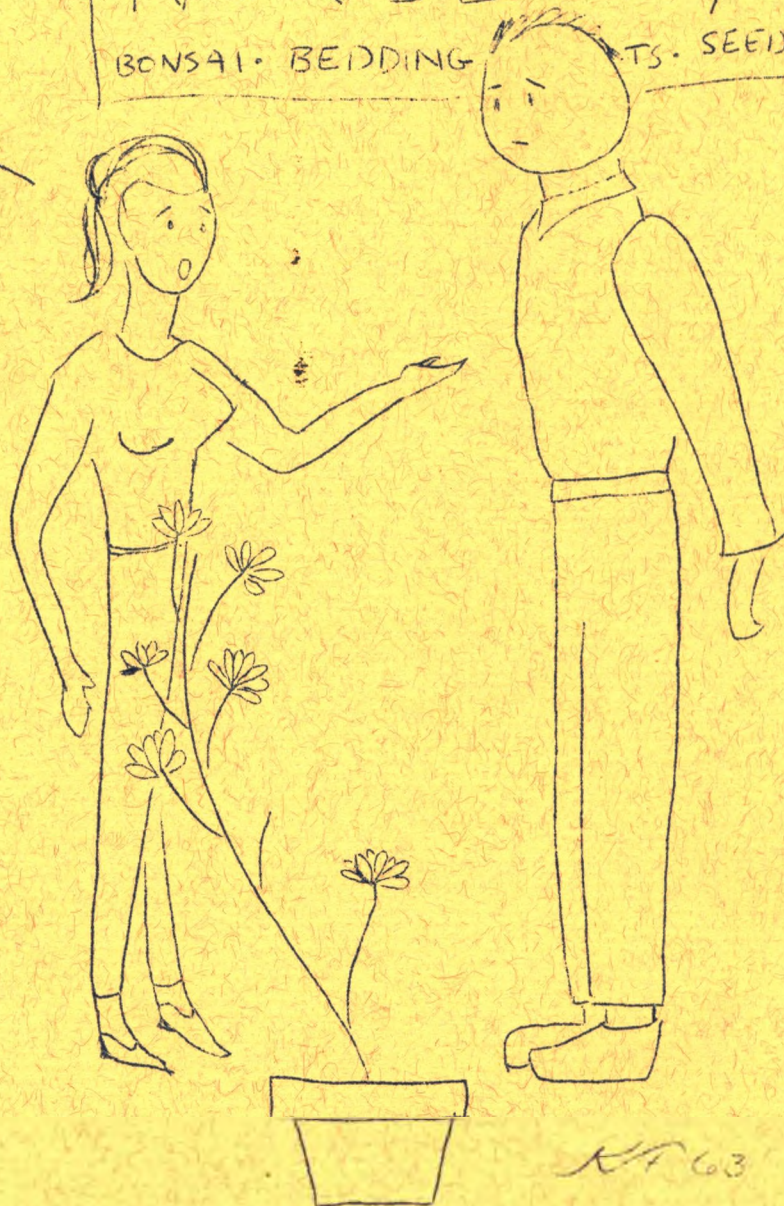


NIEKAS NO. 4

You told me
it was a "Star
Magnolia", but
it bloomed with
plain old
flowers!

NURSERY
BONSAI • BEIDDING • TS. SEEDS



CONTENTS

NIEKAS #4 (15 March 1968)

1: Project Mercury (a haiku by) Karen Anderson	1
2: Bumbejimas (an editorial)	1
3: The Bad Pfennig (a story by) Donald Franson	7
4: Laiskai (a letter column)	13
5: 'The Alamo' and SF 'Buffs' (a newspaper clipping)	18
6: Atsakimas (comments on the 15th N'APA mailing)	19
6: Sense of Wonder (reprinted from the 7th IPSO mailing)	24
8: Two Recent Films (a brief commentary by) Peter J Maurer	30

ARTWORK

Karen Anderson: cover	Dalgard: 16
Dian Girard: 7	Jack Harness: 17
Ed Meskys: 5	Ray Nelson: 28
Bill Rotsler: 25*,26*,27*,29*	Dick Schultz: 17, 24
Bjo Trimble: 13 (lettering)	?: 28*
	(*courtesy PAS art table)

MY THANKS TO Karen Anderson & Dave Rike for the use of their Gestetners, & to Norm Metcalf for getting me started on Dave's machine when he didn't have the time.

[NIEKAS, the colorful fanzine, is published quarterly for N'APA and is available to nonmembers in exchange for their fanzines or for letters of comment. Addresses pg 2]

Project Mercury:

In visored helmets
Armored 'gainst emptiness
They ride to tourney
-- Karen Anderson

b u m b e j i m a s

Polhode, procrastination, and IPSO

It is now 27 months since the last issue of Polhode made an appearance and I think it best to say something before the half dozen subscribers begin to think that I am trying to cheat them or something. In the Summer of 61 I did start to cut stencils for the thing, and actually got a 1 page article and 20 pages of the letter column done. Then I went back to school, got bogged down, and never did finish the issue. I do hope to produce it eventually, and decided to send this out as a sort of interim report. The main difficulty with Polhode is that it is suffering from an acute case of creeping Habakkukism with complications. When I started, this would have been good enough to call an issue of Polh, but now I feel that it should have at least two more articles by outsiders and have the margins of everything but the lettercol justified. Well, some day....

A word of explanation about pages 24-29. These were originally done up for the now defunct International Publishers' Speculative Organization but was one of only 3 contributions submitted to the last mailing so the group folded. The final mailing might or might not be distributed some day, but even if it is very few people will ever see it and there will never be a chance for mailing comments. These 6 pages certainly do not represent the peak of my writing, but as Don Fitch says "a cut stencil is a sacred thing". So I've had them re-run for inclusion in this zine. I wish I had the time to re-type one stencil for some stencil cement had spilt on it when I was trying to make a correction. However I do not have a copy of it here at work and today is March 7th. I must run the zine off tomorrow night if I am to make the N'APA deadline. Also, it is already 8 PM and I still have the entire editorial to stencil, along with a short article I hope to put on page 30. (The rest is, fortunately, ready to run.)

On addresses and such

Before getting on to such serious matters as Gilbert and Sullivan I'd like to update some information I presented in another APA. [Hi, Buz!] For reasons too long to go into here I can NOT receive any mail at home, so it must either come to me care of Norm Metcalf [who forwards it in batches accumulated over a period of about two days using the interoffice mail service between the UC campus in Berkeley and the Lab in Livermore] or be sent directly to my place of work. The people here object to handling too much personal mail, so I decided I want first class mail only sent directly to the Lab while everything else is to go % Metcalf. Therefore my addresses are:

for FIRST CLASS MAIL ONLY

T Div, Bldg 162

LRL, Box 808

Livermore, California

for all other mail

% Norm Metcalf

P.O.Box 336

Berkeley 1, California

I might mention that anything sent to my old Brooklyn NY address will eventually reach me for my parents still live there [and I intend to move back this fall] and they sporadically send me packages of accumulated mail.

Should anyone be heading for the Bay Area and be foolish enough to want to visit me, my place is easy enough to find. I'm in Livermore, which is just off US 50 --one of the 2 main roads up to the Bay Area from L.A. and the main road in from the East--about 30 miles before Oakland. If you're coming from Berkeley, Oakland, SF, etc, take the first road into Livermore--"Junction Ave." Make a half-right onto Livermore Ave 1¹/₄ miles later, 2 blocks past some "islands." Left on 7th St for 1 block to McCleod. VAV If you're headed towards the Bay Area, again take the first Livermore cutoff, which is now First St. Two miles later, 1 block past the 2nd RR crossing, turn left onto McCleod. 6¹/₂ blocks later, on the left side of the street, you will find my adobe...IF you look hard enough. I live in a trailer up on jacks in back of the middle house on the block, and as there are only 4 houses on that block and I am next to a vacant lot, it shouldn't be too hard to find even without a house number. [I refuse to give that because I'm sure some $\delta\alpha\mu\nu$ idiot will then try to send mail there.]

There is still the little matter of finding me home! I do not have a phone, & almost invariably I spend my evenings at the Lab using the typewriters here. Mondays thru Thursdays I am here 'till about 9 tho sometimes I leave as early as 5 or stay as late as 12. Every 2nd Friday I leave between 4 and 4:30 for the Bay Area to make the Little Men's meeting, and come home after it. On the other weekends I sometimes take a bus into the Bay Area Saturday evenings to make the Golden Gate Futurian meetings. (I make about half of them.) Since I generally come right home after those too I'm home most Sundays. Exceptions are my approximately bi-monthly trips to LA and special weekend events.

To reach me by phone at the Lab, dial HI7-1100 from Livermore or 843-2740 from the Bay Area. my extension is 7087, and whenever I'm at the labs I'm almost invariably within earshot of the phones. If no answer have the operator ring a looong time, and then try some other extensions into building 162. If and when someone finally answers, ask him to check my office, 2226, for signs of life. [Note that this is considerably different from what I said in the other APA--they changed the phone system and I got moved to a new office. VAV If you call the Berkeley number, 9 times out of 10 you'll have no trouble getting put thru to me, but occasionally the operator doesn't recognise the number and has to be told that it's in Livermore. Sometimes she tries to tell you that you should dial the HI number direct [a 40-50¢ toll call] but playing it dumb and insisting you got a message to call THIS number will get you thru almost invariably. Norm says he failed only once or twice in the last 8 months, so he simply walked over to the UC campus and dialed "587087". (The 58 hooks you into the campus-Livermore tie-line.) But try to call before 4:30...then if I'm not in my office the secretary usually knows where I can be reached.

I am croggled

Yes I am...completely! About two weeks ago I met an extreemly enthusiastic Tolkien fan working here at the labs. Joe Hearst works in the B Division which has some sort of responsability in the design and testing of nuclear weapons. So when the Russians broke the test moratorium a while back and we resumed testing too, he placed into one of the early devices a little slip of paper on which he had written

"One ring to rule them all, one ring to find them

One ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them!"

He said he always felt that a hydrogen bomb was the one place the inscription from the one ring belonged. (I wonder if Sauron or any Nazgûl were seen in the vicinity after the blast. It's frightening to think of what Joe might have unleashed!) And that isn't all. After designing a bomb they obviously test it to see how well it will work. Let's say they want a 5,000 megaton device which weighs 24 pounds and fits the shape of an Atlas nose cone. [My work here doesn't concern weapons and I know nothing about the sizes and strengths of various devices, but those numbers are obviously nonsense.] So they design one which they think will do it, and test it. It might have a larger or a smaller yield than predicted...they won't know untill they try it. I suppose it might even be a total dud [I wonder if they ever had one]. So for the bomb with the quote in it, Joe got one of the highest actual/predicted yield ratios of any device he's ever worked with, and he feels certain that this was because of the power of the One Ring of Mordor. He should try again--that's the "scientific method", isn't it? VAV I wonder what sort of analogous japes the Russian scientists pull during their tests....

A sense of wonder and fuggheadedness

A few items appeared in recent issues of Missiles and Rockets, a weekly trade magazine sold only to people working in the field, which I thought might be of interest.

Feb 25, 1963, page 9: NASA Changes Approach to Nova Vehicle"

"NASA is taking a new tack with its Nova launch vehicle studies. Officials say future studies will be aimed at orienting the big booster to the requirements of its manned interplanetary spaceflight mission--rather than simply pegging its size at two to three times the Saturn V. With NASA now talking about a 1981 target for the first manned planetary landing, Nova development funding will be delayed untill at least fiscal '66."

Pages 14 and 30 of the March 4th issue gave some details of the Aerospace Plane which is now in early stages of design. This one stage vehicle would take off from a standard airport runway, accelerate to 3 Mach using a turbofan engine. Then it would accelerate to 8 or 10 Mach operating as a ramjet, and pulling in and liquifying for future use oxygen from the atmosphere. Finally it would accelerate to orbital speeds operating as an LOX-LH₂ rocket. After finishing its mission in space it would decelerate and land at a standard airport.

But that ain't all. Last year the June 11 issue had an article about a possible "Advanced Aerospace Plane" which would be MUCH larger and have an additional hydrogen fusion rocket, and would go to Mars or Venus at 1-g acceleration taking 50 hours to get there and dropping no stages. It was put at flying 20-40 years from now.

But while this might be visionary, the ASP itself is actually under development. There is some conflict between NASA and the military. NASA is willing to let it drop one stage for purposes of economy, but the military would like it to be a single stage.

Feb 11, 1963, Page 15 "Military Space Given New Emphasis."

"...Maj. Gen Osmond J Ritland, deputy to the commandor for manned spaceflight, AFSC, told the group of about 400 space medicine experts that the military man is uniquely suited to space travel because of his readiness to face danger and endure

discomfort. He pointed out that besides military reasons of national security, military outposts have been the first marks of civilization in previously uncharted territory." [Yech!!]

and finally, an article in the Jan 28 issue (page 34) announces that the Melpar Company developed a technique for growing large quantities of tissue culture in vats. (Previously it was a long tedious process to grow only microscopic samples.) The article goes on to speculate about possible future uses for food growing, or even replacement organ-growing.

That crazy Gilbert & Wazzisname stuff

As I said in my comments on Ruth Berman's letter, I've seen Patience and Iolanthe since the last NIEKAS, and I've seen Pirates again.

I saw Patience on Jan 26th, which was in the middle of a most hectic weekend. Tom Seidman was in the area for a math convention and phoned me Friday morning suggesting we meet at a wine-tasting party being thrown for the attendees at 5 by two local wineries. [I just heard that some other winery has offered such a party to the Westercon, and it has been accepted. The fools! The fans will bankrupt the company!] After getting soused (One of the two Rheislings was my favorite) we had dinner at some local beanery with two other con attendees. Then we phoned the Anderson's to find out if they were doing anything that night. Since they weren't Karen drove into Berkeley to pick us up and take us up to their place for an evening of chatter. (Unfortunately I was too tired to enjoy the swinging bull session towards the end.)

Finally at about two Karen drove us back into town. Since Tom had a second (unused) bed in his room we cheated the hotel and I made use of it. [Thanks again, Tom!] Next morning I somehow managed to stagger off for some breakfast and to catch a bus to Palo Alto, and arrived at the Rolfe's at about 1:30. After chatting with Joe and Felice, and an Ann Chapman who was living with them, for what seemed like only a few minutes the first of two cars from LA arrived.

Alltogether 8 people drove up...Ron and Peggy, the Trimble's, the Schultheises, Blake Maxam, and Bob Lichtman. (Bob only came along for the ride and went off to see some friends when we left for the operetta.) All afternoon and at the play (& presumably on the way up from LA) Ron and the others kidded Peggy an awful lot about the dress she was wearing. Because of its shape she looked as if she were pregnant. She kept stuttering "But...but...but..." while the rest of us had a ball inventing variations on the theme.

Much more fangab, an excellent spaghetti dinner whipped up by Felice, and we were off to the Harding Theater where we met Alva & Sid Rogers, Bill Donaho, and Karen Anderson. "The Kevie" (Kevin Langdon) was there also, with some girl, but they didn't join our group.

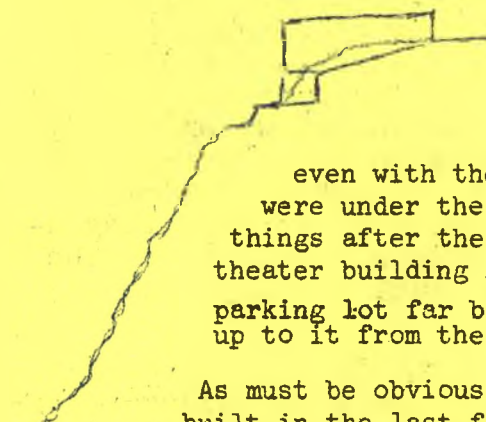
After the show all but Ronel and Peggy went to the Hyatt House coffee shop for several hours of gab. Peggy wanted to see Chinatown, while the other Angelinos wanted to see where the Westercon would be held. We didn't see the Squirrel or Peggy any more that weekend 'cause they stayed over at Donaho's, while all of the others but Lichtman stayed at the Rolfe's. In fact, since there was room I stayed over myself rather than struggle with the busses back to Livermore. I think Lichtman stayed over at Rickhardt's.

Of course there was much delightful fangab at the Hyatt House, but as there was no one overpowering theme it is impossible to summarize. Next morning after breakfast the Trimble's and Joe Rolfe drove over to Ed and Jess y Clinton's. Jess y was handling the Art Show this time, and she had hundreds of questions she wanted to ask Bjo. Felice & I talked with Blake and the Schultheises primarily about children's books...naturally emphasizing fantasies.

All but Blake left by 1:30, and he was waiting for some relatives who lived close by to get home. (He was to visit them for the next few days.) The previous evening while she was talking with the cast after the performance Felice had learned that they were to do Pirates at Foothill College this afternoon. Since Foothill was only a 10 minute drive from Palo Alto we speculated about possibly going. Finally Blake and I decided to go, but the Rolfes didn't feel up to it.

Gads, but that campus is fantastic! The buildings are an extremely tasteful blend of Oriental and modern architecture, and are scattered over several hillsides. A magnificent blend of natural and man made beauty!

There were many one floor buildings of approximately uniform size. I would guess that those devoted to class-use held 3 or 4 classrooms. A building's walls were meerly thick, about 1' by 2', beams with glass between them, and I think they had a slight tilt to them. The roof was four-sided, gently sloping, and with a very long overhang. Beams of about the same order of magnitude of size as those in the walls were exposed on the underside and even protruded past the roof edge. Finally, at the center of each roof was a cubacle which held the air-conditioning unit. (I know this doesn't sound too oriental, but that is only because of the inadequacy of my description. Blake commented that it would make a magnificent set for a film of The Mikado or Lost Horizon.)

The theater was placed at the crown of a virtual cliff, at the edge of the complex of buildings, so that from the main part of the campus it looked no higher than the other buildings. When you entered the thru the main doors you found the highest tier of seats even with the ground under you. Prop storage, dressing rooms, etc, were under the stage. [Blake, a drama major, insisted on examining things after the performance and before calling Joe to pick us up.] The theater building looked impressive in an entirely different way from the parking lot far below it. Its only fault seemed to be the looong climb up to it from the students parking lot.

As must be obvious from the description, this is a completely new campus, built in the last few years. And the thing that I find really croggling is that this is only a junior college!

After the operetta Joe took us to his place to get our belongings, dropped me off at the bus station, and took Blake to his relatives. The Rolfes and I had been invited up to the Clintons for dinner, and Felice was already up there, but I had to regretfully decline as I would have missed my bus and gotten home at a redicul-ously late hour.

All in all this was one of my most active and enjoyable weekends in the Bay Area, second only to my first few weeks out here. (Admittedly one or two others was as enjoyably, but that had been in a quiet sort of way.)

I don't have too much to say about Patience itself. June Wilkins played "Lady Jane" and she seems to be the Lamplighters best comic. She also played "Ruth" in Pirates and "Queen of the Fairies" in Iolanthe. (There had been no major role siutable for her talents in Yoeman, but she was one of the two who alternated in the role of Dame Caruthers. That was the first Lamplighters production I had seen and I don't know whether she was the one who played the role that night.) I still remember vivedly the hilarious scenes of her sitting in a sort of throne plunking on a bull-fiddle and bemoaning her faith, and her marching in later banging away on a set of symbols. She got all of the laughs for the uproarously funny incidents... all of the other humor was of the quiet, witty kind which brought no gaffaws.

Bunthorne was played as a queer, which others commented on as being an unusual

approach the the one G&S intended. VAV It's rather numerous to watch the bevy of "Rapturous Maidens" switch the object of their rapture with dizzying speed. Except for the "Lady Jane", that is, who remains faithful to Reginald Bunthorne almost to the very end when she joins the general exodus by leaving him for his ~~law~~ solicitor. VAV The the operetta was good, it did suffer from what struck me as obvious padding. The scene where Colonial Calverley, Major Murgatroyd and the Duke of Dunstable find two willing females and speculate as to which of them would remain single "for ever", for example, struck me as completely superfluous. It neither contributed to the advancement of the plot nor to the musical excellence of the production. Both the lyrics and the tune were most uninspired.

Seeing Pirates a second time, done by a different company, added a lot to my understanding of the work. There were a number of variations in the presentation and some insight came out of contemplating them. On the basis of this one "bit" of information I would say that G&S productions are not THAT tradition bound and invariable.

Since the production was away from "home" for the Lamplighters, the scenery was of necessity rather minimal. I didn't particularly care for the large rock which is the principle piece of scenery in the first act, tho Blake liked it. It looked like a quadrant of a circle with a 15 foot radius. We disagreed about the 2nd act scenery too, tho we both switched sides to do so. The ruins of the chapel weren't very widespread but what can you expect when they have to cart it from San Francisco? I felt that the single piece of wall present was nicely constructed and matched in color superbly with the sky backdrop they used. Blake complained about its lack of elaborateness. Because of the skimpyness the policemen can't hide behind the actual scenery, but must skulk on a corner of the stage.

The Major General (Gilbert Russek) and Sergeant of Police (George Martin) were much weaker than in the version I had seen in Tajunga (played by Bill Scott and Al Spires respectively). The latter pair had done a truly inspired job, while this pair was just so-so. But the Lamplighters' Ruth (June Wilkins, as I said before) was far better than Muriel NewCombs.

I remember wondering about the sudden pairing off of Ruth and the police sergeant when I first saw it in Tajunga for I didn't notice any sort of contact or communication between them whatsoever before the event. In the Lamplighters version they got into a pushing-fight in the mob scene towards the end, which seemed to get them to notice each other. This still isn't much of a relationship on which to make a lifetime contract (but then, it is no more tenuous than most in musicals and operettas) but still it is better than nothing.

Another thing I noticed in the Lamplighters' version which wasn't obvious in the Ascension Players' version in Tajunga came in the singing of "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General." In the Ascension version the Major-General got stuck several times, whereupon one of the pirates whispered something in his ear and he resumed singing. I couldn't figure out what was supposed to be going on, and wondered if the Major-General "forgot" his lines and had to be "reminded" by the pirate. However a little something was added in the Lamplighters version which was, first of all, quite humorous, but also clarified everything. Once when he was so stuck the pirate whispered as before, but now he shook his head "no." A brief argument in gestures followed during which he was heard to mutter "preposterous", etc. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders in a resigned manner seeing that there was nothing else he could do and sang

THE BAD PFENNIG

by
Donald Franson

SCENE: An underground tunnel, lit only by three globes equally spaced in the ceiling. Two men enter, recognizable as JOSEPH GOEBBELS, and, even though without the mustash, ADOLF HITLER.

HITLER: Ach! What went wrong? I had it just right, the words down pat: today we rule Germany, tomorrow the world, the next day Germany again, the day after that, this hole -- Joseph, why are we in this hole? I told you I wanted to get away in a plane, how could we get away in a plane from a concrete bunker, or a tunnel below it? You dummkopf --

GOEBBELS: We escaped, didn't we? I knew about this underground passage when I directed you to the bunker. The Russians never found it -- and there is another thing, don't you notice it? We don't age. Nearly twenty years we've waited down here, but we still look the same. Deep in the ground there are strange radiations -- or perhaps a lack of radiation, I don't know. But the result is the same -- we don't age. And we wait -- we wait.

HITLER (stroking upper lip as if feeling for a mustache): But what's the use? We can't do anything but plan -- and I can't think of any plan. What went wrong? Today we rule Germany, tomorrow the world, the next day -- Joseph, I'm so mixed up --

GOEBBELS: Why did you get rid of Eva? That was a clever trick, sending her back with your mustache to fool the Russians, but now you miss her, perhaps?

HITLER: Who needs Eva? I'd rather have Ava. Say, where have we gotten to now? What is this place?

GOEBBELS: Under den unter den Linden.

HITLER: I don't see the sense of going any farther. Are we going to walk all the way to Russia?

GOEBBELS: Not Russia, my Fuehrer. I have several other places in mind -- but you all of course make the final decision. We only go now to the outskirts of Berlin,



then we come up under a -- house -- where I have arranged other transportation.

HITLER(suspicious): What kind of a house?

GOEBBELS: My Fuehrer, there is nothing to worry about -- the place has long been abandoned. Under the Third Reich, the farmhouse was equipped with modern plumbing, and this place is no longer used. My henchmen are there --

HITLER: Naturally. Everyone in his proper place.

GOEBBELS: And then you will choose the country to go to. For the time is ripe now, my Fuehrer. In every folklore there is a legend, that there is a sleeping giant, who will awaken when the time comes, to save the world!

HITLER: I don't want to save the world.

GOEBBELS: To conquer it, then!

HITLER: I don't want to conquer it. I've been thinking it over, down in this hole, and writing on my book, my sequil to Mein Kampf. It was going to be a book of travel advice, So You're Going to Conquer the World. But who am I to give advice? Everything went kaput. And I never did get to Moscow, London, or Hollywood. Conquering is out. It's too much responsibility. I didn't enjoy the way like I enjoyed the Putsch.

GOEBBELS: Wouldn't you like to make a name for yourself again? It doesn't have to be in Europe -- it can be anywhere in the world. The state of scientific advance is such that small nations can wield tremendous power now. The time is ripe -- because everyone is afraid of war again --

HITLER: How can little countries wield power?

GOEBBELS: They can threaten everyone else. All you have to do is get a job as leader of some little country -- or some big one, if you can get it, it doesn't matter. Then threaten to start a war. They will have to appease you.

HITLER: Like in 1938?

GOEBBELS: It would be 1938 all over again! Only with more frightfulness! More destructiveness! And more fear than ever before. They are all afraid of war, even the Russians. They talk of war with pessimism, as if it may even break out against their wishes.

HITLER(thoughtful): Maybe they do need me.

GOEBBELS: A Nietzsche in a world of Schopenhauers!

HITLER(feeling better): All I have to do is pick out some minor nation to rule -- you say scientific advance has equalized them? How is that possible?

GOEBBELS: Only destructively, my Fuehrer. Any nation can do untold damage to another with a few suitcases, a few lohs from a rowboat, some favorable fall-out winds -- of course, the others could retaliate, but they couldn't defend themselves.

HITLER(doubtfully): I don't know. You're sure they would give in? Maybe I wouldn't want to carry out the threat.

GOEBBELS: The hell you say! You're Hitler, aren't you?

HITLER: That's right -- and they would realize that. So they'd capitulate. Anything's better than destruction, so they'd appease me. I wouldn't push them too far -- but they would know that I would stop at nothing. I'll be like those Chicago gangsters, make them pay for protection.

GOEBBELS(cautiously): There already is one mob of gangsters.

HITLER(contemptuously): The Russians! They are chess players! Chess players like

to move slowly, wait for their chance. And they don't take any chances. I am like a poker player. I wait, too, but then I take chances. I just couldn't get the ace jack, queen and king when I had the ten.

GOEBBELS: It isn't your fault that you didn't have all the cards.

HITLER: If only we had perfected the atom bomb a few months before the Americans did.

GOEBBELS: Wasn't it Goering that used all the heavy water for his reducing diet?

HITLER: A fat lot of good it did him, too.

GOEBBELS: And the Rocket. That was Hess's fault. He wouldn't go up in it.

HITLER: I can't understand such reluctance. If he wanted to go to England, he would have gotten there much quicker. But you're wrong, that didn't slow up the program. The world will some day find out how far we did get.

GOEBBELS: Something secret, my Fuehrer?

HITLER: It won't hurt to tell you -- no one would believe you, anyway.

GOEBBELS(put out): You did.

HITLER: Dummkopf that I am. Anyway, the Russians and the Americans are boasting about their accomplishments in space travel. But in the Galactic history books they will have the question: who was the first head of government to order a space vehicle into production? Who, I ask you, who? Initials are A.H.

GOEBBELS(pretending to guess): Alexander Hamilton?

HITLER: No, you Krauthead! What a minister of propaganda you turned out to be! You couldn't even sell the Volkswagen, and now it's selling like hotcakes. Oh, the Russians with their sputniks! So they think they are going to plant a red flag on the moon? Wait till they land on the other side -- and find that swastika! Right in the middle of the Sea of -- ugh -- Moscow!

GOEBBELS(startled): What's that?

HITLER: I repeat, there's a swastika on the back of the moon.

GOEBBELS: On the back of your lap. I distinctly remember, we didn't have a moon rocket.

HITLER: But I ordered it! I can prove it! I have a copy of the order somewhere -- (searches pockets). Where did I put it?

GOEBBELS(sneering): If you find that order, we can make a paper Zeppelin out of it.

HITLER(hurt): You don't believe that about the moon, do you?

GOEBBELS: Oh, of course. There are two people I never doubt -- you and Baron M.

HITLER: Oh, don't compare me with Baron M. He was one of your ideas.

(A tremendous blast is heard. Dust falls from the ceiling, and also small pieces of rock, none of them hitting the two men. It takes some time for the reverberations to subside. During this HITLER and GOEBBELS crouch in fear. Up to now, there have been three globes in the ceiling, illuminating the tunnel. Now two of them flicker and go out, and only the center one is left burning.)

HITLER(shaken): What was that?

GOEBBELS(too quickly): Sonic Boom!

HITLER(outraged): Sonic Boom? We're miles underground! You're not talking on the propaganda machine to my beloved people!

GOEBBELS: I'll find out. (He takes out a pocket radio,)

HITLER: You're the Misister of Information. Get the information.

GOEBBELS: I'm trying to get my spies on the outside. (Fiddles with radio. A voice is heard: "--standby agents to settle the Pentagon is tantamount to commitment, it was learned today. Within hours, the crisis to mandate the conference--" Whistles of tuning.)

HITLER: What are you doing? You can't get any real information on the regular channels. Their ministers of propaganda are as stupid as you are. Anything but the facts --

GOEBBELS: This isn't a regular channel now. I've got the secret military information channel. All spies pool their information here -- (He listens for a minute, then gives a low whistle of amazement.)

HITLER: What is it?

GOEBBELS(awed): It was a new secret weapon they were testing. We are not even directly under it -- it was miles away, in the Alps.

HITLER: In the Alps?

GOEBBELS: It's a non-atomic explosive. They call it Biggenzeholenmaker. There's no fall-out. Only fall-in.

HITLER: Well, I've got to hand it to them. They've got a nice peacemaker here. Why are you still trembling?

GOEBBELS: You don't know the half of it, my Fuehrer. You see, this weapon, this Biggenzeholenmaker, was a dud. It didn't go off.

HITLER: Didn't go off? What was that noise ye heard, then?

GOEBBELS: It was only the percussion cap.

HITLER(impressed): Well. Now that's what I call progress. (GOEBBELS doesn't answer, listening to radio.)

HITLER: What a war this will be. I've got to get in on it. (Shaking his fist in the air.) Shower down rocks on me, will they? (Shakes his fist toward the ceiling.) I've still got some things up my sleeve! (Stops shaking his fist and lowers arm, shaking something out of his sleeve, probably bits of rock.)

GOEBBELS: My Fuehrer, I've got bad news for you.

HITLER: What now?

GOEBBELS: There isn't going to be any war. I've got all the military-secret broadcasts of all the countries --

HITLER(furious): Why didn't you tell me you had this kind of radio? I could have used it -- especially before D-Day --

GOEBBELS(placatingly): It was only invented just before we came down here. Fuehrer -- they think the new bomb is the end of war. It isn't that it's so powerful, but that it's so selective. It's a shaped charge -- shaped to fit the borders of any country desired. They've all agreed that war is out now -- this bomb can devastate a country without damaging another across a narrow river --

HITLER: Amazing. And that was only the percussion cap?

GOEBBELS: The International Spy Exchange tells me this new weapon would be used, if war broke out now. They all thought the big weapons would be outlawed, because of the fall-out danger to the world, and that wars would be fought without them. But now -- they figure this new bomb will be used, in defense, by any country attacked

with anything less, so no one will dare to attack with anything less. The big nations want to outlaw it, but the little nations don't want it outlawed -- they want to use it if attacked. There is no stigma to using this weapon, in defence, or retaliation. It will not hurt the rest of the world --

HITLER: Just a minute. I think I see a flaw -- what is the main ingredient of this weapon? Maybe it is something hard to find --

GOEBBELS: Sand, my Fuehrer. Sand. No one has a monopoly on that. And there are no technical problems, either. Just take a pinch of sand, a grain of salt -- if there is no sand, clay will do. Anyone can use it, if war comes, so they all think they better outlaw war, after all. They are afraid war might start spontaneously, so they are trying to pump life into this thing they call the United Nations --

HITLER(pondering): They are afraid war might start --

GOEBBELS: The United Nations, you know, is like the verdammt League of Nations, with its verdammt Versailles Treaty --

HITLER(not listening): Nineteen thirty-eight ---

GOEBBELS: I said, the Versailles Treaty. That's the first time you weren't stirred up when I mentioned the Versailles Treaty. What are you thinking about?

HITLER(not paying attention): They don't want to have a war. Exactly like 1938. It could come again. Austria. Czechoslovakia. Munich. They didn't want to start anything. But I didn't care. I went as far as I liked --

GOEBBELS: Too far.

HITLER: All right -- too far. I admit that. But look how far I did get.-- up to September, 1939, when Danzig attacked me.

GOEBBELS: Why did they do that, I wonder?

HITLER: I provoked them too far. But this time! Get on their nerves again, Joseph. Science will tell me how far to go. They have an attachment to automatic bolt-tightening machines, which tells what torque is required, and does not allow the bolt to be tightened any further so that it might be damaged. Make me one for prople Joseph. You are a psychologist. Broadcast to all the countries and tell them what we will do to them, if they don't give in. Twist them, but not too much torque --

GOEBBELS: You forget you are not in power any more, my fuehrer. Our fatherland is in the hands of Yank-Bolshevik-democracy-lovers. There is no swastika flying anywhere in the world.

HITLER(deflated): I was carried away.

GOEBBELS: Isn't it terrible?

HITLER: What a state the world has gotten into. Everyone is afraid of Krushchev now. Before, it was me. Those people have one-track minds. While they were worrying about the Bolsheviks, Benito and I slipped in. While they were concentrating on us, the Commies got away with the valuables. Now they are all watching Russia again -- (He trails off.)

GOEBBELS: Has another thought come to you, my Fuehrer?

HITLER(insulted): Yes, I sometimes have more than one a day. Now you've driven it out of my mind.

GOEBBELS: It's strange how you didn't react at of old when I mentioned the Versailles Treaty --

HITLER(storming): Versailles Treaty? That Wall Street-Moscow scrap of bathroom paper? I want to have millions of copies printed so I can tear them up one by one --

GOEBBELS(relieved): You were just not paying attention. I thought something was wrong.

HITLER(suddenly elated): I remember it again! It isn't the legend of the sleeping giant who awakes to save the world -- it's the story of the bad penny that always comes back! Now is the time to come back! They are afraid of war, they are afraid of communism, they are afraid of the bomb -- they need a leader -- and ain't I a leader? What does Fuehrer mean?

GOEBBELS: It means leader.

HITLER: Right. Find me some undeveloped, uncivilized country, to start with. What does a nomad care if cities are leveled? What does a savage care if civilization is destroyed? Pick some country too ignorant to worry about consequences. In fact, pick any country that's dissatisfied. It doesn't matter with what -- we'll work on it. So they all want peace, eh? Well, remember this -- it's always easier to rock the boat when the others are busy bailing.

GOEBBELS: You are brilliant, my Fuehrer! I would never have thought of such an idea. But maybe we better wait --

HITLER: You're not getting cold feet, are you? Remember, when we play the game of Chicken, they must turn aside. Not us.

GOEBBELS: I was thinking of how they might unite against us, like last time.

HITLER: They are hopelessly divided. Not only the East and West, but every other point of the compass. There is no chance that they will stop blaming each other for all of the ills of the world. But if they seem to be getting together, then that is your job. Remember your Goebbels Poll of World Opinion? You gave a selected sample your opinion. It wasn't enough.

GOEBBELS: I realize that.

HITLER: Fifth column wasn't enough. More columns.

GOEBBELS: I'll get them.

HITLER: Propagandize them especially that their countries aren't worth a damn. Build up our country -- by the way, what is our country?

GOEBBELS(brightening): I just happened to think of the very place. It's ideal for our purpose. We shouldn't lose any more time, my Fuehrer -- peace may break out any minute. Let us go now.

HITLER: Lead on!

(Another blast shakes the place. They go out and so does the one remaining light.)

YLLA WEBER

A
S
T
E
B
A
S
K
E
T

AFF

LAISKAI

5620 Edgewater Boulevard
Minneapolis 17, Minnesota
December 22, 1962

Dear Ed,

Thanks for the copies of NIEKAS 2 and 3. I'm not surprised that you thought Yoeman of the Guard wasn't very lively (I am surprised that you didn't consider any of the songs memorable, but that may just be the cast -- some of the best songs G&S ever wrote, as I and some others think, are in that show.) The show is a tragedy. Or, rather, it's a "tweeny". It's grand opera written in the style of opera bouffant with some of the content of opera bouffant mixed in. It's all well to scoff at the unities and cry for plays which reflect all emotions -- but it's hard to do. A play must have unity of some kind: unity of plot, unity of emotion, unity of character (i.e. one character who is so great that he or she dominates the show -- Victoria Regina is such a play), and Yoeman just doesn't have it. The play is the tragedy of Jack Point (and the blackmail marriages thrown on the Merylls reinforce the tragedy), but the happiness of Elsie and the Colonial negate the tragedy. Result: confused audience, bad show. Yet the attempt at writing tragedy with the wit and spirit of light opera comes so close to succeeding -- aside from the joyful/tragical ending -- that Yoeman is probably my favorite of all the G&S operettas.

By the way, you might oneup Joe Rolfe and tell him that G&S is not the equivalent of "cheap musical comedy" but of "good musical comedy." I'd suggest that you not join the G&S Society for quite a while. They're even more esoteric than the BSI -- and much more centralized. Much of their journal is spent in describing their banquets and theater parties at the Savoye. Most of the banquet and play reports are dull to non-attendees. Besides, they are quite stuffy and purist about how G&S may and may not be done. I agree with them that most of what, say, Tyrone Guthrie did in his productions was bad, but I agree with Guthrie that every director must attempt to put on the best performance of a show that he can -- within his own vision of what would be best. I sometimes think it did the BSI good to grow up without the approval from the Master's Estate.

Best,

Ruth Berman

Hmm, about memorable songs in Yoeman. You see, after hearing only Pinafore and Pirates I was expecting lively and humorous songs. For instance, in Pirates "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major General," "When the Foeman Bares His Steel," and "A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One" were absolutely fabulous, and there is nothing in Yoeman which even remotely resembles them. But then this was to be expected if Yoeman is a tragedy. Perhaps the songs are good on an absolute scale of some sort, but I was listening for something else and it just didn't register. I just saw Iolanthe and that had some really magnificent music. I'll have to hear Yoeman again when I get the opportunity: In fact, I'd like to attend each of the operettas I've already seen at least one more time. VAV Thanks for the advice--I will avoid the G&S Soc for the nonce. I just spent another weekend with Ron & Al, but I forgot to take a look at Ron's copies of the Journal. VAV Joe, consider yourself oneupped. VAV In the intervening 3 months I saw Patience & Iolanthe for the first time and Pirates again. Since I have a lot to say about this and related matters I better put it into "Bumbejimas" and get on with the LOX.

2819 Caroline St
South Bend 14, Indiana
Jan. 22nd, 1963

Dear Ed.....

Ah so.....Gilbert and Sullivan, eh??? That will endear you with Ballard and Pelz, I betcha! But not for me is G&S...or only in VERY small amounts. I am oriented as oriented can be to blues & jazz music.....I cannot long endure the beat and melody of any composition lacking the syncopation and the 'blue-sy' strain. If there is one thing that REALLY makes me go mad and get furious it's more than one number of Polish polkas...ohmygawd that horrible unbearable plonking flat rhythm, and its tune, and the incredibly inane stupid schmaltzy lyrics of Polish pop tunes--dances. I just want to RUN....I think it's deliberate. Nobody can have written such words and music to such a rhythm that common and trite except by plan.

So G&S, Latin pop stuff (rhumbas, tangos, chachachas....), Polkas, on and on -- only a VERY small amount, and not too often. Same for the folksong stuff when it's oh so miserably and deliberately kept 'draggy' and whining deadly monotonous. I want to start up the beat...get it moving and with a true blues type of refrain. I gotta hunch folksong buffs are sadists -- or maybe masochists that simply CAN'T bear music with pleasure-to-listen-to melodies in it...you know??? It, for them, HAS to be as dragged-out boring as is humanly (or inhumanly) possible. Only THEN is it 'pure' and 'true' and art. <& shaped like a semicolon? ERM> Anything that is pleasant to listen to...that swings...is trite commercialism and NOT to be tolerated.

DID you get those dustwrappers from the publishers?? I'm a kook by most fans standards as I will take off the d/ws and save them. I'll let the actual hardcovers get all banged up and worn just to keep pristine and perfect the d/ws.....that sound nuts to you? Cause I lake a shelf of nice looking d/w backs all in a row, bright and snappy...eh?

I got all gosh-wow and enthused over the excerpt you had at the bottom of page 4 of NIEKAS 3, honey. Later I read it to Gene..."Are you going to be a Real Doll and buy me that Margin Justifier for Christmas, love?? The Justowriter, the 2 IBM machines costing \$4,750 a pair...hint, hint, hint." Frankly and seriously to MY mind for that price there should be a machine out that you just talk into, then set the dials, and the whole article/letter/what-ever comes rattling out all printed up ...with as many copies as you choose. Wish you guys at the lab would invent one for me...one that can spell as well...how bout dat, Ed???? I'd give ya a couple of grand or so for one....

Pooosh.....snort....Not in MY books!!! Your theory that fen are not smokers due to wanting to buck the current...the hell you say! First I don't think there ARE all that many non-smokers...and I'll betcha the reasons for the non-smokers we do have is youth, or for most, because they are simply cheap-skates or, if you like it better this way, because they want to spend their money for more fanac than for cigarettes. And also I agree with whoever it was that said that time that most fans are squares...and as squarish social-misfitty types they never did get with it....

Fen I've known in my home on visits and at Cons were smoking right along as hard as I was in the vast majority of cases. Trying now to remember...Wrai Ballard doesn't smoke, but...(well, excepting you, too, loverboy) the rest I was around were sure smoking!

And as for reasons why someone starts smoking...you smug sounding darling, you ...I can think of others. I can think of a reason PLENTY of gals start it (hope other femme fans will write in to you on this to back me up)...now hear this...for social security and social assurance...in spades...

Gal goes to a party...roomful of strangers, etc...with the excuse of lighting, smoking and holding a cigarette she has something graceful to do with her hands...

sophisticated, cool, calm, and smoooooth...otherwise she's distinctly uncomfortable sitting there like a bump on a log feeling all thumbs and mighty blaaah. YOU men, you can shove hands in pockets, jingle change, tweak an ear or pull at your nose... these are accepted gestures for males in social settings...but not so for the dames!

Having something to do with ones hands is an absolute godsend...I kid you not.

Then, too, there are times when the man gets too chummy and begins closing in, the lil hands begin to stray...got the picture??? How many women on this Earth are there, Ed, who have thanked God and all the angels that they had that traditional 'out' of sitting up pertly smiling and saying... "How about a cigarette??"

Annnn so 'elp me, you can't pull THAT ploy with no request for a lemonade or something pure and squarish...ask some girl sometime, man.

So now your question has been answered, sweetie....this 'viscious addiction' (baloney) is a life saver lots of times....it's like anything Ed, any habit can be abused. I've known so-called perfect Saints of Catholic Women who have spent so much time self-righteously and smugly in Mass and in Church doings that they've neglected their homes, husbands, and offspring to an incredible degree...hence even ones devotion to ones Church and Faith can be abused. I've known personally too too many cases of the above, alas, in my in-law relations and my own neighborhood to cast stones at smoking or drinking when it's done with taste, moderation, and sensibility. It's what you do with things...a gun ain't evil...it's how you use it. Same for money, booze, you name it....

<<From a later letter dated Feb 14th... ERM>>

And I went and forgot the Main Argument on the smoking chatter...you asked for reasons...and one Big Reason is oral satisfaction/eroticism....for them who didn't get enough breast-feedings as infants (don't laff...tis truer than you think!)

Mr M.....I am coming to the Westesco-, I am, I am!!!!Yas! Big Kuj got soft hearted after multo Martinis one night and I coned him into it!! As a challenge for instruments flying...y'see via instruments ticket NOW we can fly at much higher altitudes and at much higher speeds....thusly making time...and making space whizzzz by...not only did Big Daddy say he'd endure another Con (a motelcon sounded as good to him as it did to me) but he's offered, all on his own too, to fly by way of Blanchard North Dakota!!!

In other words if Ballard can make it away at that time we will bring him there and back with us.....

Betty [Kujawa]

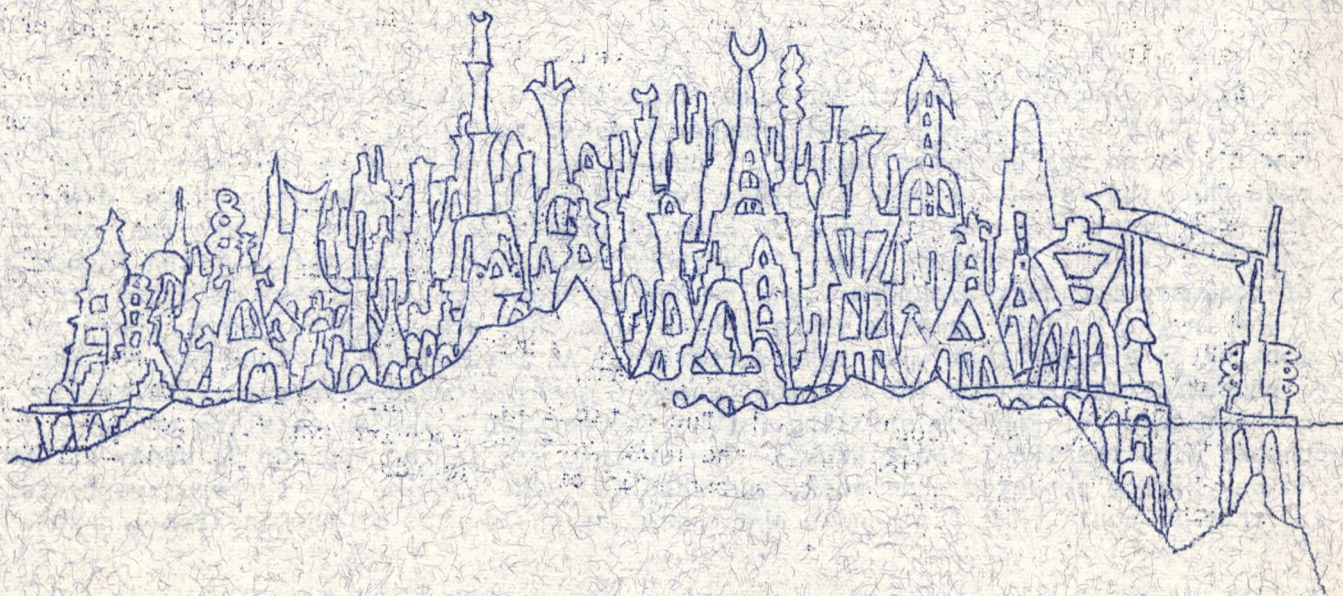
Elliot Shorter or one of the other folk-niks in the audience...care to answer her? VΔV Yup, I got every dust wrapper I asked for. And this certainly showed how inflation has effected things. A number had price-tags on them about \$1.50 more than the amount originally asked for. And I'm still croggling at the d/w for The Star Beast. An edition of that book is priced at \$3.3/!!! Figure THAT out if you can! Hmm, I suppose that the various publishers will start getting floods of requests for dust-wrappers...you're the severalth person to ask me about it. VΔV I saw in the NYTimes about 4 years ago an item that some company [Remington?] is working on a typer that will take dictation. As I remember it, they had to invent a phonetic alphabet for the machine cause no machine could ever cope with the inconsistencies of English spelling. [Why they couldn't use an existing phonetic alphabet like the IPA I don't know.] The article was in the regular Saturday column on new gizmos patented that week, and said that the machine was far from perfected ...that it could thus far handle about half of the sounds of the English language

and had to be tuned to the individual speaker's voice. I don't think they will ever be able to lick the spelling problem...whether it's written "stationary" or "stationery" depends on the meaning of the word and not in the least upon its pronunciation, and there are countless other examples of homonyms. I suppose that if the machine had a built-in dictionary arranged by sounds (rather than alphabetically) as it heard each word it could search the dictionary until it found one that sounded the same way and type it out as instructed by the dictionary. But to take care of homonyms you would need a machine which listened to a whole sentence, or if you are speaking vaguely, perhaps even a whole paragraph before it knew which of several like-sounding words you meant. That is expecting an awful lot of a machine, and I doubt that there will ever be a computer that smart. And then there is the matter of punctuation...did you pause because you were wondering what you should say next or because you wanted a comma or period. And how would you signify a new paragraph? If you said "New Paragraph" the machine would probably type it out. Hmm, did you see that story in one of Doc Lowndes' magazines 5 or so years ago...I think it was "Comes Di Revolution" by de Camp. It told about the invention of such a voicewriter which needed a phonetic alphabet, and a company did put it onto the market advertising it as for use making memos, etc...that is for informal use. Then the new alphabet slowly caught on and eventually our ridiculous orthography was replaced. Oh, and as for the matter of personal variations in pronunciation (regional accents, personal quirks of voice, etc) the story suggested that each machine be tuned to its particular owner. If you borrow someone's machine, expect peculiarities in the spelling. Perhaps this variation could be put onto some sort of card like a charge-account plate which would be inserted into whichever machine you were using at that moment. Thus, any machine would be ready to handle YOUR peculiarities of speech.

P.O.Box 252
Griffin, Georgia
16 December 1962

Dear Mr Meskys:

Yes, Amazing Stories was the first scientific fiction I knew about. I was a charter subscriber to the publication, and at one time had a complete run! When I moved from where I was at the time, I left the stack of scientific magazines in the garage. Since I was taking Hugo Gernsback's other publication - radio, TV, and electronics - (as we call 'em now!), it was a natural that I also subscribe to his



new magazine Amazing Stories.

The bug bit me! I took every scientific magazine published for the general public at the time -- including science fiction. I also bought Weird Tales, and a few others. This was somewhere between 1925-1930.

Currently I am taking the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, but do not like the stories they publish now. Perhaps my taste has changed during the years, but nothing I have seen in F&SF recently is comparable to the old Amazing Stories. I do read all of Asimov's pieces, and have a book or two of his. He is good!

Incidentally, I have other Gernsback publications, of which I have bought a few during the past years I have been in Griffin. Some of these go back to about 1916, and they are familiar, since I was reading them at the time. I have a complete run of the first Television magazine published in the world, around 1925-26.

I didn't know that the fandom idea had grown so! Interesting that you write about this. Your attempt at writing and publishing affords a lot of satisfaction I imagine! I have wanted to write for some time, so may eventually get into the field. What little I have written so far has been philatelic. I am now slightly past 60 so maybe I'll be around long enough to wear out some more typewriters. This is about the sixth typewriter I have owned since I was a kid!

REGARDS Horace D Westbrook

I also heard from ---

→ Isabel Burbee [7628 So Pioneer Blvd, Whittier Calif] who couldn't write at great length because she was "serving on a Federal Jury and [...] hung up on a trial that has been going on since November. I may be free in March & then catch up with correspondence."

→ Andy Silverberg [The Milford School, Milford Connecticut] who liked #3...especially the Harness Illos. After commenting on various parts of the zine he closed with "As you know, I am still exiled in Milford, and am unsuccessful in reaching many fen. Now if a little notice were inserted in one of your heroic fanzines... hint, hint..."



Harness

"THE ALAMO" &

sf "buffs"

In the December 1961 issue of Analog, a top science fiction magazine, there was a provocative little story by San Antonio author T.R. Fehrenbach titled "Remember the Alamo."

It soon began to garner critical acclaim, yet relatively few San Antonians read it. Fehrenbach says: "I'm afraid it went over like a lead balloon with those who did!"

Now, however, it's safe to predict Fehrenbach's "Remember the Alamo" will come in for a wider examination in San Antonio, as well as elsewhere, for it has been included in an anthology of science fiction stories edited by John W. Campbell and published by Doubleday. The collection is titled Analog 1.

To the uninitiated it will come as a surprise, of course, to find that a story about the Alamo falls in the science fiction category.

But science fiction buffs will readily recognize what Fehrenbach is up to. He has set his story in "an alternate time track" -- the present.

Fehrenbach says: "Science fiction today is on a sociological kick.

"It's no longer concerned with rocket ships and bug-eyed monsters and whatever else may bedevil earthmen in outer space. Such now has been relegated to what might be called screamy kid stuff.

"It's taken for granted these days that we shall make these voyages into space. The question is how will this affect life on earth as we know it.

As one reads Fehrenbach's "Remember the Alamo" he finds Travis and Bowie and Crockett and the others debating whether to make a stand against Santa Anna.

Travis speaks bravely and boldly like the Travis of 1836. But Bowie and Crockett? What's going on here?

Bowie and Crockett speak, at times timidly, as men in similar situations might speak today.

In the end, the men of the Alamo decide against trying to defend it and steal away from the enemy.

Fehrenbach says: "By this time, the reader, whether he's a science fiction buff or not, should see I'm not really speaking of the Alamo, but rather about what the attitudes of men today might be in a similar set of circumstances."

The editor of the anthology has found a certain bitterness in the story, but Fehrenbach says it wasn't written in bitterness.

He further observes: "In no sense am I satirizing or debunking the story of the Alamo. My intention is to reaffirm the fundamental values of the men of the Alamo, values that today have become somewhat eroded."

Fehrenbach, who has been selling his work as fast as he has been able to write it the past few years, is the author of two World War II books--The Battle of Anzio and U.S. Marines in Action.

Another titled This Kind of War, which deals with the Korean War, is to be published by Macmillan in March.

+ + +

I just borrowed a copy of the Dec 61 Analog from an sf library maintained at the Lab and re-read the story. It's an odd one which is both more and less than what was implied in the above newspaper article [from the 21 Jan 63 Light, published in San Antonio Texas; clipping provided by Betty Kujawa.] The author rubs his lesson in a bit too strongly what with Bowie fidgeting with a switch-blade knife, the use of modern slang, ktp. The timetrack doesn't diverge at this point, but had done so well before the opening of the story. Napoleon had been successful and had set up ~~gas~~ charcoal ovens in England, etc. The "1000 Year Empire" was too too much.

ATSAKIMAS (MCs)

THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR VAV Bob Lichtman "Official Editor's Message": You did come in for quite a bit of criticism, didn't you? Well, what else could you have expected after all the cracks you've made about N'APA? How were the various West Coast members who heard them to know that you weren't "doing so in a never ending stream of letters and cards to others"? I take it that Dian was the only one you did talk out of joining, and the other person alluded to was just another example of your "mouth[ing] off around friends." (I am rather surprised that you 1) read and 2) bothered to reply to the criticism.)

And I notice that you used expressions in your reply which might represent hadging... "have been recruiting members as actively as my time will allow all during my term of office" could be true even if you did absolutely nothing,"etc.

I must admit that the remarks about swindling the treasury were put in to see what Norm Metcalf's reaction would be. [Despite a constant stream of invective from him about how lousy N'APA is, surpassing even your own, he continues to buy and read the bundles for some reason.] You see, when I heard about your alleged bragging of thievery I figured it was just another example of Norm's exaggeration. I'd assumed that actually all you'd done was to charge the group face value for things like envelopes which you'd picked up from cheap sources, and that you didn't keep the club funds separate from your own so that you would find it financially difficult to turn the treasury over to the new OE. But I published the full thing just to see what would happen.

About Norm's exaggeration...it's something I grew aware of only gradually and I've never seen or heard it mentioned by others. Tho I had several other examples in mind when I made this checkmark, right now I can only think of two. Both involve fanzines he read before I received my copies. (This was before we discovered that he could send me my fmz. thru interoffice mail and I was still picking them up on my weekend visits to Berkeley.) The first occurred when Buck Coulson announced he was having some trouble with his eyes, would be cutting back on his part of the work in publishing Yandro, and didn't know what he would do about the fanzines he receives. So when I visited Norm that Friday he asked me whether I'd heard that Buck was going blind and had to stop reading fanzines so he was going to cut out trading for them. Now Buck did speculate about that possibly happening some time in the future but the way Norm told it I understood that this had happened then.

The other incident involved the Cult, on whose waiting list I am. The then Official Arbiter Dave McDaniel published a new constitution which diverged from the old one on some major points. Norm was most unhappy about some of the changes and said something which I understood to mean that each Fantasy Rotator must have 15 pages, while actually the new constitution called upon each member to publish a total of 15 pages per cycle. [A cycle runs 39 weeks and each of the 13 members is assigned a date on which he must publish an issue of the club 0-0, the Fantasy Rotator. If what I understood Norm to say were true each member would have had to have 15 pages in his FR regardless of the amount of material he received from the membership. Actually, acto the constitution as proposed by DaM'D {which was never ratified}, if a member published under 15 pages in his FR, he had to publish and postmail the difference in the 39 weeks before it was again his turn to publish an F.R.]

Notice that I've emphasized the word "understood." From what I know of Norm I doubt very much that he actually said these things, but he merely implied them, us-

ALLIANCE AMATEUR [cont] ing mental reservations and allowing me to jump to the intended conclusions.

As for why he does this, it seems to me that he likes to make startling statements and observe the results. These exaggerations represent only one of the many forms his statements to startle can take.

Ulp! How I've wandered. Anyhow, to get back to the point, I figured that this was another such exaggeration and included it in my attack, with the credit to Norm, to turn the bit back on him and see what his reaction would be. A few days after this was published I talked to him on the phone and he brought the matter up. He only expressed mild unhappiness about the publication and a hope that you wouldn't read my zine.

"The Roster"...I see it now stands at 32 and (from talking to Fred on my trip to LA on the weekend of 22 Feb) I expect it to stand at 28-30 this time. We lost/will lose 6 to 8 due to non-renewals of membership for the new year, and gain 4 to 6... thanks largely to Fred's efforts to build up membership.

"Egoboo Poll"...It was very difficult to distribute the points. I didn't use all of the available ones in Humor, Art, and Fiction and faunched for more in best fanzine, MCs, and most valuable member. Somehow an award of 8 points to Hulan for fiction compared to an award of 3 to There Must be a Horse in Here for best zine just didn't seem fair...tho that is what I wound up doing. (I couldn't give more to Don and still award higher amounts to such as Megaloscope and include all the zines I wanted to.) My first inclination was to suggest that the number available for fiction, humor, and art be reduced, but the lack of significant competition might well inspire more people to contribute in these fields to pick up "easy points" next time around. This should up the amount of good material in the mailings.

BUFFERING SOLUTIONS # 3 VAV Judi Beatty-Sephton I suppose every member of N'APA who does MCs this time around will bitch about your inclusion of copies of the school newspaper in the mailing, so why should I be different? And I'm sure Bruce Pelz positively hates you because this will really louse up his binding of the mailings. VAV The way I understand it, you included the trash as a protest against others' inclusion of similar junk... couldn't you have made your point with only ONE issue of Main Events?

Yeek, but you had troubles! I trust everything is more or less settled down by now. Have you found your own apartment yet?

FREE RADICAL #2 sometime in December? I haven't seen it yet and it is now March 4th! Slight delay in publication? [And no cracks about Polhode #4 being 2.5 years late, please!]

GARDYLOO VAV Frank Wilinczyk Nice cover...too bad your typer troubles messed up the appearance of your zine.

I didn't get this "wigglemiggle" business untill my Christmas visit to New York when Marsha Elkin explained that Lin Carter gave up trying to pronounce your name and christened you "Wigglemiggle".

The story of the amateur chemical journals is fascinating. I wonder if such things are still being published. I know of one analogous publication, but devoted to all fields of science. That is Particle published by some students in Berkeley. Unfortunately it seems to me that it is in most incompetant hands today and if it survives it will do so only thru the generosity of a number of suckers. The journal started out mimeographed and costing only about 25¢ the copy, but the current edit-

CARDYLOO [cont] ors have gotten dreams of grandeur and it is professionally printed. Despite pricing their journal at 60¢ the copy, "Particle Inc" is umpteen thousand dollars in debt. The administration is hoping that the University of California will bail them out, and then grant them a subsidy of several thousand dollars a year so that they could continue their grandiose squandering. Currently Particle appears about annually but the official I talked to, Dunbar, enthused about maintaining a quarterly schedule and putting out a supplementary monthly bulletin consisting of research abstracts. The thing strikes me as an IES with creeping parasitism. VAV I might mention in passing that P., Inc was supposed to buy a half interest in the letterpress Norm Metcalf bought but backed out at the last minute so that Norm got stuck for the full price. I suppose the administrators decided its use would involve too much work. VAV The journal itself is pretty good but I have grave doubts about its future. I must admit that most of my info came from one of the administrators and so might represent a biased viewpoint, but the last issue was dated "Summer" and there seems little likelihood of another in the near future.

PIED TYPE #3 VAV Tom Armistead Your repro is quite good this time around. The talk of slowly learning to handle the Ditto reminds me of my early experiences with it. The first things I published, Metrofen meeting notices, Polhode 1, and Peskys on 4 came out about as good as this...a simple matter of beginner's luck. But then all hell broke loose and I fought a losing battle with the school Ditto for the next two years. Fortunately I've had little trouble since I've switched to mimeo. [Now watch things foul up to make this ish unreadable.] VAV My Dittod zine with the best repro was the SAPS version of ALPHAM SAMPLER. I typed the masters on an IBM with mylar ribbon (so thin that it's like having no ribbon at all) and Bruce Pelz ran it off for me.

The story, "Diary," wasn't bad but it does leave some things hanging. OK, there is a Rome-like state which uses human torture to keep the population amused, and has a loyalty mania which makes even the strongest cliché-exaggeration of "McCarthyism" insignificant in comparison. But.... Is the mere accusation of disloyalty sufficient to have someone done in, or is some evidence needed? I thought the former untill I came to the postscript. If evidences is needed, on what grounds was the protagonist accused? In fact, what is the definition of "disloyalty" in this world? VAV I gather that the motivation for accusing someone lies in the fact that the accuser gets all the victim's belongings. Much such accusing goes on in the protagonist's circle of acquaintances, but why isn't it more widespread throughout the population? (And why didn't the protagonist ever worry that someone might turn him in?) VAV If it were more widespread, far more than a half dozen or so people would be publically tortured each day in a community of significant size. And the story makes it quite clear that all trators are so handled, so it can't be that only a small portion is publically executed to amuse the mob while the rest are done away with behind the scenes. VAV But if there were a significant number of executions a day, the population would become vanishingly small in a brief span of time.

FENRIS #3 VAV Dave Hulan I haven't read The Long Winter and from the reviews I've seen I don't think I'll bother. But other stories certainly use hovercraft as parts of the background. They play a very important part in Mack Reynold's stories...particularly the two about "El Hassan." VAV Your talk of SFPA reminds me that the Cult is quite localized. As of FR 124 9 members are in California, 3 in Seattle, and 1 in DC. So 9 of them see each other quite regularly and actually there is little point to the group. And what will happen with SFPA now that SFG is kaput? VAV Don't worry...the classified document cover on Niekas #2 was a one-shot joke and will not be repeated. In fact, I had a bit of trouble with it myself. I use typers here at work and I brought the bundle with it in to

FEURIS [cont] do MCs forgetting all about the γαδαν zine. Just when I left the office to use a light box in the next hall the blasted guard had to come by making sure no classified documents were left out of the safes for the night. The SOB found the zine and took it away to be locked up in the security office where I had to retrieve it the next morning. I was quite worried that someone might look inside, and boy would I have some explaining to do then! Fortunately the guard just seals the document in an envelope, and you are given this sealed envelope plus a lecture about putting away all documents when not using them. VAV In SAPS I always passed over this "BDYDCOMZ/BDYDCOAZ" business without trying to figure out what it meant. Looking at it now, YDCO[M/A]Z! means you didn't comment on [my/any] zine ...but what do the first two letters mean?

NO PLACE #11 VAV F. M. Busby You will be missed. VAV For that closing remark of yours I am tempted to try to find some veneer thin enough to put through a Gestetner. "Don't take any wooden Niekas" indeed!

AS I SEE IT VAV Gem Carr I haven't thought this thru too completely, but it just doesn't seem right to me that the state should support private schools. #Like, a private school was set up because some group wanted an education different from that already provided by the state. If the government would support ANY splinter school, before you knew it things would split down to 10 or even one student to a school...a state supported system of tutors! VAV And all this current foofaraw strikes me as a bit strange 'cause I remember Catholic educators saying 10 years ago that they don't want and never will want state support because state support would mean state controll. The "shared time" setup which seems to be a new experiment looks interesting as a compromise. As I understand it, the student takes science, gym, math, english, etc at a public school while he takes religion, history, civics, etc at an adjacent private school. That way the parents are assured that he does get the proper viewpoint in the subjects that matter to them, but it costs them a lot less to maintain a partial school. VAV This does little to help when it comes to the other reasons for private schools...the exclusion of undesirable students who would interfere with the training of the other students, the possibility of the use of discipline, a higher quality of instruction, and [at the High School level] the restricting of social contacts so as to lessen the chances of inter-faith marriages. But to expect the state to subsidize these benefits strikes me as getting really unreasonable. VAV I realize that this current drive is at least partially a result of inflation which is making private education prohibitavly expensive, but what can you do about it and still be reasonable?

FOOFARAW #6 VAV Fred Patten The writeup of your fannish adventures was very interesting and enjoyable. You seem to have a knack when it comes to giving just enough detail to tell what happened and yet not going overboard with long boring details the way I tend to. The tidepooling expedition sounded particularly interesting. VAV I thought I'd mention that the person "who wanted [your] corner to make out in" at Donaho's party was Jerry Kolden. Actually he claims that he just got into a very interesting conversation with this girl and had no ulterior motives. I remember him commenting after the party as he drove me home "that there was some nut who spent most of his time reading." I felt sure that he was the one who kept patting you on the shoulder and saying you're a good boy, too, because something like that would fit with his type of sense of humor. However he doesn't remember doing so and doubts that he would have done it because he was too busy talking to the girl to bother.

I haven't read The Wind in the Willows...I take it it's good? What sort of

FOOFARAV [cont] book is it? I just read the first book in the Narnia Chronicles series, The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe, which I found to be rather disappointing. Oh, I didn't dislike it, but I didn't find it worth raving about either. Various people I told this to urged me to try some of the other books, so I suppose I will. The Livermore library has only the first & last books in the set, but I imagine I should be able to borrow some of the others from local fans.

RACHE #9 VAV Bruec Pelz Just to be different I won't say "Lovely cover!" VAV Mutter, mutter, grumble grotch...another double installment of the APActivity chart. But why isn't APA Y listed? There is such a group, you know.

SIZ PAGES IN SEARCH OF A TITLE VAV Jack Harness You're kidding, aren't you?

WHY GIVE UP THE SHIP? VAV Fred Patten Well put, and good luck! Mebbe we'll see a full roster again some day. VAV Have you received any bombs from Belle, Jack, or Bob? Your criticism of the three previous administrations is quite justified but the people involved might be a bit unhappy about it. VAV As must be obvious by now, I vote for the continuation of the group.

VAUX HALL FANATIC VAV Seth Johnson Oh fer Ghu's sake, when ya gonna get off that "APA censor" kick of yours? Or is this an old cover that Hayer rescued or something? Anyhow, there hasn't been any censorship here, real or imaginary, for over two years now so please drop the matter. VAV Next time you make a listing of people who've bought bundles from FCH I suggest you group them by year of purchase. Some, such as I, have purchased bundles 3 or 4 years ago and in that period of time a person has either lost interest in fanzines or become active in them. Such old-timers probably wouldn't be of interest to publishers of new zines. VAV Good grief, you MUST have heard of Pace Paper in Brooklyn, and their cheap supplies. Why every fan in the New York area must be a customer of that place.

GUANO #17 VAV Art Hayes I'm sorry to see you go, and just when your zines were beginning to improve too. Does this mean that the uranium mines finally closed down?

CINDER #13 VAV Larry Williams I was glad to hear that you decided to stay in N'APA ...you published one of the better zines. VAV A gripe, sir! Tho I have a sub AND wrote an LOC on #12, I never got a proper copy with cover. Please rectify the matter! VAV The zine was enjoyed, but I can find nothing to say.

Nor can I find any comments on the other postmailings I received...THE BEACON and Gem Carr's one-sheeter.

WALLY WASTEBASKET WEBER for TAFF
WALLY WASTEBASKET WEBER for TAFF
WALLY WASTEBASKET WEBER for TAFF
WALLY WASTEBASKET WEBER for TAFF
Ταλλ ι Ταστεβασκετ Τεβερ φρ τα φφ

or even

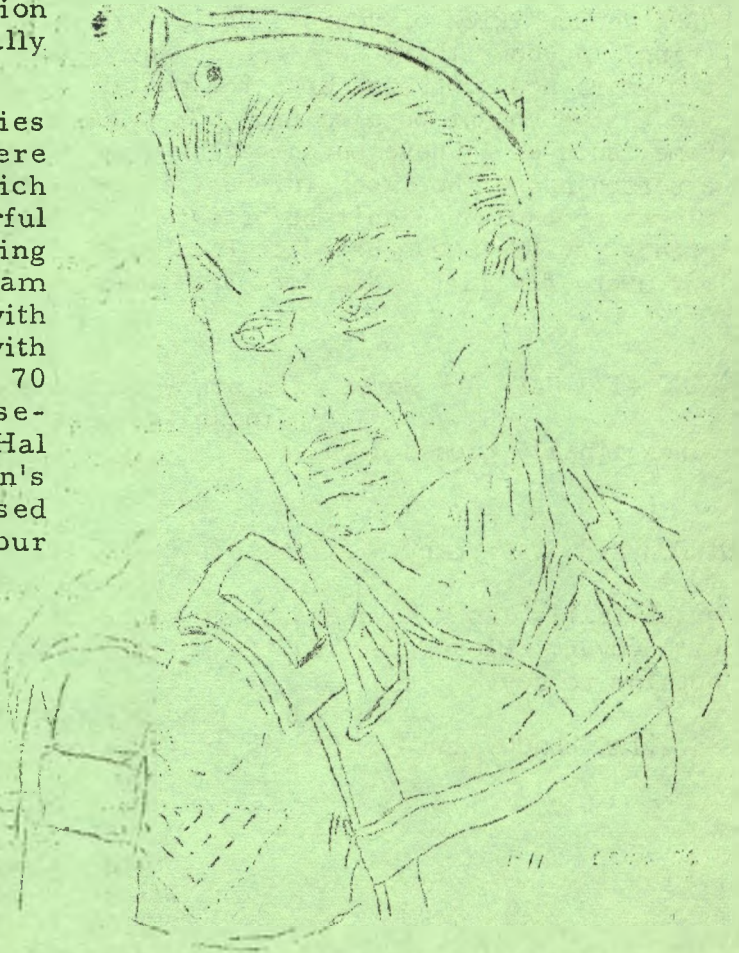
Over the years a tremendous amount of ink has been spilled on the subject of "Sense of Wonder" in stf, tho of late the subject has lost some of its popularity. I remember meetings of the New York Science Fiction Circle in early '56 when SaM-oskowitz would orate on the lack of SoW in modern SF and how this was responsible for the magazines' folding one after another. However, sense of wonder is something I didn't experience in my reading untill comparatively recent times, and then only once. The responsible story was in a 1950 magazine and I've experienced it no other time even though I have read a fair amount of the S. F. which had first appeared in the mid '30s, an era supposedly rich in sense of wonder.

I discovered printed SF in my high school library in December 1950 by way of Asimov's Pebble in the Sky and exhausted the dozen or so books there by June. That summer I read 35-40 from my neighborhood branch public library and started to read Astounding with the September 1951 issue as the result of a reccommendation in the back of an anthology. I'd always been interested in "the future," the planets, space travel, etc -- ghu only knows where I first met up with the stuff but I remember digging it in science-fact comics (Air Tech or Air Ace or something like that was the name of the main one) and some of the costume-hero ones.

But it never inspired any sort of sense of wonder -- it was just something I found interesting and enjoyable to read. This was true of the comics, the mags about inventions such as Popular Science, the radio programs like "2,000 +" and "Dimention - X," the T V programs like "Out There" and "Tales of Tomorrow," the movies like "Destination Moon" and "The Thing," and finally printed SF itself.

Oh, I found some of the stories more enjoyable than others, but there was never this magic quality which would make me marvel at the wonderful things. As I said, it was just something I found interesting. But then I think I am a bit unusual in that I rarely identify with the heroes, or for that matter, with any of the characters. Of the first 70 or so SF books I read I identified closely with the heroes of only two -- Hal Clement's Needle and Ed Hamilton's The Star Kings. (The latter impressed me so much that I read it a total of four times...something I have done with no other book." And I think I've identified closely with only one or two other heroes since then, tho I don't remember the details now.

The story that hit me was C. L. Moore's "Paradise Street" from a 1950 Astounding which I read about four years ago. The ideas, such as using an oscilloscope to get into perfect rhythm with the planed so as not to be discovered





by super-sensitive beasts, were complete nonsense. But still the story had some magic quality, which swept me up completely. Oh, I was swept up by nonsense stories before -- Ray Cummings' The Man Who Mastered Time (the most ridiculous story I have ever read) and Doc. Smith's The Vortex Blaster come to mind -- but never anything like this. Those were just adventure stories which were good enough to make one forget the stupidity within while "Paradise Street" had some plus quality.

When back I came across the Moore collection Judgement Night, and when I saw "Paradise Street" was one of the stories therein I grabbed it, hoping the others would have the same quality.

Well, I read the lead story in the book, a whopping 150 pages long, a few weeks ago. I felt that even though it had all of the ingredients it somehow just didn't come alive. It was all there -- the really grand heroes performing stupendous feats because of what they believed to be right, etc. The battle in the satellite should have been as effective as the stampeding herd but just wasn't.

The second story was "Paradise Street" which I read with extreme suspense -- would it still have the sense of wonder? Well, it didn't though it came just a bit closer to the goal than "Judgement Night" had. Whatever it was that had affected me four years ago just didn't light this time.

I then remembered a certain Fritz Leiber story in that special "all-Leiber" issue of Fantastic -- the one about the telepathic creature trapped in the Antarctic. The first time I had tried to read it was on the subway at 2 A.M. coming home from a "Film Group" meeting, and I found it to be perfectly miserable! I couldn't even finish it. But I realized that I had been quite tired that evening so I decided to give the story another chance. On re-reading it, I found it to be moderately good, but still not worth raving about... a minor Leiber.

So I suppose my lack of response could have been due to the way I was feeling or even from wanting too strongly for it to come alive. (But the former seems unlikely for the two stories were read over a period of a week.)

A few days later, at the GuGFuS "apartment-warming party" of the Knights, Karen Anderson was stroking a cat and this reminded me of the "llar" in "J.N." which were very cat-like creatures in their actions, and how on very rare occasions one would deign to allow its master to stroke it. This brought up the subject of that story and I mentioned my difficulty and intention of re-reading the story.

Karen said that stories from that era gave her a sense of wonder, but only when read in the old pulp-sized Astoundings. She said that the anthologies somehow sterilized them, and they lost their impace. Well, she did first read them in the old pulps, and re-reading them there helps recapture that old spirit. However I have read almost no pulps because I started to read SF at a later date, so they shouldn't have that attachment for me. Anyhow, I'll see on my next trip to New York. I've decided to put off my re-reading of those two stories untill I can get at the original versions in my file of ASF's. ("Judgement Night" had been a two-part serial in the brief period ASF had been a pulp again after abandoning the bed-sheet size and before settling down to digest size. "Paradise Street" appeared in 1950 when the mag had long been digest sized.)

Of the remaining three stories, "Promised Land" was rather good (1950 ASF) while the other two ("The Code" and "Heir Apparant" from 1945 and 1950) were nothing special at all.

Tell me... am I unique or are there others out there among you who have rarely, if ever, experienced that sensation of wonder made famous by SaM?

And what can one say about the nature of sense of wonder after all this? In fact, do I mean the same thing SaM does when we speak of it?

The large part of what I read; naturally, was of moderate quality and provided moderate enjoyment. A few stories were extraordinary -- either they were much more enjoyable than the run of the mill or they were abysmal stinkers. Some of the better ones were remembered for their close identification, some for pure story (Lord of the Rings and Budrys' Who? come to mind), some for fast paced adventure (like Smith and Cummings, tho in neither case did I find their stories really outstanding) and finally some for providing an exhilarating mood of tension and elation. This last was present to some extent in several stories but was by far the strongest in "Paradise Street" (first reading), especially as the hero was lying in wait for the beasts and leading them in the stampede. It is this tension and elation which I call the sense of wonder. On the other hand I get the impression that for SaM it somehow involves a feeling of the vastness of the cosmos or the presense of new startling ideas such as travel into If worlds...in other words, something like Termain's "Thought Varients."

So I ask again...what does "sense of wonder" convey to you?

DIRTY PRO!

I see where Len Moffatt mentions in his contribution to the 6th IPSO mailing that he had made a few pro sales some 10 years ago. This isn't the first time I've seen such an admission -- for example a similar remark by Harry Warner about a year ago comes to mind, and there have been others. Apparently a number of fans had made somewhat successful cracks at prodom back in the early '50s. But I can only think of two fans who are currently making occasional pro sales -- Karen Anderson and Ed Ludwig. Bob Farnham sold one about two years ago but has since announced that he quit trying.

I suppose that this can be blamed in part on a dearth of markets which makes it harder to sell a story, but today there seems to be much less interest in "breaking into prodom." Or there did untill recently. Terry Carr has turned to writing SF, full time no less, with rather spectacular results, and Jerry Page recently made his first pro sale. At the Chicon Jerry said that he'd dropped all fan activity and his mundane job some six months back and had been working at writing full time. His sale was, if I remember correctly, the second story he had written. He said that he had another story just about ready to go off to his agent.

Then Ted White mentioned in a recent Yandro that he has started to write SF in collaboration with Terry Carr and MEZBradley. ("Mentioned" HAH! -- he went into details for several pages.) And now that the ice has been broken I suppose another half dozen or so fans will start to sell in the next year or so.



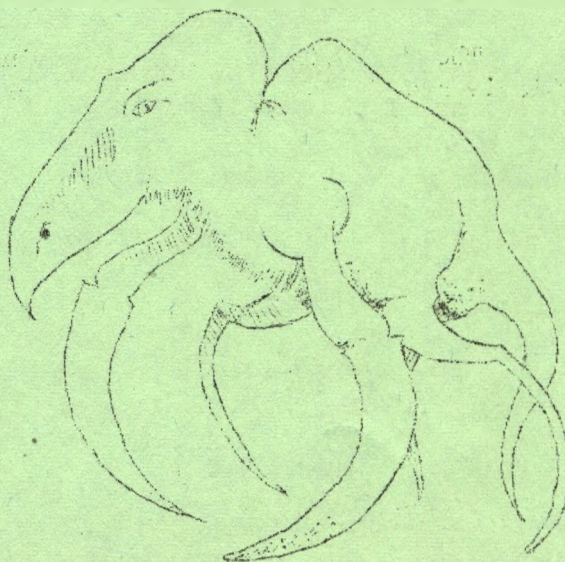


ANOTHER ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPT UP FOR
AUCTION - THE BIBLE...
AUTOGRAPHED!

gimmick?

[illegible]

If you're wondering about the first 3 pages with the justified margins and all that jazz, it was an experiment. I now have access to executive typers at work, which are equipped with carbon ribbons, so I was planning to do the next issue of Polhode by multilith (Ed Brant does discount multi work for fans here) but I had never before justified on such a monster. I already had a Berry and a Silverberg article dummied but I still hadn't done any finished copy typing. Well, all the DOAAN mistakes I made convinced me of one thing...I will not type directly onto master but will prepare the final copy on pa-



large enough to hold 24 men.

Speaking at the opening session of the Second World Congress of Underwater Activities, he spoke of the possible evolution of a new kind of man, "homo aquaticus," over the next 50 years. Such a man might eventually be able to live under water, the explorer said.

Scientists of the United States National Aeronautic and Space Administration were working on an artificial gill, he said. The gill would be a cartridge of chemicals fitted under an armpit to allow the blood to circulate through it.

All I can say is, Great Ghu, what next? And I wonder when some author will look into the possibilities of this little gadget. Undersea living hasn't been too popular a theme in stef, and I wonder if any stories had ever been based on just such a

TWO RECENT FILMS

Peter J Maurer

A pair of "horror" films came by lately. "The Raven" had very little to do with Edgar Allen Poe, but turned out to be a sparkling comedy about the rivalry of two master sorcerers. Vincent Price and Boris Karloff with some able assistance from Peter Lore spoofed their way through a delightfully preposterous story full of sinister dungeons, clattering skeletons, black magic, and all the preposterous paraphernalia of the old time horror films. The duel by magic between Vince and Boris was most impressive and had some startling special effects. Even the overdeveloped and overexposed superstructure of Hazel Court proved only slightly distracting from the central theme of the picture. And that is high praise indeed. A "Hugo" for "The Raven"!

"Horror Hotel" suffered from some very uninspired acting and too much artificial fog. However the oldfashioned witchcraft theme was unraveled with professional skill and not too much exaggeration. Tho the "secrets of the black mass" were not revealed the photography and special effects were eerily effective. The final scene where the witches' coven was sent flaming (literally) to Hell finished the picture convincingly. Chris Lee just went along for the ride. The latest in ladies undies were modeled as usual by a Brundage-like beauty in this diverting and enjoyable film for the uncritical.

BUMBEJIMAS [concluded] "and whistle all the airs of that infernal nonsense Pinafore." Obviously he was improvising a song for the benefit of this group he just met and was unable to find boasts which rhimed with what he'd already sung. So the pirate helped him out the few times he was stuck tho this once he wanted to reject the proffered help. Since he couldn't think of anything else, he used it.

I saw Iolanthe on Feb 26 when the Lamplighters put it on for a one-night stand in Berkeley. [They hire out to do any G&S operetta for short runs outside of their theater, so are used by fund-raising groups, etc. This performance had been sponsored by the "University [of Cal] Section Club" to raise funds "for various student aid projects".] Neither the forest nor the parliment courtyard scenes required many props so the away-from-home location didn't hinder them. I must marvel at the magnificence of the "members of Parliment" costumes.

The hero was a fairy-human halfbreed, Strephon. He had half of the fairy attributes...or more accurately, they applied to only half of him. I suppose it was such dilution of their power which made marriage with humans a crime in most literature. (Tho the dilution would usually take a less ridiculous form than in this farce.) In this case that possible reason for the law was negated by the ending in which a whole flock of human lovers of fairies, plus the hero, were turned into fairies by a waving of a magic wand. (When this happened, little folding fan wings snapped out with an audible pop for a really humorous closing touch.)

And so ended another adventure in the sag of Ed Meskys, boy Savoyard. Read the next thrilling installment in Niekas # 5.

Briefly: I just heard on the radio that some Russian scientists came up with a gadget which might be a boon to every fan. The "electrosonde" reads human brain-waves and amplifies one of them to send back into the brain. The Russians found that if the machine is tuned right it will put the subject into a deep sleep within minutes. In fact, the sleep is so deep that a person is rested after only an hour of it as if he had been asleep for a whole night! With a gadget like that, just think of all the books you could read and the fanzines you could publish! If this thing turns out to be not harmful over long periods of use, inexpensive to manufacture, and easy to use (that is, the electrical contacts don't need deep or precise placement) it could really have a profound effect on our way of life. An interesting sidelight: the radio announcer said that a Japanese manufacturer put out a transistorized model of this gadget.

Ed Meskys