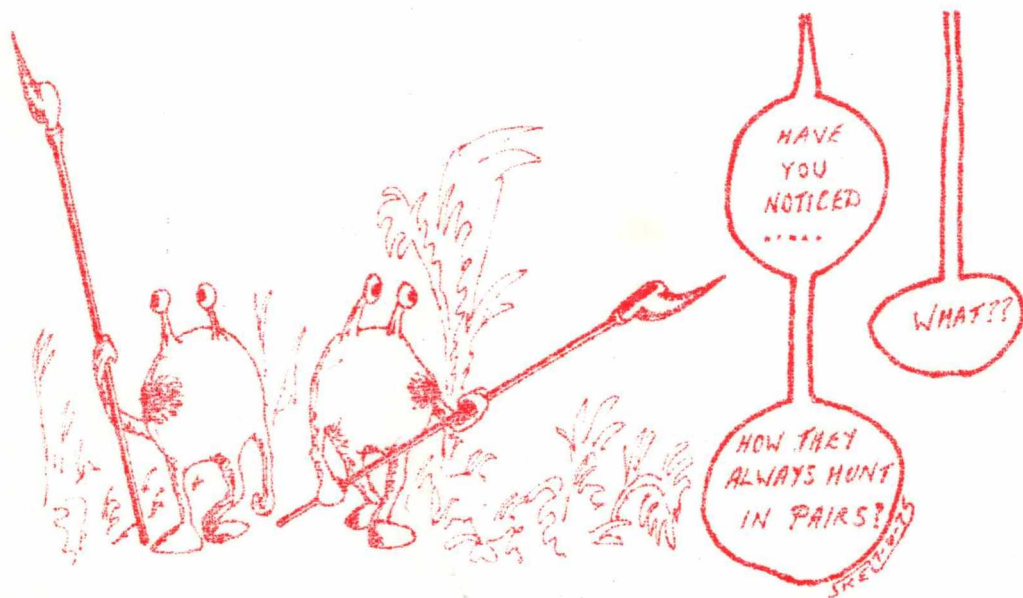


KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE



....the knocker caught his eye.

'I shall love it as long as I live!' cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. 'I scarcely ever looked at it before..... It's a wonderful knocker!'

Charles Dickens: A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS FIRST INSTITUTION



By JOHN WALLIS, Esq. F.R.S.

 *
 * This is really it, the fanzine you've all ~~forgot~~ ^{about} been waiting for. Yes *
 * it's the sixth issue of KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE, the fanzine that puts boobs on *
 * its covers instead of the other way round. Though why anyone would want to put *
 * their boobs on the other way round is beyond us. Fortunately. The bad news is *
 * that the editors and publishers are still dreary old Mike and Pat Meara and *
 * they still live at tatty old 61 Borrowash Road, Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH, U.K., *
 * no thanks to Messrs. Courtaulds Ltd. It is Polecat Publication number 17, and *
 * is guaranteed not to go rancid unless you smear it with butter and use it for *
 * Certain Purposes, or porpoises. It is dated August 1978, which is a pretty good *
 * date for the time of year, and is produced in a print run of 210, doubtless on- *
 * ly after several close encounters of the inky kind. *
 *
 * *****

Cover art and logo by Skel.

Front cover quote via Jim Meadows III; back cover quote via Dave Langford.

(I consider it rather appropriate that the author of a piece about knockers should be called Chesterton.)

====+====+====+====

About a year ago a really strange thing happened. I was somehow persuaded that for the sake of a four-week holiday in the States it would be worth my spending several hours suspended at a ridiculous height above a very large quantity indeed of nasty wet drowning-type water in a so-called flying machine of unknown reliability, twice. And it was worth it. This issue was to have had some sort of account of our travels, but for various tedious reasons it doesn't. However, I do want to thank all the people who went out of their way to make our trip smoother and more enjoyable, so...

Greg Bennett
 Ned Brooks
 Mr & Mrs Brooks
 Colleen Brown
 Brian Burley
 Ronnie Delmonte
 Gary Farber
 Gil Gaier
 Mike Glicksohn
 John Guidry
 Mike Harper
 Judith Harrow
 Craig Hughes

Terry Hughes
 Jerry Kaufman
 Joanne Montelbano
 Graham Poole
 Andy Porter
 Joyce Scrivner
 Stu Shiffman
 Andrew & Diane Smith
 Kevin Smith
 Lou Stathis
 Suzle Tompkins
 Victoria Vayne
 and Farouk Von Turk,

this issue is for you all.

====+====+====+====

I'M NOT SINKING, BUT I DO HAVE A TITANIC LIST.....

Alyson ABRAMOWITZ (ALVEGA 3 4); Merf ADAMSON (THE NEXT BEST THING TO PERFECT LEGS/
STB 1/PINK TERRAPIN); Simon AGREE (ABBA ZABBA 8); John ALDERSON; Harry ANDRUSCHAK
(R); Bruce ARTHURS (GODLESS 13); Mike BAILEY (REFLECTIONS 26/VARIATION 27); Frank
BAIAZS (L*/PARENTHESIS 11 12/PALPATATIONS 1); Doug BARBOUR (L); Rich BARTUCCI; Alan
BEATTY (FANZINE DIRECTORY 1/APRIKOS 8/DICTIONARY OF MULTILINGUAL FANS 1); Harry BELL
(TOCSIN 1/KAMIKAZE); Carl BENNETT (SCINTILLATION 9 10 11 12); Greg BENNETT (NORTH-
WEST SF SOCIETY NEWSLETTER (WESTWIND) 8 10 12 13 17); Eric BENTCLIFFE (TRIODE 23 24
25); John BERRY (L/HITCHHIKE 27/QUEERSHOT); Sheryl BIRKHEAD (X); Gray BOAK; Pamela
BOAL (L); Janice BOGSTAD & Jeanne GOMOLL (JANUS v2n3 v3n2); Alan BOSTICK (R); Lester
BOUILLIER (DO THE FUNKY FANZINES, WHITE BOY); Bill BOWERS (OUTWORLDS 28/29); Mike
BRACKEN (KNIGHTS 15 16 17/18); Richard BRANDT (L*); Donn BRAZIER (TITLE 54 55 57 58
59); Bill BREIDING (STARFIRE 7 10); Dave BRIDGES (ONE-OFF 3 4 5/IDIOT FANDOM CHRIST-
MAS BOOK); Ned BROOKS (MAE STRELKOV TRIP REPORT/ICITM 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28); John
BROSNAH (X); Andrew BROWN (BLACK WHOLE 4); Brian Earl BROWN (BROWNIAN MOTION 4/BACK-
FIRE/MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST 1 2 3 4/RAINY DAY THREE-SHOT); Bill BRUMMER (STRANGE
DYSUTOPIAS 2 3); Brian BURLEY & Judith HARROW; Linda BUSHYAGER (KARASS 27 28); Allyn
CADOGAN & Bill GIBSON (GENRE PIAT 1); Ed CAGLE (X); Mike CANUEL; Jackie CAUSGROVE
(DILEMMA 13 14/RESOLUTION 1 2); Graham & Pat CHARNOCK (VIBRATOR 6/WRINKLED SHREW 7);
Cy CHAUVIN (SRLDON'S PLAN 4.1); Stuart & Rosie CLARK (FRELAS 1 2/EGLADIL 5); Ron &
Sue CLARKE (FORERUNNER QUARTERLY 3); Rich COAD (SPICY RAT TAILS 3 4); Dave COCKFIELD
(ATROPOS 3 4/GANNETSCRAPBOOK 5); Eli COHEN (KRATOPHANY 9 10/MOSS ON THE NORTH SIDE);
Idsa CONESA (X); Ed CONNOR (SF ECHO 25); Brett COX (L*); Tony CVETKO (DIEHARD 8 9
10); Don D'AMMASSA (MYTHOLOGIES 8 9 10 11 12); Garth DANIELSON (BOOWATT 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20/21/22 23 24 25 26/CHRISTMAS BOOKS/CHRISTMAS 2076); Frank DENTON
(ASH-WING 19 20 21 22 23/THE ROGUE RAVEN 23 24 26); Ira DONEWITZ (R); Stephen DORNE-
MAN (L/WELTANSCHOT); Larry DOWNES (AY CHINGAR 4 5); Andrew & Ruth DUNLOP (L); Martin
EASTERBROOK (SMALL MAMMAL 2 3 4); Kevin EASTHOPE (LOGO 4); Leigh EDMONDS (ORNITHOP-
TER 1); Graham ENGLAND (R); Gary FARBER (TWEED 29/DRIFT 3); Moshe FEDER (PLACEBO 5);
Jan FUNDEH (THE SPANG BLAH v4n3 13 14); Andy FIRTH (FLEDGELING 1); Bryn FORTEY (REL-
ATIVITY 5 6 7/ACTION REPLAY/JUST PASSING THROUGH); Jean FROST (JABBERWOCKY 1 2); GIL
GATER (P/PHOSPHENE 4 5 6/VERT 3 4/GUYING GYRE 7 8 9 10); Bruce GILLESPIE (SF COMMEN-
TARY 43 46 47 48/49/50 51 52); Marc GLASSER (R); Mike GLICKSOHN (L*/XENNIUM 2.6 2.7
11); Mike GUYER (SCIENTIFRICTION 5 6 7 7.5 8 9); Paula GOLD (RISTERIA 1 2 3 4); Rob-
erta GRAY (VAGARY 33 34 37); John GUIDRY; Kevin HALL; Michael HALL (SCHMAGG 1); Mike
HAMILTON (ME ANNAIS 1); Rob HANSEN (L/EPSILON 1); Ray HARRISON (L); John & Eve HAR-
VEY (CHAS 2 3 4); Patrick HAYDEN (ECCE PANNO 1); Jackie HILLES; Martin & Liase HOARE
(THE SOUTHERN VOLE 2); Terry HUGHES (MOA 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25); Dave HULAN
(PELF 13); Ben INDICK (IBID 15/YDMOS 4); Alan ISAACSON; Rob JACKSON (MAYA 11 12/13
14 15); Terry JEEVES (L*/ERG 56 57 58 59); Dave & Mardee JENRETTE (TABEBUIAN 29 30
30.5 31 32 33); Chris JONES (BOOKWORM 2); Ken JOSEPHANS (L*/WYKNOT 5/GLUTTER); Arnie
& Joyce KATZ (SWOON 3 4 5 6); Jerry KAUFMAN (SPANISH INQUISITION 7/8 9 10); Leroy
KETTLE (TRUE RAT 8 9 10); David KLAUS (R); Pete KNIFTON (XYLAC 3); Mike KRING; Jenny
LANEY (R); Dave & Hazel LANGFORD (TWILL-DDU 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12/DRILKJIS 2); Eric
LARSEN (IT'SOTM 56 57 58 59 60 66); George LASKOWSKI (IAN'S LANTERN 6); Gerald LAW-
RENCE; Denny LIEN (L*); Eric LINDSAY (GEGENSCHWEIN 28 29 30 31 32 33 35); Ethel LIND-
SAY (SCOTTISHE 72 73 74 75); Jim LINWOOD (X); Dave LOCKE (L*/THE WORKS 1); Sam &
Mary LONG (L*); Hank & Lesleigh LUTTRELL (STARLING 34 35 36); Shayne McCORMACK;
Steve McDONALD (R); Taral MacDONALD (FWMETS 1/DELTA PSI 1); Barry Kent MacKAY; Rich-
ard MacMAHON (INVERTED EAR TRUMPET 4/CHANDELIERS & CANDELABRAS 1 2); Don MARKSTEIN
(TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG 10); Ian & Janice MAULE (NABU 1 2 3 4); Jeff MAY (X); Eric MAYER
(X); Jim MEADOWS III (L*); David MERKEL (ERED NIMRATS 3 4 5 6 7 8); Don MILLER (TSF-
&FN 4 9/TJS 201 202/SF&F JOURNAL 87); Joanne MONTALBANO; ...continued on page 215

BLACK AND WHITE AND READ ALL THROUGH (USUALLY)

Brian W. ALDISS	THE CANOPY OF TIME	C11 1959 4D		55-85
Poul ANDERSON	BRAIN WAVE	N 1954 1A-4A		85
Isaac ASIMOV	THE EARLY ASIMOV	C27 1972 8X		15-66
J. G. BALLARD	THE WIND FROM NOWHERE	N 1962 4A		68
Charles BEAUMONT	THE EDGE	C11 1966 8X	10.77	42-95
Alfred BESTER	STARBURST	C11 1958 8X		55-85
Lloyd BIGGLE	THE ANGRY ESPERS	N 1961 1C-3A-5-8A		65
J. BLISH/R. LOWNDES	THE DUPLICATED MAN	N 1959 3C-5-8A-8C		55
Ralph BLUM	THE SIMULTANEOUS MAN	N 1970 3C-7B		42
Ray BRADBURY	THE ILLUSTRATED MAN	C18 1951 8X		55-88
Joseph Payne BRENNAN	9 HORRORS & A DREAM	C10 1958 6A	1.78	35-63
Fredric BROWN	ANGELS AND SPACESHIPS	C17 1954 8X		62-85
John BRUNNER	THE SPACE-TIME JUGGLER	N 1963 3A-5-8A		57
Algis BUDRYS	SOME WILL NOT DIE	N 1961 3C-4B		78
David R. BUNCH	MODERAN	L46 1971 3C-4C		66
John W. CAMPBELL	THE MOON IS HELL	N 1950 2A-3A		37
Arthur C. CLARKE	EXPEDITION TO EARTH	C11 1953 8X		38-78
Hal CLEMENT	NATIVES OF SPACE	C3 1965 8X		68-78
M. CLIFTON/F. RILEY	THE FOREVER MACHINE	N 1957 1B-3C	7.77	72
Theodore R. COGSWELL	WALL AROUND THE WORLD	C10 1962 8X		55-75
D. G. COMPTON	THE ELECTRIC CROCODILE	N 1970 1B-3C	1.78	45
Michael G. CONEY	BRONTOMEK!	N 1976 1C-3A-4C-8C	11.77	87
Michael G. CONEY	CHARISMA	N 1975 2C-7E-8A	10.77	92
Edmund COOPER	SEED OF LIGHT	N 1959 2A-4C	8.77	76
Arthur Byron COVER	THE PLATYPUS OF DOOM	C4 1976 1C		62
Richard COWPER	BREAKTHROUGH	N 1969 2C	9.77	62
Avram DAVIDSON	MUTINY IN SPACE	N 1964 3A-3C		47
Avram DAVIDSON	ROGUE DRAGON	N 1965 1C-3C	11.77	73
L. Sprague DE CAMP	THE WHEELS OF IF	C7 1949 8X	10.77	55-75
Lester DEL REY	THE EARLY DEL REY 1	C12 1975 8X	11.77	23-55
Philip K. DICK	THE BOOK OF...	C9 1973 8X	11.77	55-77
Gordon R. DICKSON	MANKIND ON THE RUN	N 1956 3C-4C-8A	11.77	73
Thomas M. DISCH	CAMP CONCENTRATION	N 1968 1A	7.77	44
Thomas M. DISCH	UNDER COMPULSION	C17 1968 8X		15-75
Harlan ELLISON	FROM THE LAND OF FEAR	C11 1967 8X	11.77	55-65
Philip Jose FARMER	THE LOVERS	N 1961 1C-8A	11.77	83
Egon FRIEDELLE	RETURN OF THE TIME MACHINE	N 1946 2B		34
Daniel F. GALOUYE	THE LAST LEAP	C7 1964 8X	11.77	62-84
Rex GORDON	UTOPIA 239	N 1954 2B	11.77	32
Ron GOULART	THE CHAMELEON CORPS	C11 1972 1C-7E-8B	11.77	55-65
James E. GUNN	THE JOY MAKERS	L3 1961 3C-4C-7B		83
Charles L. HARNESS	THE PARADOX MEN	N 1953 3C-5-8A	11.77	82
Harry HARRISON	PLANET OF THE DAMNED	N 1962 3C-5-8A	12.77	63
M. John HARRISON	THE MACHINE IN SHAFT TEN	C12 1975 8X		35-75
Robert A. HEINLEIN	ORPHANS OF THE SKY	L2 1963 2A	12.77	83/74
Frank HERBERT	THE BEST OF...1952-64	C6 1975 8X	12.77	53-63
William Hope HODGSON	HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND	N 1908 6A		36
J. Hunter HOLLY	THE MIND TRADERS	N 1966 1C-3A-7E	1.78	53
Robert E. HOWARD	LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER	L3 1974 6B	11.77	15
Robert E. HOWARD	SWORDS OF SHAHRAZAR	L3 1975 6B		45
John JAKES	BLACK IN TIME	N 1970 2B-2C-3C-8A	9.77	73
John JAKES	WHEN THE STAR KINGS DIE	N 1967 5		45

D. KEENE/L. PRUTN	WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN	N 1960	4A		43
Dean R. KOONTZ	THE DARK SYMPHONY	N 1970	1C-3C-4B		57
Fritz LEIBER	THE GREEN MILLENIUM	N 1953	1C-3B-8A	10.77	62
Fritz LEIBER	NIGHT MONSTERS	C7 1974	8X		33-75
George LUCAS	STAR WARS	N 1977	5-8A	1.78	53
Anne McCARTREY	DRAGONFLIGHT	L4 1968	1C-3A	10.77	85
J. T. McINTOSH	THE SUICIDERS	N 1973	3C		46
Barry MALZBERG	BEYOND APOLLO	N 1972	2A	10.77	38
Abraham MERRITT	SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN	N 1928	6A		75
Michael MOORCOCK	THE SORCERER'S AMULET	N 1968	6B		57
Ward MOORE	GREENER THAN YOU THINK	N 1947	4A--8B-8D	12.77	75
John MORRESSY	A LAW FOR THE STARS	N 1976	3A-3C-5	10.77	68
Andre NORTON	THE CROSSROADS OF TIME	N 1956	1C-2B-2C-8A	11.77	56
Andre NORTON	SEA SIEGE	N 1957	4A-4B	9.77	68
Philip Francis NOWLAN	ARMAGEDDON 2419A.D.	L2 1962	3C-4B-8C		42
K. PIEDLER/G. DAVIS	MUTANT 59: PLASTIC EATER	N 1971	4A-7B	10.77	77
H. Beam PIPER	FUZZY SAPIENS	N 1964	1C	8.77	74
H. Beam PIPER	LITTLE FUZZY	N 1962	1C	8.77	78
Mack REYNOLDS	COMMUNE 2000 A.D.	N 1974	3C-4C	12.77	42
Keith ROBERTS	ANITA	L15 1970	6A-8B	11.77	93
Keith ROBERTS	MACHINES AND MEN	C10 1973	8X	8.77	45-75
William ROTSLER	PATRON OF THE ARTS	N 1974	7A-8A		62
Fred SABERHAGEN	THE BLACK MOUNTAINS	N 1971	3C-4B-8A	8.77	63
Fred SABERHAGEN	THE BROKEN LANDS	N 1968	3C-4B-8A		65
SARBAN	THE SOUND OF HIS HORN	N 1960	2C		42
Arthur SELLINGS	THE POWER OF X	N 1970	7A-8C	8.77	74
Arthur SELLINGS	TIME TRANSFER	C11 1956	8X		55-85
William SLOANE	THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER	N 1937	6C-8C	1.78	53
Thorne SMITH	THE STRAY LAMB	N 1939	6A-8B		85
Jerry SOHL	THE TIME DISSOLVER	N 1957	7B-8A-8C		77
Brian STABLEFORD	HALCYON DRIFT	N 1972	5		75
Brian STABLEFORD	RHAPSODY IN BLACK	N 1973	3A-8A		73
Thomas Burnett SWANN	DAY OF THE MINOTAUR	N 1966	6A		72
Thomas Burnett SWANN	THE DOLPHIN AND THE DEEP	C3 1968	6A	8.77	65-75
James TIPFREE Jr.	10,000 LIGHT-YEARS FROM	C15 1973	8X		38-75
J. R. R. TOLKIEN	THE HOBBIT (HOME	N 1937	6B		77
E. C. TUBB (Volsted Gridban)	DEBRACY'S DRUG	N 1953	3A-8A	10.77	33
E. C. TUBB (Charles Grey)	DYNASTY OF DOOM	N 1953	8A	10.77	16
E. C. TUBB (Carl Maddox)	THE LIVING WORLD (LTD.	N 1952	2A-3A-8A		32
E. C. TUBB (Volsted Gridban)	PLANETOID DISPOSALS	N 1952	2A-3A-8A	10.77	16
E. C. TUBB (King Lang)	SATURN PATROL	N 1952	2A-3C-8A	10.77	25
A. E. VAN VOGT	AWAY AND BEYOND	C8 1950	8X		42-72
A. E. VAN VOGT	DESTINATION: UNIVERSE!	C10 1950	8X		55-75
A. E. VAN VOGT	TWO HUNDRED MILLION A.D.	N 1947	2B-6A	10.77	15
A. E. VAN VOGT	VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE	N 1951	1C-2A-3A-7B		35
A. E. VAN VOGT	THE WEAPON MAKERS	N 1947	1A-3C-7B-8A		36
Jack VANCE	THE FIVE GOLD BANDS	N	3A-5-8A		57
H. G. WELLS	THE WAR OF THE WORLDS	N 1898	1C-3B-4A		72
James WHITE	DEADLY LITTER (2500	C4 1964	8X		38-65
T. WHITE/T. CARR (Norman Edwards)	INVASION FROM	N 1964	2B-3B		57
Richard WILSON	30-DAY WONDER	N 1960	1C-3B-8A		63
P. WYLIE/E. BALMER	AFTER WORLDS COLLIDE	N 1934	3A-4B-7B	12.77	34
P. WYLIE/E. BALMER	WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE	N 1933	2A-4B-7B	11.77	57
John WYNDHAM	SLEEPERS OF MARS	C5 1973	8X		43-57
Roger ZELAZNY	THE DOORS OF HIS FACE...	C15 1971	8X		45-93

BERNIE PEEK, 34 Dongola Road, Plaistow, London E13 0AZ:

"Where have I seen that article ((ONCE KITTEN....TWICE SHY)) before? Seriously though, it just didn't fit in with what we expected K to be. It's much more at home in KfN.

"Another useless fact to go with this article. Cows and ruminants in general produce much more methane if fed on nitrogen-rich foods. The bacteria in their gut normally grow at a rate limited by the availability of nitrogen. If a cow gets into a field of clover, which is very rich in nitrogen, the rate of methane production may exceed the rate at which it can be removed. If this happens the cow is in serious danger of exploding.

"Tales are told of vets who release the pressure in the normal way, by stabbing the cow with a penknife, and then in order to impress the farmer, put a match to the jet of gas. The results may be spectacular! Incidentally, the family to which the clover plant belongs (the Leguminosae) also includes the beans and peas. Remember that when you stand with your back to the fire after eating baked beans.

"One of the ideas which the 'Daedalus' column in NEW SCIENTIST came up with was a cell fusion experiment. If the cells of the cow were crossed with those of one of the single-celled plants we could produce green, photosynthetic cows. This would eliminate one stage in the production of beef. If this should happen there is a remote possibility that the cow's gut could fill with a mixture of methane and oxygen. If this cow were then to touch an electrified fence there would be a blinding flash and the surrounding countryside would be covered in a shower of the freshest grilled steak you ever saw. What's worse, the explosion of just one cow could lead to a chain reaction - with cows exploding all over the country.

"The explosion might however be limited. If the bang didn't entirely shatter the cow it might still have unpleasant effects. The temperature of the flame would be quite high enough to melt steel and the pressure produced would be high enough to propel a cow-pat at lethal speeds.

"One advantage of these cows would be that if we carried out your idea of sending up signal cows attached to balloons they would be certain to be the first thing that an invading alien would attempt to capture, to prevent them from farting out an SOS. It would be a simple matter to arrange for the cows to self-destruct if interrogated; I'm sure that this would discourage any further invasions. ((Yes, I'm sure the aliens would be completely cowed by this.)) If not, we could send up fleets of Kamikaze Cattle which, being non-metallic, would be able to escape radar detection. ((Yes, but the aliens would be bound to spot them sonar or later.)) These cows, fitted with proximity fuses, would hurl themselves against the enemy craft, where they would explode, covering the enemy's radar scanners and guns with medium-rare rump steak and cowshit.

"Perhaps they knew about photosynthetic cows in Atlantis? These cows would produce vast quantities of milk which would quite possibly be green. What do you make with green milk? Green cheese, of course. And how would you dispose of incredibly vast mountains of surplus green cheese? By firing it off into space, maybe? This would account for those rumours about the moon."

I think I should nominate you for the Von Daniken Award for pservices to pseudo-

science. All this reminds me of a talk given at a con some years back by Jack Cohen, head of the zoology department at Birmingham university, in which he mentioned that it would be feasible to feed cows on a mixture of chicken-shit and old newspapers. This would be a great way of putting your copies of ghastly fanzines like FANZINE FANATIQUE to some useful ecological purpose; the cows would then be able to chew the cud and the crud at the same time.

RICHARD BRANDT, 4013 Sierra Drive, Mobile, AL 36609, U.S.A.:

"What really interests me is the item on methane gas, and your own comments on the state of the fart. Another chapter in the annals of science, ah yes. But seriously, I read in ESQUIRE that four cows burp enough gas to heat a small home for a year. Obviously the implications of a bovine economy are beyond any of us. For example, the case of the fart-filled airship shows that flatulence will get you anywhere."

But think of the smell! Gas-fired scentral-heating with a difference.

DAVE ROMM, Sayles Hall, 179 Partridge, Albany, NY 12203, U.S.A.:

"It is more likely that cows would fart in horse code. Grassing wind, as it were. (You've herd of were-cows...) However, cows ARIEN'T notoriously stupid; to my knowledge, no Notary Public has ever declared a cow stupid."

They probably farm that job off to somebody else.

BRIAN TAWN, 29 Cordon Street, Wisbech, Cambs. PE13 2LW:

"Your book, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?, reminds me of one which I used to read a lot in my mid-teens. I used to spend the occasional week staying with my grandmother, who lived in a small village which bedded down the moment it got dark. She didn't have a tv, so there was nothing to distract me from my reading. I always took a stack of SF, but always finished up spending the entire week studying an enormous (and rather ancient) edition of BELIEVE IT OR NOT. There was a bit about cows in there, too, only it was about a cow that was born with two udders (honest), one in the usual place and one on its spine, both in working order if I remember correctly.....sort of, one on top and one underneath.

"Okay, okay....I'm going...."

To the dogs, I fear; bulldogs by the look of it. However, you'd certainly got your story off pat, which must be why it was so shitty. But for the fact that it actually happened to you, I'd have sworn that you'd heard it at second- or turd-hand. Don't get me wrong; I found your tail quite amooosing, albeit somewhat bellow my usual standard.

Hmmm, I don't know, though.

Incidentally, I must report, sadly, that the idea of communicating via cows was not original to Skel and myself. Marvin Gaye thought of it first. You remember his hit song, 'I Heard It Through the Bo-vine'?

While I remember, this seems a very appropriate place for Leroy Kettle's

Extremely Contrived Fannish Joke No. 38

Q: What would Oscar Wilde have called a play about Pat eating a lot of baked beans?

A: Lady Mearafan's Wind.

The following is excerpted from an article entitled 'Science in Folklore? Folklore in Science?' by Dr. Alan Dundes, which appeared in NEW SCIENTIST for 22/29 December 1977:

"I want to consider briefly one television series and one motion picture to illustrate how and what science fiction as found in popular culture communicates. Typically in STAR TREK, a space ship makes an uninvited visit to some alien culture which somehow threatens the existence or safety of the ship. Often the progress of the ship is imperiled or stopped temporarily. The USS initials supposedly stand for United Star Ship and not United States Ship, but a clue as to the identity of the ship is suggested by its name Enterprise. The captain of the ship is named Kirk, an English word meaning church. The rest of the leadership bears similar names, e.g., Spock, Scotty, McCoy, but when commands are issued, they are carried out by an assorted set of ethnic underlings (Asian, Afro-American, etc.). If the alien culture does not respond to suggestions of reform (along the lines of democracy and Christianity) the crew has no choice but to destroy it. The reform or destruction of the alien culture usually frees the ship which thus becomes once again a 'free Enterprise', a fantasy-form justification of free-floating American influence and intervention all over the world. Science fiction, like science itself, may not be as free of political implications as 'pure' scientists might think or wish.

"In the motion picture STAR WARS, we find an interesting combination of folklore and science fiction. The plot is basic fairy tale with a hero falling in love with an image of a princess whom he attempts to rescue. His parents dead, Luke Skywalker is raised by foster parents as is required by the heroic formula. From a wise old man, who functions as the traditional donor figure of fairy tales, the hero obtains the inevitable magic sword (the life force) which belonged to his father. The hero is accompanied on his quest by an assortment of helpers with unique abilities. However, superimposed upon the underlying fairy tale plot is a fairly standard Second World War film scenario.

"The enemy consists of 'stormtroopers', who dress and act like Germans as depicted in World War films. The little creature who in the memorable bar scene tries to collect an outstanding debt owed by the mercenary pilot Han Solo speaks a foreign tongue which is accompanied by English subtitles. The language is not identified but if it were to be Japanese, it would support the Second World War pattern in which the Japanese and Germans were part of an axis. In this context, the somewhat effete robot See-Threepio, who has great polyglot linguistic expertise and who speaks with an English accent, might well represent the British ally of the American hero attacking the German stronghold.

"If fairy tale and Second World War adventure film were not enough, there is a phallic component in which a boy learns to handle his life force well enough to fly through a long slot and drop a bomb down a virtually inaccessible and closely guarded tube leading to the one weak spot or Achilles' heel of the enemy. It may or may not be relevant that the archvillain's name is Darth Vader which strongly suggests death and father. As a concession to modern taste, the hero is taught to close his eyes and trust his (life force) feelings while the heroine, something of a liberated woman, refuses to play the conventional passive female part found in fairy tales. Her

irreverent attitude seems to delight not one but two heroes: Luke Skywalker and Han Solo, who compete for her attentions.

"Science fiction is not science any more than the folklore of science is science. What is important is that one measure of the impact science has had on the modern world lies in the artistic efforts it has inspired. Scientists themselves are influenced by folklore. Why, for example, was the lunar mission labelled Apollo? With presumably an infinity of names to choose from, why was the name Apollo selected? Selecting the name Apollo consciously or unconsciously invoked mythology. In Greek mythology, Apollo the Sun is the brother of Artemis or Diana the Moon. After achieving enough 'thrust' to lift off and overcome the gravitational pull of the (mother) Earth, Apollo the Sun/son rises and is able to land on the Moon, his sister, where astronaut Armstrong (whose name means powerful body extremity) was the very first to step on the virgin soil of the Moon and to erect a flag. The astronauts brought back pieces of Moon to show off to peers back home. Who remembers the names of the second set of astronauts to land on the Moon? Very few. The point might be that the Moon could be 'violated' only once.

"This is, of course, not an analysis of heavenly bodies but of earthly ones. But that is precisely the issue. Scientists are folk too and as such they are bound by folklore. That is why it is imperative that the science of folklore include the study of the folklore of science."

(Dr. Dundes is professor of anthropology and folklore, University of California, Berkeley.)

I don't want to say too much about this piece right now, preferring to wait and see what you lot come up with. A couple of points, though: the special Christmas issue of NEW SCIENTIST is the one in which all the pompous profs. let their hair down and deal with subjects of a light-hearted, almost frivolous nature. Maybe the editors consider science fiction itself rather than the apparent way it is treated above to be light-hearted; further, it occurs to me that the progression from the quite reasonable analysis of STAR TREK to the patently ludicrous one of the APOLLO programme might be quite deliberate on the part of the author, to show that even the most enthusiastically-pursued analogy is not infinitely elastic.

BEST SCIENCE FICTION DOUBLES THAT ACE NEVER THOUGHT OF

26 Feb 78

Farmer in the Sky/The Sheep Look Up
Virgin Planet/The World Jones Made
The Twisted Men/Hospital Station
Major Operation/The Dispossessed/Fury (an Ace triple?)
Time for a Change/Mindswap
Tower of Glass/Foundation
The Castle of Iron/Second Foundation
The Sands of Mars/Dune
Twilight World/Light a Last Candle
The City in the Sea/The Tide Went Out
Naked to the Stars/Time of the Great Freeze
The People of the Wind/The Odious Ones
The Committed Men/Out of Their Minds
The Big Jump/Vault of the Ages
The Drowned World/Lifeboat
Odd John/Barefoot in the Head

Ah. Yes. Well. Five is a magic number (ask the ILLUMINATUS! people, they'll tell you), so I thought, rather than make waves in the vast Cosmic Ocean (if you sea what I mean) I'd hang about a bit before publishing the great sixth issue.

No? No. What really happened was that after KfN 5 appeared in October 1976 I found that my creative fantasies were being fulfilled better by D&D than by fanac. So, as I began to spend more and more time on D&D I felt less and less inclined to publish another issue of KfN. However, the low point of my involvement with the game came in February 1977 with FaanCon II, where a number of the attendees felt that the necessary fannish atmosphere was fragmented by the unseen presence of the D&D contingent, who were a sizeable proportion of the total numbers present and who kept themselves to themselves in an upstairs room, hardly ever seeing the light of day and playing D&D for 36 hours solid, or so it seemed. "D&D has killed my con!" I was heard to remark. I didn't actually hear myself saying this as I was severely sozzled at the time, but several fen have told me, with ill-disguised amusement, that it was indeed so. Those Gannets who were there were not sympathetic: "Now you see what effect your D&D sessions had on Silicon" they said. I saw.

Maybe that killed the spark, for fairly soon afterwards I dropped D&D, and it has stayed dropped until quite recently. But....the urge to fanac did not return. I'm not sure why. Possibly I went into one of my science-fiction-is-all phases. Possibly I was disappointed with the poor loc response to KfN 5, which I considered then, and still do, to be far and away the best fanzine I'd ever done. Certainly my job kept me away from home for days at a time, right into the summer. Whatever, Seacon came and went and still the tradazines piled up, unread.

By this time we were deep in preparations for our America trip. During the trip I kept a sort-of diary, with the vague intention of maybe writing some kind of trip report afterwards. The trip itself fanned my fannish flame to the extent that I started reading fanzines again (I'm still ploughing through the backlog), but somehow that report never got written, maybe because despite much thought I couldn't come up with a good way of presenting it. I still can't.

The flame was failing again as 1978 arrived. Then I got into D&D again, albeit in a more rational, moderate way. ('Moderation in all things' should be my watchword, and after the $2\frac{1}{2}$ bottles of cheap'n'evil plonk Pat and I consumed last night, my hangover echoes that sentiment. I wish it wouldn't, the noisy bugger.) At this stage it seemed most unlikely that I would ever pub my ish again. Then, suddenly and for no apparent reason, it all came back. On the evening of Thursday February 23rd., "I think I'll make a start on KfN 6" I told Pat. Collapse of stout (but dieting) party. The following evening I unearthed the loc-file on KfN 5 and started marking the letters up for printing. Just like the old days. The letters weren't half as bad as I'd remembered them, either. On Saturday, Pat and I carted six reams of paper home through the pouring rain, and the same evening I rolled a stencil into the typer, paused as I tried to recall how to set it for stencilling, and.....

I really prefer happy endings, don't you?

Keep your fingers crossed.

THE RETURN OF BEST SCIENCE FICTION DOUBLES THAT ACE NEVER THOUGHT OF 27 Feb 78

Police Your Planet/Little Fuzzy

Picnic on Paradise/Food of the Gods

So, to quote Gary Faerber quasi-quoting me in KARASS 28, "here I am drunk again, and writing in my zine, and if you're not drunk enough to appreciate it, well, screw off." Not true at the moment Gary, as I'm temporarily on the wagon as a result of the aforementioned plonk, but.... do I really come over like that in KfM? True, I usually drink whilst typing, but I'm not alone in that, and the reason I do it is because it's the most convenient method of squashing down my inhibitions and getting a bit of the real me onto these cold grey stencils. Besides, I enjoy it. I certainly don't mean to sound aggressive and off-handed, so if I do I'm failing somewhere.

Christ, here comes somebody else with a complaint. Maybe I'll sneak off and have just a small whisky while he explains:

DAVE PIPER, 7 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex HA4 6BZ:

"Er, look, now listen, I don't often complain, but now and again, well, there comes a time when a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do and let it hang out, really get down to the notty gritty, a time to live and a time to die, er, and the nitty gritty (I just wrote to Paul and mentioned to him that I reckon me fingers are falling off and now they have!) and, well, situations which situate at certain times in a man's life impose these sorta emotions and things on one when one really has to put one's foot down and really say what one's thinking about something, it's not pleasant but well, it's a moral and ethical necessity sometimes which cannot be long put off, it's not as if one really wants to upset someone, but times is 'ard and things must be said which need to be said and...and....."

WHERE'S THE FREE GIFT THIS TIME?????????????????"

Thought you'd never ask. Last issue's free gift was a £5 note, a bit unoriginal I know, but.... And you say you didn't get one? Aww, shame. I'd send you another but it was only a short print run and....oops.

SON OF BEST SCIENCE FICTION DOUBLES THAT ACE NEVER THOUGHT OF

Listen! The Stars!/The Year of the Quiet Sun
Mankind on the Run/Destination: Void!

Death's Deputy/Six-Gun Planet
The Primal Urge/The Embedding

Speaking of interlineations, which someone is just going to....

TOM PERRY, P.O. Box 2134, Boca Raton, FL 33432, U.S.A.:

"The interlineations by Morgan D. Ganzewelt are fabulous and funny indeed, but I think it may be cheating to supply full out like that the source of an interlineation. In a true interlineation, the attribution should be made elliptically enough to provide a sense of the dark mystery inherent in the universe. Initials are good, and the invisible attribution is perhaps best of all, perhaps mimeo'd in a color visible only to Venusians under ultra-violet light.

"If you are going to provide sources you really ought to make them complete, with page number, publisher, date, etc., just in case someone wants to take a gander at the lino in its original context. (Haven't you ever heard the old saying about source for the gander?) ((No, what is it?)) Besides, that would allay suspicions about unusual titles like AGAIN, DANGEROUS QUOTATIONS or IN DEFENSE OF PEDERASTY which I'm sure are quite authentic but which some fans might be so perverse as to question.

"Bartucci's letter was rich in humor but the best part has got to be the paragraph at the top of page 168 where he concludes that women are inferior to men because men are "stronger, damnedly tougher-minded, and more aggressive". Based on this criterion there are a number of other species like grizzly bears and tigers which would be superior to human beings, male or female. In fact I think it's precisely humanity's lack of aggression (in the true sense of being eager to fight) that gives human beings time to think things out and work out more intelligent solutions to problems and this ability in turn makes humanity the most successful species on earth. If women are really less aggressive than men, then they ought to be even better at such co-operative effort. The common use of the word 'aggression' as a trope for 'enterprise' or 'effort' is what confuses this matter greatly."

Women are definitely more aggressive than men. In fact, I occasionally criticise Pat's cooking, just to see whether my reflexes are in shape.

"As for the contention that "males dominate in the majority of cultures (especially those more advanced than others)" -- I think the first statement is questionable and the second downright false. There are more women doctors in cultures like America, England and the USSR, than women witchdoctors in savage tribes, I'll bet, and equally with all the other categories that can be compared. Certainly one of the most backward cultures on earth, Saudi Arabia, keeps women practically as chattel slaves, so that one Arab woman I know in America where she holds down a high paying job refuses to go back even for a visit. As for males dominating, I think that's questionable. Has Rich read WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS?"

THE SONG OF THE BOOK OF THE FILM OF THE TRAM

Love Letters in the Sands of Mars
The Fabulous Riverboat that I Row

In the Chapel in the Earthlight
They Long to be Close to Critical

"Your point on page 187 that the quality of Mancon shouldn't discredit the whole idea of a campus con seems valid. After all it took years for fandom to learn how to put on cons in hotels, as you can discover from reading some of the oldtime con reports. The battles with hotel managements over room parties, banquet facilities, food prices and quality, not to mention little matters like broken doors and unpaid bills, were legion. These things seem to flow smoothly now for the most part, and I'm sure with a few years fans could work out the same sort of thing at university campuses. The only question in my mind is whether there is sufficient incentive to do so. Presford claimed in the Mancon program booklet that high prices keep a lot of fans away from cons. I'm in no position to say whether this is true, having little data to go by, but from the Mancon reports I've seen it seems likely that there are a lot who might be kept away by such things as communal toilets and bathing facilities which seem to be a necessary part of a university con."

Not really. There are halls of residence, especially the more modern ones, which are more hotel-like in that the toilet and bathing facilities are in each room. It's just a question of finding the right campus, and a committee with the guts to try again. Looking at Skycon, with room rates at £13.80 and a goodly proportion of that in advance, I'd support another campuscon right now. I suspect I'd be in a pretty small minority though.

"Strangely enough the main inconvenience I encountered at Mancon — the lack of telephones in the rooms — seems to be a cultural thing, at least according to Kevin Easthope. In a loc to MOTA he says he can't imagine any need for a phone at a con — all you have to do is go to the bar and pretty soon you'll encounter anyone you want to see. I'm not sure this is true (I recall all the desperate interfan messages scrawled at the bottom of the blackboard at Owens Park) but even if it is, the significant difference between the UK and US con environments probably lies in those two little words 'the bar'. The Muehlebach at Kansas City had two or three bars, and it was only one of four or five hotels. In addition US fans are not as universally turned on to C₂H₅OH as a means of lubricating brain lobes and social interaction — lots of them are turned on to other things, like sniffing corflu or putting out oneshots."

I wish a few UK fen would put down their glasses of C₂H₅OH long enough to have a go at a convention oneshot. Skel and I tried to revive the idea at Mancon, but the response was disappointing and we ended up writing most of it ourselves under various pseudonyms. The result, ATACON 1, must be one of the rarest fanzines in the world, as only Skel and I have copies at the time of writing. Somewhere upstairs, mouldering away in a box, are about sixty copies that I was supposed to leave lying around at Novacon 6. If I remember, I'll cart 'em along to Skycon; that should cause a bit of bafflement.

Having now attended a couple of US cons, I take your point about the bar situation. I don't remember even finding the bar at DeepSouthCon, let alone using it. Not that it mattered boozewise, as there was always plenty of free beer and soft drinks available in the ice-filled bathtubs of the hospitality suite, but I did sometimes feel a mite lost without that focal point that the UK con bar provides. I almost went into a bar at the Fontainebleau, when Milt Stevens offered to buy me a drink. They were closed.

BSFDTANTO MEETS FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA, ABBOTT & COSTELLO AND BATMAN

The Cosmic Rape/Starchild
Time Enough for Love/All the Myriad Ways

The Lovers/Times Without Number
More than Human/Maker of Universes

Here's someone else who's just Wild about ~~Warty~~ Rich Bartucci:

JANET WILD, Halifax Hall, Endcliffe Vale Road, Sheffield S10 3ER:

"Why does Rich Bartucci feel so goddamn inferior to women? He must do, or else he wouldn't be lashing out like a cornered rat at all and sundry of the opposite sex.

"Actually this is one of my pet grouches. Women's Lib. Most of us do not claim superiority to men, but equality. When the libbers first went into business, they did a lot of good. They did however get a bad reputation as a lot of loudmouths (even tho' most of them weren't) because of the few who went around burning bras and other stupidities. Now it's gone to the opposite extreme. The moderates are being drowned out by the extremists. I mean, granting segregated beaches is a blow FOR women's lib? And so are the women-only clubs that are opening? I read in the papers here about a Men's Lib group that's been started up in the States, and my ghod, but they NEED it!

"There are alternatives to all this aggressive 'putting-down' of the opposite

sex. Try treating them as people rather than symbols.

"Phew! I feel better now, having got that lot off my chest. It's a subject I feel strongly about - I HATE being patronised because I'm female. It doesn't mean that that automatically disqualifies me from having any brains. It does however mean that I would like to shoot a large number of careers teachers who have told me at various stages of my career: "Oh, you like arithmetic? Secretaries who are accurate with numbers are in great demand"; "You're staying on to do A-levels? Oh, domestic science, art and English?"; "You want to go to university? But what for?" And they practically swooned when I said I wanted to do chemistry and physics. No, there aren't many female engineers etc., and those there are tend to be pushy, aggressive people."

Presumably this is because only that type of personality is tough enough to overcome the sort of obstacles you describe. Exactly the same thing happened to Pat when she was at school, and I'd guess that quite a lot of this sort of attitude still survives. Pat isn't pushy or aggressive though, despite what I said on p200. But she is stubborn.

"Actually all this when applied to me seems a bit futile when I'm about to fail all my exams and get thrown out. 'So go and do some work, kid'. Snarl. OK."

Remember Jim Meadows' Pat & Mike radio show idea from last time? Well, Ken hasn't got a True Confession to make about Helen:

KEN JOSEPHANS, 364 East Holmes, MSU, East Lansing, MI 48824, U.S.A.:

"I can't confess to being too familiar with Helen Hayes, but I have seen her in several roles. She played the sly, elderly woman who kept stealing free rides on planes in AIRPORT; she had a role in a short-lived US tv series about two elderly women detectives; she played Dora Bloch (but the character was renamed) in the made-for-tv version of VICTORY AT ENTEBBE. She is a slight woman, white hair, she must be going on 75, and her delivery cracks me up. In all the roles I've seen, she is unshakeable. Hijackings don't bother her, murders don't upset her, crazed men with bombs scare her not. Does that sound like Pat?"

White hair... going on 75... yeah, that's pretty close. (I can't resist smart-aleck remarks like that, but I'll wish I had when Pat reads these stencils.)

Thynne: 'Hands up, Neddy! Up! Down! Up! Down! Up! Down! Up! When we take prisoners, we like them fit!'

from I WAS MONTY'S TREBLE (1958).....

This man's knee is surprisingly banjoless, but he too has something to say about films and tv.....eventually:

RICHARD BRANDT, address as p195:

"I was standing outside a nightclub in Dallas called 'Alice's Legs' at four in the morning, and an officer asked me just what I was doing. I replied, 'I'm just waiting for Alice's Legs to open up.' Now, if you changed it to a gay bar called 'Arnold's Legs' then you could have a pun about men's legs. Although I don't see the point. Goes over my head. Went to a Holiday Inn once that had a sunlamp over the head.

"Speaking of hotels (see how I bring up comment hooks), ((yeah, but why did

you swallow them in the first place?)) I once went to a Ramada Inn in Tuscaloosa and found a couple of packs of electronically tested condoms in one of the drawers. I still wonder if that was an extreme example of Southern Hospitality."

Nah. Probably the guy just couldn't get his drawers open. How do they test condoms electronically anyway? Silly answers only, please.

"HEL-lo there, Mike. I'm hoping this loc will prove to be a sufficient show of interest, as I couldn't pass up an issue full of interlinos from the Goon Show. I admit I was tempted not to loc, just to see if I would be no longer receiving KfN - but the temptation to ignore that line wasn't strong enough."

Pity. The trouble with making rash promises about interlinos from the Goon Show is that one has to spend hours listening for the one-, two- and three-liners, which are surprisingly infrequent, and then get them down on paper. However, I have made a start, and you had an example on the last page.

"A shame your decision made you miss GODZILLA vs. THE SMOG MONSTER, truly one of the worst pictures ever made, but featuring a wonderful scene where the Smog Monster throws Godzilla into a ditch and shits all over him. ((What a fogheaded thing to do; I hope he mist.)) I'm still busy trying to find my college a rare print of that excellent film, SWEDISH SEX CLINICS BLOWN WIDE OPEN. Now there's a title that has everything.

"American taste in comedy programming can be quite low; the current No. 1 television series is an insipid concoction called HAPPY DAYS, a tribute to the totally repressed Fifties, whose only asset is an excellent actor named Henry Winkler wasted in a teen-idol role. The funniest comedy ever made for American television, now, was EVIL ROY SLADE, a pilot film that never sold, and was an amazing precursor of Mel Brooks' BLAZING SADDLES. The title character was abandoned by settlers, Indians and wolves, and comes growling out of the desert in his thirties - still in diapers and clutching his teddy bear. The show may not have sold because it was the first comedy whose hero, played brilliantly by John Astin, was the total stereotype villain. 'Mind if I kill your Ma so we can be alone?' he leers at heroine Pam Austin while robbing a bank. When his lookout announces a stranger approaching, Evil Roy yells 'Kill him!' 'It's a woman!' Roy shoots back, 'Wound her!' The villain is a railroad tycoon, played by Mickey Rooney, who wore his index finger to a stub tapping out telegraph messages. The heroine teams with a psychiatrist to 'reform' Evil Roy and give him a new life away from his pursuers. 'You have six apples and your neighbour takes three. What do you have?' 'A dead neighbour', he replies, 'and all six apples'. (Later he peruses a newspaper in puzzlement, and finally says in despair, 'I can't read nothin' unless it says 'See my new doll house'.') The show's premise was perfect for a comedy, and the show resounded with the funniest situations and lines I ever heard. And of course, it never sold.

'I learned two lessons today. Never trust a woman, or a lonely midgot.'

--- Evil Roy Slade

"Don't know if the show ever made it to the UK, where it could even have been distributed as a feature. Despite its flaws (the writer-producers ended up

as executive producers of HAPPY DAYS) it was unceasingly hilarious, and had a beautiful ending."

The name does ring a very faint bell. That "Kill him!"/"Wound her!" routine certainly sounds familiar. Now, don't go away, because it's time for another

Seagoon: Now, General von Gutern, say one word and you're dead.
Von Gutern: Tell me ze vord and I von't say it!

from ILL MET BY GOONLIGHT (1957)

Still on the subject of that square box with all the funny pictures inside:

MARY LONG, Apt. 7, 425 W. Lawrence, Springfield, IL 62704, U.S.A.:

"Speaking of ads, as Paul was indirectly, one of the odder things about tv ads here is that in the comparison type ads, they Name Names. None of your 'a leading brand of shampoo' or 'Brand X washing powder'! I've not seen many tv ads, not having a tv (though we see MONTY PYTHON on some Saturday nights at a friend's house), but the ones I've seen have not struck me very much. They seem rather oldfashioned straightforward 'sell to the camera'. Not much humour, no little 'story-ads' (you know, the sort of thing like the chap who scales the cliffs, escapes the guard-dogs etc. to leave his lady a box of chox)((I know the GPO is pretty bad these days, but that's ridiculous)), and very few as aesthetically pleasing as some of the really beautifully constructed ones seen on English tv."

Seagoon: What is the disposition of your troops?
Von Gutern: Vell, dey're pretty nice fellows, you know, really.

They'll go away in a minute. Yes, I noticed the Naming Names approach when we were over there. It's only the sort of crass behaviour you can expect from bloody colonials, I suppose. I was hoping to be able to take in quite a bit of American tv, but the sets in the various hotels and motels we used were generally badly adjusted. The one in our room at the Fontainebleau (pronounced 'Fontaineblecch'), a huge white and gold rococo beast that weighed a ton, was the worst of all. The choice of channels was less than I expected, too: only four (I think) in Buffalo, and the same in New Orleans and Miami. I remember a fairly strident situation comedy, the film LOGAN'S RUN which I hadn't seen before and don't particularly want to see again, a baseball game which was incomprehensible because of all the game-slang (I wonder if soccer is equally incomprehensible to the uninitiated American?), Doug Trumbull being interviewed (on the TONIGHT show I think, but I can't find the reference in my notebook), but the tv highlight was watching a re-run of DANGER MAN (SECRET AGENT in the States) at Terry Hughes' place. Ah, nostalgia! Don't ask me why I'd go 3000 miles to see repeats of old British tv series.

Seagoon: Clout him again.
Bloodnok: But I've already hit him cnce!
Seagoon: Yes, but von Gutern deserves another!

Worth waiting for, wasn't it? No? Oh well, back to Mary:

"You may be thinking it's difficult to get an empty beer-tin to Donn's son, but what if you were filling in the Xmas parcel's declaration, and had to put down 'musical banana'? I kid you not. It's a 'souvenir of Florida' harmonica, which was so awful that we couldn't resist getting one for my brother-in-law, who has the same warped sense of humour as me!"

I seen one! I seen one! Can't remember exactly where, though. There was also a (wait for it....) 'Melody Melon' on the same lines. The extreme ~~****~~ tackiness of the souvenirs was noticeable everywhere we went. I wanted to get something for me mum, but her sense of humour's too small to be warped and she doesn't like bourbon, so she had to do without. I sent her plenty of postcards though.

I've been trying to think of some suitably fruity tunes that one could play on a musical banana, but apart from Floyd Cramer's LAST DATE, nothing much springs to mind. HOME HOME ON TH'ORANGE? ON THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINEAPPLE?

You're right, I'll give up. MA CHERRY AMOUR?

Sorry. Have a nice fruity letter instead:

DAVE ROMM, address as p195:

"I always thought growing raspberries was fairly interesting, but who am I to disagree with Kevin Hall? Shrinking raspberries is kinda dull (not the pickle), but sometimes it's the only way to get them through the straw.

"Some ooncooms go all out for the attendees. One went so far as to provide prostitutes for ~~us~~ shy types. Their room was called The Whorefanago."

That's right, I remember it now: you went in, but the room was very crowded with customers; nevertheless, your great charm immediately brought you several offers of free samples. Harry Harrison was there, and later wrote the incident into one of his best novels, MAKE ROMM! MAKE ROMM!

BSFDTANTO MEETS THE SFWA

Make Room! Make Room!/The Man Who Folded Himself
The Moon is a Harsh Mistress/Whipping Star

Final Blackout/Crash
Next of Kin/Strange Relations

TERRY JEEVES, 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield, S11 9FE:

"Many thanks for KNOCKERS...which arrived alongside of something called SMALL FRIENDLY INFERNO...or was it DOG ON A HOT TINFERNO? It was nice to get it... heck, it's always nice to get it. So is your fanzine. I like to get that as well. One correction though...

ART: by Skel throughout, except p172 by Taral Wayne MacDonald.

...How about Terry Jeeves on p193 ???? sniff and small sob."

Sooooo. I probably bunged that piece in to fill up the space after I'd typed the 'preamble' pages'.

"When Kevin Hall says you need talent to be interesting...dunno, Harold Wilson bores me to tears...but if he was going to jump off a cliff I'd be very interested to watch it happen.

"Ignorant me,..what do the letters N, or C6 etc. signify and those other cryptic letters 3A 8X and so on in the book listings?? I know they refer to Gil

Gaier's subject classification but I don't happen to have one in my top pocket...and they still don't explain what the N means."

One or two others have asked similar questions, so: N stands for 'novel'; L15 indicates a collection of 15 shorter pieces 'linked' by a common theme, e.g. Keith Roberts' ANITA mentioned this time; C6 indicates a collection of 6 unlinked pieces (e.g. THE BEST OF FRANK HERBERT 1952-64); the date (e.g. 11.77) shows that I read the book in question during November 1977; the other date (e.g. 1961) shows when the material first appeared in book form; the other numbers and symbols refer to Gil's evaluation system, which I've explained briefly in previous issues - I'm sure Gil would gladly give more details to anyone interested enough to write him. I print all this stuff for three reasons: as a memo to myself; for any help it may be to Gil and his Project; and because I enjoy seeing what other fen have been reading and what they thought of it, and I figure I can't be the only one. Correction: four reasons. ~~Nobody expects~~ I'm a compulsive list-maker.

SON OF THE SONG OF THE BOOK OF THE FILM OF THE TRAM

I'll Follow the Naked Sun
The Elusive Butterfly Kid

The Londonderry Airs of Earth
Wonderful Land of Unreason

Someone else completely lacking in the Arcane Wisdom of the Ancients is:

JOSEPH NICHOLAS, 2 Wilmot Way, Camberley, Surrey, GU15 1JA:

"According to this excuse for a filing system that I use, the last time I wrote was back in January ((1976)), in response to KfN 3. Whassamatter, didn't I loc KfN 4, or did I just fail to make a copy? And what does this letter 'P' against my name in the list of the guilty mean? Piss-artist? Prune? Pr-ck? ((Pr-bably.)) (I thought Presdorf got that?) You didn't provide a code, dammit. Are you trying to communicate with me in some nameless cabalistic fashion, so secret that not even the recipient of the message is able to break the code? Did the cypher machine sent to me under armed guard suffer aerial attack by fifty shock commandos and fall into the hands of the enemy (whoever they are)?

"Or did you miss the typer key for 'L' and hit 'P' instead? Christ, how mundane. ((No...today's fridane.)) I expected better; one shock commando, at least. How unlike me not to loc something. I'd even loc the electricity bill, if I thought the bozos in the office would listen."

They'll have gone ohm by now anyway. No, the 'P' means you responded to KfN 4 with a pocsard, or PoC as Gil Gaier calls them. That makes it a PoC-mark, doesn't it? I think your filing system needs a few new excuses.

"I used to read Biggles a lot when I was a kid. Innocent and unknowing as I was, I never wondered how or why the guy stayed the same age throughout the entire twentieth century. I'd read some schlock about shooting down the Hun in 1917 and then, without turning a hair, read an equal load of schlock about chasing air pirates with the Special Air Patrol in the 1950s. ((Ah, those were the days, when an airscrew was something that pulled the plane along.)) Perhaps that's one of the joys of youth; you're undemanding enough to accept this obvious nonsense with never a murmur of dissent; one's critical faculties improve with age, denying the gleaning of any further joy from books you first read as a kid. Like the first book that I read that

bore the label 'science fiction' on its spine - an Ace edition of Edmond Hamilton's OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSE, which I thought was brilliant, until I tracked down a copy and re-read it a few years back, when I realised how awful it was. The same with a lot of the SF books that I borrowed from the Library when I first discovered the stuff at age twelve or thereabouts.

"About the only books that don't age are A. A. Milne's WINNIE-THE-POOH stories. Hell, I still have my teddy-bear, actually called Pooh, who now does sterling service as a bookend on the topmost shelf, preventing you from being hit on the head by D&D stuff every time you open the door."

Imagine it..... Pooh, the ever-ready Teddy, leaping down from his shelf and knocking six Ogres in the groin to prevent them beating the exploring party's heads in with their clubs. Smells a bit, but has a heart of gold.

However, this zine is getting far too screen with all this sci-fi talk, so after a quick

Eccles: My father was clever.
Bluebottle: Oh. What did he do?
Eccles: Nothing. He was really clever.

from ILL MET BY GOONLIGHT

we'll move on to something more.....well.....or less.....hrmph.....
ermm..... Oh, take it away, Dennis:

DENNY LIEN, 2408 S. Dupont Ave., Apt. 1, Minneapolis, MN 55405, U.S.A.:

"

31 May 76

Mearae:

same address
22 November 76

Same salutation,

Well as you can see my intentions were good but I was a few months getting around to carrying them out. (Still, it's a bit of hard cheese to get the big X after my name; even Pew ((don't you mean Pooh?)) gave black spots ((sorry)) which must have required a bit of artistic concentration and not just a slap of your gross hairy thumb ((so you do mean Pooh!)) against a typer key. People take no personal pride in their petty cruelties any more. Bloody mass production.)

"I just ran across Rich Bartucci's reference to fabulously fannish Minneapolis and the home of 'the redoubtable Denny Lien'. After I stopped screaming to my companions, I started wondering: why does Rich keep doubting me over and over again? (Someday I'll be old and tired and worn-out and respectable and Rich will keep insisting on suspecting me. You can't win; ~~but for but~~ ~~but for but~~.) Rich's suggestion that Minneapolis fandom activities consist mostly of sexual orgies, however, cannot go unchallenged. It's just that it's, like, cold, see, and. . . .

"Skelton's theory about storing those moments during each year when one is a genius and running them all at once to enable the race to take a quantum leap forward reminds me of a statistic I once saw indicating that if you add up the total number of seconds (or semi-seconds?) of height of orgasm that

the average human experiences during his/her life it comes to about five minutes total for the life. 'Five minutes of ultimate ecstasy' was how the article put it (only spelling a bit better as they didn't have to type on a TV tray, bloody bastards). I expect as this news is passed about that various folk will queue up to ask for their five minutes in advance early. 'Please sir, I was planning to suicide tonight.' 'My sister says she doesn't want any and could I have her five minutes too, sir.' 'I have been timing myself and I'm up to seven minutes already; who do I see to repay?' etc.

"Aussie friends of my acquaintance (now how the bloody hell could I have friends with whom I was not acquainted) ((well I ought to know; I'm a pretty quaint ed. myself)) assure me that Foster's is the drugs of beer from Australia which exports it so as to get rid of it and keeps the good stuff.

"I hadn't realised that George Stewart died in 1955. In fact, considering that someone in YANDRO a couple of years back mentioned just having met him, I suspect he didn't, unless he's even more remarkable a person than he seems to be."

Maybe it's Buck Coulson who's more remarkable than he seems. No, that's impossible. Hmmm. Can anyone sort this out for definite? Curses, the sercons have crept noticeably closer to the camp-fires; back, you self-i beasties, back I say!

"Mention ((in KFN 4)) of lyrics being put to a variety of tunes brings up the deservedly little-known fact that one can sing FOLSON PRISON BLUES and PIN-BALL WIZARD to each other's tunes easily, though they do sound quite Silly. And one can sing Frost's poem 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening' to HERMANDO'S HIDEAWAY, and several of Wordsworth's 'Lucy' poems to MACNAMARA'S BAND. ((This would be an improvement. In both cases.)) Not to mention George Wells, who can sing 'The Green Hills of Earth' to anything and does, every convention. (AMAZING GRACE, GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY and THE COCA-COLA SONG are some of his more revolting. And DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD.)"

I can breathe easier, knowing that. Didn't you know that Tunes Help You Breathe More Easily? Come to think of it, perhaps you didn't.

"Some states of the US (well, one anyway) even have State Fossils. I forget which one it is, as when I heard it I immediately concluded that it was one of its Senators. . . ."

"Then there's the school in Arizona that insisted its mascot be the artichoke and got it through over the objections of the administration. Their sports teams are nicknamed 'The Fighting Artichokes'."

Maybe Artie should try a Tune or two between rounds.

"On to KFN 3: 'Nextish . . . won't have book reviews (apart from publishers' review copies)': you mean nextish will have publishers' review copies? Staped right into the zine or how?"

Ooooh, you're so picky! Incidentally, if you haven't yet managed to get hold of a copy of the Sellers/Milligan LP HE'S INNOCENT OF WATERGATE, send me a cassette and I'll tape it for you.

We-e-ll.... perhaps I should relent and explain for the benefit of those unfamiliar with UK tv ads that Tunes are the modern equivalent of Victory-V lozenges and Uncle Joe's Mint Balls, i.e. medicated sweeties for soothing the throat and clearing the nasal passages. Not to be confused, however, with a similar product, Fisherman's Friend, which is for clearing the naval passages. Hello sailor.

Now, here's someone who ought to know about Aussie beer:

MARC ORTLIEB, 70 Hamblynn Rd., Elizabeth Downs, South Australia 5113:

"In stating the Newt-onion laws of motion you neglected the Ein-stein correction, to wit: should the amount of alcohol used in the experiment be less than ein stein (or as we would say in English, a pint), these laws do not hold true. In particular, there is a time distortion effect, such that by the time you've lined up your first pickled newt with the onion, the barman is likely to call 'Time gentlemen please'."

What a curieous notion; certainly nothing to bragg about. People have been made to walk the planck for less. No, your ideas are definitely not fermi. Anyway, this is getting bohring so hoyle stop now.

"And speaking of bheer, your rude comments with reference to that vile brow commonly referred to as Foster's Lager are truly justified. Before giving up alcohol on my doctor's advice (he advised me that there were far more pleasant ways of chemically reorganising one's mind) I occasionally indulged in the various bheers of which my adopted country boasts. Speaking as an inhabitant of South Australia, I can only say that the bheer of the ghods is Southwark Bitter. Foster's is just Melbourne propaganda."

Funny way to spell 'piss'. In a part of his letter which I haven't used, Denny mentions having enjoyed Cairns XX, Courage, Victoria Bitters, but not Southwark Bitter, when he was over in '75.

"There is a definite something about KfN and I think it's humour. (At least, I found myself making funny noises with my mouth when I read it, and I don't think I was choking.)"

I'll send you a packet of Tunes, just in case. Ta for your kind words, and this one's for you:

Seagoon: All ashore lads! We're on Crete.

Bloodnok: This beach is hard.

Seagoon: Then we must be on concrete.

from ILL MET BY GOONLIGHT

And if you think the standard of the interlineations has hit rock bottom, you ain't seen nuthin' yet!

And now, a hoarse of a different colour, namely:

DAVE LOCKE, 25840 Oak Street No. 11, Lomita, CA 90717, U.S.A.:

"I'll buy Mike Glicksohn's observation that U.S.A. beer isn't the most popular in the world, but that's only because they run it through the kidneys of a wolverine before bottling it. There are a few quite drinkable U.S.A. beers, though: Michelob, Pabst, Andeker, Schlitz draft. And there are others that won't kill you. But Mike didn't say U.S.A. beer, though that's what he meant. He said 'American' beer, and American beer is the best in the world, imho. Of course, the American country I'm referring to is Mexico, and most Southern California beer experts of my acquaintance (me included) are often willing to shell out the extra cash to obtain Dos Equis. ((See, I told you it was about horses: Dos Equis = Two Horses, right?)) German beers are excellent, but Mexican beer is great. Dos Equis is the best, but there's

also Tres Equis, Carta Blanca, Mexicali, and a good number of other brews that are worth twice their weight in Heineken. In fact, I've never had a Mexican beer that rated less than superb. Don't know why their beer is so good; sure can't be the water."

Heading north out of Miami after Suncon, we stopped to pick up some refreshments at a liquor store which had Dos Equis. Vague memories of fannish praise for this beer prompted me to buy a six-pack. It was okay, I suppose, but it suffered from the same basic fault (to my taste-buds anyway) as most of the other US beers I tried: too thin and lacking in flavour. The other beers my little notebook specifically mentions are draught Schlitz (palatable); Michlob (like Schlitz but less flavoursome); Budweiser (blah); Coors (overrated); Dixie (the draught was distinctive & quite nice, the canned just....blah); Pearl (blah); Pabst (blah); Olympia (blah); Newcastle Brown (huh? Tasted just the same as back home, actually - I suppose it was shipped in bulk and bottled in the States - but those dinky little bottles were real cute); and Ballantine's IPA, which was all Glicksohn said it would be, and the only pleasantly memorable beer experience I brought back with me. Having now sampled beer in England, Europe and the States, I have to say that I think ours is best. However, Dave and any US fen planning on coming over in '79, I'm prepared to discuss the matter, and we could have a very pleasant time doing so.

Jones: Your new system failed to predict that earthquake we had yesterday.

Smith: No, the system's all right. It was just my fault.

Jones: It makes me quake to think that you have neglected your responsibilities.

Smith: Well, you can't have your quake and eat it, too.

Dialog from DELIRIUM TREMORS (a low-budget sequel to EARTHQUAKE!; filmed on a trampoline).

"I could have told you that Firesign Theatre and Cheech & Chong smelled like an unwashed box, but you never asked me. Now, if you want humor, buy a George Carlin album. Try the Brooks/Reiner 2013 YEAR OLD MAN album. If you've got a cassette player I can send you a few cuts as a sampler."

I'd appreciate that, as I've never heard of the guy. Let me know what you'd like in exchange.

Another ~~Roadside Attraction~~ negative reaction from:

VICTORIA VAYNE, P.O. Box 156, Stn. D, Toronto, Ontario, Canada:

"Firesign Theatre humour has always left me cold too, although I don't know how I'd react today what with all the changes in me. Nevertheless in previous years, when a record of this sort was put on it was the signal for me to pick up a book or to take off for elsewhere with other nonfans of the stuff. An example of their humour might be something like a bit I spotted quoted in an old ENERGIUMEN I had once borrowed: 'How wide is the river? 50 feet. How long is it? 150 miles. That settles it, we'll build the bridge across it.' Okay. I can see what is intended to be funny. I can also see that some people would find that funny. But it leaves me absolutely cold in an 'unprimed' state."

I find that funny. Unfortunately, though the Firesigns may have used it it certainly ain't original to them. It is in fact a direct steal from the Goon Show,

though the title of the show in question escapes me, but it was remade into the full-length LP version called THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER WYE. If there were more identifiable jokes like that in the Firesigns' material, I'd probably like it a lot better.

On to pastures new:

JIM MEADOWS, 31 Apple Ct., Park Forest, IL 60466, U.S.A.:

"I'm sorry the Firesign Theatre turned you off, but the two albums you heard don't have instant acceptance in their favor. As two of the most ambitious albums from the group (both nominated for Hugos, interestingly enough), they require repeated listening to be fully appreciated, so listening only once is a mistake. Furthermore, their satire is so dependent on a good knowledge of American culture, especially American media (radio & tv mostly), especially the media and culture of the west coast, that it is little wonder that a Britisher is as left cold by it as many Americans are left cold by, say, Cook & Moore routines in thick dialect. If Cheech & Chong worked better with you than Firesign, it's because they work on a more basic level, and if their 'Basketball Jones' failed to work, it's because to appreciate it, you must be familiar with American soul music and the black sub-culture that developed it. And from watching British take-offs on American blacks on shows like THE GOODIES, one assumes that you don't know much."

That last remark shows that you've rather missed the point of the Goodies' style, which often involves the lampooning of stereotypes. Humour is very subjective anyway, and ethnic humour must be even more limited in its appeal. To explain exactly why a particular sketch/act/comic is funny is really quite difficult, I find; the more so because of the embarrassing facets of one's own personality which may be revealed in the process.

"I see more sparks flying between individual fans and yourself more often in KfN than happens in other zines, and I'm sorry this happens so often. The most obvious was between you and Jessica Salmonson this ish, with your formal severing of communications. You can't blame just one person for these squabbles, but I intend to look peevishly at the editor. I mean, Mike, it's your zine, and while that does give you the right to kick people out of it, as it were, I also expect the editor to have a cooler head than the loccer, who often writes a hot letter at the spur of the moment."

Firstly, Jessica's was not a hot letter written on the spur of the moment. Secondly, I could 'kick people out' of KfN quite effectively simply by not printing their letters. But in this particular case, that way out was too easy. The only effective way of relieving my irritation and anger at the contents of Jessica's letter was, I felt, to make both the letter and my reactions to it public via the pages of KfN. (Fanzines as therapy, folks.) Besides, as you say, it is my zine (ours, actually, but I usually do all the writing), and if I want to blow my cool and make a fool of myself therein, that's my privilege. As it so happens, loc-opinion was quite evenly divided on the rightness or otherwise of my reply to Jessica, but that's irrelevant, as my intention in printing the whole thing was not to provide comment-hooks, but to make me feel better. Which it did. It's an ill wind, blah etc. as the saying goes, and when the dust had settled I found that though I enjoyed puns about women's legs as much as ever, nevertheless I was aware of a sexist facet to my personality which must have been there all the time, but which I hadn't noticed till just then. It was an unpleasant shock, but at least I can now begin to correct the damage done by 28

years' worth of conditioned responses. But I still dislike extremism, and extremists.

This item from the front page of a recent SUN caught my eye (you get all the really important ~~news~~ news in THE SUN): the Griffiths of Worcestershire, have christened their new son Tom Dickon Harry. This is the sort of punning approach I use in naming D&D characters (who could forget the Comte Tagious de Ziese (even his laugh is infectious), his friend Neville A. de Fingarona; Gunter Lunsch, the original sour Kraut; or...), but when ego-tripping parents start laying their bizarre senses of humour on their unknowing offspring, it's really beyond a joke. Schoolkids are experts at fashioning taunts and insults from even the most innocuous of names, and they're going to have a field day with this lad when his time comes. But get this: his parents are both schoolteachers, who of all people should know this. "He will need a sense of humour to enjoy his name" quoth Mrs. Griffith, "and think of the fun he can have." I sincerely hope that when this lad becomes a strapping, six-foot-three eighteen-year-old, he will derive tremendous fun from smashing his silly parents' heads together, and that they will have sufficient sense of humour left to appreciate the joke.

BSFDTANTO MEETS ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN THINK OF

The Demolished Man/We Can Build You Cosmic Engineers/The Lathe of Heaven
Sea-Horse in the Sky/The Dragon in the Sea Planets for Sale/Buy Jupiter

BRIETT COX, Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463, U.S.A.:

"Goodfan Bartucci's loc was a pleasure to read, as usual, but I'm sorry to see him getting into more trouble concerning the sociobiological (or biosociological, whichever you prefer) status of women. I feel safe in assuming that 98.6% of this was not meant to be taken seriously, but ghd, I grow tired of male vs. female controversies in locs. Some would charge that I'm in no position to be critical, since I've participated in such debates myself (most recently in Bruce Arthurs' GODLESS), but still in all it seems like I can't open up a fanzine these days without finding some kind of sexual controversy ablazing. If someone could think of something new or interesting to say about any of it it wouldn't be so bad, but no one ever does, so it all grows very boring after a while."

Amen. Sorry....., 'Apersons'. Got to be careful now, you know. I must admit to being rather amused by a sign that caught my eye whilst shopping in Marks & Spencer's yesterday: 'BRAS, OUTSTANDING VALUE' it said. Small things may amuse small minds, but I've always been a 38D man myself.

Speaking of animal instincts, which I almost was (down, boy), here's someone who hasn't got many:

LAURINE WHITE, 5408 Leader Ave., Sacramento, CA 95841, U.S.A.:

"There is still a lot about kittens and rats and gannets I don't understand. MAYA is a gannetzine (I think), Dave Rowe is a kitten, and Brian Hampton is a boffin rather than a buffoon (this from an article in WILD FENNEL), but my unabridged dictionary does not define 'boffin'."

You should get a dictionary which is bridged, as these tend to be bigger. (Well, you've heard of the Bridge of Size, haven't you?) Anyway, a boffin is a sort of cross between a bobbin (on which they wind up the thread then you can't find the

end to save your life) and a coffin (in which you wind up when they can't save you and the threads of your life come to an end). Hope you were paying real close attention, there. Dave Rowe is a pussy cat rather than a kitten, and the gamnets no longer exist as such: owing to their endorsement of the music of groups such as the Stranglers, one can only assume they have been devoured by the dreaded Punk Roc.

Well, I'm glad that's sorted out. I sure hate to see people confused. What you've got to remember, Laurine, is that over here in Britain we don't produce fanzines, oh no. Faunazines are our speciality.

Someone who certainly can't be accused of fawning is:

FRANK BALAZS, 69 N. Allen St., Albany, NY 12203, U.S.A.:

"I can understand Glicksohn's displeasure at 'gratuitous slurs' leveled against him. Math teacher or not, the poor man seems to get more than his fair share. Over in England, it's Leroy Kettle and here in the U.S., it's Bill Bowers and half of fandom. I sponse Bowers doesn't count for much; by now, I would hope Glicksohn sheds Bowers quips like a duck sheds water. Yet there are still fleas scattered about the fannish world sucking Mike's blood, whether it's Larry Downes or Barry Malzberg, everyone feels they have the right to a casual quip about Mike's obnoxious drinking habits, his unsightly beard, or his inferior stature. Attila the Hun, himself, once said that 'I could pillage a whole village long before Glicksohn could finish a case of IPA'. Please, Mike, don't let Mike know that because I'm sure it would hurt his feelings and he couldn't very well take revenge on someone who died centuries before he was born, could he? So the next time you want to make a quip at Mike Glicksohn's expense, do think twice and make sure it's a really good one."

But I have never made a quip at Mike's expense! The only thing he sends me money for is so I can airmail his copies of KfN to him. Now there's a man whose taste (and salary) I admire.

I never knew that Attila the Hun died centuries before he was born. Must have been his ghost that did all that pillaging then, and who could blame him for feeling so spiteful? The revenge motive would seem superfluous in such circumstances.

Eccles: I'm one of the greatest swimmers on earth, you know. No good in the water, but very good on earth."

from THE GREATEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD (1954)

We-e-ell.... hello there, Mike! We were just talking about you:

MIKE GLICKSOHN, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, Canada:

"Gee, I made the cover of a fanzine! That certainly calls for another libation! Although whether or not being on the same set of covers as Brute Tornley is anything to be pleased about I'm not sure. It's almost a sobering thought to find oneself in tune with Bruce: if I ever start drawing ~~as bad~~ like Brad Parks then I'll know some anti-fan has been lacing my whiskey with corflu!

"Because I see so many fanzines and respond to quite a large percentage of

them, I tend to forget the contents of an individual issue. For example, until reading page 186 I'd completely forgotten that you promised a drink to the supplier of a caption for that cartoon that graces the covers of these Knockers. However, once reminded, twice thirsty, so I shall make a note that Mike Meara owes me a drink, and when next I'm in England I shall call and collect it. And I'll bring with me an affidavit from Bruce signing over his drink to me! That'll teach you to go putting your foot in your mouth."

I paid off that debt in Newcastle, must be a year ago at least, which only shows how old this letter is. Though if I'd remembered my promise at the time, I'd never have come to the party at all. You never managed to wheedle old Bruce's free drink out of him though, did you? A trufan never signs over a free drink, or forgets who owes him one, or remembers who he owes one to.

"Rich Bartucci brings out a point that plays an important role in the game of Scotch Roulette I'm forced to play each time I head Stateside for a con. With every different state having its own highly distinctive liquor laws, one never knows when one is going to suddenly discover that one is out of the Good Stuff and all the stores that sell it are closed until next September 31st. Canadian liquor laws may be antediluvian but they are at least consistent over wide areas. On the other hand, the spirit of free enterprise that sometimes enterprisingly frees spirits in certain states down south is a joy to behold. Scotch prices in Illinois, for example, are almost enough to make one want to become a resident of that state. It is only the thought of one's Daley existence that deters one from the move."

We don't have that problem over here, of course: our licensing laws are uniformly cretinous all over the country, except in Wales, where they're even more cretinous, and the Isle of Man (I think), where they don't have any. But who'd want to live there? Not only the inhabitants, but the island itself keeps falling into the sea, according to a news item I saw recently. Pub opening hours do vary slightly from borough to borough, though, and this can work to the dedicated drinker's advantage: for example, consider a lonely pub out in the wilds of ~~Stockport~~ the Yorkshire moors; the landlord can't work out which borough he's in, and which opening hours to keep, so he solves the problem by staying open all the time. Such places are rumoured to exist, though I've never actually found one. It's fun looking, though.

"I sit corrected. The hydroxyl group is a radical, not a molecule. There was no call to be negative about it."

Well, okay, but in future I'll be keeping my ion you.

"Bruce the Bruce to the contrary, the most interesting thing about Oklahoma is that it is perhaps the only political entity in the world which has a statute in its lawbooks making it illegal to transport a whale across the state in question. This apparently goes back to a time when a travelling circus/aquarium/side show/whathaveyou had its whale die while in Oklahoma and because they diddled around so long in getting the thing moved, it burst asunder while being shipped back to wherever the carcasses of ex-leviathans are shipped, littering a large area of the state with decomposing and highly offensively olefactory chunks of fetid flesh. To me there is nothing Oklahoma could do to top that delightfully fascinating fact."

There ought to be a pun in there somewhere, but I can't see it. So I'll just be picky and point out that there's no such word as 'olefactory'. Sounds like a place where they train bullfighters. You can't have thought it matador you'd

have checked in the dictionary. Unless it was a typo and you meant..... yes, of course, that's where they were taking the whale: an oil-factory!

Incidentally, am I right in assuming that the avenue of your park is high because it's been using too much grass?

This one's just for you, Mike:

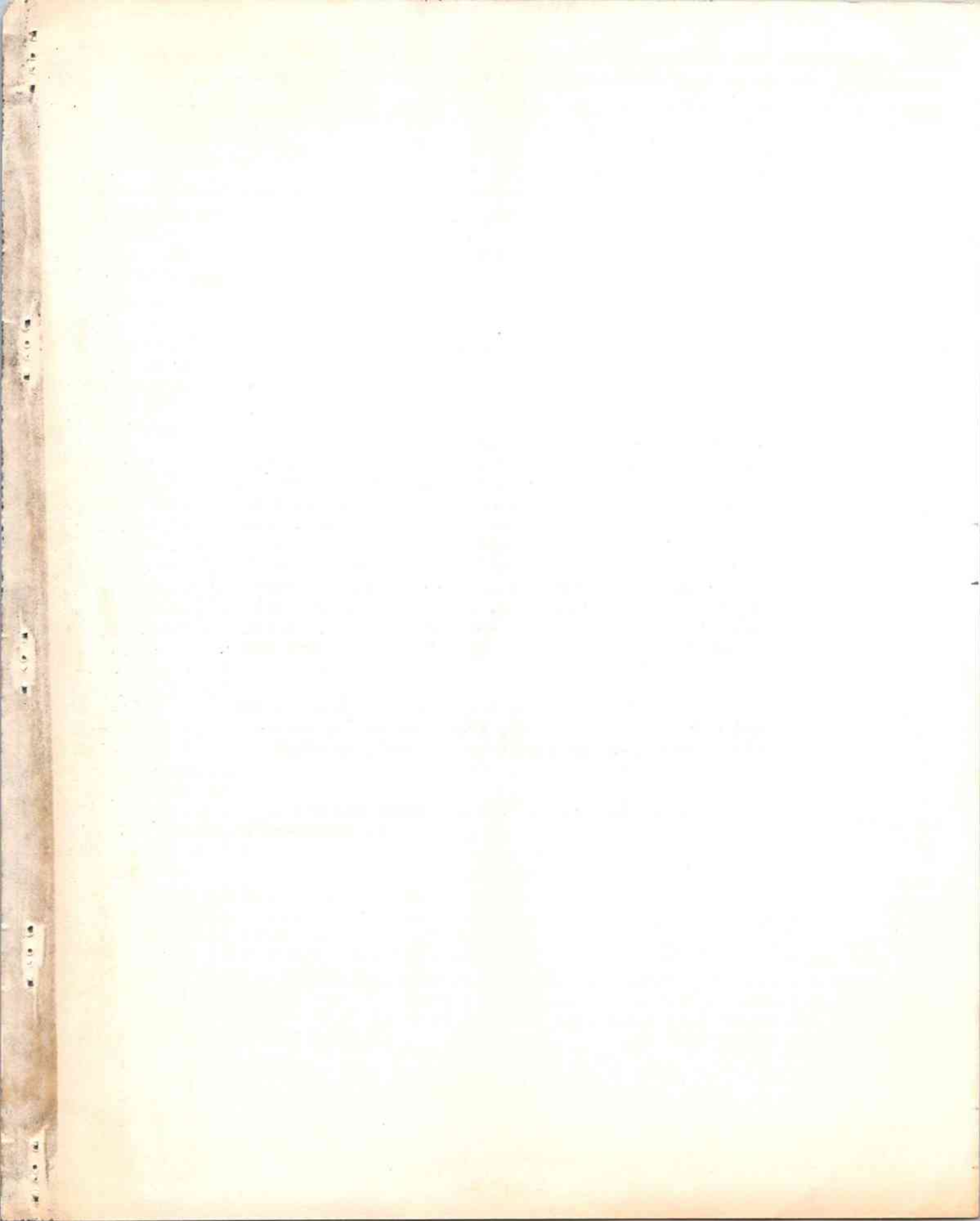
Seagoon (Toulouse Lautrec): What's the matter Fifi? Don't you love me any longer?

Thynne (Gauguin): If you were longer she'd love you much more.

from TALES OF MONTMARTRE (1956)

This issue should have been longer, too. It's been five months since the first part of this stenoil was typed, during which time I planned, even first-drafted, quite a lot more material, but somehow the will to get it down on stenoil isn't there at the moment. If I leave these stenoils around much longer I shall begin to hate the issue, which wouldn't be nice, so I'll wind it up here and now. (3rd August 78)

(...continued from page ii): David MOYER (BIOYA 3); Pat MUELLER (AWRY 1/OBLIQUE 2); Joseph NICHOLAS (L*); Jodie OFFUTT (X); Marc ORTLIEB (L*/MAD DAN REVIEW 5 6/MARC 1/MINARDOR 1 2 3 4); Pauline PALMER (WILD FENNEL 12/13 14); Darroll & Ro PARDOE (STULTICIAE LAUS 6/MEET ON THE LEDGE 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17); Brian PARKER (PARKER'S PATCH 3/A BIT OF THE OTHER 1); Dick PATTEN (ZYMURGY j k l); David PATTERSON (CYGNUS 3 4); Bernie PEEK (L*); Lee PELTON & Carol KENNEDY (RUNE 48 49 50 51); Bruce PEIZ (PROFANITY 12 13); Tom PERRY (L*/QUARK 14); Greg PICKERSGILL & Simone WALSH (SOD-OFF/STOP BREAKING DOWN 4 5 6); Dave PIPER (L*); Graham POOLE (CYCLOTRON 1/GRAPO 1 2 3/SPI 6); Pete PRESFORD (MALFUNCTION 9 10 11); Denis QUANE (NfCD 14); Randy REICHARDT (WINDING NUMBERS 5); Neil REST (R); Geoff RIPPINGTON (TITAN/ARENA 3 4 5 6); Peter ROBERTS (EGG 11); Dave ROMM (L*/IMPRESSIONS 3 4 5); Howie ROSENBLUM (SONF 9); Dave ROWE; John ROWLEY (ARGO NAVIS v2n2); Paul RYAN (O'RYAN 4); Alan SANDERCOCK (DREAM VENDOR 2); Daniel SAY (GUARD THE NORTH); Joyce SCRIVNER (R); Bob SHAW (FOKT 1 2); Stu SHIFFMAN (FLUSHING IN '80 BID PROSPECTUS); Paul & Cas SKELTON (INFERNAL/SMALL FRIENDLY DOG 12 13 14 15/TZTHNN 2); Andrew & Diane SMITH; Jeff & Ann SMITH (KHATRU 6); Kevin SMITH (DOT 1 2 3); Kevin SMITH (U.S.A.); Sylvia STARSHINE; Philip STEPHENSEN-PAYNE (L); Andrew STEPHENSON (X); Alan & Elke STEWART (LONDON SF 1); Wally STOELTING (FAN'S ZINE 9 10 11 12 13 14); Mae STRELKOV; Roy TACKETT; Brian TAWN (L*/SCRIBE 4 5); Don THOMPSON (DON-O-SAUR 45 46 47 48 49 50); Paul THOMPSON; Ira THORNHILL (FEAR 'N' LOATHEN' 3); Suzanne TOMPKINS; Bruce TOWNLEY (LE VIOL 10/PHIZ 3); Victoria WAYNE (L*/SIMULACRUM 2B 3 7/FANTHOLOGY '76/NON SEQUITUR 13); Sopwith VON ANGEL (ZEALOT 1); Roger WADDINGTON (L); Keith WALKER (FANZINE FANATIQUE 20 22 23 24 25 26 27/FAN ROOM 00); Chris WALTON (L); Michael WARD (PREPENTIOUS SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY 1); Bob WEBBER (PANTEKHNIKON 2); Elst WEINSTEIN (DANGEROUS CRUDZINES 4); Don WEST (DAISNAID 4 6); Peter WESTON (X); Robert WHITAKER (THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK 10); Laurine WHITE (L*); Terry WHITTIER (ALTAIR 4/FAN ART REVIEW); Janet WILD (L*); Ian WILLIAMS (GOBLIN'S GROUTO 3/SIDDHARTHA 8); Kevin WILLIAMS (DURFED 2/GANNETSCRAPBOOK 3 4); Bob WILSON (X); Susan WOOD (AMOR 10 11 12 13 14 15 16); Peter WRIGHT (SF FORUM 1); Leah ZELDES (IMP 1). (Listing completed 4 August 78)



"Is it true that the knocker is ugly because people are so fond of the knocker as it is? ... I do not think that the contentment with the ugliness of suburban knockers originates with a mystic respect for them ... What we of the Brixton atmosphere really feel is that our knockers are good enough as knockers; they are quite evidently inadequate as sculptured allegories. As long as we take the knocker as an unmeaning thing, it is well enough. But ... if once we saw in the knocker as that it really means, we should tear down the present knockers and substitute others...

"We leave our knockers as they are because we do not care about knockerity, about the divine Platonic knocker ... The moment we see that, we alter our knockers."

(from G. K. CHESTERTON, "The Pessimist and the Door-knocker")