

CLARGES I



CLARGES

ONE

CLARGES, fresh-minted fanzine, is edited and published. Yes, indeed. Responsible is Lon Atkins (P.O. Box 228, Chapel Hill, North Carolina). This is issue number one, intended for the Southern Fan Press Alliance and select others. CLARGES is available for contrib or LoC. Clarges will appear weekly after 2242 A.D.; prior to that it manifests itself quarterly. Or thereabouts. Zugzwang Publication #1.

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ART CREDIT

COVER by Joe Staton

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by.

brood 27 editorial

This being my first fanzine; it's only fair that I introduce myself. Physically I am 6 feet tall, weigh 220 pounds; have brown hair, blue eyes, and sunburn easily. My hobbies are chess, stf, fishing and being a Dodger fan (not as bad as Will Stanton would have you think). Currently I am a graduate student in physics at the University of North Carolina.

My stf background goes back about fifteen years despite the fact that I am only now entering fandom. My parents believed in an early exposure to books, so I was reading before starting school. In nearby libraries were the Wizard of Oz, Tarzan, John Carter, etc. I was getting tired of rereading the available science fiction when one day I wandered into a newstand and discovered sf mags. My allowance wasn't then large enough to let me actually buy any, but the owner of the newstand thought it funny to see me, at my tender age, reading magazines instead of comics. He allowed me to sit in a corner and read all the prozines I could.

In several mags I noticed columns devoted to strange things called "fanzines" but never thought much about them. By '57 I got the bug to find other stf enthusiasts, so I searched the lettercols until a correspondent turned up with an Attalla address. Attalla could be reached by city bus from Gadsden (my home town). I called and went, anxious to find out about fandom.

No, he wasn't a fan, but he did have a fanzine. I could even see it if I wanted to.

The zine was a single sheet--- close-typed and smeared. What remained legible was incredibly dull and infantile. If this was fandom, I decided that I wanted no part of it. My interest in chess now became dominant, and I started to study the game seriously.

Eight years pass. I continued to read stf, even decided to collect it, but never ran across a fan. Then about two months ago one of the kibitzers of a game of chess I was playing mentioned grokking. "Stranger in a Strange Land", Heinlein", I identified the allusion.

"Are you a fan?" he asked.

"No, are you?"

"Goshwow, yes." (Actually he said, "You may construe my reply as affirmative," But I couldn't put that down, could I?)

The fan was Al Scott. He loaned me some real fanzines, and now I'm addicted to the dam things.

I hope to finish this zine in time for the 15th SFPA mailing. The hurry, of course, may squeeze out some material, so if this turns out to be a "single sheet--- close-typed and smeared", blame the rush and wait patiently. I'll make the 16th mailing too.

PAEANS OF THANKS DEPARTMENT: The fabulous cover on thisish is by that ghod man, Joe Staton, who promptly answered my last minute plea for artwork. I know he was fighting the same deadline I faced, but he found time nevertheless. Many thanks, Joe.

Scads of appreciation also to Al Scott for both stenciling Joe's cover and mimeoing the entire zine. Without Al's help Clarges would never have made it. (Of course Al talked me into doing it in the first place.)

Thanks also are due to my other contributors: Sam Long and Bill Morse (not the FAPA Morse, but a Chapel Hill erbite). Dankeschoen.

pk4,pk4;nkb3,pq3;bb4,bk2;pq4,pxp;nxp,nkb3;nqb3,nb3;oo,oo;pk3,rkl;rkl,
nq2;bxpch,kxb;nko,kxn;qq5ch,kb3;qkb5 mate

CHESS DEPARTMENT: All you Woodpushers out there, quick, go join the N3F Games Division and sign up for postal chess!

Those who do will be rewarded with a chessic fanzine, Kibitzer, edited by Nate Bucklin (P. O. Box 4, Dockton, Washington). Mine own self is the newly appointed games editor of the zine, so Capablancas and Fischers in the audience are invited to send their best games to me for annotation and inclusion in Kibitzer.

Here is a clever little problem. White: King at QB2, Knight at QR3, Bishop at KR8. Black: King at QR8, Pawns at QR7, QN7. Each player has his pieces placed from his point of view. White to move and mate in three. The tricky part is that whichever way Black's pawns are originally assumed to be going, White can still mate in three. Solution on page seven.

PAIN IN THE SITZFLEISCH DEPARTMENT: Honors are divided this time between the U.S.PEST and a certain lout of a tavern proprietor. Since the U.S.PEST has seniority I'll describe that incident first.

I had assembled a group of books and prozines to send to Elinor Poland for the stf lending library. The prozines I put into a small Jet-Pack, they would be reasonably safe. But the books, all pb's, went into a large brown envelope. This wasn't good, but there was nothing else available to pit them in. Worried, I went on to the P.O.

"What's in 'em?" demanded the man at the window.

"Books in that one, and magazines in the other."

"What kind of magazines?" (Guardian of Public Morals tone of voice)

"Science fiction---look if you want."

"OK, but magazines go a different rate than books."

I shelled out 41¢; that'll teach me to say magazines. Next time I'll try "educational material".

With a talented twist of his wrist the postal employee sent my delicate packages flying over his shoulder. Whizz..Thud!! Whizz..Thud!! They landed dead center in a bin five yards away.

Into the fell clutches of the U.S.PEST, from which naught escapes unharmed.

The second jolly little occurrence took place at a local bheer hall. A group of my friends and I had wandered in and ordered. I asked for a half-quart Schlitz, which comes in a can around here. The proprietor grunted and waddled away.

Ten minutes later he waddled back with a bunch of 12 oz. bottles. "A 16 oz. can was what I ordered, but I'll drink this anyway," I said. He gave another eloquent grunt and departed.

When we reordered I was careful to specify a half-quart can. I even asked if he had any, to be sure. He said they did. Glory, glory!

Back came the sorry jerk with another bottle. Now this may seem like a small thing, but I had been definite about wanting a tall can. It's cheaper to buy beer that way; and besides, I like to bend the cans.

"I ordered a can," I said, beginning to get mad, "and I want a can."

"Ya gotta take a bottle," he snarled.

"Why in hell? You said you had the cans."

(continued on page seven)

GLARK DAYS... REMINISCENCE

ASTOUNDING :

'56

Bob Leman's discussion of Venture in a recent issue of The Vinegar Worm gave me the idea of reviewing old prozines a year at a time. My choice of Astounding: '56 was made because three of my favorite serials ran that year. (One concluded with the Jan. ish, but I'll count it anyhow.)

This was a typical year for Astounding--- the best writers in the field appeared there with some of their best work. The covers were split between Freas and Van Dongen and were mostly good. The symbol was there in the upper right-hand corner, the An Lab and Reference Library were present, and the editorials were....well, Campbellish, which means interesting, among other things.

The serial that ended in the Jan. issue was Under Pressure, by Frank Herbert --- a taut, technical story of the sublug "Fenian Ram" raiding underwater oil deposits off enemy shores. Danger from without is matched by danger from within, for one of the crew is an enemy agent intent on sabotaging the sub. In addition to being a tension filled adventure tale, the novel is also an excellent psychological study of the crew. Under Pressure was published in hardcovers as Dragon in the Sea, and was reprinted in paperback as 21st Century Sub.

In February the year's second serial began. It was titled Double Star and was pure entertainment by Heinlein. Lorenzo Smythe, two-bit actor is shanghaied to stand in for The Great Statesman, who has been kidnapped by parties desirous of an interplanetary war. Circumstances require that Lorenzo continue the masquerade, and eventually he comes to actually be the man he impersonates. But this is merely the skeleton of the novel, the meat is plentiful and succulent. RAH's characterizations and cultures are fascinating. This is Heinlein before sermonization set in. Double Star kept the same title in hc and pb.

The third serial didn't appear until October, but it was well worth the wait. A sequel to The Caves of Steel, Isaac Asimov's The Naked Sun dealt with positronic robots, two extreme cultures, and murder. Lije Baley and R. Daneel Olivaw again team up to solve a murder fraught with sociological implications. Asimov's combination detective-science fiction works are the best of their kind; even someone disliking mystery stories must admit that The Naked Sun is top-flight stf. The serial has experienced massive republication, both in hc and pb.

Two short novels were run that year, neither overly impressive. "The Missionaries", by Everett B. Cole (a pseudonym, I'm sure) was another episode in the Fighting Philosopher series. More interesting and solid, Ray Jones' "Academy for Pioneers" should nevertheless have been expanded and put between hard covers for high school libraries.

Of the twenty-one novelets in Astounding during '56; I shall only comment on thirteen. Best of the year were "The Far Look", by Ted Thomas, and "The Executioner", by Algis Budrys. The Thomas is the type of story that leaves some people cold; however, I found it quite powerful. The Budrys explores minutely a feudalistic society and a powerful member of it as he gradually realizes the true nature of his world. Extremely well done.

Three novelets by Murry Leinster, "Exploration Team", "The Swamp Was Upside Down", and "Critical Difference", (together with "Sand Doom", in Dec, '55) made up his Hugo winner, Colonial Survey. They are all fine adventure-problem stories, reminiscent of the Med Core tales. (But the Med Core series came after the Colonial Survey series, so I suppose "reminiscent" isn't really the word to use.) (Oh, no, I just noticed that I wrote "Core" instead of "Corps"!)

Robert Randall (Silverberg and Garrett) also had three series novelets published in '56. "False prophet", "The Promised Land", "The Chosen People" initiated the Nidorian stories, in which Earthmen guide the natives of Nidor toward Civilization. Pleasant reading, but nothing more.

The best of his tales in this vein, Eric Frank Russell's "Plus X" concerned a man taken prisoner by Inferior Aliens. By utilizing his mighty human Sense Of Humor and his unmatched human Soaring Imagination the Hero persuades the Inferior Aliens to release him, and puts the Fear Of Man in them to boot. Great entertainment the first few times, but Russell has worn the theme out since he began using it.

"The Dead Past" is a strong Asimov novelet, not his best, but very effective. Also not realizing his ability to the fullest is Ted Sturgeon in "Won't You Walk--".

Noteworthy are "Witches Must Burn", by James E. Gunn, and "Sound Decision" (a horrible pun), by Silverberg and Garrett.

The twenty-nine short stories varied from weak but slick to well-crafted and significant. Rather than examine any individually, I shall just list my nine favorites, not in any order of preference. All of the following I enjoyed rereading very much.

"Top Secret", by E. F. Russell; "Minor Ingredient", by Russell; "To Be Continued", by Robert Silverberg; "The Man Who Always Knew", by Algis Budrys; "Look on My Works", by Budrys; "The Doorstop", by R. Bretnor; "The Live Coward", by Poul Anderson; "Margin of Profit" (a Nicholas van Rijn story), by Anderson.

Each issue, excepting Feb. and Aug., has a fact article, or at least fiction disguised as such an article. Curiously these hybrids are the best of the lot. For example, Isaac Asimov's classic "Pate de Foie Gras" appeared in the September ish. This article purports to be an account of a Goose--- a Goose That Lays Golden Eggs. The government gets hold of the Goose and puts its scientists to work on the problem of HOW the golden eggs are produced. The investigation turns up all sorts of other interesting facts about the Goose. Unfortunately there is only one Goose, so dissection is impossible. After all, you can't kill the Goose that lays the golden egg.

The other fiction-article is Leonard Lockhard's "The Curious Profession", a humorous description of the problems of a patent attorney. Real fact type articles were by such names as Poul Anderson, Murry Leinster, Isaac Asimov (several times), Robert Richardson, W. A. Webb, V. A. Eulach, and JWC himself (on the Psionic Machine).

Book reviews were done by P. Schuyler Miller in "The Reference Library". Its quality was the same then as now, which is to say excellent. Miller's discussion before the actual reviews I have always found interesting and informative. His judgment is usually an accurate guide.

The only bad cover was Van Dongen's on the Jan. ish. The cover art was boxed in on this ish, too, which didn't help either. All the remaining covers are good but definitely not spectacular. Maybe this is because only two are by Emsch. There were five Freas and five Van Dongens.

For me, a year made memorable by the three great serials.

* * * * *

North Northwest DepartmentAlonzonian Division

... by Sam Long

To all pfans, from his longevian bipfanzineforwritermonopfanzine-humedship, Greetings.

As I asked myself in the first pfanlike article that I ever wrote, "What am I doing this for? How did I get myself into this mess?" "Well, it took doing," I explained to myself. But only recently have I come to appreciate the magnitude of the trouble I got myself into. For I have been asked by another pfaned, namely Lon, to write for his zine--- on four days notice. I had met Lon perhaps two weeks before.

When I first became a "fringe-pfan" under the tutelage of Al Scott, a good friend of mine, I was under the impression that all pfandom was made up of a bunch of nuts. I'm still under that impression, which has been amply backed up by experimental data. Take Lon for example. He's a physics grad student. Anybody who major in physics must be a nut.

I am thinking about forming my own apa of people like me ((shudder-LA)) who don't publish their own and don't want to. We would have an occasional letter from one to another, and pfans in need of an article would write the OE and the OE would forward the specs on to a pfan who would write the article. We would be a big writer's pool where a pfan could come in and get an article with no trouble at all. It would probably be called ZAPA---Zotbeeapa.

Evision an apa made of pfans interested in medical science fiction. It would have an OE, a surgeon (censor), and members. ((That's clever, Sam, including members too --LA)) Its zines would have names like Eye-ball, Gluteus Maximus, Ribcage, Gall Bladder, Mesentery, Sphincter, Nares, Oesophagus, the Humerus, Rectum, Gonad (shading off into the Kult) Gullet (Perry Stalsis, pfaned), and the Misanthropic Puffin. How that last one got in there I'll never know.

Physicists are bad about puns. For instance they use the greek letter omega to represent resistance in a wire-- which is measured in ohms ((resistance, not the wire--LA)). Or what about the barn. It is a unit of cross-section and has the units of 10 to the minus 24 square centimeters, I believe. These are the "cross-sections" of nuclei, and are used in atomic physics. ((If Sam has succeeded in confusing you, find any elementary text on nuclear physics and look up cross-section in the index--LA)) They are named, I'm told, after the proverbially unhittable side of a barn. Indeed, the "Barn Book", the official repository of such data, has a large barn on the cover.

A few months ago it would have been against my principles to have a glass of bhrew or rhecruit for fandom. Yesterday I did the former, and today the latter. Ghad, my morals are collapsing. I wonder what Fizzies in thirty times diluted alcohol would taste like. Bheer, perhaps? A dilution of thirty times would give about 3% ahlcohol.

Q: What is the pillow that pfans sit on called? A: A pfencushion.
Q: What does Arnie Katz carry in his canteen? A: Chateau. What team is the most frustrated in the Atlantic Coast Conference? Dook. It was beat three times this year by Carolina teams in pfootball and bhasketbhall (that's carrying the "H" business a little too fahr.) And Dook was nationally ranked most of the season. whereas we were not. But Carolina is intrinsically better than Dook.

If, to you old Theorem readers, this column doesn't seem quite longevian, it may be that I have only four days to work this one up. It may also be that I've exhausted my supply of bad puns on Al's zine. You will be able to read some of my better (?) ones.

Like the Tom Schnelley; "VI", she said sexily. Or--"These eggs are cold," he said icily. "Oh hell, she's a woman of low repute"; he said brightly. Or the granddaddy of them all, this one:"Eins, zwei, drei, funf, he said fearlessly.

A man went to a zoo, but he was saddened to see the animals so crowded. "The cages are too crowded," he said tearfully, "but I see you gave them plenty to eat." "I was called he said ruefully later,"but there was a traffic jam outside the zoo." A free longevian article to whoever finds the non-German-English Tom Swifty. If they want it.

Before I drag Clarges down any farther, I'll take my leave of pfandom until next mailing. By the way, if I should pass on to that great Slanshack in the sky, I will leave my pfanlike writings to pfandom ((do you hate us that much, Sam?--LA)). They ought to cause quite a stir. But only my pffannish writings.

..... the unique Sam



"Here is a face I recognize, but how and where I cannot be sure. A voice in my mind speaks a name -- The Grayven Warlock! But this dread Monster was tried, adjudged, and delivered to the assassins. Who, then, can this man be?"
----- gee, i dunno....maybe roy tackett?

EDITORIAL, continued from page three.

"Yeah, I gottum, but I'm pushin' bottles tonight. Got too many of 'em, so nobody gets nothin' but bottles. See."

Well, he may have been pushing bottles, but he was pushing away customers too with that kind of a attitude. I'm never going back. If he had just had the modicum of intelligence to say he was out of the tall cans nothing would have happened. Instead he got nasty.

Of course he'll never miss my business. With ten thousand students to draw a trade from, the few that leave because of his poor service will quickly be replaced.

All I expect is bare courtesy, but even that is too much for some people. It would strain their abilities.

The clever man who cries / The catch-cries of the clown,
The beating down of the wise / And great Art beaten down.

-- W. B. YEATS

IF YOU HAVE NOT YET SOLVED THE CHESS PROBLEM, DO NOT READ BELOW.

- I. If Black's pawns are assumed to be on their seventh rank, then the solution is 1.K-B3, and (a) 1. ...P-N8(Q);2.N-B2 ch, QxN ch; 3.KxQ mate. Or (b) 1. ...P-N8(N)ch;2.K-B2ch,N-B6;3.BxN mate.
- II. If Black's pawns are assumed to be on their second rank, then the solution is 1.B-B3! PxB; 2.K-B1, P-B4; 3.N-B2 mate.



JUST A TINI PROBLEM

. an article

During the summer of '63 I was employed by the National Science Foundation as a research assistant for the summer research program at Washington and Lee University. Good Old Doc Ratchford was in charge of the program, being paid by the N. S. F. to supervise student work on line defects in single crystals of zinc and cadmium.

Now it seems that he was also receiving alms from the Naval Ordnance Laboratory at Silver Spring, Maryland, to study a peculiar property of this new metal they had developed--- a roughly 50-50 alloy of titanium and nickel (TiNi). The stuff is almost as strong as steel and is completely non-magnetic. The Navy is already making Frogmen's knives out of TiNi and has great hopes for submarine hulls of the material. Since it's not magnetic, ships made of TiNi would be the same as non-existent to magnetic mines and detectors. The Joker is that TiNi undergoes a phase transformation at some critical temperature in the boiling water range.

This effect is dramatically demonstrated by coiling up the end of a length of TiNi wire, then plunging it into boiling water. Instantly the wire straightens out again. It's obvious that with things of this sort happening, the Navy would want to investigate the effect before building any ship hulls of TiNi. Thus it came to pass that Doc Ratch was assigned the job of pinpointing the critical temperature and identifying the type of transformation.

Ratch returned to Lexington, saw six of us working on the N. S. F. project, and had an I*D*E*A. Thus it came to pass that Walt Pugh and I were assigned the job of pinpointing the critical temperature. Ratch himself would interpret the copious data we were to take. This was to be a simple project requiring about three to four weeks to complete. No one foresaw the massive frustration to follow.

The first problems, concerning apparatus, were easily solved. We would use a torsion pendulum (see Figure 1) with a tiny mirror attached to the lower chuck. A microscope lamp was adapted to reflect from the mirror onto a large scale. This scale consisted of six meters of adding machine paper marked in centimeter divisions and taped upon the wall of the Optics Lab. Using this system we got enormous magnification from the optical lever.

The weights on the ends of the torsion bar were iron, so we could set the pendulum into rotation with an electromagnet-microswitch combination. When the spot of light had reached one end of the scale we would stop exciting the pendulum and begin recording the amplitude of each swing. Internal friction in the wire damped out the rotation and made each deflection less than the one before. Walt and I read different ends of the scale so that we would have two independently taken sets of data on the same run.

Internal friction, which is responsible for the steady decrease in amplitude, is a function of conditions inside the wire. Crystal structure plays a major role, and since the phase change is a change in crystal structure, a peak should occur on the plot of internal friction versus temperature at the critical temperature that we sought. By making runs at the range where the suspected transformation took place, then extracting a measure of the internal friction of the wire during each run an accurate determination should be possible of the critical temp.

Temperature control was provided by a ceramic core furnace-- a ceramic cylinder wound with heating wire, then wrapped in asbestos tape. This arrangement would easily reach 400 degrees Centigrade. The top of the cylinder was plugged, except for a tiny hole for the wire, in order to prevent air currents from impairing accuracy.

Now we were ready to begin. To check our equipment we ran a copper wire whose behavior we could predict. Everything went beautifully; the curve for copper was exactly as it should have been. Optimistic from this minor success, we began a run on TiNi.

Ill luck struck immediately; at 40 C the power supply for the furnace was accidentally shorted out and blew a fuse. The supply room had no more of the odd-shaped fuses that the power supply used. A search of town revealed some, and we began again, only to abandon the run for supper.

The next morning we ran the wire, in steps of twenty degrees (Centigrade), up to 400 degree Peaks seemed to be indicated at 60 and 160. A subsequent run up to 200 degrees, with special attention being given to the regions around 60 and 160, showed definite peaks at 50 and 160, but nothing at 100! Ratch looked at the data, frowned and came down to monitor a run. He told us to carefully investigate the region between 80 and 110. We did-- still nothing.

Check on the 60 degree peak again, said the Man and left. Now the first of the forthcoming anomalous phenomena intruded. During a normal run the pendulum would be damped from maximum amplitude to almost zero in about forty swings. This time it did it in five swings. Enter ultra-high damping.

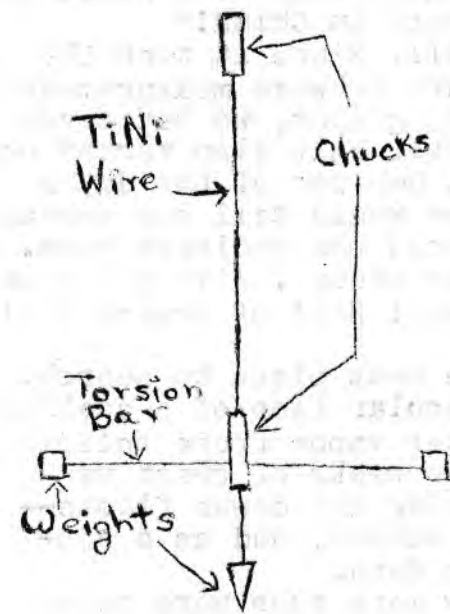


FIGURE ONE

Naturally we thought that the wire was rubbing against the side of the little center plate or something of the sort. So did Ratch, but we were all wrong, it was genuine high damping. The apparent reason came to light when the first wire was removed from the furnace. The surface was pitted and crusty from corrosion. We nicknamed high damping the "crud effect".

Wire number two showed a peak at 50 but nothing anywhere else. Wire three had a peak at 85 and nowhere else. A re-run of #2 confirmed the 50 peak, but strangely enough diminished in height. It was time, we decided, for a careful study of our apparatus. The harrowing trial ended with acquittal for the equipment. Thus we were forced to conclude that the TiNi was as erratic as hell.

Wire #4 wasn't as much of a shock as it would have liked to be; after all, we were getting rather blasé and little things like violation of the Law of Conservation of Energy didn't bother us anymore. Yes indeed Kiddies, wire #4 exhibited NEGATIVE DAMPING. On the face of it this does ignore the GREAT LAW, but ingenuity yielded a couple of involved ways around that barrier. Originally we didn't accept the negative damping as valid; it wasn't until three other specimens showed this same behavior that enough evidence had accumulated to positively verify its existence. This phenomenon eventually became one of the enigmas concerning TiNi, awaiting the analysis of an as then ungrown single crystal of the stuff.

Massive piles of data became the next goal. As a further refinement

we now annealed enough wire for two separate runs in one annealing. Thus a control having the same treatment prior to the first run would be available to check all future work.

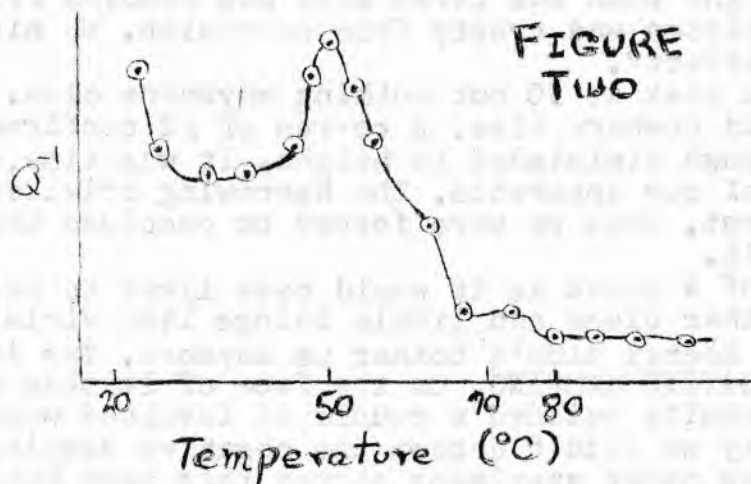
Earlier I mentioned that the 50 degree peak had diminished in height after a few days had passed. Now we discovered that it eventually vanished almost entirely; only a tiny hump remained. If this hump represented the phase transformation, then what caused the huge peak? was it a stress effect that relaxed over a period of days?

To find out we took wires for which the peak had vanished and proceeded to stretch, twist and bend them. The results were inconclusive: peaks in several cases, high damping and negative damping all turned up. As Walt said in disgust, "This *&%\$@¢*##*@ stuff must damp as a function of sun-spot density or the @*\$\$&%#*¢%\$\$##*@ frequency in China!"

On another front, however, things went well. Since it took the furnace about 15 minutes to raise the temperature between measurements and since less than ten of this went to plotting graphs, we had seven minutes of dead time between each set of readings. Walt also turned out to be a sick pun fiend, and so a pun war began. Devisor of the day's sickest pun got one point. Every day at lunch we would tell our comrades of the zinc and cadmium division (Dirty Rat Zincs) the choicest puns. I wonder why they started avoiding us? No matter though. I've got a new audience in the readers of this fanzine. Heh! Heh! Heh! Of course I'll use only a few per issue to prolong the agony.

Down below zero, announced Ratch, was the next place to search. I thought this was pretty low. Our first spectacular flop of a cooling system used air circulated through dry ice. Water vapor froze solidly in the pipes, preventing circulation. After two weeks of sweat we finally produced a conglomeration of copper tubing and dewar flasks--we used methyl alcohol as the cooling fluid. It worked, and as a consequence, we acquired low temperature, puzzling data.

With the summer drawing to a close, a few more runs were taken in the 50 degree region, then we had to correlate our data and try to reach some conclusions. The peak near 50 had been pinned down at $47\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. Discovered in examination and comparison of the graphs was a "drop-off" at 78 degrees. A typical curve showing both of the above is shown below.



Negative damping turned up for a total of nine times. High damping appeared only five times, and was definitely associated with the "crud effect".

A change in the zero was noted when a wire remained in the chucks for several hours. This probably was due to a twist set in the wire during manufacture.

Our conclusion was that the $47\frac{1}{2}$ degree peak, the 78 degree "drop-off", and the negative damping were all phase transformation phenomena, and

would require analysis of a single crystal of TiNi to gather sufficient data to make accurate guesses as to the nature of the transformation. Irregularities were probably caused by hydrogen interstitials or some other impurities. The net result of the summer was to hand the Naval Ordnance Lab back a much tougher problem than they thought they had been giving us. But at least I got a mess of puns out of it.

. . . an article by William T. Morse

The fascination and annoyance that grips most of us when we encounter the worlds and characters of Edgar Rice Burroughs is a subject worthy of some consideration. From the "Cambellists and "Gernsback" types to those who dwell vicariously in the Land of OZ, we denizens of Fantasy and Science Fiction all hold a strange respect for E.R.B. and his work.

On the basis of the protagonists in his "Mars", "Venus", or recently published "Poloda" stories Burroughs would not today be recalled as more than a good pulp writer who spent a good deal of time in planning his plots. His later volumes in these series even fall short in the soundness of the plots, however. The redeeming feature in these series is the underriding themes that continually show up. He makes continual use of parody to show up the folly of certain political systems and takes great delight in making sport of religions. Indeed throughout his work he tosses barbs at the mass of people who live without questioning their lot, their priests, or other policemen.

In his "Pelucidar" stories Burroughs created a world ripe with tremendous, almost endless opportunity for interesting, engrossing adventure. He hit his high point in ingenuity almost immediately with the horrible and strange creation of the "Mahars". Sadly enough, Burroughs didn't follow through with them. His remaining stories in this series while showing occasional imagination are basically the caught-rescued-recaptured theme.

It is in Tarzan that E.R.B. finds his eternity. This word, this name is a household term. Even for those who have never seen the pathetic movies or comic books much less read the "true word", the image this verbal proposition conjures up is strikingly true to the myth that Burroughs has created. What is it about the "Ape Man" that leaves his name always in bright clarity on our minds? The answer I think can be found in the Jungian concept of "Archetypes". (For those who feel better when everyone in their crowd agrees that Jung is for the birds, think in the perfectly rational terms of an ideal example of the utterly free man, absolutely competent to deal with his environment, completely and justifiably self-confident, and in general contemptuous of men who exist only by dint of their social grouping. In other words the type of character we wish to hell we were strong enough to be.) Getting back to Archetypes, E.R.B. hit on just that particular Archetype I just described in rational terms and it finds resonance in almost every human mind. There is a tremendous sympathetic response to any symbol that evokes this archetype, this fundamental image if you like.

The babe in the woods story seems to be almost a direct pipeline to this archetype. There have been many such stories though but none have had the staying power of Tarzan. Here the credit is all Burroughs. He has given his foundling in the forest an essence that evokes that particular primeval archetype in us more profoundly than any other character real or fiction has ever done. That essence is Tarzans sophisticated yet magnificent contempt for the manner of men we are. Throughout his twenty-odd novels about Tarzan, Burroughs manages to keep this image and essence clear and forceful. Yet he does so with-

out creating an impossible superman.

What annoys us when reading E.R.B. is his failure to break away from the captured-rescued-recaptured theme and particularly in the Tarzan series the Lost City or Lost World theme. His knack for story telling has been matched by few. If only his later plots measured up to his gift for pure storytelling and the character development found in his first works-----

..... William T. Morse

goshwotodayigotthewormouroborosinthemailfromelinorpolandsstflendinglibr

Below is presented a fehoot composed by the evial editor.

In 1977 the cotton farmers of the South decided to completely exterminate the boll weevil. They hired a team of brilliant young chemists to develop a spray instantly fatal to the weevils.

With their first strike the farmers destroyed 70% of the weevils. The surviving bugs gathered on a plot of ground near Opelika to discuss strategy. Out of desperation they voted to ask for Russian aid.

The Russian envoy Niskeeter Kruschigov arrived by sub and was smuggled up from Mobile. Addressing the assembled boll weevils he announced a policy of re-education.

"Now that cotton is forbidden, Comrade Weevils, you must learn to subsist on what grows wild. In particular, wild berries! There are blackberries, blueberries, strawberries, raspberries and many other kinds growing wild in the countryside about us. These shall be your new food!"

"All boll weevils shall gather to a great university we shall found to teach them how to eat berries instead of cotton. This university of berry-eating shall stand as a monument to peace-loving Communist boll weevils!"

Word of the Russian intervention leaked out, however; and a furor resulted. Finally a press conference was arranged for Niskeeter to explain his position. Niskeeter rose to the microphone.

"What is your fiendish plan?" fired the first questioner.

Niskeeter's voice rolled out ominously.

"Weevil Berry U."

"I've found myself reading science fiction...something must be wrong."

--- Len Bailes

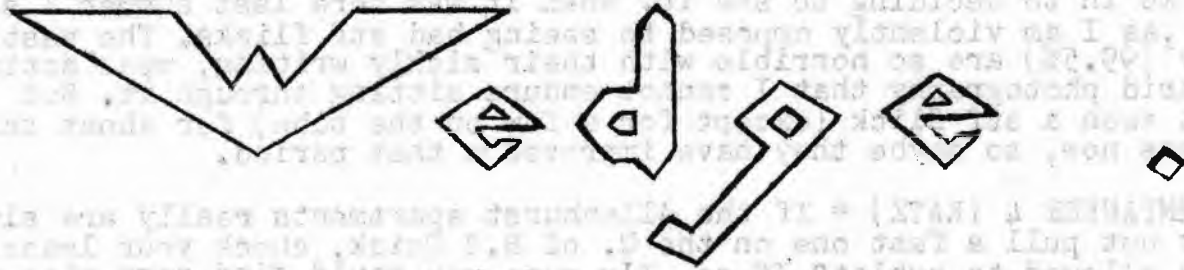
UP JUMPED THE DEVILramblings by the editor....

There's this thing about thin, white paper, see. It's called show-through, see. Like on every page, see. See the showthrough.

When I bought this paper I had no idea that this problem would arise. And I blithely bought two reams, so until it runs out you lucky fen are facing showthrough. Have courage; next time I'll buy a substantial material like maybe onion-skin.

* * * * *

Let me use this space to solicit contributions. I need medium length (2-5pages) articles on anything of interest. Artwork will also be received gladly. Good poetry and short stories will be published if submitted, but I absolutely refuse to print bad (which is most) faaan fiction. I want to pub a long zine at least three times a year, but I can't write it all myself. So send in your work, damn it!



BEING THE EDITOR'S MAILING COMMENTS ON THE 14th SFPA MAILING

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THE SOUTHERNER (OE STATON) * Good to see the SFPA roster. I was surprised to find five people on it from Alabama, my home state until last summer. Wally Weber is an import from Washington, but I think Dave Hulan used to live in Bama.

LOKI 9 (HULAN) * I made a quick reading of the mailing and picked this as the best zine in it. Now I'll go back through each zine and do MC's.

Gee. A Staton cover without a girl on it. I had decided that Joe liked girls and swords, so he drew a girl with a sword for every cover job. What a mess if he liked..say, oboes instead of swords. A girl with an oboe on every cover.

Enjoyed your conrep, Dave. What is Bouree? So Yosemite is something like Tennessee. Some day I'll make it to the West Coast and see, among other things, Yosemite, the Dodgers and LASFS. Los Angeles has always had an appeal for me. It seems wacky enough to host the characters from a thousand fantasy novels at once.

"Desert Pursuit" suffered from a weak ending. The story centers about Carstairs up to the very end, where it suddenly shifts to the Atlanteans. Unfortunately they have been used as cardboard mockups to aid in the development of the plot and Carstairs' character. They cannot support the story when they inherit it. Keep trying, Joe, but think all parts of your story through carefully.

UTGARD 3 (HULAN) * Noted.

ZAJE ZACULO 4 (BAILES) * My ish has a cover; if it didn't I wouldn't be puzzled over what in hell's name those characters in long black underwear are holding. Maybe you could check your file of old Adventure Comics and find out.

Agreed that allowing non-pubbers in could cut activity. I would much rather see the roster expanded to 25 or 30. Also if non-pubbers were admitted and the regular roster was full, problems could arise if a non-pubber decided to go active. Where would he go on the wl, the top or the bottom? Or if he just started distributing a zine through SFPA shouldn't he be allowed to vote?

NOTHING 1! (MANN) * Noted.

INVADER 5 (STATON) * The bottom of each page in the ish I got fades into illegibility, but buying one of the extra bundles I suppose this is the worst reproed of the issues run off. My copy of the 00, apparently also run off on Joe's new Press'n' Print, is perfectly legible everywhere. Luck in getting flawless repro from now on.

Glad to see your review of Robinson Crusoe on Mars; you even talked me in to deciding to see it. When it was here last summer I skipped it, as I am violently opposed to seeing bad stf flicks. The vast majority (99.5%) are so horrible with their sickly writing, weak acting and putrid photography that I cannot endure sitting through it. But I have not seen a stf flick (except for a few on the tube) for about three years now, so maybe they have improved in that period.

DAMNYANKEE 4 (KATZ) * If the Allenhurst apartments really are slums, why not pull a fast one on the U. of B.? Quick, check your lease. Are you allowed to sublet? If so, I'm sure you could find some nice undesirable tenants to sublet to for more than you're now paying. Then a lot of you could get together and rent a house or reasonable facsimila thereof. Who knows, it might work.

KABUMPO 1 (DIAN PELZ) * Delightful zine! The cover, of course, cries out for first comment. The effect was very pleasing; by all means keep doing specialty artwork for SPPA. Excellent MC's. Catch 22 is truly one of the wildest and funniest books of recent years. Glad to hear about the Gunner Asch novels.

STARLING 3 (LUTTRELL) * Another big zine, but padded out with plenty of blank spaces (including an entirely blank page 13).

You probably did better in the advanced English class because the class moved faster and dealt with more interesting material. Freed from the kind of class whose sole objective is to dent apathetic students with the rules of grammar, and exposed to good literature, your interest would be aroused. You would listen carefully in class, learn much there, and thus have to "study" less. But you would actually be learning much more than you did in your earlier class.

I didn't have time to read Roger Alan Cox's fiction (and I'm tired of faaan S&S, which probably had something to do with it too), but I did go through his book reviews --- for the most part very good.

EEEEvers' story was mediocre in every way. But then most faaan fiction is bad, bad, bad.....

SUCH AND SUCH 2 (LUTTRELL) * Noted.

MANNDATE 2 (MANN) * I picked up a Doc Savage book myself the other day. Talk about ****BAD****!!! It was great fun to read such crud. I almost split a gut. With a little (only a little) more gall and ability that Robeson fellow could give ERB a challenge.

SENTINEL 1 (LOCKE) * After reading your mailing comments I've decided to write your last name LOCKe. Now write a Letter of Comment in that flippant style of yours that goes so well with MC's. Write the letter to ME, about THIS ZINE.

Good short by Jim Williams (Weapon, not the cruddy filler). Needs polishing though.

OUTRE 3 (McDANIEL) * Get Joe to extrapolate what Dick Tracy will be like five years hence if the present trend continues. He could do 'illo's for the thing and really make it wild. (On second thought, Joe, send it to me if you do it.)

WARLOCK (MONTGOMERY) * Good grief! A fan in Anniston and I never knew it; Late this spring I may be going to B'ham for a chess tournament. If so, I'll write and maybe all the fans in that area can get together somewhere. I'd like to meet all the Alabama fen.

THE SOUTHERNER-(OE Staton) -I guess the OO will have to have another section in it to cover the ***Waitinglist*** ! I never thought when I got on it I would have much company. Ghodd thing, there...

I'm sorry I won't have anything in this mailing, but there just hasn't been any time. Anybody for changing the deadline- it just happens to be the same time the N'APA deadline is...

NOTHING #1- Rich Mann- When are you going to give up pubbing these verdampten one and two page zines(?) ? I know you can write well and I'd like to see more of it. But I don't think I've seen MANNDERINGS and maybe that's got more fanac in it. MSU can't keep you that busy.

Or maybe it can, come to think of it. I've been lucky here at UNC and haven't had my fanac/constrained by ruthlessly trivial mundane and scholastic matters.

Hope you get out from under pressure and we can see more work from you this summer.

-Yeah, I've got the same problem with naming columns. THEOREM #2 still has "Mailing Comments" and an "Editorial". Shades of Sercon ! Where have all the titles gone ?

KABUMPO #1- Our lady of SFPA- Let's make a little survey. Will all those of you who "removed that sheet" please stand. Hmmm... well...onward

Dian, yes, your cover is good. Tell me though, how long did it take you to do it? Twenty copies isn't many, but all that careful cutting-out must still have taken quite a while. Very good, very good

I've just recently gotten around to reading Catch 22 myself and agree with everything you've said. I myself enjoyed reading the problems of Chaplin Tappman myself as much as anybody else's. He was so unconsciously funny that it made anything he did the height of pathetic humor.

THE INVADER- Joe Staton- Your repro problems really hit me. Both Lon and I have been fortunate in being able to use the mimeo at the Catholic Student center here in Chapel Hill. The repro is not only excellent (a lot of it depends on the stencil, natcherly), but things can be run off very fast. I can run off a hundred copies of a page in THEOREM in five minutes from the time I print the last page of the former stencil to when I finish the 100th page.

Then when I read about your problems and remember Len's I feel almost sinful. (all the problems with this stencil I'm laying at the feet of Lon typer. If you have to corflu anything you just can not get the typer to go back and print in the same place. And if you make a mistake on another line, well, forget it buster) If you ever need anything run off and you like the repro in CLARGES send it to me and I'll run it off for you.

As for your pretty girl illo's, I certainly can't complain. I think the cover on THEOREM came out pretty well, she's a real asset. Thanks again. Your's are esthetically appealing.

Are you serious about the best emblem for the SFPA would be a bean rampant on a plate of fried chicken balancing on a mimeo ? That sounds exactly like the type of thing somebody doing a satire would come up with

If Len's been writing about some of his experiences in Charlotte (as I know he has) he has certainly picked a wild topic. When I was there I didn't notice it so much, but now that I've been away in Chapel Hill (the southern side of heaven) Charlotte looks strange to me.

I was one of the founders of the Debate Club at Garinger and even wrote some of the constitution, but later in that year I dropped out from lack of interest.

I'm not quite sure why Len is in it this year, but I know enough about debating to feel that any comments he may have made about it are probably justified. The rules made for debating don't really make a lot of sense often from a logical point of view, and the whole set-up for judging debates I consider largely ridiculous- especially in high school debating contests.

I liked Rich's wild magneta cover. I guess it's the impressionable slob side of me coming out, or the savage, or something.

(get Lon to explain this spacing problem sometime; I'm no great typist but this is getting ridiculous)

SUCH AND SUCH TWO- Hank Luttrell- You're right, there is something to be liked in cutting REG illos. The ones I did for THEOREM were really kinda fun to do. Sorta hard to comment on comments on comments...

STARLING #3- Hank Luttrell- I think I remember reading in GeMzine (reading Gemzine ?? Well, we all have our weaknesses) that Roger Alan Cox was being fapiated by his parents. If this is true I feel pretty bad. Especially since the same thing has just happened to James Wright (Nate Bucklin tells me), and I wanted somebody around N'APA I could talk about music with.

Anyway, I got the idea Roger was one of the younger fans and for that reason I was rather impressed with some of the things he had been putting out both in fanfiction and in artwork. The artwork especially had impressed me. Some of it could really look to me very good with dark straight lines that I can get with a writing plate.

By the way, if anyone has trouble with stenciling illos (I'm not talking to you, Hank, yours are good) I found, after I had already run off some of the illos in THEOREM that a writing plate I had bought and forgotten about just about solved all my problems in getting good repro on illos. Len had already told me to get a glass plate and put a light under it to shine through the illo onto the stencil with the cover sheet and backing sheet folded out of the way. But if I go a step farther and put the writing plate between the glass plate and the wax stencil it comes out even better and darker.

But back to Roger. His stories are far from perfect of course, but for a person to be able to produce so many stories a good many notches above so much fanfiction at his age shows, I think, a lot of talent that I have an idea will do a lot of improving as he grows older.

And if I'd thought about it in time and had his address or somewhere I could write him I would have asked for at least some illos for THEOREM. And I'm very particular about the art I put in that- you should see the number of illos by Rickey Lyerly (a nonfan friend of mine) I rejected.

Though it's beginning to look a little like I'm writing these mc's to RAC and not to you I have to say a thing or two about the book reviews on page 28. Since most of my reading has been of books from our public library in Charlotte and they have a large supply of the Avalon Books (Gh... knows why) and I've read almost all of them. This is undoubtedly the worst

stf series I know of. That series is the most singly concentrated blot of crud on the face of science fiction imaginable. Ah, come off it Al, ...well...maybe it's not all that bad - SF has been plagued by crud throughout its existence and this is certainly not the very worst. But it is bad and I agree with everything RAC said about it.

I just happened to have read Demon's World this summer and found it pretty good. At least it wasn't the disappointment that I Want The Stars was. The two make a very interesting contrast. One of them is a good story written on a conscientious but not dedicated level with good writing, while the other story starts out on a more pretentious level (tries to be a thought-provoking novel) and gets bogged down with dedicated but inept writing. I W T S has a few good places, but the plot just does go ~~over~~ well with me.

The main reason I can't really cut I W T S to badly is the use in a couple of places he makes of musical instruments. Anybody who could write some of the scenes he does with them can't be all bad.

DAMN YANKEE #4- Arnie Katz- AhHa, Len isn't the only person who can get y private jokes on Freedomland. If I remember correctly, Len gave the coke there (or at some stand there) a rating of 10.

Why don't you do an Ogg and Charlie story up right for Damn Yankee if you like Shep and writing; alot of these Deep South SFPAns wouldn't ev know who you were stealing from.

By the way, I'll probably write you personally, but will you be at the Eastercon? I think I'm going to try to make it, and I'd like to meet you.

ZAJE ZACULO- Len Bailes (I know what will happen if I spell your name wrong, you'll write me another one of those nasty letters, hehe) Arf, Af bow wow, growl- I'm a vicious oboe-playing friend. And I eat up little boys who critize music, and I Bo So Go Bow Wow.

Unfortunately all I can do is bear my vicious fangs and growl a war ing, since I don't disagree with Rick. (Hey Rich Mann, Didn't I write you an LoC cn this ?)

Although I might wonder how what went before the comment on "the impossibility of using music to express anything intelligently" was "established" by what went before it in the article, I don't disagree with wh was said. (there, that is, some of the article I did disagree with) Mus is not meant to convey information about the state of things in general, but, if anything, only to convey a particular feeling within the artist that he wants to project. Sometimes it does not even do this (or at least the composer didn't mean for it to, we sometimes impress other meanings (it), like in the older pre-Bach and even contemporary-with-Bach music which was largely a matter of monophonic and polyphonic exercises in sound relations. Some of this objectivity has come back on our contemporary scene.

But the point is music is not written for the verbalizing part of t intellect, but is aimed at other areas and levels. This is why it is ridiculous, or at least shows a serious misunderstanding to assume that on certain types of people classed by intellect will go for certain types of music.

There ain't nothing contrary about a nuclear physicist liking backwoods country music.

SENTINEL #1- Dave Locke- I'm curious about this definition problem you're having in religious discussion. If "The whole difference of opinion is

on the definition of atheism" then I don't really see any sense in arguing further. Let one side as "atheist" in "that" sense, and the other side say "atheist" in "the other" sense. Like A_1 and A_2 in math. Usually when the argument gets down to a matter of definition only then neither side can make further comment, and should call it a stalemate, jump over, the net (how's that for metaphor mixing) and call it quits.

By the way, what variation was there from a simple definition like "an atheist is a person who denies the objective existence (if there is any other type of existence) of a self-conscious being who exist before any matter and is in direct control of all events occurring within the universe, by virtue of having created it and having all knowledge of and having, by some unknowable means, all power to affect in any way he chooses the matter of this universe. (that's not only not simple, it is not clear either, I'm going to try to simplify it). "A person who deny the existence (taking existence to mean objective existence) of a pre-existing, self-conscious, omnipotent, omniscient, being who controls and create everything else that exists in a (by definition) perfect way." (that's n any better, but maybe you get the idea. An atheist isn't so difficult to define once you define "God")

Your statement " I don't think religion provides any satisfactory answers" I consider a very strange way for an atheist to defend his position. What compromises a "satisfactory" answer. If you mean it doesn't explain what it says it explains I disagree with you. For God, by definition, does explain the universe and why it exists the way it does. You may hold that it does so at the expense of logic, but nevertheless it does explain it.

If you mean that it is not a "satisfying" answer you risk saying that if an idea is not psychologically satisfying then it should not be accepted- which I'm sure is not what you mean.

If you mean God is a non-useful hypothesis in explaining the regularity of the real world, then a lot of theists would agree with you since they feel that God cannot be discovered by a scientific method anyway. He is beyond science in the sense that He explains and creates science not science Him.

What is a "satisfactory answer" ? I don't use religious answers myself, but then I'm not a religious person, and to me it's just a matter of temperament. It is possible to construct a perfectly consistent universe that includes the idea of a God.

"Weapon" is one of the best poems I've seen in a fanzine in a long time, That is one with a serious theme.

Your story wasn't too bad at first either, in fact it was pretty effective, but the ending was trite and seemed contrived, and for me, tended to spoil the story itself.

OUTRE #3- Kent McDaniel- "The Saga of Dick Tracy" was interesting even if it was a fillo. I'm no Dick Tracy fan (Dick Tracy Fandom ???), but this Moon Maid business has really gotten out of hand. I thought Dick Tracy was supposed to be a detective, there for a while he was just running around in a mixed-up interplanetary teen-age love affair.

Whoever Ahmed Ben Lester is, the FABLE was pretty good. "I did pierce him sorely with my lance" - hooah.

This legislate love bit is an argument I'm really getting a little

tired of. If it were impossible to legislate "love" then civilization would be impossible.

Not immediately will the violence be halted or prejudice disappear overnight, but some prejudice-inspired acts will be made illegal. Thus it is hoped there will be a lessening of this particular result of prejudice.

But the legislators are looking farther ahead, and realize that since prejudice is what it is, if they can decrease the racial barriers that keep people apart and make prejudice possible, they make a big step towards eliminating this particular source of trouble and unhappiness.

LOKI, (gee that's fun to type) 9- (For those of you who missed the pun on the first line, here's some less inventive comments.)

The zine is great, but I especially enjoyed the material on page 2.

Another comment on Dick Tracy here I see, but those lines without any spacing are about to drive me nuts. (See what five pages of mailing comments will do to you, I'd better straighten up and fly right. After all, this isn't my zine)

"Heavily Twice" was a lot of fun to read, but who is Aleta?

Glad to see the conreport. Fifteen pages no less! I haven't even been to a single convention yet- the Eastercon may be my first, but it's sorta nice to get some idea of what it's like from reading reports.

The poetry at the end was really good. I have a real problem thinking of things to say about poems I like. It's easy enough to criticize the meter, rhyming, or choice of words, etc. in a poem you don't like but one you really got something serious out of is hard to comment on... you just don't know what to say.

You really have a good zine there, interesting and probably the best in the mailing.

ANOTHER EVIL PUN

A little known facet of King Arthur's personality was his determination to hold a straight face while others were laughing. This, he maintained, trained one in self-control, and should be regarded as a virtue.

His knights, however, considered his idiosyncrasy as a challenge to their joke-telling ability. Many were the disappointed heroes whose finest attempts at humor failed to crack Arthur's stern visage. Indeed they became so desirous of bringing the King to laughter that a prize was offered to the knight who first succeeded.

A year passed without any knight being able to claim the prize, though all had attempted to win it. Word came finally to the ears of Sir Vey, mighty warrior of the land of Transit.

He entered Camelot and was welcomed. That night after dinner the King and his men remained to drink and talk after the women had left. Sir Vey quietly waited until the local knights had made their attempts to make Arthur laugh. Then he arose, and in a ringing voice told the funniest joke yet heard in the world. The court rolled in laughter, but Arthur fought to suppress his mirth. Rather than break he leaped up, muttered about having to see his wife, and stormed out.

"Where is he going?" gasped a knight.

Sir Vey replied, "He's going to grin, I fear."

Boy, can Al write those MC's....forever. Since 10:30 this morning he's been banging away on the typer. It's now 5:30 in the afternoon. Much longer and I'll have to retittle the zine AL SCOTT'S MC'S and make CLARGES just a department. Thanks, Al, for giving me this much material.

I guess hard to please book reviewers in the early Galaxy were panning for Gold.

The bacover represents our Siamese cat Suzy, and quite an unusual cat she is. She is five years old now, but still frisks about like a kitten. Since she romps around so, it was impossible to find her in one position long enough to draw her. Therefore I took a wooden carving of a Siamese and used it as a model. Then I touched up by following Suzy around with a drawing pad.

We call Suzy the in-and-out cat, since she is determined to investigate what is behind any closed door she happens across. If she can't open the door herself by pushing with her nose or by reaching her paw through the crack at the bottom of the door and pulling, then she begins to howl in frustration. For those of you who've never heard a frustrated Siamese in full voice, let me say this; it sounds kinda like an air-raid siren practicing for a hog calling contest. How a little puff of fur like that can put out so many (and such piercing) decibels I'll never understand.

Well anyway, Suzy will come into the living room, see the front door (closed and enigmatic), and right away get an urge to see what was lurking outside. Over to the door she'll go, prepared to wait a reasonable time, say five minutes, for somebody to notice and let her out.

If nothing happens, she starts yowling intermittently until she gets action.

Once outside there is the front door again, a real challenge to a curious cat. The trick is to wait til she's wandered a short distance away and is sniffing at some interesting object before closing the door. Otherwise sort of a harmonic oscillator gets set up. Suzy goes out, spots the door, screeches to get in, is let in, notices the closed front door, howls...etc. This begins to get tiresome after a few cycles.

The illo to the left shows another of Suzy's habits. At mealtime she jumps up into an empty chair and sticks her head onto the edge of the table. From this inconspicuous vantage point she watches us eat. What she's waiting for is a chance to jump onto the table and help herself to our meal. If for some reason we leave, she accomplishes her objective immediately.

Suzy has many other interesting traits (overnight visitors may wake up with Suzy asleep on their back); but those described above should be sufficient to characterize her. An individualist of a cat.

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

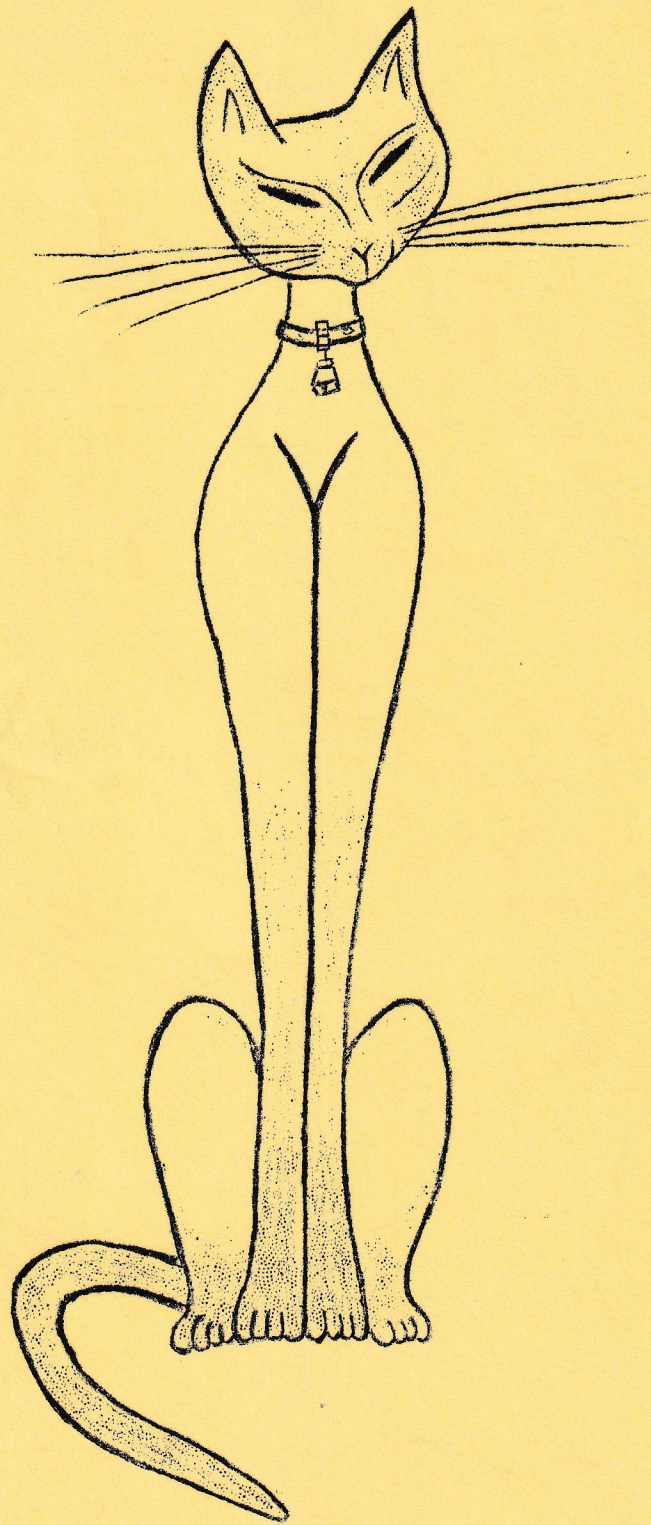
Shantih shantih shantih

.....a code for Len Bailes

Finally, after six days of frantic hell, this zine is finished.

Until next mailing,

Lon Atkins



4