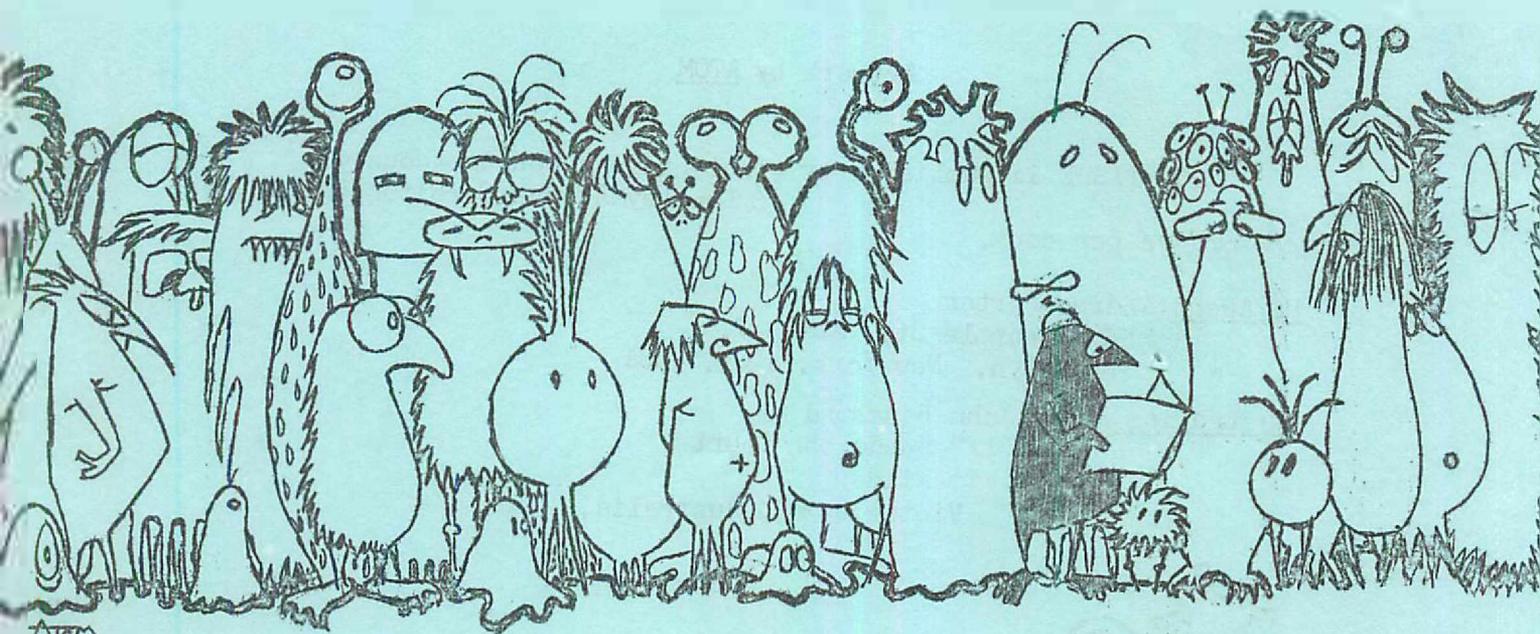
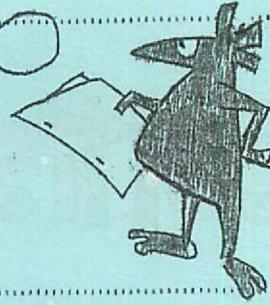


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56



Contents

OCTOBER 1970

NATTERINGS.....by Ethel Lindsay
'A SORE ENGAGEMENT'.....by Robert Coulson
LETTERS.....by The Readers
NIBBLINGS.....Reviews.....By Ethel Lindsay.

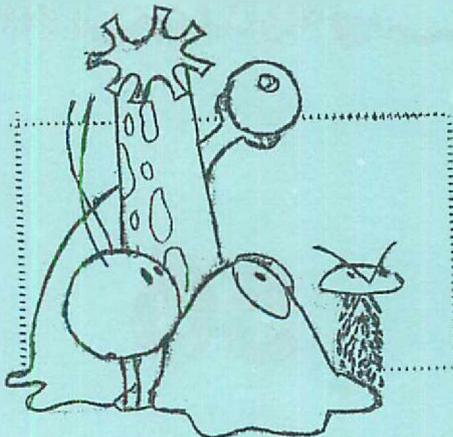
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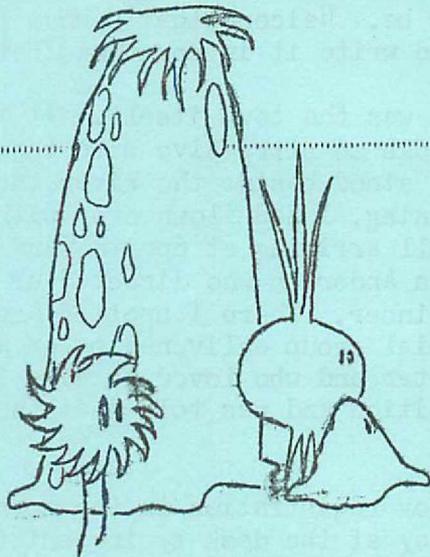
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NATTERINGS



Some people produce their fanzines; and some people proudly present them; I have to confess that SCOTTISHE sort of lurches out. The first lurch comes when I think to myself that it is high time another issue appeared. I can spend a whole two days just mulling that thought over before another lurch results in my sending off a parcel of stencils to ATOM. After that I can smugly relax for a while. One thing about ATOM - he is not likely to send them back in a couple of days and so give my nervous system a terrible shock. However, soon my conscience will jerk; I know very well I need not wait for the return of the stencils to get cracking. I could start on the letter column. So, letters get done first, and then the reviews. Usually before that is finished the stencils have come home and I am once again admiring Arthur's work. The last thing to be done is this column..for here I have to think. As this can be painful I usually need the letter column to stimulate me into the process.

Once I get the stencils cut the running off and collating is quite easy. Time was, though, when I dreaded the stapling. My small hand has little strength and after the stapling session I had a sair, sair hand. Arthur came to my rescue with the present of a new stapler; one that only needs to be gently squeezed to do the job. Four times a year, at stapling time, I used to envy other women their husbands (oh for a strong man at stapling time..)but not any more.

Which reminds me of a conversation in the Sister's Sitting-room the other day. Two married Sisters had got onto the subject of their husbands' socks. The younger one said bitterly.."You never think when you are all dewy-eyed

Natterings 2

and getting wed about things like his feet and his socks!". She asked the older Sister what she did about her husband's socks. The answer came very promptly..."I throw them out the window into the garden". On enquiry I discovered that she really did do this; and each morning collected them in for washing. The younger Sister was made of sterner stuff though, she made her husband wash his own socks.

Hum..I did not really mean to get sidetracked onto Tales of the Sisters' Sittingroom no matter how diverging they may be. Heicon---that's what I must tell you about---if only to save me having to write it in countless letters.

The thing I liked best about the Heicon was the town itself. It is fairly small, easy to find one's wayaround, and looks so attractive with the River Nekkar running alongside. As the Stadthalle stood beside the river there was always a lovely walk first thing in the morning. I had flown over with Bill Burns and we headed straight for the con hall arriving at 6pm to find it had closed. However we then met Paoul and Karen Anderson who directed us to a nearby pub where a group had gathered for dinner. There I spotted Axel Melhardt and we soon were absorbed in a congenial group enlivened by an Austrian called Dieter who had brought along his guitar and who loved to sing folk-songs in English. I asked about the Opposition and was told that they thought we were all fascists!

I guessed there would be a long queue for registration in the morning so got up early--7am in fact! I found Mario busy at the desk typing out the names and doing about three other things at the same time. After this I went back to the main street to a department store where I had coffee. This was the first test of my German; and I came away feeling rather pleased. For one thing it was a great help to be able to read the signs and directions. I had discovered that a little German was better than none.

On my return to the hall I tried to find where I could help with the Art Show. I discovered there was a hold-up as the hangings had not arrived. I had asked Manfred about three times during the morning about their arrival; and the last time he had asked me not to do it again. It had begun to dawn on me that there were only four people on that committee..Manfred, Molly, Mario and Hans-Werner.

Now I think the reason for this may have had something to do with the Opposition. For quite some time the committee had been hearing that there would be a large Opposition at Heidelberg who did not approve of the way the convention had been planned. They wanted it to be a politically-oriented affair; and particularly an affair at which they could spout about their politics. What the committee--and German andom --- did not know was just how big the Opposition was or just how much interruption of the con they could accomplish. This may have helped to make folks hang back from offering to help. At all events---the whole thing was arranged by just four people.

The convention opened with the introduction of the three Guests of Honour ---Ted Tubb,Robert Silverberg and Dr Franke, also John Brummer who would be the banquet Toastmaster. The men were presented with bottles of brandy and their wives with bouquets of flowers. Then came the speech from the Opposition; as this was in German the visitors made little of it. I understand it

Natterings 3

was a protest at the programme containing things that had nothing to do with SF; and the fact that politics was completely absent. The Opposition turned out to be less than a dozen people and all rather young. I think they must have thought it rather frustrating the way the convention politely ignored them and wouldn't argue.

Axel Melhardt came next to talk about FOLLOW which sounded vaguely like St Antony and ought to delight the mediaeval fans. After this a panel on the subject of International Fandom--I had been asked to take part half an hour before it was due. I discovered that John Brunner was chairman, and my fellow members were Dave Kyle, James Blish and Jake whose second name I always forget. Not a very good panel, I thought, no European fans - and it seemed rather a waste of Blish. At least he was on the platform - I never saw Poul Anderson used. Mind you, Poul may well have thoroughly enjoyed a con at which he did not have to do something!

The GOH speech by Bob Silverberg came next, after which everyone wandered out for dinner. I offered to show Don Wollheim the pub where I had eaten the previous evening. We joined a table of fans..but our luck was out and we had a very long wait and little at the end of it. On the return there was a panel starting on the Commercial Aspects of SF. I spotted J.W.Campbell on the platform. There was a German reviewer on the panel who wondered why there were so few Germans writing SF. A mutter from my left informed me that German SF had been stopped by Hitler and never caught up; and that Russian SF was still in the same position. But no one on the panel said that.

The Fancy Dress Competition came last on the Friday; there was a very small turnout. We were all up on the platform and the audience in their seats and I did not like this very much. As usual, most of the winners were fantasy costumes. I would dearly like to see more SF costumes at these affairs and in this respect I have some sympathy with the Opposition. I went as Alyx but it is my opinion that very few folks there knew who she was.

On Saturday morning I was up early again as I did not want to miss the discussion of the Worldcons. This was scheduled for 9.30am! It was started by Bruce Pelz giving a history of what had gone before. Then Robin Johnson of Australia explained why they wanted the rules put back as-you-were. When I spoke I said that I felt a bit guilty at what had happened at St Louis as I had been one of the fans who had argued that the Americans were not really holding Worldcons. I'd never dreamt that this would lead to the establishment of a Worldcon without the HUGOS and a big US Con in opposition. For that reason I backed the Australia bid. Dave Kyle spoke on the rotation plan and gave his reasons for wishing to see a return to the three year plan with an option to have a Worldcon outside every other year. Bruce wished to see the option open every year. After much discussion Tony Lewis said that we owed it to the Australian and Swedish fans to give them a definite plan. A poll in favour of the 3 year plan was very high. I estimated there was about 100 people in the hall of whom about one third voted. Dave Kyle pointed out that the minutes of these meetings were never kept; and someone said it was all on tape. Only snag-will we ever see the material in print?

I went to visit the Art Show; there were some lovely paintings especially art that came from the magazine EUROPA. I was admiring one sea-painting and

Natterings 4

spoke to the artist and discovered that she came from Brazil! I was too tired to go out to lunch so went to the hall restaurant where I got talking with Wally Gonser who entertained me with tales of his experiences on a Worldcon committee. In the afternoon I sat drinking tea with Ted Tubb whilst the German GOH, Dr Franke gave his speech..as it was in German the hum of conversation in the hall was pretty continuous. Afterwards James Blish went to the stage with Alan Nourse and Foul Anderson and said he wanted to apologise to Dr Franke on behalf of his fellow compatriots for their discourtesy in talking all through the speech. He finished "Gentlemen you should be ashamed!" Rather hard lines on the Americans as they were not the only ones talking. There was another speaker who was rather dull in that he lectured us on his subject of SF -CAN IT STOP THE BIG BANG?. More entertaining was Forry who had Wendy with him to translate which she did very good-humouredly.

That evening was the Bavarian night at which we were entertained by a troupe of dancers and singers. I liked this, very colourful. I had sat myself down beside Molly and managed to keep her there as I was to collect her later for the St Fantony ceremony. When it came to the part of the ceremony where we went out into the audience to collect the new members ..I started at the opposite end of the hall from where Molly sat, planning to sneak up at the back of her. Halfway across I suddenly realised I was being showered with leaflets. I was being demonstrated against! I believe some fans went up to the balcony to stop any further interruptions; but it certainly didn't really upset the proceedings. In fact, we in St Fantony know that it has nothing to do with SF. It was started as a programme item to give a bit of colour and been mainly used in this way since. Now we are getting bigger we would like to be used as an Order of fans who are willing to help out at conventions. Those who were initiated this time were Molly Auer, Manfred Kage, Mario Bosynak Don Wollheim and Bill Burns. Fred Prophet gave a very realistic performance as a fakefan being killed in a welter of blood. Afterwards we went to a meeting of FOLLOW and watched some new members being initiated. At midnight we all got tossed out as this was when the hall closed down.

Sunday had another early start..9.30am for the Business Meeting. In the chair was Phil Rogers..and I would not like one remark of Phil's to go unnoticed..."You play by my rules, old boy!" The first motion was from European fandom for a European convention every two years the first to be at Trieste in 1972. The meeting voted support for this. Next Bruce moved that there be a return to the three year plan with an option for a non-US con every year, bids must be 2 years in advance. Robin withdrew his motion as what he wanted was embodied in Bruce's motion. After some discussion in which the off-shore islands crept in ; the Swedish fans supported Bruce, James Blish urged the revoking of the rule about the HUGOS; and a plea for the "no sward" category was cried for..Bruce rephrased his motion. When he did it passed easily. Near me were US fans absolutely amazed at the speed with which the meeting had gone, the lack of long boring speeches, and they were full of praise for Phil. Danny Placha murmured."what a pity we have 'nt got Vietnam on the agenda and that would finish that up!"

After this I got involved in a European meeting about Trieste. The chairman was a French lady a Mrs Monique Hynard. Most of this meeting I had to have translated to me--in fact there were three interpreters kept busy. It

Natterings 5

was agreed to press on with plans for '72 at Trieste and a committee was picked with a representative from each country, I was 'volunteered' for UK. A meeting was arranged for us at 2.30 that day. I then went off to lunch with the Tony Lewis and the Stu Brownsteins and talked about their reaction to British fandom. They could not understand why we were not more organised into clubs..and I failed to explain it to them as I am not very sure myself!

I then wasted a lot of time on Sunday afternoon waiting for the European committee to gather. They kept shifting the time and I never did find them. Anyway, I was back in the hall in time to hear Ted Tubb's GOH speech. He had been very nervous about it; kept moaning that he wished it were over.. so then he gave the best speech of the con! Ted is always an entertaining speaker but it is more than that--he does not lecture - he talks to you; he involves you; he invites a discussion without ever losing control of his audience. He was greeted with rapturous applause and there was certainly no hum of conversation during that programme item. Later I met Gian Cossato who told me that the European meeting had been held. No doubt I'll hear what happened there when the newsletters that were proposed get going.

Buses were laid on that evening to take us to the Castle for the banquet. The Castle was very impressive although much of it is in ruin. Near me at my table were Don Wollheim, Frank Arnold, Ben Stark and Danny Placha. John Brunner did very well as Toastmaster and it is always nice to watch awards being handed out. It did seem a shame though that not one winner was there to collect their own HUGO. Don went up to receive one on behalf of Sam Delaney so I got a good look at it. There was time after the banquet to go out and admire the Castle in the floodlights and to see the huge beer barrells that are a great feature there. I finished up that night at a party given by Florence and Sam Russell.

Monday..another early start as the boat trip left at 9.30am. This was an excellent way to finish up and I am glad to see that Peter Weston is going to copy the idea. Nothing is quite so pleasant as sailing up a river and the Nekkar had some particularly lovely scenery on the way to Nekkarstadt. This was a smallish place and we all scattered in search of food. Don and I were looking at what we thought was a menu and then found to our confusion that it was a bus timetable! We went into one shop and discovered it only sold bakery. But I fell in love with the gorgeous smell so we dined on pastry and applestrudel. We went for a walk and discovered some pretty housing and what looked like a miniature castle. The sail back was gorgeous, I sat facing the sun with my eyes closed. I was aware of folks taking my photograph (fan sleeping) but I didn't care..the sun was lovely and I had not had too much of it this summer.

Back at the hall the auction began; I stayed till the end as I wanted to know if they had made enough to help the committee. Some of us had been worried that they would finish in debt, I must say the American fans were very good at this auction..they not only ran it but bought well in an effort to swell the coffers. There were some pretty worthless bundles of pbs being paid for in a generous way. Not to be outdone I bid for one pile and found myself the proud owner of THE FLYING NUN! Towards the end..everything got auctioned off! The backdrop went, the convention mascot and even Mario's red shirt! This was bought by Alan Nourse who then presented it to the Boston committee

Natterings 6

for their auction! One may see that shirt around for years!

So ended a very good convention. I have confined myself to the bare bones I know, if I were to go into details I would go on for pages. I did not go to many parties. This was mainly because once I'd left the hall at midnight I usually headed for my own hotel and bed with the thought of the early rise the next morning. Also I never ran into temptation to stay up in my hotel as it was always as quiet as the grave when I went in. Mind you there was a party the last night in the room next to mine. I would have gone and joined them but I wanted a cup of tea first. By the time I had got that fixed-I had found in Heidelberg a lovely little emersion heater for 25 shillings - I could not be bothered. I went to bed instead and listened to the party. It is a fact that everybody seemed to be talking and no one seemed to be listening. It is very odd to hear a fan party from the outside!

Next morning I sat at breakfast with Bill Burns and another fan and asked them whose room it had been in which the party was held. They both said "Tom Schlueck". At that in walked Tom..and when I asked him his room number and heard that it was not the room next to mine--I realised by the two red faces opposite me that I had caught them out!

Not that I was complaining mind! It would be bad enough, I felt, not to go to a fan party, without adding to it by complaining about the noise. Anyway, I had been so tired I had fallen asleep whilst it was still in full swing.

Ethel Lindsay.

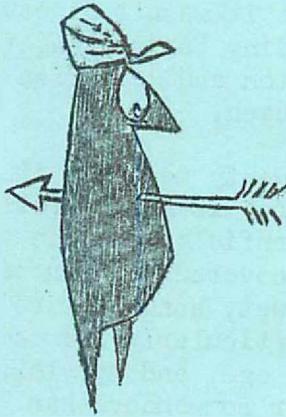
A PLEA

As I lost my camera at Heidelberg, this is the first convention from which I have brought back no photographs or slides. I should very much like to obtain some and would be willing to buy from any fan who could either spare some..or lend me the negatives so that I may have some developed.
Ethel.

Other Conventions....

Eastercon 22 at Worcester: To be a supporting member send 10/- to Peter R.Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, Birmingham.30. Latest Progress Report states that membership has passed the 150 mark; that McCaffrey, Harr Harrison, Pohl, Laumer and Bloch will be attending. GOM is Brian Aldiss.
Trieste in '72: Supporting membership is \$2..send to CCSF-Casella Postale 423 - 30121 Venezia, Italy. This one will be arranged by a committee of European representatives from Italy, Spain, France, Sweden, Germany, Britain, and Yugoslavia. Please support both!

a sore engagement



buck
Coy/son

Several books and a couple of movies have given the false impression that the Custer Massacre was the greatest defeat ever inflicted on the U.S. Army by Indians. In fact, the greatest Indian victory - the only time any force ever annihilated an entire army of the United States in the field - occurred 85 years earlier and half a continent away. It isn't much written about; "Sinclair's Defeat" is remembered in a few paragraphs in the more detailed histories, and in one obscure folksong.....

"Twas November the fourth, in the year of ninety-one,
We had a sore engagement near to Fort Jefferson."

Actually about thirty miles north of Fort Jefferson. Today most of the battlefield is covered by the buildings and sidewalks of Fort Recovery, Ohio, a small town some three miles from the Indiana state line.

Custer's defeat was brought on, it is claimed, by his contempt for the Indians; he boasted that he could ride through the entire Sioux nation and made it only halfway. In 1791, General Arthur St Clair has no such contempt for his foes. Indian power was still largely unbroken, and for years the Ohio country had been a battleground. Two years before, it was reported to Congress that more than 1,500 settlers had been killed and scalped by Indians in the past seven years along the Ohio River alone. The number of Indians killed and scalped by whites in the same period was not reported, it not being fashionable to consider such things, but it was a large number. A year before, in 1790, an army of almost 1500 men under General Josiah Harmar

"A Sore Engagement" 2

had been sent to pacify the Indians and had been ignominiously defeated by a coalition of Shawnees and Miamis under chiefs Blue Jacket and Little Turtle. St. Clair could reflect that the defeat was due more to Harmer's ineptness than to Indian firepower, but the defeat was still sobering to a general whose own force numbered only 1,400 men at the start of the campaign.

St. Clair's force was reduced even more during his march from Fort Washington, near the frontier town of Cincinnati, north into the Ohio country. His force was divided between U.S. regulars and militia, and the militia appeared to be more interested in the several hundred camp followers than it was in chasing Indians. Eventually some three hundred militiamen deserted in a body, and as there seemed to be some chance that they would plunder a badly needed supply train, some of the regulars had to be detached to pursue them. The supply train turned out to be well beyond the reach of anyone connected with the army it was supposed to be supplying, but it wasn't discovered for some time. Then there was the insistence on building forts along the way to protect the non-existent supply line. Forts Hamilton and Jefferson were built during the march, and garrisoned with twenty men each.

Thus the army numbered only nine hundred and twenty men when it reached the headwaters of the Wabash River. Today this area is gently rolling and well drained Ohio countryside, divided between cornfields and the town of Fort Recovery. In November 1791, it was marshy, covered with trees, brush, and a light coating of snow. The army was cold, wet, hungry, tired, and generally unhappy. The men were not, however, particularly alarmed. They still constituted a strong force for that day and age, and St. Clair, with his Revolutionary War experience, was a far better commander than Harmer had been. Anyway, they had seen no Indians, and only a few of the more experienced considered this a bad sign.

St. Clair, who had proved himself a competent enough general in formal battles, had one failing which his men were only gradually becoming aware of; he had never fought Indians before, and he seemed unaware of the need for plenty of advance scouts, flankers, and pickets. Eventually in desperation the remaining militia put out their own scouts, but it didn't do them any good. When one scout reported that he had discovered the main Indian encampment, nobody paid any attention to him. The officer to whom he reported didn't bother to pass the information along to the general.

Considering the exhaustion of his men, St. Clair decided that here at the Wabash he would be kind and allow them to camp for one night without digging entrenchments; the men had been grumbling about his insistence on digging in every night when there were never any Indians about. Like so much kindness in this world, it turned out to be a mistake. He did take the precaution of establishing a forward guard post on some high ground across the river, in what is today a small copse of trees. The guard post was harassed during the night, and St. Clair rolled his troops out at dawn on Nov. 4, telling them that an Indian attack seemed likely. He was right. Before he finished talking, Little Turtle and an estimated three thousand warriors overwhelmed the forward guard post and came down on the main army.

"A Sore Engagement" 3

The battle could be considered unusual by anyone who thinks of Indian fighting in Hollywood terms. Movie Indians excel in the fierce rush, in yelling and shooting, and in a lack of patience. Everyone knows Indians don't fight pitched battles.

Unfortunately for St.Clair, Little Turtle wasn't aware of this.

" 'Stand to your guns,' says valiant Ford, 'let's die upon them here
Before we let the Indians know we ever harbored fear.'
Our cannon-balls exhausted and artillerymen all slain,
Obliged were our musketeers the enemy to sustain."

St.Clair ordered the artillery to fire at the first assault, but the guns did little damage before concentrated Indian fire killed the gunners. The general then tried to mount his horse in order to direct the battle, but after losing three horses in succession he gave up and, plagued as he was by gout, hobbled on foot from one point to another along the defensive lines. Where the Indians pressed the hardest, St.Clair personally led three bayonet charges to push the Indians back. Each charge was temporarily successful, but the trouble was that the Indians didn't stay pushed.

" We charged with courage firm, but soon again gave ground,
The warhoop then redoubled, as did our foes around.
Yet three hours more we fought them and then were forced to yield
When three hundred bloody warriors lay stretched upon the field."

The last line is a pardonable exaggeration by a patriotic songwriter; Indian casualties in the entire battle were well under one hundred. St.Clair, hobbling and occasionally crawling from one group of beleaguered men to another, undoubtedly did his best, but his best simply wasn't good enough. A few surviving artillerymen had been rallied by Captain Ford and were getting off a few largely ineffectual rounds, but the infantrymen bore the brunt of the fighting, and there weren't enough of them. By now the army was surrounded. After three hours of heavy fighting, with half his army dead and the remainder beginning to panic, St.Clair ordered the survivors to cut their way out of the trap and retreat to Fort Jefferson. They broke through the Indian lines, but with the Indians still pouring in a heavy fire from three sides, the retreat rapidly became a rout.

" The word retreat being passed around, there rose a dismal cry,
Then helter-skelter through the woods, like wolves and sheep they fly;
This well-appointed army, who, but a day before
Defied and braved all danger, had like a cloud passed o'er."

Of the nine hundred and twenty men St.Clair took into battle, twenty-four got back to Fort Jefferson uninjured. Six hundred thirty-two men and over two hundred camp followers were killed outright. Little Turtle, previously a victor over one white general, had now wiped a Long Knife army off the face of the earth, a feat which no other Indian leader equalled. It was the greatest military disaster the new nation had yet suffered, or was to suffer for a good many years.

As the response to the Custer slaughter was an increased effort to destroy

"A Sore Engagement" 4

the plains Indians, so the response to St.Clair's defeat was the despatch of General Anthony Wayne and a much larger army to the Ohio country. Little Turtle, an exponent of quitting when you're ahead, declined to fight Wayne. Blue Jacket commanded the Indians that Wayne routed at Fallen Timbers. Wayne got into the history books for his victory. St.Clair was officially exonerated in an investigation into his defeat, and then slipped into oblivion. He had suffered the worst defeat of any United States general up to that time, and had not even the grace to die gallantly on the field of battle. Except for an obscure songwriter, nobody wanted to perpetuate his name, and you will look in vain for it in most histories to this day.

' Sinclair was our commander which may be remembered be,
For there we left nine hundred men in the Western territory."

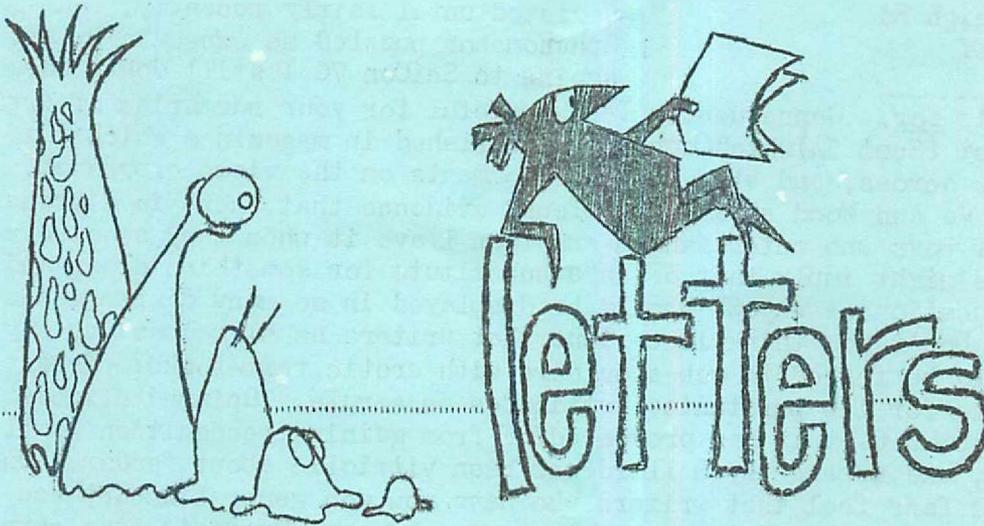
Robert Coulson.

There are still copies available of the 15th year Anniversary issue of SCOTTISHE -No 55. This has 72pp and features many of my friends: John Brunner, Richard Geis, E.C. Tubb, Enelope Fandergast, John Bangsund, Ron Bennett, Roy Tackett, Kenneth Bulmer, Robert Coulson, S.L. Birchby, Rick Sneary, Joe Patrizio, Bob Shaw, Harry Warner, Machia Varley, Joy and Sandy Sanderson, Robert Bloch, Len Moffatt, Dick Eney, and is illustrated throughout by ATOM.

I was very pleased when Ken Bulmer decided he would like to buy the contribution by Dick Eney for SCOT 55 titled MIX A LITTLE MAGIC IN THE DISH. Ken wanted this for the proposed new magazine he was to edit to be called SWORD AND SORGERY. Alas! It looks as if this magazine may not now appear. But I still felt highly flattered that this had happened to an article in SCOT.

Cost for SCOT 55 is the normal 3/- or 30¢.





Hartley Patterson

Finches, 7 Cambridge Rd
Beaconsfield, Bucks.

"Having just spent three years on a University science course, I'm inclined to agree with Robert Coulson on the education vs. degree thing. There was one friend of mine for instance who had never read a book in his life apart from Chemistry textbooks. He got a good degree and went on to do research - he couldn't have coped with anything else... I should say that graduates are no better 'educated' than others who leave school at 18, they merely have a better knowledge of a specialised subject. I even read in the Sundays a while back that some large companies are not taking graduates with first class degrees any more, as they were found to be so wrapped up in their work they didn't get on with their colleagues. Perhaps the non-equivalence education degree is better expressed as intelligence curiosity."

Ian Williams

6 Greta Terrace
Chester Rd
Sunderland
Co. Durham, SR4 7RD

"I bought HOLDING YOUR EIGHT HANDS and was very surprised at the high quality of the poems inside. Even a number of those which I didn't care for were still, looking at them as poems as opposed to SF poems, quite good. It's an excellent volume but I rather fear it will only appeal to a small minority within a larger minority (fandom) so I can't see it being much of a success."

Letters 2

Mark Adland,
113, Kennerleigh Rd
Rumney, Cardiff
CJ39 BH

what fandom is for. Consequently I am grateful for your summaries of articles on the subject (Scot 54) which have been published in magazines which I am not likely to come across, and also for your comments on the views expressed. It is curious that Jo Ann Wood should have found evidence that there is a transient population of boys who enter fandom and then leave it when they acquire a girl friend. This might imply that SF is a substitute for something else, and raises the question of why SF should be displayed in so many disreputable book shops. Don't you think it curious that writers as blameless as, say, Asimov, should be forced to rub shoulders with erotic text-books? Traditional SF was notable for its puritanical attitudes as a rule. Spinrad attacks fandom in the belief that it has prevented SF from gaining recognition by "literary critics", and apparently Ballard has been vitriolic about fandom. Does this make the fans feel that writers who have now won general acceptance are biting the hands which fed them when they were hungry? Or don't fans care? When I first heard about fandom I imagined that it would be comprised of people who had tried to write SF and failed, or were still trying to write it and were looking for guidance, or who believed that one day they really would get down to it and deliver the Hugos and Nebulas they could feel swelling inside them. Then in more cynical moments, I thought that perhaps fandom was a self-justifying thing, in that a shared experience of having read Analog (or perhaps Astounding) could serve as a cover for more important social activities and pen-pal networks. Then I think that even if this is the case it's a good thing, because I think a shared interest in part of the world's literature is more valuable than a professed interest in match-boxes or whatever. Then I think that perhaps, as Jo Ann Wood says, "there are many kinds of fan," and that different kinds of fan contribute to fandom and derive benefits from it in different kinds of ways. All I'm saying, of course, is that despite your interesting "Natterings", and although fandom is obviously very enjoyable, I'm still mystified by the whole business." ***I think your main trouble is that you are looking for a short definition for fandom. There have been many; "Fandom is a Way of Life" and "Fandom is just a goddam hobby" being the first two that leap to mind. Then there was a very entertaining definition about 2 pages long put out years ago by Sandy Sanderson. I keep meaning, one of these days when I have time, to hunt through the files and find it so that I can re-print it***

Ian Williams,
6 Greta Terr.
Chester Rd.
Sunderland.
Co. Durham

"Although I've only been on holiday in Scotland once and had a very different time to Ron Bennett, he appears to share my opinion of the Scots. I think they are a very underrated people. Those I met were charming, polite, generous and kindly. They possess, in abundance, the virtues I wish we sassenachs had a bit more of. Does that make me a Celtophile? It may make you Trouble when Ron sees the assessment with which you have saddled him!*" Ken Bulmer makes some valid comments but I very definitely disagree with him on one point. He states that sex in SF must form part of the idea content. This is rubbish. To use the illustration he makes of BUG JACK BARRON; he admits that this is a relevant part of the story structure but does not think this is sufficient. I suppose this is a value judgement on both our parts, but as long

Letters 3

as the sex is relevant to the book as a whole it has, therefore, justified its incorporation -otherwise it's just cheap titillation (e.g.almost any book by Harold Robbins). "

Robin Johnson,
33/100 High St
N.Sydney.NSW 2060
Australia.

"The computer information bank is grossly expensive; several are planned for legal and medical references, but I don't think they will store all the material ready for instant access. I was very impressed by an IBM exhibit some years ago of a computerized cross-reference file retrieval system. When you decided on the references which would be of interest, you could get them printed from micro-film and delivered to you. Even then, you could not economically store everything that emerged due to the cost; it was only abstracts that emerged, from which you could decide whether the book was really going to be of interest to you. This is about as far as we have gone so far, but every two or three years the cost of having data 'on-line', i.e. available within a second or two, to the computer, goes down by half or better. In ten or twenty years we may be getting nearer gid's idea...Personally I think the future lies in small computers accessing a bigger one when a problem gets too big for them, and so on up the line to a central system of enormous power. This is the sort of system that gets people worried about possible invasion of privacy, and rightly.I'd hate to think that my employer could find out about my back taxes unpaid or my alimony arrangements through asking for help with a difficult query!"

Harry Warner
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown
Maryland,21740
USA

"I Haven't read the Spinrad article, but I saw Jo Ann's summary of fandom. The big objection to almost all articles about fandom is that they deal with an imaginary average fan, instead of with the very real

fans who differ so radically from one another. This is one difference between fandom and every other group where the members are much more homogenous in their ideals and goals. You brought up the people who confuse soap opera people with reality, and this causes me to wonder if there might be a parallel between the soap opera fans and SF fans in a different manner. TV Guide, the weekly publication that has the biggest magazine circulation in the nation, published a couple of weeks ago an article describing some amusing adventures of a former actor in the soap operas, but further theorized that there is a very real basic reason for the strong and strange appeal these daytime television serials have for their watchers. They are real, this writer argued, in a way that hardly any evening televised dramas or movies are real. They are almost all concerned with very ordinary people encountering quite ordinary problems, not with the people in unique circumstances or lavish circumstances or far-away places that are deemed necessary for most prime time television. There's little chance that anyone will confuse himself with a man who is a legalised thief or with the Madwoman of Chaillet but the way people forget about the unreality of the soap operas should be a strong point in their favor, he said. Suddenly I can see how this could apply to fandom. Unless we're convinced that bombs will wipe out civilisation in the immediate future, we in fandom are certain about the reality of a future to come, and we get too immersed in fandom sometimes simply because it is the only place where we can be vocal among fellow addicts of the only kind of literature that deals with the reality of changes to come. Of course, we

Letters 4

don't know what sort of future awaits us, but we know that it'll be as unexpected as some of the creatures and places we read about in the proxima and paperback. (This might have something to do with some of the lukewarm reactions to a lot of ambitious science fiction novels in recent months that have been based almost solely on to-day's problems in a future setting, not with the very different problems that the real future will undoubtedly create.) ...Dick Geis confirms in his article my theory that there is slowly forming a gap between the big-circulation and small-circulation fanzines which will grow so great that eventually there will be no in-between fanzines partaking of some attributes of both types. The gap may become insurmountable the day when the big-circulation fanzines become the medium for consistent advertising."

Bruce R. Gillespie
Box 245. Ararat
Victoria. 3377
Australia.

lectured on the most elementary Freudian theory. The girls wanted to tear apart the inoffensive lecturer when he posited that leadership of Boy Scout troops (and even school teaching) may be quite legitimate sublimations of homosexual feelings. Discussion of other elementary matters of sex set up such a further howl of outrage that I almost felt as if these were Victorian matrons transported through time and set down in that lecture theatre. Perhaps most of mankind (and womankind) lives in a state of innocence after all. But then people have double standards, where they support censorship and trade dirty jokes around the kitchen table."

"I find your experiences with the Management Course very interesting. The nearest thing I have seen to your experience was an audience of Diploma of Education students

Dick Ellingsworth
6 Grafton Mansions
Duke's Road
London, WCLH 9AB

JOURNEY TO THE WEST, by the way, is probably better known in the West as MONKEY, and is available in a superb translation by Arthur Waley (a former inmate of the Institution which now has me in its clutches—the British Museum) in the Penguin Classics (No. 111). It's well worth forking out five bob or whatever it costs now. For those who wish to dig deeper, THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER is also available in the English language, although my copy, which is the only edition I've seen, is published in Taiwan, and the name and address of the publisher are in Chinese. I'm sorry that the Japanese equivalents of Sword and Sorcery weren't included in the article. Books such as A WINTER'S TALE or THE TALE OF GENJI are comparable to the best of the Chinese classics. Oh well, I suppose I'll just have to write an article on them myself, some day... Sid Birchby's article, although interesting, left me with only one burning question in my mind. Oh, so that's where they get the Financial Year from, but what about the Academic Year?... And lastly, about superstitions. I play chess for the H, and every time we play a match against some other team, I have to play and lose a game before the match starts, as a sort of sacrifice. And talking about chess, I have it on good authority that Pat Kearny thinks the little pieces in the front line are called 'Porns'."

".. 'Mix a Little Magic in the Dish' has probably needed writing for a long time. Dick Eney obviously knows his stuff, and I can't fault him on a single word.

Mrs Jo Ann Wood
540 Blue Hills Ave.
Hartford, Connecticut.
06112, USA

"I appreciated your comments and criticisms on my paper on fandom. Some of them are particularly apt. However I think you have mistaken the emphasis of the

Letters 5

paper. It's main purpose was to prove that fandom was one form of escape from the tensions accumulated in daily living. This does not imply that escape is a bad thing. All societies have many forms of escape; otherwise the tensions engendered by daily living become insupportable. There are many escape mechanisms in our society -from organised religion to Hyde Park oratory. I wanted to clearly refute the notion that SF is not escape literature. Most of it is. SF is not mostly Gernsbackian scientific extrapolation. The next point is that, while many groups institutionalize escape, fandom does this in a special way. Fandom differs from other groups because of its lack of social stratification, central organisation and structure, etc. It is quite true that many of my claims (e.g. lack of stratification, central organisation, etc.) have not been verified by testing and are mere observational assertions. They were not verified because it is very difficult to get survey data on fandom. I tried to get partial testing data from the Little Men; you should see some of the results. Fans do not like to fill out questionnaires; they are apt to regard the entire thing as a joke. They did in my case. My assertion that many fans are rolling stones, unable to settle and keep a steady job is probably incorrect. Perhaps my history and research were better than Norman's because I have access to a better library and librarian (I am married to Ed Wood and have access to his collection of books and fanzines. I also have access to his knowledge.). Also, I was writing a scholarly paper, Norm was writing an article for a popular magazine. Perhaps, too, my interest in and liking for fandom is greater than Norm's; I'm not too sure he approves of fandom. "****I'd have liked to have seen those forms" that were returned to you! They would probably make a very good humorous article.

Robert Coulson
Route 3
Hartford City
Ind. 47348, USA

"Geis on "Hugo category" mags. I sort of hate to tell him, but YANDRO has made the final Hugo ballot 10 times, which offhand I would guess is as often as all of his listed "bigtime" fanzines combined. Circulation during those 10 years ranged from 125 to 300, approximately. (We've never been over 300, but I don't recall what it was 11 years ago.) Also, I don't know anyone - except presumably Geis - who paid any \$700 to \$1100 for an electric mimeo. We got our Rex Rotary in trade for a multilith for which we paid \$200. Bookkeeping and records; yes. Even I do that, largely because we occasionally turn a profit and I want to be all legal in case the gummit finds out about it. And letters. But that's why I'm in fandom in the first place, to meet interesting people. I very seldom get 20 letters a day - maximum is generally no more than 10. But I consider them a dividend of publishing, not a liability. Did we have a lunar landing party, Ted Tubb asks. Well, I didn't, though I stayed up to watch. But L.A. fandom did."

Archie Mercer,
10 Lower Church Lane
St. Michael's
Bristol, BS2 8BA

"It seems to me that World Conventions in the U.S. are becoming ridiculously overgrown. What seems to be wanted, though, is not Rick's restrictive thought of ingrowing for a while, but a more precise definition of who is, and isn't, "our" sort of fan. Contact between "full-time" fandoms such as SF, horror, comics fandoms, etc., is one thing - the odd fan can slide from one to the other now and again as he finds his better role. But any notion that "we are all really parts of one glorious whole" seems futile - and it may well be "fandom-fandom" more

Letters 6

than anything else that holds "old wave" and "new wave" SF fans nominally together,....Shaw:the basic difference between literature and drama seems to me to be that whereas literature is normally created by one person at a time, drama is created by umpteen different people working together. In the case of a film, there's the director, the script-writer, the cameraman, the effects man, the waiter and the porter and the upstairs maid -not to mention all the individual actors and actresses involved. In the mainstream field, they may all work together harmoniously, producing something greater than any of them could have produced alone. In a more specialised field such as SF, however, it takes just one of those people to be not quite with it, and the whole loses rather than gains. This applies to films on telly as well as films in the theatre, of course"

Terry Jeeves

30 Thompson Rd
Sheffield S11 8RB

"Archie's letter opens with some very loose reasoning I'm afraid. Why should data fed into a computer directly contradict other data fed in? One must assume that the data is checked and established as fact first. If all data is either established as 'fact'..or programmed in as being in the 'possibility' class, then the computer would have no trouble. In this way the computer would NOT be faced with mutually exclusive facts. Secondly, computers are idiots, if for some reason mutually exclusive facts were programmed in, the computer would not do what a human being tries to do i.e. rationalise the facts, or 'adjust' them, it would just reject the problem as being incapable of solution. Any minor difficulties would be vastly outweighed by the great advantages accruing. Did you know that the cathode ray tube, the basic ingredient of today's TV sets was invented umpteen years BEFORE TV? We could have had TV many years earlier, but there just wasn't the cross correlation which would have made the whole scheme work.(I am not arguing over whether or not TV is a good thing to have, just its date of invention). Instead, TV tried to get off the ground with banks of controlled lights generating a pattern. This 'dead knowledge' has held up many developments, simply because the worker who wanted device X had to go ahead and develop it, not knowing that Fred Bloggs invented it in 1890..and Charlie Stinks did it in 1860."

Mervyn Barrett,
179 Walm Lane
London. NW2

"After much riffling through SCOTTISHE 55 and much brooding over the contents I've come to the conclusion that, as I suspected, commenting on the fifteenth anniversary issue of a fanzine isn't the same as commenting on one of the regular issues. If this were a regular issue I'd probably leaf through making little comments as I went, perhaps devoting most space to one particular article and that would be it. But this, its too damned big for a start. I suppose I could nit-pick my way through it. You know, maybe start with what Bob Shaw said.."is practically a screen version of Frederick Brown's ARENA." and point out to him that it was a screen version of ARENA and was announced as such in the credits. But no it would be wrong to nit pick on such a joyous occasion, even for the sake of finding a way in for a LOC and I'll instead use the fact that he brought up the subject to say that I think that STAR TREK is the best SF I've seen on TV. As Bob pointed out its roots are in magazine SF -- more GALAXY than ASF I'd have said though -- and I like magazine SF. Certainly there's not a Hell of a lot to compare it with -- disasters such as LOST IN SPACE and some of the B.B.C. efforts. Now I know that there is in some

Letters 7

situations no substitute for money and the Americans have more of that so they can spend more time on lighting the thing (I think STAR TREK is beautifully lit) and they use film instead of videotape which makes retakes when an actor goof's easier but beyond all this what works for me is - and I know it could just be my conditioning - is that I can accept that this is happening in the future; inconsistencies and all. I've never got that from anything the B.B.C. has done. This is because the B.B.C. hates the future (something to do with the Charter coming up for renewal in seven years or so I suppose), is cautious and timid in dealing with the present and feels secure only when working in the past. Hence all that loving attention to detail on things like the Forsythe Saga and all the other classic serials.....I think writing a letter of comment is harder than writing an article. Next time you have a fifteenth anniversary I'm going to try and get in with an article then I won't have this problem.
I'll remember that if I am ever crazy enough to do another anniversary

Joe Patrizio
7 Oakwood Rd
Bricket Wood
St Albans, Herts

"Ted Tubb: This article was so cynical it hurts. I would take Ted to task about modern electronic equipment. These days of integrated circuits and plugin units, fault-finding and repair are comparatively easy --- the only trouble is that if anything goes wrong you've got to replace the part, you can't tie a bit of string round it and put it back. But I expect Ted is talking not about "modern" electronic equipment but not-quite-so-modern electronic equipments (like radios and TV). Anyway, if he reads the manual he wouldn't have so much trouble (perhaps). Me: Thank you Atom."

Sid Birchby
40 Parrs Wood Ave
Didsbury
Manchester, M20 0ND

"Archie was asking about the operation of the could-be computer, what, he asks, does one do about facts that are wrong, although they seemed right at the time? If they are fed in they may give a wrong result. Yes, but they may give the right one for an alternate universe, the one that would have been if the fact had been right. And a simple reductio ad absurdum would settle that one's hash. Example, example! Feed in the non-fact that Hitler escaped from the Berlin bunker, and request print-out on origin of UFO's. Out comes the answer: Hitler is alive and well and living in Patagonia making UFO's! (This is an actual quote from a bookseller's list, describing a PB, date 1960, by one Michael X) Now if all the data had been fed in, including the book blurb, it would be within the computer's ability, I suggest, to decide that the Hitler piece was a non-fact, although a lot of people did believe it around 1945. But a simple check on all data labelled 'Patagonia' would confirm this; such things as statistics on imports of electronic gear; relative abundance of sightings, evidence of Wotan-worship on Popocatepetl, and so weiter. But Archie's query does lead to a startling result. This alternate universe. The computer might very well come up with the answer: If Hitler escaped, and if this-that and the-other, then this would be the origin of UFO's. Such a conclusion would not be much help in this case: the programmer might well reply that if his aunt had had balls, she'd have been his uncle, and so what! But much more useful problems could be put to the computer in this mode: "Suppose such-and-such had happened, what would have been the outcome?" You only have to-er-uh- connect the red wire to the black terminal in order to reverse the instruction to read: "What should happen to give such-and-such an outcome?" Straightaway one could start building alternate universes like mad. Some of the results might be quite

Letters 8

entertaining, and if anyone tried to put them into practise, the effects would probably resemble a Sprague de Camp story. Supposing the computer was asked about anti-gravity, and replied that the requirements were a vegetarian diet, a completely female police force, and Home Rule for the Isle of Man. Where does one go from there! One begins to see why the ancients finally became tired of the gnostic utterances of the Delphic Oracle, and fell back on the Divine Right of Kings. How much easier to leave it to the Royal Command if one wanted to know, for instance, "Will my true love marry me?" Instead of a load of iffing and affing from the Oracle, the King would simply say: "Tell her to come and see me, and after that she'll have to marry you." Archie and others may have guessed by now that I don't think much to yon computers, and don't really believe that it would be possible to build an omnivorous recording and comparing library encyclopaedia, or ORACLE. It would need to have not only the little gray cells, but also the nous of a human being. Far easier to breed and educate the right sort of man. Which brings us back to John Brunner and his fictional Synthesists. Yet if even that were done, it might be that the synthesist, having been stuffed with all the data in Creation, would exercise his faculty just a little bit farther, and decide that, say, anti-gravity would lead to the crack-up of society, and so he had better say nothing. I am reminded of the Probation Officer's report, which said: "He is a man of few words and he greeted me with two of them". Cheers!"

Roy Lavendar
750 Gladys Ave.
Long Beach.
Cal. 90804, USA

"Your ASPECTS OF MANAGEMENT course seems to be well constructed for the purposes intended. Some of the Management Training things that many companies use over here are also admirably constructed to achieve the desired goal. The goal of the company paying the bill, that is. Like how to fit into middle management and push the company forward, but never, never rock the boat by bringing up new ideas or trying for advancement into the real management. Maybe just sour grapes on my part, but the sessions I've been in have had no place for the non-conformist, the inventive, the artistic, the creative. Nor can they tolerate anyone who is self-sufficient and at peace with himself. Most certainly not the individual who is at peace with himself when not in a group. I'm afraid that we'll see many more good training ideas, like the group encounters, corrupted to uses more suited to Big Brother. Nothing new in that, of course --after all, Hitler held mass meetings and the Commies hold truth sessions."

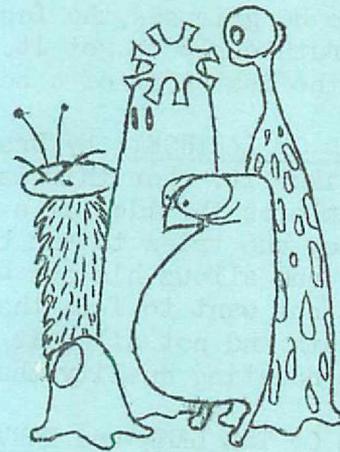
****I must say I felt a bit sad at having to cut some of the letters that I received this time..but space was beginning to run out. In fact I have to give an ---we also heard from list--

Arthur Hayes, Boyd Baeburn, Dave Piper, Ken Cheslin, Brian Williams, Ted Tubb, Richard Lafont and Rick Sneary.

My sincere thanks to all who wrote and made me feel that all that work on SCOT 55 had not gone un-noticed.

Ethel

hibblings



Oddly enough, I do not have nearly so many books on SF to review this time in spite of my late schedule. I have a good excuse - post annish and post-con apathy has had me in its grip - but I don't know what excuse the publishers have. Anyway..let's start with the ACE releases..now I come to think of it..Dennis Dobson has a nasty habit of publishing a book just as I've got to the last stencil.

THE LANGUAGES OF PAO:by Jack Vance.Ace.47401.60¢. The planet of Pao had only one language; the people were simple and uncomplicated and their language was very simple too. Into this society the scientists of the neighbouring planet Breakness launch the experiment of three-class languages: one for the warrior class; one for the technicians, and one for the rulers and bureaucrats. The upheaval caused by this is seen through the eyes of Beran, heir to the throne of Pao who is kidnapped and educated in Breakness. Having always thought that different languages is the bane of our world - it is fascinating to see how Vance works out the effects of a world with only one language.

DEEPER THAN DARKNESS:by Greg Benford.Ace 14215:60¢. In this future Western civilisation has crumbled and the Chinese dominate. Ling Sanjen is a half-breed and is never fully accepted in the culture that surrounds him with its caste system. Yet he is a shuttle captain and has been the one sent to take the survivors off Regeln after the alien Quarn had hit it. There he had found the terrifying result of the attack - humans rendered helpless with a phobia that makes them dig into as small a space as they can find. How the aliens makes this disaster spread; and how Ling finds out how and why they are able to do so makes an interesting story.

QUEST FOR THE FUTURE:by A.E.Van Vogt: 69700:95¢. I don't know which I admire more - the intricate plot structure that weaves backwards and forwards through time and probability worlds - or the characterisation of the protagonist

Nibblings 2

Peter Caxton. I certainly can't call him a hero; but I got as interested in him as in any SF character for quite some time. Peter isn't a very nice guy and once he glimpses the fact that immortality could be his; he sets off fairly ruthlessly to get it. Nice or not - the reader becomes involved and that's the best test of a book I know.

A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA: by Ursula K. LeGuin: Ace Special: 90075:75¢. Pure fantasy but I liked it. For this is not the type of fantasy that leaves me restless. This explores the idea of a boy learning to use the power he discovered; a proud boy who tries to run before he can walk. Because of this he opens a gateway and allows his own Death to come into the world. Although at first he does not want to face the fact; he at last realises that he will have to face Death and not allow it to consume him. A very unusual fantasy and with all the haunting quality that won this author the HUGO this year.

MASTERS OF THE LAMP and HARVEST OF HOODWINKS: both by Robert Lory: Ace Double: 52180:75¢. The second part is a collection of short stories with the theme of hoodwinking running through as a connecting thread. All humorous but some grimly so. The novel half concerns Shanryke Odell an agent of the Intelligence Arm of the Federation of New Earth. Spy-type adventure yarn.

CITY OF ILLUSIONS: by Ursula K. Le Guin: Ace: 10701:60¢. This book starts with a man being found who is as mindless as a babe; he is taken to the group of humans who live isolated in the forest and call themselves Zove's House. They name him Falk. An interesting start that began to move too slowly for me as we follow Falk's long trek across Earth. Admittedly it is laying the scene for what had happened to Earth since the Ching appeared; but I was glad when it moved on to the part where Falk reaches the city of Es Toch and begins to find some answers to the puzzle of his amnesia, his strange alien eyes, the place of the Shing and - above all - the mindlie that had held Earth in a strange, broken, culture.

BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA: by Philip José Farmer: Ace: 71135:75¢. This is another tale of the artificial worlds created by the Lords. Kickaha is the adventurer who follows a Beller back to an Earth he had left ages ago. It is his knowledge of Earth that may prove useful in tracking down the Beller which could take over all mankind if not stopped. Plenty adventure for him and his companion Lord, Anana.

THE STAR VIRUS: by Barrington J. Bayley and MASK OF CHAOS: by John Jakes: Ace Double: 78400:75¢. In the first part there is a race called the Streall and they believe that man is a "virus". Rodrone is the leader of a team of freebooters who are eventually to be the ones to crack the barrier erected by the Streall..but not before many a twist and turn of plot. MASK OF CHAOS is a more sombre affair--and left me feeling gloomy! A half-mechanical man and a "professional" woman (she makes a profession of being a woman..) are stranded on a planet of people who wear masks. Not the usual SF adventure-style affair..the hero is one for whom you can only reserve pity. There are parts which I cannot swallow--the idea that inward degeneracy produces outward ugliness being the main part. But interesting--a bit more so than usual.

WHERE IS THE BIRD OF FIRE?: by Thomas Burnett Swann: Ace: 88270:60¢: This one retreats firmly to the past so that we meet Sylvan the Bird of Fire, Remus

Nibblings

and Romulous, Deirde the Druid, and this is the world of fables come true. Not really to my taste, although written with humour and zest.

SWORDS AGAINST DEATH: by Fritz Leiber: Ace: 79150: 60¢: Another series of adventures for Fafhrd and Gray Mouser. As inventive as ever as the pair travel all over Newhon. In doing so they meet - Sheelba of the Eyeless Face, Mong-auble of the Seven Eyes, there are skulls and jewels and places with names like Murder Alley and, of course, the Thieves of Lankmar. Admirers of this pair will not be disappointed.

THE WIZARD OF VENUS: by Edgar Rice Burroughs: Ace: 90190: 60¢: This really has two hitherto unpublished manuscripts by Burroughs, the second being titled PIRATE OF BLOOD. In the first there is Carson Napier who sets off for Mars and lands in Venus where he meets the peoples and beasts of Amtor. PIRATE BLOOD has a hero who designs his own aircraft and on his adventures discovers that piracy still exists. Lots of excitement and action.

NIGHT WALK: by Bob Shaw: New English Library: MEL 2641: 5/-..though it cost me 4DM in Frankfurt. At the start Sam Tallon is in an hideous position. he is in a swamp prison and has had his eyes blinded. Yet he invents a way to see and escapes to start a slow and almost impossible way of travelling - through the eyes of a bird, a dog, a guard...his pursuers! Very taut tale, well told.

NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY: Edited by Terry Carr: No. 2: Ace 57271: 75¢. 18 stories by authors like Sheckley, Harrison, Bloch, Zelazny, and Disch. A good mixture although more on the gloomy side than otherwise. I liked Sheckley's man with a nightmare; and Keith Roberts has a real horror story of an evil car. Joanna Russ has a very odd story of a mannequin- quite unlike anything else of hers I've seen. Another author who surprised me was Harry Harrison whose story BY THE FALLS has a nice touch of the macabre. The one I admired most was by Tom Disch; he uses a very dry style to tell a tale of a werewolf. Bloch has the last story in the volume THE MOVIE PEOPLE; it was nice to end on a cheerful note!

THE CAVES OF KARST: by Lee Hoffman: Dobson Science Fiction: 30s. Hard-cover. The hero of this book is Griff who is a diver on the planet of Karst. More than that - he is an 'adaptive' human who has been given gills so that he can penetrate the deep underwater caves in his search for minerals. As the book opens he finds the murdered body of a diver. Up till then Griff has lead a fairly simple life--after this just everything happens to him! Arrested, accused of blowing up a spaceship, and of fomenting war between Earth and Karst he suddenly finds himself the pivot of many actions. Well told at a spanking pace.

CATASTROPHE PLANET: By Keith Laumer: Dobson Science Fiction: 21s. Hard cover. All the action here is on Earth -but an Earth that is ravaged by a series of earthquakes. Mal is introduced to us trying to find his way through the devastation and then he meets a dying man who gives him a gold coin and has a weird story to tell of mastodons buried in ice and unhuman men who are deadly. It is rather too much of a coincidence that he should then meet a strange girl who speaks no Earthly language and who leads him to the city under the ocean floor. Good descriptions though of Earth under these conditions and plenty of adventure for the hero.

Nibblings 4

SCIENCE FICTION ELSEWHERE: Rapp & Whiting: 25s.

SCIENCE FICTION ELSEWHEN: Rapp & Whiting: 25s

These two companion volumes are edited by Groff Conklin..those in ELSEWHEN are set in future Earth and those in ELSEWHERE goes on to the time when the boundary to man has moved out into space. ELSEWHERE contains four good-length novelettes. SHORTSTACK by Walt & Leigh Richmond is a delightful story of the lone inventor called Willy whose invention for one thing turned out to be just the thing for another! HOW ALLIED by Mark Clifton is highly entertaining. I've read other stories of Ralph Kennedy, the personnel manager who has the knack of finding oddballs; but this was a new one to me. This time he finds George -- who is invisible but very real. Best part of this is Clifton's fun-poking at bureaucracy and the military. THE WRONG WORLD by J.T.McIntosh has a bit of a puzzle, which is what I like. Earth has been conquered and the situation is viewed through the eyes of the alien Breeli -- who discovers that although seemingly conquered- the reactions of the people are odd to say the least. This one has McIntosh's eye to characterisation. Lastly there is WORL IN A BOTTLE by Allen Kim Lang which tells of the tensions that build in a community of people who have been reared from birth in a completely sterile atmosphere. ELSEWHERE has five stories also of good length. THINK BLUE, COUNT TWO by Cordwainer Smith starts the ball rolling with a 1963 story of a voyage where the majority are in deep-freeze and only a few humans left awake to look after the ships. The two men and the young girl they awaken go through quite a stirring experience whilst thousands of lives swing along in danger behind them. TURNING POINT by Poul Anderson is even more intriguing -- the arrival of Earthmen on a planet of geniuses--and what they do about that ticklish problem. THE BOOK by Michael Shaara tells of the time when Earth is sending out patrol ships even further till they reach the planet that has never seen the stars. TROUBLE TIDE by James H.Schmitz is even further into the future telling of a planet where men have undertaken underwater farming --and how this leads to some exciting adventures for a lady doctor attached to the project. THE EARTHMAN'S BURDEN by Donald E.Westlake is an amusing story of the future where the Earth Empire has risen, fallen, and risen again. Ships are sent in search of lost colonies and the TSS LAWRENCE runs into a very surprising development. This one has a very funny punch-line that makes you put down these volumes with satisfaction.

Ethel Lindsay, October, 1970