramped hold of the car-ferry the sodden luggage was seen to be changing shape and due to the planes of the roofrack and restraining straps beginning to take on the appearance of two limp waffles. However naught could be done and we soon forgot the luggage as the ferry steamed into what we later heard was a force 8 gale. Grating and shuddering we traversed the Channel, each convinced that not only were we hitting every wreck in the Channel, but that we were shortly to join them.

Eventually we hove-to in Ostend and disembarked onto a cold, grey, very wet, 5am. quay and began our Continental travel. From 5am to 6pm we hurtled on through Belgium and Germany, wrapped, it seemed in our own wet grey blanket until we came to rest at Oppenheim-am-Rhine. Here we eventually unstrapped our soggy luggage and hastened to our room. Some 30 minutes later both our rooms had the appearance of a second-hand clothing establishment or maybe a Chinese laundry on a wet afternoon. Fortuitously the hotel provided an excellent meal and two even more excellent litres of Oppenheimer so that by 9pm we were happily exhausted and fell into our beds.



A grey, overcast morning, but so far without rain accompanied our departure for Augsburg via Heidelberg and we hoped that the absence of rain plus the rush of air would further dry our luggage. However more rain eventually offered and so we sought protection for the cases. The only large sheets of plastic that we could find were large, bright green bags most clearly labelled in German "Rubbish". As this is what our cases now looked like, we felt that we were only confirming the passers-by opinions as we enfolded the bags. Thus flaunting our rubbish we entered Augsburg.

The following morning we located the local Woolworth and there purchased a vast, thick plastic sheet and these also, apparently, ended the adventure

### Travels with a Roofrack 3

with a roofrack. However.....

Our stay in Austria ended we re-fixed the luggage rack to the car, professionally enfolded the luggage in its plastic cocoon and headed for Munich where we proposed to do some shopping. We parked the car four floors down in the centre of Munich and spent a pleasant 200 minutes lunching and shopping. Imagine then our horror on returning to the car to find the neat, plastic package in wild disorder and one suitcase missing.

Now all my friends and acquaintances will readily admit that I am a peace-loving, stolid, indeed almost bovine character. In fact, as you know Ethel, I have been told that impenetrable air of calm is my most infuriating attribute. Regretfully on this occasion my icy control deserted me briefly and I was ready, single-handedly, to start World War III immediately. I set forth to wreak havoc amongst the smug, fat, self-satisfied Krauts like a singularly unattractive Modesty Blaise. The wind was very abruptly removed from my sails when, arriving at the car-park office, I saw our suitcase in the corner.

After some delay the attendant explained that the suitcase had been found in the Gents toilet, that the police had apprehended a suspect and that we should hold ourselves in patience. Thereafter followed the longest 45 minutes of my life. Unable to touch my suitcase(fingerprints!) I could only watch policemen and officials dashing around and cogitate on what we would find when we were allowed to open the case. Reports from members of our party who ventured outside indicated that Green Henry's(the German version of a Black Maria, I'm told) swarmed like vultures around a rotting carcass.

Eventually, under the official eye, Frances and I were allowed to inspect our case. The neatly packed clothes swirled in disorder, but all seemed to be there and we were allowed to go, somewhat belatedly, on our way. We stayed overnight in Blanbeuren, a small town on the edge of the Black Forest and, before dinner, came to the conclusion that 2 tubes of mustard and a "yard of sweets" purchased in Austria had been filched. Dave and Jenny stoutly refused to believe that anyone would leave clothing and 2 bottles of booze behind, yet steal 2 tubes of mustard. Indeed their doubts were justified later when we discovered the missing mustard in the other case.

In fact the truth of what was missing was only revealed when we prepared for bed. Each night, before I settle down, I enjoy a 10-20 minute read. To this end I had purchased 5 paperback "remainders" from Woolworths before we departed. 5 tatty SF paperbacks, 4 stolen from the case and the fifth, which I had read, in the other case. To add insult to injury Frances, who had not attempted to read in bed the whole of the holiday seized on the remaining book THE SECRET VISITORS by James White and read for an hour or more whilst I miserably tried to translate a leaflet describing the joys of Blaubeuren and the Hotel Adler.

Thus, dear Ethel, should a German fan offer you the opportunity of purchasing cheaply 4 paperbacks one of which was THE SPACE PIONEERS by Mack Reynolds and the others a collection of heroic fantasy edited by Sprague de



Travels with a Roofrack 4

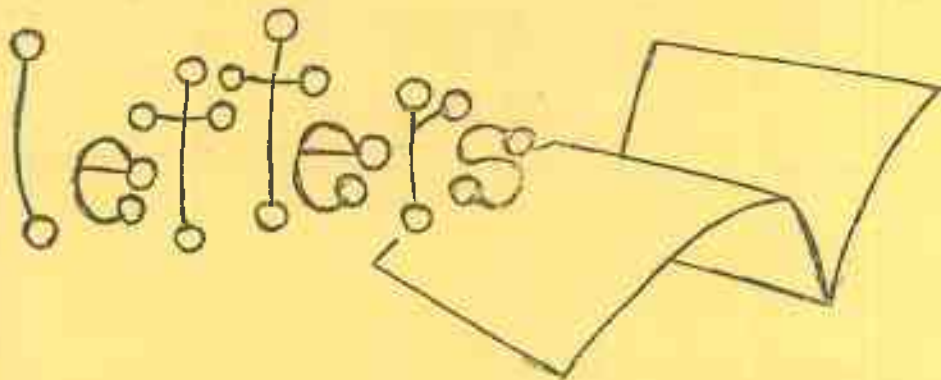
Camp, an Ace Double by Jack Vance and a very thin volume by John Brunner, then please advise the Munich police whom, Frances says, "are wonderful".

MACHIAVARLEY

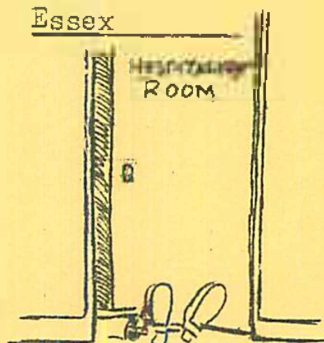


\*OH

"It's amazing how lazy some fan cartoonists are"



Dave Rowe,  
8 Park Drive  
Wickford  
Essex



"..its perfectly obvious that cons(and fandom?)are getting too large. But could you honestly ask anyone not to come? 400 attending expected for Ompacon '73 and then 600 for the Supercon in '74. And perhaps the crunch will come there. I have visions of securicor men at room-parties keeping the wrong fen out, till somewhere in the Monday Morn debris, Pete Weston with YC lapel badge freshly polished, and sub-machine gun slung under his arm-farnham's freehold style-emerges from his refortified suite into a hash-smoke filled corridor leading the Brum Group through the empty syringe littered lounge to the bar, now berricaded in with no-deposit bottles and empty Newcastle Brown cans, from whence comes the spasmodic fire of a gigner-ball gun,

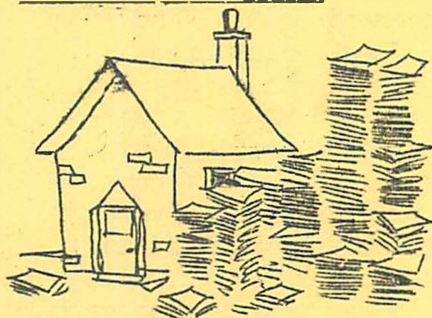
used as anti-aircraft cover against paper-darts folded from pornographic R.Crumb cartoons, launched by underground-comix-fen heavily harrassed by older comic readers with carpets, towels or curtains draped down their back rushing about yelling "Shazan" or "This sounds like a job for--" drowning out the sound of digging from below the floorboards, where the horror fans are building a crypt in which to bury the con-chairman, alive!...Trouble is new fans do arrive friendless at cons. They're asked to contact St Antony, but most are too shy, I should imagine. This was something Fred Hemmings and myself bemoaned in VIEWPOINT(from which I am no longer implicated)and suggested a loosly organised adopt-a-neo-scheme, so when we found ourselves on the Ompacon Committee(from which I am also no longer implicated)we bemoaned again! "Hear, Hear," said the chorus,"We'll find out whose arriving for the first time, and send 'em down to the BSFA desk." I informed the BSFA and found that cold potato back in my court. So if anyone feels like indoctrinating a nonfan into the ~~delightful~~ delightful ways of fandom whilst at Ompacon, will he/she kindly contact me(give short list of favourite authors and other interests please, it'll help). Then come the con,I'll come wandering down to the bar with <sup>Neo</sup> under one arm, empty glass under another, give an informed introduction and a hint on the de-hydrated state of my throat, and leave the two to it. But please volunteer now." \*\*\*You do have a lively imagination! I do think the BSFA officials have enough to do without trying to take on what you expect. I think a better idea is a Hospitality room that can be



## Letters 2

manned by volunteers like yourself to which new fans can go. I saw this work very successfully at Chicago. And believe me, my dear, trying to organise something in fandom is bad enough without trying to "loosly" organise it!\*\*\*

Archie Mercer  
21 Trenethick Parc  
Helston  
Cornwall.



"I didn't really think that Lifo<sup>2</sup> was the composer of the Concerto Symphonique for Piano and Orchestra whose scherzo is exceedingly well-known but whose other movements are positively unheard of. It just looks as though that's who he ought to be, that's all. What a palaver, though, just to get three men off on a week or two's voyage. You'd think it had never been done before! It croggles me more than somewhat when you talk of "retiring". Or do nurses normally retire comparatively young, or are you older than one's allowed to think, or what? Furthermore, it croggles me also that you seem to be assuming that a fanzine collection is out of place in a Carnoustie council-house. Surely a C. c-h can't be

smaller than a single administrative nursing sister's quarters? Damn it-you could use the surplus rooms to house a new Fanzine Foundation yourself! I wouldn't know - I suppose native Carnoustegians' reluctance to live on the eastern fringe of their burgh wouldn't possibly have anything to do with its relative accessibility to flying golf-balls?\*\*\*Nurses can retire at 55..and I'm sure I wouldn't dream of "allowing" you to think anything! When I was 17 they said I looked like 14, when I was 21 they said I looked like 17(something to do with being wee, I think) -I'll let you mathematical geniuses work it out from there. My council house will probably consist of one livingroom, one bedroom usual offices and small kitchenette. I know that Forry keeps his magazines where others keep their pans..but I'm not that dedicated!\*\*\*\*\*

Eric Bentcliffe  
17 Riverside Crsc.  
Homes Chapel  
Cheshire.CW4 7NR

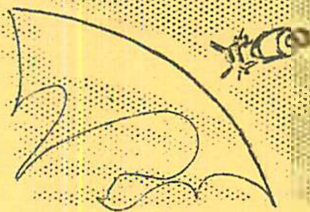


"I think it worth commenting to Eric Lindsay that he should search out a copy of the ATOM ANTHOLOGY for examples of wonderfully well-cut illos..and hosts of fanzines of the last decade. Naturally, there are limits to the technique of duplicating hand-cut illustrations but fen such as Arthur, Eddie Jones, Jim Cawthorne, George Barr et al certainly achieved wonderful results and much of their original work on stencil compares more than favourably with artwork reproduced by other methods. Any other methods...Enjoyed the continuation of Ella's peregrinations across the launching pad. Not quite as smoothly flowing as her initial install..

ment but this is probably understandable because of the sheer emotion of the event. After all, I can still recall my own awe and wonder when the Shorrocks-Nuttall-FIVE took off from Bebington Forest(just before it was burnt to the ground!)with Herr. von Neumann tied to the stem of this mighty Brock's Special. The stick alone was all of fifteen-foot...and we had a hell of a job finding a bottle big enough to launch it from."

### Letters 3

Roger Waddington,  
4 Commercial St  
Norton.Malton.  
Yorkshire.



"I think a lot of romance will go out of spaceflight with the last of the Apollo missions now on and everyone forecasting no more Moonflights for this century, which at first raised howls of indignation from me; but on reflection, I'd say they've got quite a few points to justify them...For although three-stage rockets were just about the most spectacular chariots ever built, they were wasteful in that all that was left at the end was a little command module, and even that couldn't be trusted to be used again; Space Shuttles should be more economical in that they can come down at a specific point without the armada of ships and planes cruising round; though they'll never be anything as moving as that first sight of it coming down through the clouds..The one purpose that Man might have had on the Moon, at this stage of our development, to provide an observatory far from our atmosphere, can be done more easily and cheaply by Skylab; this is where the realms of fantasy end and those of hard economics begin...With thoughts of Eric Erickson and Claude Degler in mind, I'd say that Fandom gathers eccentrics about it most easily because it can provide a haven, in that the fan doesn't have to relate his interests with the outside world, can keep them hidden; indeed, if he doesn't attend any of the Cons and has no group of fen in his town, there's nobody can be absolutely certain about his particulars (better be careful, I'm in that position at the moment..!) And in the anonymity of the mails, you can realise your wildest dreams without anyone knowing how you couldn't possibly support such dreams, without anyone to deny them as there would be Outside."

David G.Locke  
915 Mt.Olive Dr.No 9  
Duarte,Cal if.91010



"A quote from, and a comment about, your review of AWRY No 2. First the quote: "Mind you there is one croggling statement there from Dave. He says "A lot of fans out here really dig Irish. Afraid I find it ..something like Scotch and something like whiskey, but not enough like either." I am quite bewildered trying to figure out what would be the difference between Scotch and whisky. Who says the Americans speak our language?" The comment: no language barrier here. You have made note of the problem without realising it. Go back to the quote and you will see that the first time you see it, it is spelled "whiskey", and the second time "whisky". Therein lies the difference. "Whiskey", with and 'e', is grain-distilled booze with a minimum 40% alcohol content. However, Scotch whisky is spelled without the 'e'. Therefore, if you're talking about whiskey you're not talking about Scotch. Never argue with an ex-partner about booze."I only know one whisky..all others are imitations..pale\*\*\*

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## Letters 4

Dave Rowe,  
8 Park Drive  
WICKFORD  
Essex



"The best article was Ella's but her coverage on the fannish happenings before lift-off was somewhat lacking. As with a lot of fan-writing it mentions names without going into the personalities. However the writing on the space-shot was beautiful, practically filling me with the -"I wish I could have been there" feeling, that I've only felt once before from a book called THE HUMAN BE-IN by Helen Perry (Allen Lane Penguin Press.1970). Change the experience and you change the person, not just the intelligence. Not going so far as putting a Sheffield Bus Driver into Deepest Africa, I just considered what I'd be like if I hadn't bumped into fandom? As it is, I now have friends not just all over the country, but in Europe & USA. I get real enjoyment out of illustrating and a kick out of seeing them in print, my spare time is completely filled with fanac. And, simply because fans are the friendly, enthusiastic crowd they are, they've given me confidence in myself that I lacked as a non-fan. I can even talk to a girl without going into a stammer and looking down into my boots. Now if it wasn't for becoming a fan, I'd probably still be intraverted and short-haired taking a dead-end interest in UFOs, staying home nights reading or watching telly, and going no-where slow. I sometimes wonder what others would be like if they weren't part of fandom." \*\*Speaking for myself, I'd sure be less busy \*\*\*

Charles Legg  
20 Woodstock Close,  
Woodstock Rd.  
Oxford, OX2 8DB

"Mary asked me to comment on Ken Cheslin's article on experience and intelligence. He is of course right that adaptive behaviour is largely dependent upon experience, but I think wrong to consider adaptive behaviour coterminous with intelligence. However the real questions on this issue do not devolve around the need for experience (since people of all persuasions agree on that point) but around the type of experience and the time of the experience during the life cycle. Most modern evidence suggests that intellectually a person is either made or ruined by the age of five. There must be two types of experience. Direct experience of manipulating the world and symbolic representation. Indirect experience through observing others engage in 'intellectual' activity. The key is active exploratory behaviour, not passive stimulation although both are 'experience'. If you want people to fully utilize their potential the thing that really has to be altered is their motivation to learn and understand."

\*\*\*\*\*

heartfelt thanks to all who wrote  
from  
Ethel.

### Special Letter:

Andrew Porter  
Box 4175  
New York.10017.

"Richard Cotton's queries about circulation for the major fanzines are something I've been interested in as well, but I've gone ahead to find out the figures. LOCUS has a circulation of about 1450; ENERGUMEN about 270; RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY 1400; LUNA 900; my own ALGOL has a press run of 1100, this issue, and after only a month has passed since copies were available, I've found I'm beginning to run out: only about 350 copies left. And yesterday I sold 100 copies to a bookstore...Next issue the press run will have to be 1500. GRANFALLOON has about 300 copies run, of which most, as in the case of the other fanzines, are sent out immediately. ALGOL is the only fanzine I know of which tries to hang onto copies. I've got ads running in 3 of the prozines and the ads I run in LOCUS always get a good response. A year ago I had less than 75 subscriptions, but with the current drive on I'm up to 370 as of the end of this month. Next issue I plan to cut back to 40 pages an issue, but with typesetting I can get as much as 40,000 words into each issue, which is probably the highest wordcount of any fanzine...Ethel's lament that she has loads of trouble running off SCOT by herself brings to mind the fact that I'm willing to pay for someone to run off ALGOL, collate and staple it. I weighed the cost of a 50 page dittoed/mimeographed ALGOL against a 44 page offset one and discovered it was cheaper to do in offset, and I didn't have to do the manual work myself. ENERGUMEN costs as much as ALGOL does (per copy) but ALGOL costs less per copy to produce, and I save all the physical work, save addressing and mailing, that Mike and Ethel complain about."

\*\*\*\*\*

ALGOL is a magazine about Science Fiction. The latest issue..No 18 contains articles by Alfred Bester; Thomas Burnett Swann; Jacques Sadoul; Ted White; Richard Luoff; Richard Wilson; Robert Silverberg; and the production is as high-class as the writers.

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Andrew Porter, Box 4175. New York. NY 10017

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# natterings

I have not read the book about FUTURE SHOCK ; but I've read so many articles and reviews about it, I almost feel as if I had. Something happened the other day that made me think about FUTURE SHOCK: about the theory that nowadays change comes too quick and too soon to be properly absorbed. The Ward Sister was off sick so I went down to see if the Staff Nurse was managing alright. She asked me to check the drug Atropine for her. When I was a Staff Nurse this came in ampoules marked 1/100. A few years ago..maybe two..this was changed to milligrams and the equal of 1/100 was 0.60 milligrammes. However what faced me was an ampoule marked 600 and no mention of 600 what! Whilst I was puzzling over this the anaethetist arrived and explained that this was 600 micrograms which equalled 0.60 milligrams which equalled 1/100. She then added that they had suffered two quick changes in drug calculations; and that many had not got past the milligram stage yet. She gave as an example a doctor who, looking at the 600 ampoule and wanting to give a child 1/20, had decided that would be three ampoules! Fortunately she had arrived in time to stop this overdosage! But if that isn't a classic example of too many quick changes causing anxiety and irresolution - I don't know what could be!

I am in a profession that has suffered more changes lately than it can comfortably absorb. First we had the National Health Service, and that did not seem to make much change at first, except that the clerical side seemed to treble overnight. Then the Powers-That-be decided that the nursing profession was too hide-bound, too full of traditions that were outworn and badly needed a shake-up. The result of that was Management Courses for all and you were lucky if you escaped going to one. We rapidly learnt to use the management jargon, and to realise that this was a necessary thing to get on in the field.

After that we had a committee headed by Prof. Salmon so that the end result was called the Salmon Report. This Report set out the re-grading of the whole nursing profession and was aimed to have them at the highest level in the NHS. Grade 10 would be the highest..a Principal Nursing Officer in charge of a Group..down to Grade 6 the level of a Ward Sister. The equal of the old-fashioned Matron was a No 8. The progress of Salmonisation(as it was inevitably called)has been slowly grinding its way through the hospitals. Some Groups are more advanced than others; our own Group has just finished doing the Grade 8s.

## Natterings 2

However, we have just had another report, this time headed by Prof. Briggs so getting the name of the Briggs Report. This one is revolutionary too..for it advocates that all nurses should start with a basic training and then stop appropriately for their ability. Very logical, and in fact to be welcomed but so many changes!

That's not the end of it, the very NHS itself is to change. In 1974 all the Local Authorities are to be re-grouped under a Area Authority. Hospitals will no longer be apart from the Local Welfare Services. The idea of community care, community nursing will be stressed. Very commendable..but go back to those 10s so painstakingly put into position..come 1974..they are wondering just where they will fit into the new structure. There will be Area Nursing Authorities .. shall those No 10s apply for the job? Will they be higher or lower than a 10? Picture the Nursing Profession holding its collective head!

On a personal level, I have been an Administrative Sister and my colleague the Assistant Matron..our grades will be gone under Salmon. We ran Surbiton with minimal supervision from the Matron who stayed at our other branch. This included being responsible for the catering, the domestic supervision and a host of other non-nursing duties apart from the nursing responsibility. Two years ago we lost our Tutor and the Asst. Matron was asked to take on the tutoring. She did, and this gave me extra duties particularly the catering. Frankly these last two years I have been overworked, but with Salmon coming on which would take away the non-nursing duties - I waited to see what would happen. To further complicate matters, the other branch is closing down. Once that is finally accomplished..the date is March 31st..Matron's job will disappear. We are then to move under a new Group, the local one of Kingston

We had a meeting with the Kingston people and were told that our branch on its own would only carry one No 7, which was much what we had expected. It was decided we would move over without much changes though I could expect to be relieved of the catering, thank goodness.

The Asst. Matron has just thrown the cat among the pigeons by announcing her retirement at the end of January. She has offered to then become a part-time Tutor. I guess the No 10 of the old Group and the No 10 of the Kingston Group are still mulling that one over. I have a feeling they may be suffering from Future Shock alright!

What happens when the Asst. Matron retires? I wouldn't be surprised if nothing happens. There will still be committees meeting to decide what to do!

When it comes to coping with rapid changes, I do think a long-time reader of SF is just a little better able to cope. After all, you don't read SF year in, year out unless you are interested in how the future will change. Also it is much easier for us to judge the unimportance of individual changes when the whole culture is in the melting pot.

So I look at 1973 thinking..at least it won't be dull..it should be very interesting to watch how it works out; and even more interesting to see if my guesses come out right!

Meantime..A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL

don't let Future Shock get you.

Ethel Lindsay