

THE ROVER

10
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Jahzine 125.



by Joni Cornwell

IDIOTORIAL.

MEMORITOR #14. Outside of one excellent and thot-provoking article on the art of editing, this fanzine is, with almost no reservations, 100% crud. Layout and art is miserab le, repro good to very good, and flavor just like a N3F crudzine. It seems like Art doesn' t even bother to read what he accepts; he just puts it down on stencil, and that is that. After publishing (or so it seems) 112 fanzines, Art should have broken the various bad habits that are apparent in this. H ere and there, a gleam of talent breaks thru the slimy surface; come on people, some of you can write; why waste your time with the N3F? Come home, Bob Jennings, all is forgiven; I've finally found, in Bart Milroad, a fanz reviewer I disagree with more than you. Art has been around a long time; if he hasn't learned any thing by now it is doubtful that he ever will. I don't think MEMORITOR will improve, and see no reason to bother to get or read it. Oh, Art - can't you do any better than this?

Review of MEMORITOR in SEZWHO: Jeff Wanshell. Jeff is now an N3F member.

First thing I would like to say is that I did not remove Bart Milroad from this ish b eca use of the opinions Jeff expressed. With too many zines on hand, many of them not covered by Bart's lengthy review, I figured that a mere list was all I had the room for. I like B art's reviews, but do not have room for them.

SECOND: I've changed the title of my zine to ROVER, not to get away from any stigma that may or may not have bee n attached to MEMORITOR. I prefer ROVER as a title, but I will not be changing my policy, or lack of policy. ROVER now, is the same zine that MEMO-RITOR was.

THIRD:- I've published enough zines now that the errors of my ways should have been corrected by now. I must, therefore, agree with Jeff that it is doubtful that my zines will improve. You, the readers, are stuck with what I put out. Jeff will get this ish be- cause he sent me SEZWHO and if I continue getting his zines, I will continue sending him ROVER. There is no price tag to ROVER. Lack of interest, in the form of the silent treat- ment, will get Jeff off the mailing list, as has happened to many others who formerly received MEMORITOR. I'll trade too.

I had intended having a Gestafax cover for this ish, but lost the photo I had inten- ded using. If I find it, I'll use it, in a later ish.

APOLOGY DEPARTMENT:- MEMORITOR # 13. An article entitled THEOLOGY, credited to G.M.Carr, should have been credited to Esther Richardson. G.M.C. gets enuf ego-boo publicity with- out my giving her more. So, I apologize, not to G.MCarr, but to Esther Richardson.

The second and last portion of R. W. Dickey's analysis of the North American De- fence procedures is included in this ish. Should anyone want the first part, it will be available by the time you get this, since it seems that I will have to re-run it for the ones who missed it.

Fandom Is Only A Hobby, also by R. W. Dickey, was sent out to several others, and I held off publishing it since I had been under the impression that someone else had the priority in publishing it. Since it has not appeared where I expected it, I am including it in this issue before it gets too doggone old. And believe you me, I had to edit this one, not only edit, but even CENSOR.

THE NEW DAWMNING, by Mike Deckinger is included. Mike says, "I'll continue this if there is any demand." So, YOU are the boss.

PHOTOGRAPHY, THE EASY WAY, Clayton Hamlin, will be continued in a future isshe, the next one I hope. This first chapter had to deal with the preliminaries. We will get to S.F. connections next time.

NOTES FROM PRODOM (All three of 'em) is self-explanatory and I'll not spoil things by commenting.
Art. Hayes.

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cover 10.

Not much ART this time around.
The only Art Credit I can give
this time is again to

JONI CORNELL.

for the excellent cover pic.

Other art (sparse)

will remain Anonymous.

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IT'S ONLY A PAPER PLANE --
SAILING OVER A CARBOARD SKY

PART II..... R. W. DICKEY.

No doubt you are already familiar with the several well-known current illustrations, if not, it is only because you have no wish to be. Either way it would be pointless to introduce an inventory, but bear in mind that they are not alone. There are also, amongst others, the lesser-known, amounting to billions of lost dollars. Perhaps the least understood, definitely the most tragic of them all, the CF-105, itself dissipated half a billion.

Here, the Canadian Government was unrivalled. Perhaps unwise -- and a lot of other things not quite so restrained -- but definitely unrivalled. After all, it isn't everybody who buries the largest, heaviest, most powerful, and potentially the fastest interceptor the world will ever see... on an accelerated program, six days before the operational configuration would roll off the Toronto production line, with a 1:1 thrust-weight ratio, and a lightweight Orendo powerplant, delivering over 25,000 more pounds of thrust than the American J-75s WHICH HAD ALREADY CAVORTED IN THE EARLIER MARK I AT THE SPEEDS OF UP TO Mach 2.2!

They inform AVRO Aircraft, home of the Arrow, via a special radio news release, and a month before the official final decision was to be handed down; angrily accuse Avro of callous indifference and term its mass layoff, "a deliberate attempt to embarrass the government", conveniently forgetting that in the five months between September 23rd, 1958 (the day the first cloud scudded across the Arrow's future) and Feb. 20th, 1959, (Mark Friday as it is now known), the day the Right Honourable John C. Diefenbaker reached the fifth sentence of his 'somewhat lengthy statement concerning National Defence': "All work on the Avro Arrow Interceptor and Orendo Iroquois Powerplant is terminated immediately." The day Canada defaulted the major league of defence production with an airplane that, as the Deputy NORAD commander said, "was superior and would have remained superior to all other air defence weapons", to become a begging pilgrim, seeking and obtaining a questionable degree of shelter in the form of a glorified ack-ack from the United States. The day when the battle royal of "to be or not to be" raged unchecked from sea to sea, letter-column to wiener roasts, (to which I personally contributed a modest hundred-odd thousand words) the Prime Minister did not see fit to meet with a single company official, has not as yet bothered to reply to a request, one week previous to the scuttling, for a meeting of management, union, and government... held no prior consultation, gave no warning, and rejected unconditionally, six alternative company proposals. Not to mention overlooking that on assurances from two cabinet ministers that the development contract for 37 machines 60% of the components of which had been completed by Feb. 20th, would be held good regardless of whether the craft ever entered squadron service, drafted plans for gradually weeding out its 15,000 employees over a six month period, in anticipation of a possible thumbs down on full production - and the deliberate attempt to embarrass the government" was regretfully undertaken in accordance with the procedure outlined in the Manual Of Procedure On Termination Of Contracts, issued by the Department of Defence Production! Rediculous? Hmph! You ain't heard nothing yet....

Uneasy with a dubious public and mounting and indignant demand to wrack up the world speed record for half a billion dollars worth of prestige, Ottawa ordered the five previously flown (but never opened up) Mark Is grounded, and hacked apart on a Malton tarmac to which I can personally testify, because the typer I used to hack this out is sitting on fifty pounds of three inch plexiglass that used to be the left forward canopy panel of RL-201; junked eight Mark IIs in various construction phases, including RL-206, fitted with the Iroquois powerplant, and six days from flight-test readiness; ruled abruptly that the Avro belonged not to Avro, Not to the RCAF, Not to the Canadian Public, but to the Department of Defence Production, which promptly denied authorization to complete 206, shattering quite effectively my efforts to instigate a campaign to do so with public donations, for the purpose of progressive flights to tick off a succession of records, commencing with the British Commonwealth Speed record, loafed through by an elder sister while still accelerating in a shallow climb, past the world Speed record, already unofficially beat a little by a similar ship, and on up past mach 3 to the structural limitations of the air-

frame, reputedly somewhere over 2100 mph; and guaranteed an engine which, on the ground at full throttle, would be heard ten miles away, and in the air, push thirty tons to such a speed that the aircraft would melt - despite overseas orders for 200 and frantic bid for manufacturing rights!

Then came the propaganda. We were told that it really was a misfit, that it wasn't really needed and wasn't wanted anyway. This was the missile Age. That it would cost 750,000,000 dollars, despite a last desperate Roe offer of 100 Arrows and parts for \$418 millions which it can't release because the government stamped it "secret and confidential. Destroy before reading." That it wouldn't be operational before mid-1962, even though the Avro production lines could have been geared to three a month for the asking, placing it in service by early 1961 if anyone had asked. That 10,000 feet runways would have to be lengthened regardless of the 5,000 who saw RL-201 lift off and tuck in her undercart in 3,000 feet on her maiden flight. That her range was 1700 miles less than that claimed by the RCAF, and, strangely enough, less than the triangular course followed on every one of its test flights, north to Georgian Bay, on into Northern Ontario and back. That recent shrinkages in Canadian Sovereignty were inevitable by-products of cooperative North American Defence, and there weren't any anyway. That the "preponderance of Expert Opinion" is that the manned interceptor will be less effective in detecting the threat from the manned bomber than previously expected, that this threat is now of secondary importance, and there has been a substantial reduction in the number required, if, they will be required at all! That by mid-1961 Canada would be defended by two half-strength Bomarc bases - a missile now looked on with much disfavour by the Air Force that originally contracted it-together covering only a portion of Ontario and Quebec, and one of which, in late 1960, is a hole in the ground seven miles from here, while the other one hasn't even the dignity of that. That our present force of CF-100s will not be obsolete as long as a single Russian bomber remains operational. And so on.

Now, eighteen months later, that same force of CF-100s is doing good to lose itself in the trails of TCA Jetliners, and we find ourselves casting about a grim crop of foreign defences against a barbaric death of an irrefutably superior home-product on the 50th anniversary of Canadian Aviation, one and half years ago proved didn't exist!

Just as the Avro Jetliner, four-jet winner of the U.S. Wright medal for the most advanced aircraft of 1949, was junked by the Canadian government in the face of 50 and more confirmed orders from domestic and U.S. airlines, a week before its new twin Iroquois engines would have startled the world by knifing it seven hundred miles per hour over the existing world speed record, so went the arrow - the weapon that almost was.

Maybe the Texan who met an RCAF flight crew, picking up a B-47 Iroquois test bed, in the officer's club at Wichita, Kansas, had a point at that. "Do you mean," he asked incredulously, "That you little old Canadians have got the biggest engine in the world? And you're going to put it in the Tail of a B-47? And then you're going to put TWO of them in hottest little old interceptors on this whole cotton-picking planet? Man! You're crazier than we are!"

But I still wonder if I can extract the same comfort from the prospect that if the Dalnaya Aviatsiya blows us all up tomorrow, the bombers that did it were obsolete, the threat they represented was of secondary importance, and the 64 Bomarcs that couldn't and didn't stop them were cheaper than the weapons that could have and would have. Either way, this is a helluva way to live, and an almost sure way to die.

Britain, in the late thirties, decided that it couldn't afford to compete with Hitler. The United States decided in the late forties it couldn't afford to compete with the Communists. Now, apparently, we have decided we can't afford to try to win the space race, the missile race, the economic race, the educational race, or any other race that puts us up against the Soviet. Presumably, we will continue to protect our world leadership in such vital items as toilets, detergents, electric trains, swimming pools, pop-up toasters, and stored wheat, content that any further military expenditure is not economically feasible. (Editor... An ironic bit of news came out a few days ago, ((Late January 1961)) in the announcement that the makers of what could have been the world's best plane, will be, in the future, making vending machines.. Art)

5 But we cannot make a choice between to-day's weapons and tomorrow's weapons. There will always be better weapons "in the mill" than the "force in being" even if we're talking about an Intercontinental death ray. We need to-day's weapons today and tomorrow's weapons tomorrow. If the cost of living seems high under those circumstances, there is a cheap alternative with an immediate saving of 40 billion dollars yearly to the United States alone. QUIT!

If I told you that we have twice as many bombs and twice as many bombers and twice as many missiles as the Russians, you would believe me, and go to bed feeling secure. But you would have no business feeling secure, because you don't understand the problem, because you don't care, and because you would feel secure if I told you the Russians had twice as many bombs, bombers, and missiles as we have.

In a philosophy of deterrence, the one question one must surely be capable of answering is: "When are we trying to deter?" We are trying to deter Mr. Krushchev and the Soviets, and so it is what THEY think of our capabilities that is of primary importance. What we think is really of little consequence, and our energies had better be spent trying to impress them.

Some Air Force Officers confide that they grow weary of the countless re-appraisals that have become so fashionable. They think war could happen anytime, and largely through accident. Their intelligence, operating on the principle that while too much may prove embarrassing, too little may prove fatal, tells them that Russian missile and aircraft arsenals are expanding faster than ours, that "obsolete" and "abandoned" heavy jet bombers are rolling off production lines at the rate of 15 a month, that in two years the balance will be critical. They suspect the old theory of cities laid waste and millions killed is outmoded, that the bombs and missiles will fall on OUR bombers and OUR missiles. They are convinced that further discussions of how we are going to fight, if we have to, are silly, because the fission of the atom has eliminated protracted mobilization, leisurely convoys, massive air assaults, Normandy beachheads. They scoff at the "brush-fire" warriors because they couldn't possibly hold their neat little police actions without the overhead cover of SAC and they fear that by conceding the first blow we have already put ourselves at a frightening disadvantage.

Some of you may be familiar with the phrase, "Minimum Deterrent". Now I don't know what the minimum deterrent is, and what is more, there is nobody in this world who does. Gen. Thomas S. Power, Commander-in-Chief, Strategic Air Command, said, "If anyone tells you he knows what the minimum deterrent is, you can tell him for me that he is a liar." The one man who might know is a chap by the name of Krushchev, and frankly, I don't think he's talking. One day he might be willing to absorb more punishment than the next anyway.

But if you want, you can strive for this minimum deterrent. He knows... you might even find it. YOU HAVE TO, because if you don't, you'll be dead. Or, you can keep on going, and get a deterrent margin. If it is big enough, ruling out the madman angle, you would have a real deterrent and real security. Or, if you want to, you even could abolish your armed forces altogether and start a collection of horseshoes. But I wouldn't recommend it, because it really wouldn't increase the average lifespan a great deal. Whether you want to go that far, whether you want to go all the way in the other direction, or whether you want to stop somewhere in the middle is your choice. My point is that you can have anything you want; BUT YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT YOU WANT AND WHY YOU WANT IT!

Today, for the first time in history of the world, a really tremendous advantage accrues to the man who strikes first, the man who has the initiative, the man who starts the war. Assume for the moment you are thoroughly familiar with the Strategic Air Command. You know how many airplanes of how many types, and how many bombs we have. You know too, how long it takes to load them, what targets they will strike, how many people will be killed, and what material changes they will do. Call that capability, "Unity". That is what you can do to the Soviet Union.

Divide that by three, and under conditions of retaliation, THAT is what you may be able to do. That part of your force on sufficient alert to operate within the warning time available: one-third. If we had fifteen minutes warning to operate within, against missiles, which we haven't, and if the missiles could penetrate, which they can, even with one-third of SAC's 3,000 bombers, tankers, and missiles on 15 minute alert, we would lose two-thirds of our force in the first 15 minutes of the war! Sort of an unavoidable

space-age Pearl Harbour. That is why it is criminal that in all the storm and fury now ⁶ raging over SAC's fight for an airborne alert, it has not been made clear that it may be a last-ditch stand for the survival of the free world.

Not now... no, nobody, not even we, is asking for an airborne alert today. SAC is still the mightiest force in the world, the other side of the fence does not yet possess the capability of clobbering it with its wheels down. Even as you read this, there is an alert force of 12 SAC aircraft flying various patterns across the northern hemisphere, and a full alert is not an immediate necessity.

But, we are not in a position to afford to ignore the future situation. We must try to keep our deterrent power a true deterrent, and if we should fail, it is our responsibility to have the retaliatory power to make someone regret it.

There's no argument about SAC's deterrent capability at the moment. Here, we are in full agreement with the administration. Yet, regardless of degree, and regardless of whether intelligence estimates are based on Soviet capability or Soviet intentions - the capability is pretty obviously witness to the intention - there will be a period, starting in 1961 when our deterrent capability may not be capable of holding the peace. Popularly, this period is known as the missile gap, to which, in consistent language, might be added a warning gap and an intelligence gap.

Where missiles are concerned, the announced policy of the U.S. is one of ready concessions, they admittedly have not the slightest intention of matching the Russian effort. Ironically, this leaves the manned bomber as the backbone of deterrent, which the administration has branded obsolete, withheld funds, cut back production, gutted and scuttled, in quick succession. Basically, that is why the airborne alert will be an act of desperation. If war is deterred in the not-so-wery-distant-future, it will be deterred by 3,000 planes of the Strategic Air Command; but if our deterred adversary is confident he can splatter 2,000 of those planes across 100 airstrips, WHOM is deterring WHOM?

It is already too late to reverse the budgetary decisions and filled the missile gap with more missiles. We CAN'T fill the gap by ordering more Atlases -- they can't be held fueled and they take too long to fuel. Nor can we fill the gap with more Titans, they wouldn't be ready in time. The same can be said for the Polaris and the Nike, Zeus and Minuteman and anything else that comes along -- they will come AFTER we have faced our biggest crisis, no matter what they may add to our deterrent capability. If the crisis was to be eliminated by spending more money for ballistic missiles, it should have been spent two years ago when the visionary airmen who were pleading for the bigger investments.

Now.... it is too late. Because the ballistic missile offers unique advantages to a potential aggressor who plans a surprise attack and must destroy his adversary's retaliatory force before they can be used against him, there can be little doubt that the Soviets are producing missiles at the high rate indicated repeatedly by Mr. Krushchev. And because of that rate, within two years, they will have built up a stockpile large enough to be strongly inducive towards a massive attack on the western world.

Which leads to the second gap -- a gap in warning. Neither now nor in two years, will we have a ballistic missile defensive system. EVERY properly functioning rocket will do its job. That's more, we won't even know they're coming, because there will be no reliable warning system. The Ballistic Missile Early Warning System might work; then again it might not. One way we lose 2,000 planes, the other we lose 3,000. Either way we can't effectively retaliate and consequently, we have no deterrent. BMEWS is still essential because of its 15 minutes warning which might save 1,000 planes on 15 minutes alert, and one-third of a deterrent is better than none. But it is not enough. Clearly, until we have a fully operational warning system that will provide sufficient lead time for SAC to get enough aircraft off the ground to effectively retaliate, SAC must be in a position where it can survive a surprise attack without any warning at all. And that ISN'T on the apron!

It should be assumed that the weakness in any warning system will persist until they are moved into another environment. Here, I am speaking of satellites: one in particular, called Midas. It is an orbiting infrared sensor that will guarantee thirty minutes of warning. A sensor that is our only hope of retaining the effectiveness of our retaliatory strength, be that in missiles or bombers. Weapons that can't get off the ground are of a shamefully little use as a deterrent.

7 But Midas will not be ready when it is needed. By administrative decree, it has been sadly lacking in priority and funds. Originally an Air Force Project, it was shifted to the civilian Advanced Research Projects Agency and only restored to its rightful priority when it was wrangled back to the USAF. As Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, chief of the Air Research and Development Command has pointed out ARPA is something we can live without. MIDAS isn't.

INTELLIGENCE GAP. Someday it too will be plugged with a satellite SAMOS. Until it is, we must rely on intelligence estimates and their interpretations, be that by generals or politicians. Even from a strictly impartial viewpoint - admittedly difficult to obtain - it is only just to point that from the record, SAC, if faced with the necessity of an assessment of the commie's capabilities and intentions for a decision, it would be taking extreme risks to count on the ridiculously conservative National Intelligence Estimates.

The Record is not good. It can't be denied that the USAF intelligence excelled by far, in its prediction of the first Russian Atomic bomb, the first hydrogen bomb, manned bomber production and rocket capability. It was obvious in the consternation of the administration following Sputnik as opposed to the "I Told You So" of the military. After all, wasn't it General Schriever who called Sputnik a basketball of no military significance?

The facts at SAC HQ, buried in the side of a Nebraskan hill, indicate that the command provides in the neighbourhood of a 100 soft targets, each of which the Russians will have to hit if they are not to suffer retaliation. Unfortunately, with no intelligence, no warning, and our deterrent on the tarmac, if Nikita had the missiles, it could be done in 30 minutes, and wouldn't even rate an "E" for effort. He Hasn't yet, but in two years he will. In the current state of development, it would take three missiles to give a 95% probability of destroying one given soft surface target some 5,000 miles away. Which makes it distastefully obvious that there are precisely 300 ballistic missiles between me and a backyard bomb shelter.

With the capability of building 300 long-range missiles, we must, of necessity, assume the intention of use. But in reverse, it would be a short life if we assumed otherwise. If these missiles ARE used, we won't be able to intercept them. Matter of fact, we won't even be able to find them. Heck.... we won't even know they're on their way! Until we DO know, until we CAN find them, until we CAN stop them.... until we have a bigger and better deterrent to deter those 300 Russian fingers from pushing those 300 Russian buttons in the first place... we can do but one thing. We can make it DAMN good and clear that the moment those 100 Russian rockets plant 100 Russian mushrooms, the awesome retaliatory might of the SAC, be it from over Greenland or low over Ethiopia, will swoop into wide, climbing turns, and from the four points of the compass, converge on the U.S.S.R.

The airborne alert is not new to SAC. There were experiments in this area with the old B-36 and an Air Alert Indoctrination Program has been under way for a year and a half, devising procedures, both for flying and maintenance. Two highly secret exercises have been undertaken to assemble data on the manpower, material, logistics, communications and supporting services that will be needed, and it is expected that SAC crews will be fully trained by early 1961.

This indoctrination program already involves twelve aircrafts, previously mentioned and SAC will shortly double this to the budgetary limit of 24. Inherent in those planes will be the flexibility that will make the manned bomber a continually current requirement. Each will carry Hound Dog 500-mile range, air-to-surface missiles, and each will be armed with some combination of types and sizes of bombs, decoys, black boxes, and penetration aids. There will be four to six warheads on each plane, the targets will be military-counterforce, command, and control centres - and target information fed to the crew in flight, will endeavour to ensure that energies will not be wasted on installations which have already discharged their potency.

Assuming 24-hour service, each aircraft would average 150 hours monthly on patrol, at a cost of \$560. an hour. This amounts to an annual cost for the three or four years of its duration, of slightly over \$600,000,000, or, approximately equivalent to what the US spent on new swimming pools last year. Substantially more than the \$85,000,000 that the

Administration is trying to ram through in the budget.

As far as manpower is concerned, there need be little shift in the aircrew. Since SAC went on 15 minute alert two years ago, each plane has been manned with partial crew, and they, largely, would welcome the shift to airborne alert.

Maintenance:- It is clear that SAC will need more men- about 15,000. At the outset, much of this additional burden can be contracted, and further utilization made of existing Air Material Command facilities. As a result of last year's exercises, B-52 inspection times have been doubled from 50 to 100 hours for the post-flight, and from 300 to 600 for periodic overhaul. The Pratt & Whitney J-57 jet engine has proven reliable, and the inspection cycle on this has recently been extended from 300 to 400 hours. In all, maintenance reports do not show noticeable increase in unscheduled maintenance and the new criteria have only increased slightly the man-hours of labour, and time on the aircraft has remained about the same.

It appears incongruous that we should have money worries already, when at worst, the alert will not be needed for another year, consider the time required to stock SAC's shelves with the necessary spares. Items like wheels and tires are relatively simple to procure, but electronic equipment and engines run from 14 to 18 months. Surprisingly, the only NEW equipment that will be needed for 24-hour missions are bigger food freezers!

Maybe we won't need them after all though. Maybe we won't get our airborne alert. Maybe, just maybe, it isn't the last-ditch stand for the survival of the free world anyway. But, frankly, if we DON'T get it, I don't think any of us will be around to find out.

From the time the intercontinental ballistic missile first entered the picture, our military strategists have talked and planned in terms of a "weapon mix", a combination of missiles and manned weapon systems which would function together complimentary. The "Big Stick", the Strategic Deterrent force, is the sine qua non that establishes the military context of our times. It grows even bigger, but now it must be handled with the delicacy and finesse of a rapier. Our strategy of deterrence cannot be a matter of trial and error. It is constantly on trial, and the only constant in our current strategy equation, is that our planners now have no room for error.

But, at this point, one begins to wonder who our planners really are. Only in administrative plans is the manned aircraft conspicuous by its absence. As far as the Air Force has looked into the future, and the complexity and high cost of military weapons necessitates it taking the longest possible look, there is still a cockpit, and there is still a man in it. If it is not that the budget people are now dictating military philosophy, then why is it that the Chief Of Staff had to spend "many sleepless nights" deciding which he needed the most desperately, the F-108 Mach 3 interceptor or the B-70 Mach 3 bomber? Eventually he chose the bomber because it constituted the greater deterrent. Then he looked on in helpless fury as the Secretary Of Defence, who is not reported to have lost any sleep over his decision, junked the F-108 and immediately turned around and gutted the B-70.

Implicit in the B-70 slashing was the negation of both the plane/missile "mix" philosophy, and the Hard-come-by-weapon system concept. With many sub-systems cancelled outright, Electronic countermeasures, bombing, and navigation, in the unlikely event the ship was re-instated, these black boxes would have to be adapted from the B-52, and none of them truly adequate for a Mach 3 Airplane. It would not be a bomber, it would not have the sophistication necessary for it to be effectively functioning as a 2100 mph heavy bomber; it would only be a "bare-bone" airplane. Under these peculiar conditions in a year or so, it will be perfectly simple to obliterate the Valkyrie completely on the grounds that without these subsystems, it is not a useful vehicle!

Finding itself in a Looking Glass World where America systematically cuts its capability, oblivious of an ever more powerful opposition, the Air Force reluctantly and with grave apprehension, bowed out to this wholly political decision to "reorient", delivered in a heavy budget-balancing atmosphere. The need for the B-70 had astonishingly little bearing on the decision, even when we are so organized that military decisions by the best military planners for the best military requirements are second fiddle, maybe piccolo, to the administrative veto recruiting for the fiscal drainpipe.

A catalogue of Valkyrie virtues only points up the witlessness of its abandonment as a weapon system. The fact that a U.S. based unit could be over Laos or Formosa in three hours' flying time is apparently beside the point. The advantages the B-70 would give the western world over twice as many missiles, which it won't have anyway, advantages such as recall, diversion, multiple target operation and selection, quick reaction time, etc. are not pertinent in this.

The Pentagon decision to delay and reorient is far more than a mere defence stretch out. It is important to recognize the announcement for what it is - not the postponement of a new bomber, but its demise. The end of the line for the manned Strategic bomber.

Yet the NS-110A is perhaps the most imaginative and radical airplane ever designed. Its dimensions are not far from those of a B-58, roughly 170 feet long and 115 feet wide with a take-off weight of 250 tons, it could fit in a B-52 hangar. Some of the most daring features ever proposed have gone into its design. One primary, and secret, element of its aerodynamic lines makes it the first plane designed to cruise at top speed for its entire mission, rather than going supersonic in a brief dash over the target, at high fuel penalties. The six GE J98 engines, slung in one oversized pod, far aft under the huge platform delta wing, will cruise 6,000 miles without refueling in flight, at 80,000 feet.

There will be no need for the crew to wear pressure suits, oxygen masks, or even parachutes. Carrying upwards of one ten-megaton hydrogen bomb, 2,000 miles per hour, 25 miles above the earth, the four-man crew will work in living-room comfort in terms of temperature, pressure and elbow room. In emergencies, the B-70 would "encapsulate" its crew. The capsule would eject, its chute would billow out at a preset altitude, and it would be equipped with a boat for water landings, and clothes and food for everything from Antarctica to the Gobi Desert.

Constructed of Titanium, stainless steel, and nickel alloy, it would hit the heart of Russia less than three hours after taking off from existing bases in the SAC System, or even civilian fields like Idelwild, Friendship, or San Francisco International. Take-off would be about the same as a B-52, its landing speed actually slower than a Super Sabre, its cruising speed such as to take it around the world, with in-flight refueling, in less than half a day. At higher speeds, the wing tips could turn down 50 degrees for better stability. The speed? You could eat breakfast in New York at eight, take off, and arrive in Los Angeles an hour and a half before you ate. In fact, flying west, you would make the sun set in the east, or bring the moon back up in the west.

At this writing, the Valkyrie is not a mere dream. Secreted away in North American Aviation's plant at Inglewood, Cal, is a full-scale mock-up. Tooling design has already commenced. But... fighting a rearguard action against the budgeteers, the Air Force is investigating alternative uses for purposes other than a bomb platform. It would make a first rate military transport. In a limited war, it would provide an immediate show of strength by air lifting cargo to any point on earth in only a few hours. If the United Nations ever gains a police force, it has been suggested the Valkyrie could become a global police cruiser, the world-wide "cop on the beat".

It was designed to carry and deliver anything -- the biggest hydrogen bomb, Air launched Ballistic Missiles, a "train-load" of standard bombs, a series of hydrogen bombs for primary, secondary and tertiary targets, or a combination of bombs and missiles for a sequence of attacks. Surely it doesn't take much imagination to visualize a tremendous airborne launching platform, lifting orbital or space-probe vehicles to the edge of the atmosphere before launching?

From a practical, commercial viewpoint, the B-70 represents almost a quantum jump in the state of aeronautical art. Someone, eventually, will build a Mach 3 transport - to whisk passengers from coast to coast in a little more than an hour. The world has only scratched the surface of the potential of civil air transport. Like most technical developments, the money invested in Valkyrie would have considerable commercial fall-out. It could -- but then the B-70 is still "reoriented". The decision is not a military one, for the need, as a weapon system, is not in question. It is a budgetary one.

And yet, the budgetary argument is perhaps the strongest one of all in its favour. Not what it would do to American budget, but what it would do to Krushchev's. For the B-70 threat is not merely military. It is a financial threat in that we can afford to

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build it a whole lot easier than Russia. The Shift to Mach 3 in our manned offensive system would force the Kremlin to launch a back-breaking program of Mach 3 defensive system, involving maner interceptors, ground-to-air missiles and their control system. There is no reason to doubt that they can do it, but the cost of such a program, requiring an altogether new family of "heat barrier" metals, would stagger Mr. Krushchev in his efforts to provide more consumer goods.

This is not to deny that the machine would be expensive to us too. The unit cost is estimated at roughly three times that of a B-58, more if the program is stretched out & follows a stumbling cycle like its predecessors. The original flight date has already skipped over a year and only a crash program with all its added costs could regain it. But economies like \$10 billions appears increasingly nonessential in the lush world of America today. Even though the B-70 is an airplane the Russians can't afford, in five years, it would cost them \$40 BILLIONS if WE continue the program. If we don't, it means that a vast and expensive area of air defence can be deleted from the Russian military requirement, and hence from their budget. It means that several thousand Red fighters remain a useful part of their inventory. If we didn't need the B-70, or if we couldn't truly afford it, its cancellation would be adjudged a sad but realistic fact of life. But since we DO need it, and we CAN afford it, the decision to "reorient" becomes a tragic blunder. Tragic because in the negation of the mixed force, we have eliminated the things called flexibility and versability from our future deterrent. A blunder because it is an axiom of military history that the only thing you know for sure about the next war is that it won't be fought the way you think it will.

A meaningful SAC motto says: "We must strive for the greatest technical advance - consistent with the continuous capability.", in other words, "It's o.k. to reach, as long as you don't trip."

Intercontinental ballistic missiles and manned intercontinental bombing systems are not competing but complementary. Each has disadvantages which cancel out in a mixed force, but on an "either-or" basis, are compounded. Missiles can do things a bomber can't and vice-versa. Narrow the field of your delivery choices and you make the enemy's defensive job commensurately easier and immeasurably cheaper.

Ballistic missiles and other unmanned vehicles are not as yet and may never be, the answer to all military problems. The manned bomber is selective. It can, in effect, turn its head and peak out of the corner of its eye. The ICBM cannot. Neither can it radar-map the destruction a raid has wrought and return with the gen to plan further missions. Nor is it of use against mobile targets, movable base ICBMs in particular. Or against the type of target for which we do not have accurate geographical coordinates. It can't do what it suddenly finds it has to do; it demands massive preparatory planning.

Once dispatched, it can't be recalled. So what? So This: If this very minute, assuming the could, if our radars picked up a swarm of unknowns arcing over the pole from Russia, assuming we had any, would we launch our missiles? Remember, the blips might be meteor showers, Northern lights, migratory birds, ice-packed clouds, or just plain ordinary run-of-the-mill flying saucers. They could also be a declaration of war -- but we'd probably wait.

For once the missile goes, it is gone. It can't be recalled. It CAN be "destroyed" but a few planned spoofs by Red strategists COULD thoroughly embarrass our stockpile of missiles.

With the gutting of the Valkyrie, many knowledgeable persons have given their unlauded opinion that we have allowed ourselves to be stampeded by incessant Soviet propaganda declaring all manned weapons obsolete. It has been suggested that one of the neatest tricks the Reds could pull would be to egg us to put all our nuclear eggs in one missile basket, and then proclaim to the world that if war comes they would use only conventional weapons - and extremely vulnerable in the interim. Far-fetched? Perhaps, but it illustrates the cul-de-sac into which the administration is steaming. Versability may not ensure victory, but rigidity will almost certainly ensure defeat.

Not so very long ago, the Air Force Missile Test Center at Cape Canaveral was considered forbidden territory. What transpired there was news both vital and vitally interesting to the American people and the free world. But, to the Press, Canaveral was "Off Limits". To enter it was a flagrant violation of Federal Law. Yet, there were hundreds of newsmen in the area. To report to the nation of their incredible investment, they stood on rocky benches and ankle-deep in sand.

Because Federal Law couldn't hide the rockets standing on their launching pads. Federal law couldn't hide the might of hundreds of cars driving onto the Cape. Federal Law couldn't hide the warning bells hung high on posts around the perimeter, or the flares burning, or the lights blazing, preparatory to a launch. Federal law couldn't disguise the Atlas, the Thor, the Navaho, the Vanguard, the Jupiter C or the other giants that flew successfully or flopped miserably.

Reporters who stared through binoculars knew this. Photographers who took pictures with telephoto lenses knew this. Pilots who flew along the edge of Merrit Island and looked down at the launch complex spread out below their wing knew this. It seems everybody knew this except the Dept. of Defence!

That is why the restrictions imposed in the name of security were simply bureaucratic nonsense, sheer stupidity of legislation that failed in every imaginable aspect to maintain a tangible level of military security and amounted to no more than a disgraceful violation of public responsibility. Because of this, at best, reporting from the AFMTC - a vast military installation, a crucible for tomorrow, paid for by American Taxes and from where would come the weapons to decide their continued existence - was a haphazard affair, riddled with inaccurate reporting made unavoidable by the very restrictions imposed by the Great Ivory Tower!

Likely, the press would not have distinguished itself anyway. At this writing, at least four prominent news weeklies, the kind read by millions of Americans, have published four sets of figures estimating our missile strength vis-a-vis the Russians. Aside from being different, they are all at least partly wrong, and guilty of upgrading the true U.S. strength. But, then, it was not the Press who mimeographed "Remarks Of The President On The Airstrip", following his first and only visit to Cape Canaveral. That was the White House Press Secretary. The remarks were to the effect that Mr. Eisenhower found the Cape "a most highly instrumented place", and that "the experience of his visit was worthwhile". He hoped it had also been worthwhile for the reporters who accompanied him, most of whom, two years earlier, were counting the Sands Of Cape Canaveral. They, like many people in Defence Industry, had spent many days at the Cape before they joined the Chief for his three hour tour.

These people were also aware that Cape Canaveral is only a test range, and not an operational base with the capability of firing shots in anger. They knew the birds themselves are only 20% of the weapon system, the rest being in a spreading complex of man and machinery commanded by General Powers, but still in pitifully short supply. What they knew of these things they have learned at SAC Headquarters, Offutt AFB, Neb., for many of them have visited that too. Mr. Eisenhower, who entered the White House in 1953, never has been to Offutt. And he has never been to Vandenberg AFB, Calif., where the first operational missile unit is located.

These observations are pertinent in that it is Mr. Eisenhower who said, "I have been long enough in the Military service that I assure you I cannot be particularly disturbed because everybody with a parochial viewpoint all over the place comes along and talks and says that the bosses knew nothing about it." THAT was when General Power was pleading for an airborne alert.

It is germane to recall, at this point, that General Power is one of the men outspoken in his demand that the American people be given the straight facts. But their plea for less secrecy and more information, accurate information, because facts have a habit of spoiling a good story, for the public is not expected to bring any results. The White House has strong feelings on this subject and has laid down the line of attack against critics who struggle against the restrictions. If you haven't read the General's book "Design For Survival", rest assured you aren't the only one. A Military commander, the Department of Defence has ruled, conveniently forgetting the "no comment" censorship following Sputnik, is free to discuss anything he wishes in official publica-

tions, interviews, press releases, on television shows, or before congressional committees. But the moment he puts his stuff between the pair of covers of a book, it becomes "Inappropriate".

It was the opinion of the Air Force that the views in the manuscript were purely those of General Power, and, as such, they constituted a valuable addition to military literature. There was no question of security, all facts were from open sources. The book was written in the conviction that "we cannot solve the problems entailed in our design for survival unless the people fully understand these problems and decide to do something about them. It has been my experience that the average American is not easily frightened nor discouraged, and, indeed, I am more concerned about any attempt to keep unpleasant facts from the people than about their reaction to these facts."

Why it is inappropriate for a military man to face such a responsibility has not been made clear. It has, however, been made clear that the administration disagrees sharply with the General's conviction. Unfortunately, there are a LOT of important people in the Executive and Legislative branches of the American Government who dispute this evaluation of the American public. If they want to ignore General Power, they are free to do so. If his book were published, he would be more difficult to ignore.

It is an open secret in Washington that his B-70 has long been the target of the Director Of the Bureau Of The Budget. Mrs. Stans claims we cannot afford it. Whether the taxpayer would agree if he knew the facts is another story. Public opinion is still the final arbiter, even though it must grope through the obfuscating fog of fiscal fugg-heads to reach the facts. Not even administration has denied our strength is a deterrent only so long as potential foes know what our strength is. Presumably we have some way of telling the potential foe while keeping it a secret from our own people.

We are poised at the brink of, and are plunging into, the Space Age. We are moving inevitably into a time of Astropower. We face a threat beyond imagination, should events ever lead to open conflict in a world of hypersonic velocities. What may come will not be signalled by lights from the North Church Steeple. Never again!

It will come through space, and the light of warning will be the blinding error of a thermonuclear fireball.

And because of this I am a frightened man. I fear for our very survival, and I know that we will survive only if our minds are open and thinking clear. If they are not..... then none of our physical weapons will do us any good.

For then..... we shall have defeated ourselves.

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(A quick review of this article, both portions, by the editor. I have been accused of not "Editing" adequately in the past, and more so with this article than normal. Of course, this partially came because of the article I printed from a Pro, on editing, in a Note To Fanzine Editors.

It is my belief that in order to edit, in order to correct the grammatical formations, two things must first come to the forefront. (1) The Editor should know his grammar. (2) He should, in the case of articles specially, understand the basic tenets of the article. In the case of fiction, he might have to have some writing ability too, but it is not with fiction I am dealing in this case. Let's dismiss the first one, I am not conversant with higher grammatical usages.

The Second:.. This, the understanding of the basic tenets of the articles was tempered by many things. One of which was my having met and liked Wayne Dickey, at the Pitt con. He is a young man, a teenager actually, but seems to be fairly serious. From that meeting and from correspondence since, it seems obvious that he enjoys an association with the military at the base in Northern Ontario that gives him much greater privileges than a civy would normally be expected to have.

He loves to enter into arguments, discussions, etc. with the military at the base. To me, it seems to have resulted in his gathering much more information about the views of the military, perhaps including some SAC crewmen, than I could correct for. It seems

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to me that the views expressed in this article are NOT entirely the result of his thoughts though he may agree with them completely. He is NOT from the U SA, yet, the wording of most of the article is written from the viewpoint of an American citizen. To me, this is indicative of being, to a large extent, a representation of American military men, as given to him, and repeated here, if not directly dictated to him.

To me, this article represents the views of U.S. military men more so than that of a Young Canadian. I have avoided tampering with the wording, since this feeling, I felt, should not be disturbed. Wayne has been accused of being a "war-monger", a "Perfect example of the 'blind' faith or belief, that is to be found in the American type of Capitalistic system", and other views. NO- ONE has tried, to the best of my knowledge, to refute any of the points he maintains are facts. Name-calling will not disprove the views of this article. I hear that one article will be published in a fanzine, the name of which escapes me, in which the first half of the article will be taken to task. I'll wait and see what it says, and naturally hope that I will be getting a copy of it.

But, this issue of ROVPR is not ALL sericon, so, from the same typewriter that originated the above article, I present another facet of this versatile writer.)

FANDOM IS ONLY A HOBBY...

R. W. Dickey.

(A Pittcon view view from a Canuck's U-2, Flying high, fast; upside down, at night, through solid cloud, and with the cameras off..... Are you sure you weren't.....)

H'ro Jim:

"Take me to your ladder, as the Starship Trooper", said to the 40 foot Formalhaut Four. "I'll see your leader later." and all that rot.... I'm a Fake Fan... I read science fiction.... Ghhhh, the ol Pittcon it had a party, ee ee ee oh. With a BNF here and a BNF there, here a BEM, there a BEM, everywhere a BEEEEEMMMMM. cha.. cha..

Hee hee... bet you can't guess where I was... mainly that obscure, ridiculed tho little known annual conclave called the World Science Fiction Convention, #18. The greatest, most essential, previous, revered and vital manifestation of the race of Homo Saps. The one place where imaginative, courageous, knowledgeable, questioning people with clear heads and open minds, free wills and dynamic convictions, motivations and thrill of the unknown that lifts and points their spinner beannies to the High and sit, sprawl and probe the universe. Melodramatic? Perhaps. No Jim, you of all of us needn't try to recall the last time you heard anyone, purposely and intelligently, what is most important to this society... religion, destiny, sex you KNOW, Jim. Like adding a devout Christian how much he thinks about getting into heaven....

Ghood Ghod... what I need is a rousing chorus from "We'll all go together when we go", like maybe, "There will be no misery when the world is our rotisserie", or something like that. Here's how it sort of happened, sort of. You see I was strolling down this street quite innocently like when this cute li'l blonde runs over and.... ahhhh. Nutz! First off, to begin at the beginning, Art Hayes runged me up from whay up in Matachewan, Ont. to tell me he weren't chasing the fishies in the Montreal River hafter all, and maybe would I like to make it a twosome contingent to make it disgustingly clear us Canucks was out in force this year. Thrilled, says I, but afterthought, etc. found ourselves headed out on different days.

Headed south from hyar are two trains, a slow one, and one that is slower. Natch I took the slower one. I would have preferred the faster #50, starting out three hours later, but knowing the cruddy crew at the CnXpress, which will NEVER be as cruddy with out me, if I had waited that long, I would have shortly found myself bailing in all the crap and rollicking down to Union Station as messenger, and after working the graveyard shift the night before, I was sleepy enough as it was, so, I simply contented myself with depositing an interoffice telegram in the appropriate place to the effect that there were two uncrated (tame) black bears on #50 to be transtrained to #3 for Montreal. Poor Clots

are likely still looking for them....

After a visit to the National Exhibition in Toronto, I piled into the "Ontarian". At Welland, the customs clots go on. Asked me where I was borned, where I was going, why was I going, how long would I be there, and would I please tell him what a science fiction convention was. Welllll.

Truddled across the Niagara River, and swooshed into Buffalo about midnight. Shot 35¢ on a stale piece of applie pie and went out for two hours of night air. Slipped and slid down the 200 foot ramp (apparently nobody has invented stairs there yet) back to the same track I got off on, and there'll be a hot old time if I can ever prove it was the same train too. But the engine said Pittsburgh (What accent did the engine speak to you in. Art) and Lake Erie (Do you really change railways every 20 miles... or is it 25?) so I just swore a little bit and went back to sleep. Woke up at 60 mph with the Monongahella River full of ore barges and tugs on one side, an expressway on the other, and a Mohawk 440 banking away upstairs. Unusual feeling. Rolled into the P & LE station 10 minutes later, retrieved my toothbrush and navigated a Yellow Cab across the river (on a bridge, natch) into the Golden Triangle as far as the Penn Sheraton (Art... Didn't the Cab owner object to you navigating his cab for him, or was he with you?)

Couldn't spot any UFOs horsing around outside, but here was this "Fandom is only A Hobby" bit on the Marquee, so I figured this must be the place and gingerly poked my head through the revolving door (which wasn't easy). Very nice place, sez I but by then my toothbrush was off ghod knows where so I hightailed after the bellhop on afterburner and got myself all registered up. Poor blokes even seemed glad to see me. Nobody I knew was in yet, so I got a hair cut in the hotel shop and its 30 barbers for \$2.50 (imagine what it would have cost to have them all cut....) Found my room on the 12th floor (besides the ENTire convention floor, the hotel gave us four full floors of its 1000 rooms... kept getting the impression they wanted us isolated....) changed into something a little comfortable like white pants and a white sport shirt and elevated to the 17th. Nobody around so I nosed through all the rooms, Ball Room, Urban Room, Sky Room, Ft. Duquesne, Allegheny and naturally found everybody - the whole ten of them - in the Mononghella Room, somewhat fruitlessly attempting to organize the FanArt display. I made my exquisitely rehearsed entrance, they took me to their leader, and obliterated all my tender fannish allusions... illusions (?)... Bjo was a gurl! dame! dish! One thing she wasn't and that was a short rounded, balding male! No boy... Took me about 14 seconds to sha ke hands with everybody there and pitched in with another pair of paws for the pot.

The Art was utterly fabulous, but mostly such that I can admire without wishing to buy, and out of the 100 or so, of the five I would have considered, four were for display only, and some goof was asking 250 cr tho it was worth every one and more if I had the money. With half an hour of this under my anti-gravity belt, fandom's own money express by the name of Dick Shultz sped into the room with the priority message that some cat called Harlan Ellison was landing at the Grant St. entrance.

So we all crowded into a little itsy bitsy express elevator and expressed ourselves downstairs. There a WBBA news team was desperately trying to slip in a word edgewise on this weird looking character in white pants, white shirt, white suit coat, white tie, white crash helmet, and bouncing up and down on a white MG with guitar and suitably diluted version of "Terra's STF".

On the way back up I chanced to meet Alma Hill, N3F Hostess, and I trotted along with her to the Trailways depot to pick up the Pittcon N3F books, then to lunch. Then to or via the Airporter bus along the turnpike, across an 8-lane double-deck bridge, into a half-mile tunnel and 14 miles through the Adirondacks (superb country I must admit) to Greater Municipal which I didn't believe to be the world's second largest terminal until I saw it. Gad! Found the TWA lot, ducked down a side door and out onto the apron to wait for Jan. Her flight, a rather battered and bewildered looking early Constellation landed three or four times in as many seconds a bout five minutes later. I didn't see her get off because a super-Connie wound up right in front of me belching smoke like a 4-4-4 CN Steamer, and naturally she was looking for me with everybody else (silly gurl) so I gave it up and staked out the baggage room. And right about here, it gets a little mushy.

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15 Oh well, I put her on the wrong bus, one with about five other people on it that made a great circle tour of the countryside and showed up back at the airport with just us two and the driver in that great big bus. Then we got on the right one and back into the Pena, registered and slipped out to eat. Who shows up in the same restaurant but Wally Wastebasket Weber, still unloading a colossal number of WRR. Like, some people will travel 2000 miles to save a four cent postage stamp. Meanwhile, back at the ran... I mean on the 17th... I mean back to the 17th with him and the other stragglers that had showed up. By this time time, you literally had to wade your way through the halls. We registered for the Con, got our I.D. Cards and all, and followed the crowd into the ballroom for the "non-con" I.R.E. symposium, tho where they got that name I dunno and nobody else seemed to either.

There were three on the panel, a phsycist (I think) a psychologist, and Long John Campbell. Also a moderator but the merely human line-up against Johnny, the discussion (Ha) ranged from what is scientific to what is rational to "the hell it is" to reality and psionics and psychoses and the moderator took up a seat in the front row. I was so wrapped up in what was being said that all I remember of what WAS said is that it by itself is worth every one of the \$200. I was set back. But fortunately, everything except the fanflab was taped and if I don't latch onto either a tape or the print of it, I may as well hand up the typer. One very good point of Long John's I do recall is that it is outlandishly simple to draw up an analogy to the reasoning that if only 1 in 10,000 people demonstrate anything resembling ESP, ESP is not scientific -- that if only 1 in 10,000 can play a violin, a violin is not scientifically a musical instrument! I meant that is bad enough but when he lays such arguements in a loud sport shirt, leaning on his elbow and between yawns..... help! It was supposed to be over by 10, but the coffee held out till 1 a.m. and it didn't break up till then, with Long John calling down the wrath on Bureaucratic messing around with the Freedom Of The Press. And Who Am I to buck him on that? Dunno if you read ANALOG but that editorial on the Dean Machine a few months back came only after a feature on it by SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN was canned by the gov't, and two weeks after the editorial the previously-repudiated-by-government-agencies device was classified DESTROY BEFORE READING PRIORITY! I nailed him for a couple of minutes after the meeting broke up, and what do I learn but that he was a personal friend of the originator of Project FARSIDE (that five stage rockoon affair of a while back) who obtained authorization for his "environmental studies of advanced electronic systems" by neglecting to state the environment was a 1000 miles up!

Didn't take an awful long time to locate a party, just bounced down the stairs to the 16th and took up a heading for the loudest noise which wasn't Harlan Ellison after all, but the N3F Emergency Suite for hangovers and all that sort of things. In use..... already? The two double-beds were occupied at various times by various members, tho seldom more than 15 at one time, and everyvarying number of prostrates littered the floor. But Jan found a hole in one corner and I scrambled up on the window sill and who bubbles through the door but Art Hayes who knocked off a day early, but almost not quite early enough. Seems as if the Airporter bus in Toronto to airport, broke down and he slid to a sickening stop in front of the TCA counter with 2 minutes to go. I guess he threatened them with a zap gun or something because they held his flight as he raced through customs trying to explain to a customs man what a Science Fiction convention was while a Viscount winding up on the tarmac waiting for him.

Next morning, Saturday, after a-1-1 of two hours sleep (almost) I psi'd out of bed, called on Jan down the hall, and went out for a little air. Met Art in Grant's dept. store cafeteria, bought myself an allweather topcoat, white shirt and a "Beat 'Em Bucs" Megaphone. (No, Harlan, Beat 'Em Bucs, not Bugs!) Then we elevated up to the 17th, still full of people (?), most of them looking like last-night's leftovers, which they were. Jan deserted me for Mike Dckinger (what's he got that I ain't got?) and I banged up my 16 x 20 luminous 16 x 20 KEEP OFF THE GRASS on the door to the Hospitality room.

La ter, a dash to the cheapest restaurant, namely \$1.25 for a habbeig. oop, then a Taxi to Forbes Field where Jan saw her first Major League game, Tigers whomped the Philies. Team support is utterly fantastic. A brisk unguide tour followed through the U of

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Pittsburgh's main floor where every language classroom is decorated in the motif(?) of that country, a real brisk retreat back to the hotel for the masquerade. Could hear 'em on the 17th, while getting into my turquoise tights, on the 12th. Gold vest, crimson cape completing the ensemble. Saw one extremely realistic devil suited character getting into an elevator with a Negro. Bannister has nothing on him. No point trying to describe the costumes... would be futile, but Bjo won the grand prize as a Unicorn. Some change from her polyfilm of last year.

Everyone joined to make 3 or 4 big circles up on stage, through a mass of flash bulbs and paraded past the TV cameras warming up their audios for the fannish (I) sing? song (??) following with numbers like, "THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A BEM (from North Atlantic), A Conventional Tale; The Caves Of Steel; Who Goes There? I Hate Bradbury; Oh You UFO; Brave Old World; Pore Stiffs Dead; The Green Hills Of Earth; and The Purple swamps Of Sirius., etc... Then on to the entertainment, including an exceptional magician with an SF slant and the standard alibi, "Well, This IS A Science Fiction Convention...", The Purple Pastures play, and into the Ft. Duquesne Room for Fannish movies by Lost Angeles Fannac, starring "The Mesquite Kid", surprisingly well acted, filmed and audioed, and outrageously hilarious. From Whence, at 2.00 a.m. or thereabouts, down to the Seattle Party where for four hours, Mike Deckinger, Billy Joe Plott, and R.W. #Booddocks" Dickey, butchered the entire 52 pages of copy #225 of the Misfits STF & FSY Songbook.

Roused Miss Brodsky a couple of hours later for a walk through the Golden Triangle, new Aluminum, steel, and glass office buildings and plazas and centres and what not. I have NEVER seen as many fountains anywhere. So help, they were trying to SELL 'em for 500 cr. on the 11th floor of Gimbles. Nutz. Mellon Square Park right in front of the hotel was a mass of flowers, trees, and fountains, built right on top a level of stores, themselves over a massive underground garage, all complicated like. From the Triangle, a rolling, maybe 20 acre buildingless projection out to where the Allegheny and Mononghella merge... but not a tree on it! I mean grass is fine if you intend to herd cows on it, but.... welll... at least it was deserted.....

Then an hour's walk back to the hotel, with a stop for a DEELicious steak in a place that served only steak, where you walk along a long open pit and you select the one you want from all those that are barbecuing. Back just in time for the preennial, "Who Killed Science Fiction?" panel, where Long Jon, who obviously hadn't had much caught up with his sleep, chased the rest of the panel home to change their diapers, and, immensely bored, proved that it was Science Fiction Conventions that had killed Science Fiction. (Authors couldn't write for readers who couldn't read it for six months afterwards) and told us fans that if every hard-core fan in the country ignored ANALOG for the next year, his circulation department would never know it??? Ellison was next on the podium (ahem) with his mainstream Science Fiction Trends in Sophisticated Men's Magazines, but I had Campbell and the Dean Drive somewhat detained next door. But neither of them were talking much. So, mundane applications for this I can see, (You can? Art) but a deep space drive I can't. The patent number from him I got, but if it is classified, the patent I get will not, and even if I do get it, it only means the principle as patented must be keyed to a converter of some sort for drive application, and I have produced mucyuh heat but little illumination. But then for a long while Dean was up the same creek himself. Both the government, NASA and the Bell Labs under AF supervisions (and there happened to be a Bell engineer in the audience to confirm) told him to get lost. What is it? A Machine. The one Campbell saw, weighed 15 pounds and he set it on a long flat table. On the other end he put a 45 pound weight. Both of them equally free to move, same friction co-ef, no stream of air or any of that bilge, and on the machine he put a pulley. The rope on this pulley was tied to the weight, the machine started and the WEIGHT SLID TO THE MACHINE! Run THAT through your pointed little head if you will. So far as I can figure it, it is a superb and ingenious application of the gyro principle, so that if you cut the table in two and suspend the device from a rope it still wouldn't move... with a big enough, and fast enough and heavy enough gyro. (I might point out that National Research Labs at Ottawa have spun one to - get this - 60,000 revs per SECOND! They had two, but one spun through 8 concrete and steel walls into the Ottawa River...) The thing has untold possibilities for towing cars out of snow and mudholes and the like, but what I have in mind is merely gyroscopic

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traction for an ordinary Winch, (Art - Do you mean winch or wench) and that surely can't be it. Maybe I've stumbled onto something original?

Comes the Banquet. I kept telling everyone we should have French fried Rattler rattles or the like, but in my brown plaid sport shirt and green palid suit coat and navy blue silver rocket emblazoned EIS tie, nobody would listen to me. First time I ever got a 1/2" slab of roast beef I could cut with a fork anyhow, so I shut up and listend to pro Lloyd Biggle and a Phd from the U of Mich amongst others at our table. The dishes went and the sharp wit of Simov took over. Hugos... Henlein... Blish... etc. Then we retired to the Urban Room for the sercon which was anything but serious.

Almost as much fun as clobbering neofans with water-filled paper bags from the 17th floor, or last year when Detroit's finest raided Ellison's room and they all took to the fire Escape at 7.00 a.m. (Art - Ya got that story all cross-eyed, I was on the fire-escapes at 7.00 am., yes, but not because of Detroit's finest, see. Ya got the story mixed up with the DOOR episode of another convention). Some mischievious neo was handling out book lets on the British Parliamentary Systems of meetings, and he was (the Chairman..de Camp) looking plenty sick. Started with with amotion that American dues be increased from \$2. to \$3. and after a wild-free-for-all on the question of whether Canadians are Americans, and, after a little over an hour, it was approved that the amendment to the amendment to the a mendment..... be amended to read that the registration fee... etc. This procedural wrangle continued through the Hugo discussion, etc. until after midnight when the whole thing swung over the deal to the Auctioning by Ellison. Harlan Ellison threatened to kick anyone up the slat who dared publish a fanzine on the other side of the first item auctioned, one of his manuscripts.

Sam Moskowitz complained that Ellison's cigar was garbling his words, so Harlan apologized at great length, slammed the cigar back into his mouth and said "tough". I left a short while later, looking for a party, ending up in 1622 and guzzled Neffer coffee, and obliterated Alma's cookies till we retired for breakfast at 9. Next time, I aim to take along a taper; failure to record THAT fanflab was one of the greatest crimes ever committed in the history of the race... and I am being disquietingly serious. Brodsky, bless her, pushed thepanic button as the turmoil grew about 3.00, and adjourned to the bedroom with Al-from-Toronto for half an hour (but they left the door open... HAW) at which time they departed for parts unknown, tho by the bedraggled look of both of them, I don't think either of them got very far past their own rooms. While I will freely admit that - no, I won't admit it either, I won't even point out - I will PROCLAIM that of the 10 in that room, 8 were atheists, and all night we sat there and tried to think, tried passionately to think of something GOOD religion has done for man... and we couldn't do it. We couldn't DO it. Religion was never justified; God we have outgrown, He was no more than an attempted shortcut through Ignorance. Not stupidity, but lack of knowledge.... if Winnie will pardon the paraphrase, Never has much much been said by so little. Or so sums up the joint communique.

I'd hate to see a clear thinking, open minded, scientifically grounded believer sit through that, and that is why if Janice hadn't decided herself it was bedtime, it would have been decided for her. She's strong, but ghod, does a wide, eager mind exist that could take all that when it hasn't previously permitted itself to doubt a word? WE don't need a god but then we were questioning God before we questioned Santa Claus. And if it took THEM that long to grow out of Santa Claus when they were kids, how long would it take to... (Art... But, religion wasn't the ONLY subject of discussion that long, long night. Many other subject were covered or uncovered, such as the different shades of meanings between nudity and nakedness, etc.)

By then, the sun had been up for a couple of hours, and humanity-on-the-floor showed signs of reviving so we broke it off for breakfast, where we bid our "God Be With Yous" and went our seprate ways. Mine was up to Art's room, sliding the forty pages of "It's Only A Paper Plane Sailing Over A Cardboard Sky" under his door., tacking "Buck buck, I'm a Canuck" on his door (Art - and only now do I find out who was to blame. I wondered.) and then sacked off so Jan could shortly call me for breakfast.

18 After eating, we head upstairs in time for the Fanzine Editor's panel where I rapidly concluded that any panel without John W. Campbell Jr. is flatter than the ecliptic. Then Ellison swung his auction into gear again, but the mob unloaded half of what I wanted at the back of the room at prices marked first come, first served basis, and the other half at the front while I was at the back. Somebody else didn't have quite so far to go & he wanted the view-from-a-satellite type view of Neptune too. So I took a quick audit of my account and sunk \$29. on three alternates spread out beneath the shotgun of a fan who was a regular correspondent of mine till I lost him. Guess he was still sore cause he made me pay for them all. Full colour canvas astro paintings, 16 x 20, 2 lunar, 1 Mercury.

Then off to Psycho and the most boring two hours I ever spent in a theatre (re. the picture I mean...) Oh well, a fast dinner and off across the river to the Buhl Planetarium. Progression of the Stars and all that, was a little flat, but the lunar landscapes when you're in a big BLACK auditorium with this huge dome over your lid and a panoramic view projected on it (no stupid, the dome, not your lid...) so realistic you'd swear you were sitting on top of a little peak somewheres and looking up at the ferry rocket decelerating overhead... I like that!

Back to the Convention but by then, everybody was either going or gone so we took off on further investigations. Later I ended up in 766 after a frantic search for a party. I was getting disgusted by then. Where were the good old days?... but then the good old days never discussed the psychological advances of nude society. Fascinating subject really. Funny tho, but every one in the room during that discussion, five men and two women, said certainly they would go to a nudist colony tomorrow, strip, and walk around WITHOUT a towel, feeling no embarrassment, but only out of curiosity and they would probably not return. (Art - Funny, but the way I remembers that discussion, the MEN WERE exhibiting LESS enthusiasm about the idea than the women. The men said they MIGHT, but the women said SURE)

Some fast shopping, amongst which came a \$30. aluminum grip, then bidding our happy landings to the desolate Richards remaining, we packed (to the extent the contents of the closet suddenly found themselves in the grip) checked out of an exceptional hotel -- rates, rooms, lobby, friendliness, courtesy, service, cooperation (except when we filled the service elevator with beer) commandeered a cab and said sayonora to a clean, attractive, progressive, enthousaistic, extremely friendly, generally lovely, waterlogged city. What with all those big adjectives, we had 35 minutes to get to the airport. Needless to say we did too make it. Lea stwaise my lawyer sez we did, but there existed a difference of opinion with the big ape in the TWA office. Always said it was a cruddy outfit anyhow. Says right on the ruddy ticket that the minimum check-in time is ten minutes before flight and I got a dint in my 'Beat 'em Bucs' megaphone to prove I bopped 'im on the lid with a clear 12 minutes. But the flight was up and we was down, so wot could we do? Besides tell what I thought of 'em and where they could go and what they could do with their puddle-jumpers and all. Naturally I was getting a big kick out of it all, and even Jan still knew enough to drop in on Western Union so while she did I checked into my 5.00 p.m. flight, North by NORTHWEST if you'll pardon the pun, but the man said Mr. Hayes wasn't there yet and insisted, absolutely insisted I pay \$4.00 on 65 pounds of baggage he nervily called 25 pounds overweight. I'll have to write Unc about that... Then there was that big flight-view restaurant and that mammoth observation deck to it, I had ten minutes left, but the clerk said Mr. Hayes had asked for a Mr. Dickey ten minutes previously. (Art - It's all a lie. I left in the a.m. of that day, for Kiev despite rumours to the contrary).

(censor)

Goombyes to Janice, ducked down the back door so I wouldn't have to wait in line & sprinted lightly into the shiny DC-7 (TWA take note). Guess what? No Art! Like I mean I've heard of missing airplanes before, sure, but when you check in 20 minutes before departure... wonder how he likes it down there in Rio? Went right up forward where I could watch the props and undercart and things and downed a good half of a very good meal of Pork tenderloin before we unlocked our brakes, and seeing as how I was only going as far

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as Cleveland and it was costing me 8 credits, I thought it was rather considerate of N.W. Orient Airlines, Inc. Course, they didn't actually LAND in Cleveland, just sort of swooped in low and slow with the door open, but I mean.. Even checked the wheel wells and Rudder when we set down, but for all I know Art is still in Pittsburgh wondering where Rod Serling hid Northwest 209 on him. TCA demoted me to a Viscount half an hour later, but it had taken me that long to walk from one pier of Hopkins field to the opposite one and I was in no condition to argue.

'Twas dark by now, and as I was lifting from Cleveland, Jan was touching down on her alternate flight in St. Louis. Landed at Malton a few feet below the runway, but the Last Of The Red Hot Pilots up front got me there in time to see my first DC-8 and Boac Comet Liners on a show, so I didn't complain any. To Toronto to catch #47 at 11.00 p.m. and suddenly realized that it was standard time giving me an extra hour, so, with all the books and crud I spent credits to leg along on the train. Took one look at the obsolete CNR coach they were trying to feed me and headed for the nearest express car from which I tumbled out at 8.45 a.m. before a familiar looking face incoherently mumbling something about a horse or cow or a moose or two meeses or something, and (NO... it was not Art) hightailed it for school.

And so end this mutilated overgrown novellette. (there will be no applause please..) Glad to have had you aboard; hope the feeling is mutual.

TA RA RA BOOM DE AY, TA RA RA BOOM DE AY,
I'm a science fiction fan, by ghod you know I am.
No one seems to give a darn,
I'm a science fiction fan...
TA RA RA BOOM DE AY, TA RA RA BOOM DE AY!

P. S. Are you sure you weren't.....

ALB EET EINSTEIN.

Albert Einstein died not so long ago, but he was a great man, so he must be counted a great man in history, even if it's young history.

This great man was a German Jew who started out to be a fiddler, but he could not make the grade in that too. Then he became a free thinker and done pretty good for himself. He used to sit by the hour and think about nothing until one day he saw the light, and suddenly jumped up and yelled EUREKA, I have found it. The light is everything and everything is nothing till it is compared with the light. Then it becomes something, or something like that. This he called the Relativity Theory.

Then Mr. Einstein devised an equation and filled all around it with geometric signs, and then he said, "I'll give them something to think about." He called his new brain wave the Quantum Equation, but neither it nor his Relativity has served any practical purpose. They are used chiefly in scientific arguments or by people putting on the educational dog and trying to give the impression that they know a lot more than you.

Einstein died a year or so ago, at least he Practically died. According to his theory he should be relatively alive somewhere in the fourth dimension, but nobody knows this for sure, for nobody has come back to tell us whether Einstein was right, or whether he was just slinging us another line.

Vacuum is measured in inches..... SO, how long is a perfect vacuum?

Vacuum is measured in inches..... Air is measured in pounds.....

SO.... How much does two feet of vacuum WEIGH?

Justification? Well, under normal atmospheric conditions, at sea-level, the air is supposed to weigh around 16 pounds per square inch. Any enclosed volume with less than 1 atmosphere pressure, has a partial vacuum. Two feet of vacuum is 24" and is only a partial vacuum, so some air is left, so how much does two feet of vacuum weigh?

THE NEW DAWNING

Part 1.

Mike Deckinger.

It was in the year 3 NN (New Neff) that I was appointed to record all events following the revival of the group we call the N3F. Fandom, as we knew it, had been absolved, with prominent BNFs gafiating entirely and it was up to us, the N3F to bring Fandom back to life. In the years that followed the dissolution of FAPA, SAPS and every other form of organized fandom, fans gradually began to forget their former heritage, forsake old fannish ideals for the non-fannish thoughts. Fandom would have been lost entirely, were it not for the N3F scribes who patiently recorded every bit of information pertaining to Fandom.

Three hundred years after the last fannish war the descendants of the original N3F decided that the population of the world was ready now for the introduction of Fandom into their sparse, non-fannish lives. Throughout the world, whose population had been considerably depleted due to the war, were scattered descendants of the original fen who were prominent in Fandom in the glorious days of N3F, FAPA, SAPS, etc. etc. Some of these people were aware of their heritage, others were not, and after several discussions between Raoul Pholland, Sten Wullstin, and Jane Cow, it was decided that rather than try to laboriously seek out these persons with fannish ancestors, to establish a new Fandom, the complete world would be devoted to Fandom, with the N3F as the main ruling group. Since a state of anarchy existed at the time that this edict was made known, no one seriously objected to this, since they had been without government for so long, that any form would appeal to their misguided sense of judgement. Besides, the non-fannish segment of the world's population were curious as to the true meaning of Fandom. So, Fandom was accepted into the world.

It was decided that I, Myh Kidickenger would be the official scribe, to record all the events that went on. For this reason, I have called the first year of the revival of Fandom in the world, 1 NN, and so on. This year is 3 NN and Fandom is progressing rapidly.

Every morning we hold our flag raising ritual in the city square, and it is repeated in hundreds of other countries. A state ly man wearing a cloak with the initials FIAWOL, stitched in the sacred color of splotchy black walks up to a flagpole solemnly. It is required that absolute silence be maintained during the ceremony. Those that do break the silence are locked in a Vehicle we call the "G.M." Car which keeps them imprisoned while at the same time pouring out sounds of anger and disgust. The cloaked figure slowly raised the flag. Wind instantly catches hold of the banner and sends it swirling. The large letters N3F, and the small heading below them, "In Perdue We Trust" symbolizes our faith in Ghu and the Holy Fannish Trinity, N3F, Ghu and Roscoe, praise be to them.

Each day, a different person is called out to recite the holy fannish blessing at this time. Today it was Dirt Hamilton. I watched with alterness, tears fell from my eyes like bheer from the sacred cask as Hamilton looked up and went to his knees,

"Oh Ghu," he called out, mouthing his words distinctly, "we, your assembled followers faunch for your word, and hope that you will see fit to bestow upon us, your fannish blessing this day. Crogging, we recall with great anger the ones who refused to believe in your omnipotence and were led astray. By the sacred ghods Bloch, Tucker, Willis, Grennell, and Berry," at this point everyone must make the sacred mark of the Gestetner in the air, as it is always done when these names are spoken, "may we have a day free from strife and rich in fannishness. And may you so honor our dreams by permitting us to put out the perfect fanizine some day, so that we may reside in Egoboo, in our afterlife hereafter. In the name of the Great Gestetner and the N3F, we ask thy blessing."

As soon as the man finished, all the assembled were to shout FIAWOL three times, and then be dismissed. Anyone uttering obscenity like FIJAGDH would have his mouth washed out with the strongest soap

For communication, we issue a daily paper, THE DAILY FANAC, published by Kerry Tar and his mascot, a small bushy-tailed squirrel who put it out each morning so that it is on the door step when the people return home. In it, news of the day is detailed. Naturally, before anything can be published in it, it must be o.k.'d by the official N3F censor Buile Precolt first, who diligently deletes any matter which he considers to be subversive or go against the N3F. Precolt is famous for the stand he took in demanding that the archaic governmental form known as Democnrcy be condemned. We have him alone to thank for this.

Since the DAILY FANAC is used in education as well, it is entirely proofread by N3F leader Nick Dreary whose job it is to eliminate all typographical errors, or, on the possibility that there are none, create some new ones of his own. Dreary is skilled in his job, and his salary of 25 Ebobux a day we consider to be worthwhile, for his considerable talent. Dreary is also remembered for a con in EAST FENCE IN 3010. It was unfortunate that no one else knew what he was talking about for there was a good possibility that the con could have been held if they had.

Earlier in the day a meeting between the N3F Directorate was held. At this meeting were Raoul Pholland, Sten Wullstin, Brewce Pelts, Jane Cow, Dirt Hamilton, Bart Hazy & your scribe, Mhy Kidickinger.

"According to the reports I've seen, "Pholland led off by announcing, "80% of the population of the world has been converted to the true ghod of N3F. The Roscoeites and the Ghuists have been instrumental in bringing this conversion."

"And we have Billy Fig-Newton to thank too," Jane interjected, "without his crusades in the primitive areas of New York and Chicago, we could not have succeeded."

"That's true." Pholland admitted.

"What about opposition?" Wullstin asked.

"We've been in power for three years, do you expect any opposition to have arisen so soon?"

"It's a known fact," said Bart Hazy, reading from a tattered copy of the 24th edition of the FANCYCLOPEDIA, edited by Rick Leeney, "that opposition to logic arises when this logic takes into account people of an illogical nature." He closed the book and looked up, "It would be nice if everyone around today was a trufan at heart, or at least a lowly.... neo...."

Jane blushed but no one noticed.

"...but we weren't that fortunate. There are still a few damn fake fans left who refuse to accept the N3F as their ruling body. In Perdue We Trust, these are the ones that will cause a problem to us."

"And what can be done about them?"

"This is something we'll have to discuss. I myself feel it is just a passing phase. It takes some time for a non-fannish world to get used to the fact that they are governed by a fannish body."

"Damn fakefans." someone muttered. "I was ordered to delete that from the records, because, no matter what kind of a person a fan is, there is no excuse for name calling."

"What form does this opposition take?" Brewce wanted to know.

"Well, from what I've heard, I understand that there are plans to revive the apas."

Brewce gasped... "By Evans, you can't be true."

Pholland sadly shook his head, "I'm afraid I am. I've heard distinct reports that plans are being readied to start the apss, which, of course, will be conducted secretly."

"But how... how could they distribute their mailings? After all... we control the post offices and the letter carriers."

"There's a new system that's being experimented on. I must confess I've never heard of it before, but even the name is fearsome. They call it the Pony Express."

"I don't like the sound of it." Dirst Hamilton said, "it reminds me of another group, the Saturnalians who operate in equally subversive ways."

"They will have to be eliminated," Wullstin shook his fist, "we must wipe them out so that N3F will prosper. You recall how the last war was, when we were beaten by the apas? They never realized that in less than fifty years, they too would be dissolved due

to lack of new blood. Their follhardy plans to revive N3F were worthless. Only the N3F can revive the N3F. We all know that."

"We do, but do they?"

"Well, if they don't, they should. There can't be many survivors from those days."

"Not direct survivors, but their descendants... which is just as bad."

Suddenly, the door burst open and Dave Horror, noted artist, rushed in. "What is it?" Pholland demanded angrily, he disliked being disturbed while he was in session with the others.

"I've uncovered something which may interest us chief."

"What is it?"

Dave Horror walked into the middle of the room and looked around him. He smiled briefly and the others who were seated wondered what he was smiling about. He was carrying a brown paper bag which obviously was filled with something. "Look," he said, and opened the bag.....

Le Royaume Du Laos.

(By special request of the Editor).

Art Wilson

I shall herein tell what little I know about Laos (pronounced Lah-oh) in the fatuous assumption that someone might be interested.

Laos is a land-locked little kingdom, resting uneasily amidst Burma, Red China, North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Cambodia and Thailand. The language is similar to Thai, both Laos and Thai being descended from Pali, an old Indian language. Fortunately (for me at least) the second language of most of the city-dwellers is French, recalling the not too distant past when Laos was part of French Indochina. Principal crops are rice and Opium. The dense jungles are loaded with teakwood trees but very little exploitation is done thereon because of the poor transportation facilities.

Since the Mekong River is the best means of transport, all of the large villages are on the banks of it. Luang Prabang, the northernmost and the traditional capitol; Vientiane, the largest (almost a city) and the one enjoying the most trade and traffic with Thailand; Savannakhet, a small but very pleasant place and Pakse, another small but not-so-bad spot not far from the Cambodian border. Of these, I am familiar with Vientiane, Savannakhet, and Pakse. I shall discuss them later.

All of the foregoing could probably be found in any Atlas or encyclopedia. The People of Laos are small, handsome, gentle, light brown and their favorite expression is "Bo Ping Yank", which means, roughly, "Never mind". They would much prefer to do something tomorrow than today. I find them extremely likeable and very friendly. As a result of their ennui, though, one will find most of the businesses, restaurants, etc. in the country are owned and operated by overseas Chinese. This is a pattern which repeats itself all over the Southeast Asia. The Chinese will work and inevitably will fill a vacuum where the people are not so willing to work.

Aside from the relatively few overseas Chinese, there are the usual smattering of ubiquitous Indian merchants and quite a few of Vietnamese, especially in the southern river ports of Pakse and Svannakhet. Plus, of course, a thin overlay of French and American Advisors, military and otherwise. Most of the Americans are concentrated in Vientiane, while most of the French seem to be in Seno, the airport serving Svannakhet. (Forty kilometers by road(???)). Please don't take my word for this: Yankee and French both are to be found throughout the kingdom.

Vientiane can boast of two night clubs, both prohibitive in prices, three hotels, one "massage" parlor, and several other brothels. Chinese and European types of food are

easily obtainable and not bad, considering the distance from their origin.

Savannakhet has only one night club, one real hotel and no massage parlors to my knowledge. In addition it contains a splendid restaurant, Night Paradise. In this wondrous establishment, it seems de rigueur for the waitresses (Vientnamese) to invite the customers upstairs after he has dined. Across the street from the Paradis is another place called "Auberge du Nord". Nothing is served in this "Inn Of The North" but beverages and girls.

Pakse. Another little town containing two reasonable hotels, two reasonable restaurants and one salle de dance. Pakse has a tendency to go underwater during the rainy season (June to September, usually) which gives one the pleasure of night-clubbing in dug-out canoes. Very tricky and tipsy these, but then, the water is only knee-deep and it's all in good fun. To my knowledge, no one has ever drowned on one of these safaris.

Politically, Laos, as of this writing (Sept 16th, 1960) is a mess. Captain Kong Lay and his paratroops (a batallion) have taken over the city of Vientiane and declared a coup. Prince Souvanna is sitting tight in Luang Prabang. Phoumi (the pro-American one) is sitting in Svannakhet and issuing ultimatums. Souphannavong and his Communist supplied Pathet Laos (Free Laos) guerillas are running free-handed through the jungle.

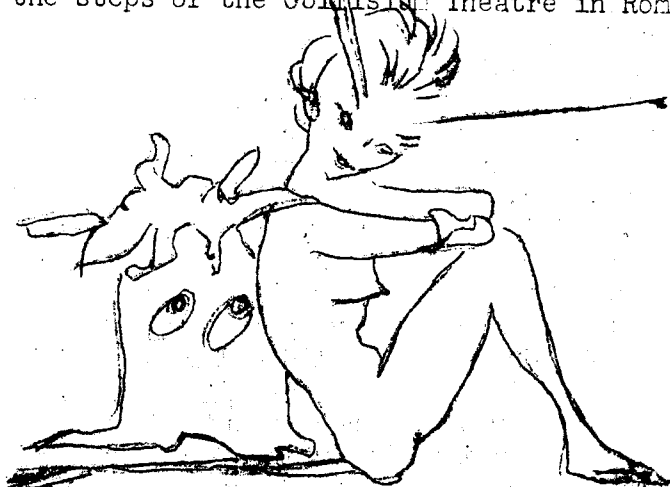
Where will it all end? Tune in to your favorite newspaper and we shall all find out at the same time. I, not being a soothsayer, make no predictions. I hope they stay on my side. I like the country and the people.

Like END of a thing by

Art Wilson.

JULIUS CAESAR.

There is no doubt that he was a great general with a keen conquering spirit. He fought everyone who came in his way, including the Gauls, the Helvetii, the Sabines, the Britons, and many more. He had a young brother who was also a good scraper. His name was Augustus. Caesar had a girl friend over in Africa. Her name was Cleopatra, but all the time she was keeping up with another Roman called Mark Anthony. Caesar's name might be forgotten today except for two notable events. The first was that he published a book called Caesar's Gallic War. The book was written in Latin and has been used in every school ever since as a test of knowledge. Caesar's name is mud because of this mean action. If he had written the book in English he would still be a hero with students. The second notable event was his famous last words, "Et tu, Brutus", still used by actors, when his best friend stabbed him in the behind when we wasn't looking. He collapsed and died on the steps of the Coliseum Theatre in Rome.



(Ed.. Subsequent parts of this series will deal more directly with how Photography can be connected to Science Fiction. This will serve as the in-troduction to a few of the basic principles that may be needed later.)

It was something like twenty years ago that I got my first camera. It was that most inexpensive of cameras ever constructed, the Baby Brownie, retailing for just one buck. It will take excellent pictures, even today.

Since that long gone time I have used such cameras as the magnificent Leica, the remarkable press camera known affectionately as the Speed Graphic... and that ultimate in gadgeteering, the Roloid Land Picture-in-a-Minute camera. The results of this is more than a dozen large and fine enlargements worthy of exhibition, plus perhaps 150 colored slides which are immensely popular amongst local groups and clubs when exhibited before them. And more important than this material is the vast experience, in this case illustrated with over 1500 slides that are NOT exhibited, the small mountain of prints carefully hidden from prying eyes.... and memories.

The point of the foregoing is only to lay the foundation for what is surely an astonishingly simple statement, "It isn't the camera, but the person behind it that makes for good pictures." Just one year after buying that first toy, I sold a picture to Popular Mechanics for their monthly photo contest. It paid five bucks. It is doubtful that that picture could be duplicated today, it was pure luck and so you have it, a cheap camera, a rank amateur photographer with nothing to offer in experience, and.... one more thing the fanaticism that makes one take roll after roll of film to see what will happen, and so learn from the mistakes.

In the twenty years, a person can hardly help having picked up some little tricks that can be applied immediately by anyone that desires to make photography something more than just a collection of snapshots. I would like to pass them on to you. It's astonishing how even the camera handbooks seldom, if ever, mention them. Just apply them to your own efforts, and the pictures you take will immediately become about 100% more effective.

The first thing is just this. GET CLOSER. Next time you are all ready to snap that shutter, just stop for a moment, and get just half as close to the subject as you were. Naturally, this does not apply in general to scenes but only to that most common of pics that of people. Doing this one simple thing will be a big step in changing from a snapshotter to a photographer. It's as simple as that.

Step Number two. Again a very simple idea. NEVER, and I repeat NEVER let the subject look directly at the camera. They may look at a point very near the camera, but under NO circumstances have them staring directly at the camera. The eyes are the key to the whole thing, the picture can be full face, but only if the eyes are aimed above, below, or to either side of the camera lens. Still, for the most effect, a 3/4 or even 1/4 shot adds immensely to the finish print, while a complete profile, preferably lighted directly from behind, can be the most remarkable photograph of the subject you may ever get of that person. Try it and see.

The MONSTER called COMPOSITION. All it really means is the 'pleasing arrangement of all the various elements making up the picture." Rule Number three is KEEP IT SIMPLE. First watch the background. It is fantastic to try to imagine the number of shots that are practically ruined by placing the subject against a background of bushes, trees, a house with windows, doors, etc. intruding into the picture, distracting from the important thing, the subject. And it is so wrong, when an immense amount of impact could have been added to the picture, had the shot been taken from say a low angle with the sky as a background, or, if that is impossible, shooting from above, using the grass as a background to set off the subject, the very texture of the grass is wonderful for a photograph. Indoor, use of a drape or a solid color wall will do, but remember, get close enough so pictures etc do not intrude into the picture. Outdoors, do not have a tree or a telephone pole seemingly growing directly out of the top of the head of the person, unless, of course, you are intentionally trying for a trick photo. But, let's save trick photography for later. It too can be a lot of fun.

Less we forget, one more thing which all camera manuals stress, but that so many snapshooters seem to take seriously. This too is a simple thing. LEARN HOW TO USE YOUR CAMERA. You insist that you do know how to use it? Tell me. Do you occasionally or often, take a picture of your finger covering a small or a large portion of the picture? You NEVER get double-exposures? Never get blurred pictures from moving the camera? Well, if this is so, you surely deserve congratulations. But, don't worry too much about this. I have a choice collection of slides taken with the lens cap on my camera, and the choicest collections of fingers in existence. Thankfully, they don't happen quite so often these days after having had this beaten through my skull enough times to learn effectively.

FORGET ABOUT EXPOSURE. This will bring groans of dismay from the more professional type, but it should be emphasized. Instead, if using an adjustable camera of any kind, take two pictures instead of one. The film is the cheapest item you are using. I personally prefer THREE pictures, one lens setting apart, of which one is sure to be correct. If using a simple box camera, even this isn't needed, and you can't adjust anyhow. This brings up the most surprising and most forgotten thing of all, namely that the films made today, specially black and white, but even some colour films too, are so good that they can actually cover up practically all your errors in exposure. Never was the statement, "You snap the Shutter and We Do the Rest," (the ancient slogan of Kodak films and cameras) so true as it is to-day. ALMOST any exposure error can be compensated, covered up, in the film and its processing.

Why then bother with the more extravagant mechanism running into the hundreds of dollars? Well, it's like this. Together with the latest films, particularly the coloured films, and/or the super high speed black and white films, pictures are possible that you could NEVER be able to take with the most inexpensive no-dels, and that applies whether you use flash or not. The so-called "complicated" camera affords a control over every element of the photographic environment. This is specially necessary when you insist on substituting your own ability with the mechanism, for the built-in safeguards of the simple cameras and films. You do this for one reason, that eternal search for ART for its own sake, rather than merely recording of a picture as done by the casual snapshooter. Let the painters of the Fan Artists wail that a photograph is not art, I know perfectly well that it is, and can prove it. As much emotional reaction can be found in a well executed photograph as in a painting. This art is not merely the recording of a scene, but the manufacture of it. Perhaps it reaches its epitome in that most difficult of photos, the table top picture. Photo art probably reaches its peak in the magnificent Family of Man exhibition.

But... let's not worry about that, as you probably don't care to devote all the time and effort to such things as would be needed to eventually come up with something memorable. Is there a reason why a casual week-end photographer might want to graduate to the more complicated gadgets, even the cheapest of which will usually run over fifty dollars. The answer is easy.... There is. There are lots of pictures you simply can't take with a lower priced camera, among them faster action shots and even outdoor shots taken in shadow, and far beyond that is the fact that the marvelous Kodachrome is not available for some of those cameras. That is enough reason in itself.

Perhaps you have been scared off by the pseudo complexity of some of those mechanisms and attachments that you need to learn how to use. Don't let them bother you, they ARE VERY SIMPLE. "F" number, fast films, range finders, lens openings, shutter speeds are NOT complicated. Neither are, really, even such more complex things of the professional or the camera snob, the Circle of confusion, hyperfocal distance, filter factors, or the strange diagrams dubbed the sensimetric data of films. Forget all that stuff, all you want to do is to take better pictures than you could before.

Still... you do have to get the exposure within a reasonable closeness. For this, several things have to work together, but it all comes down to the fact that a certain amount of light hits the film during a given length of time. Instead of discarding that little sheet of of instructions that come with the film, read it. It tells you in terms that a child will understand, that by setting the shutter at 1/50th of a second, the only other thing needed depends on how bright the sun is. And that is broken down into BRIGHT - HAZY, and several other easily recognizable groups that no one can fail to understand. Follow this EXACTLY and every picture you take will be properly exposed. You can't miss. Also available are little cards with dials on them that can tell you the exact

tly the same information for every film made, for a buck or so. And they will give you a lot of other information concerning special situations and types of shots you might care to try. Sunsets... flash photos, using any combination of bulb and film. The saving in film cost alone will more than pay for them, when compared to the Trial and Error method. There is no real need for an exposure meter. Get rid of the idea that this kind of camera NEEDS a lot of accessories. They are not as badly needed as you might think.

Action shots. These are difficult with the more inexpensive cameras, but here are two little tricks that will net you professional results. I speak from experience when I say that almost any sport even can be easily covered with 1/50th of a second, and never over 1/100th, something many cameras of the cheaper type give you.

When using 35mm cameras, on sports events, there is no great need to get close to the subject, the print has to be enlarged anyhow. This saves some of the necessity of faster speeds. WAIT UNTIL THE PEAK OF ACTION. #2... TAKE THE PICTURE WITH THE ACTION COMING TOWARDS THE CAMERA, rather than directly across the line of vision.

No matter how violent the action, the action is Not continuous, if people are participating. In basketball, for instance, my best shots are at the top of a jump ball, or at the top of the jump shot, before they start coming down. At that instant, no one is moving, the expressions, however, is at the peak of strain, and a fiftieth of a second is quite sufficient to stop all minor motion.

Angle is important. When taking close-up photos of say stock cards in a race, get them as nearly as possible when they are moving either towards you or away from you, the feeling of motion will be suggested by the dust cloud, the blur of the other card, but the main subject will seemingly be standing still. You'll be surprised, wait and see.

Flash... There is little possibility of getting motion anyhow here, the light from the bulb, specially an electronic flash, only lasts a thousandth of a second or so, and the rest of the time, the lens is open without there being sufficient light reaching the film for an image. See how simple they make it for you?

One important thing is to make sure the distance is correct. It is VERY important, an out-of-focus picture is as much use as a burnt match. But it still isn't something to worry about. Make sure the camera has a range finder, and use it. The split image type seems popular, and with it, no need to figure distances, turn a dial until the two images or part images meet and it is all set automatically. So that eliminates the worry about one other of the supposedly complex things that frighten the newcomer.

Let's move on to another subject for a moment, that of taking scenic pictures. Nothing can be more marvelous than a picture showing miles and miles of spectacular scenery, particularly in color. They are the simplest kind of picture to take too, nature in itself has prepared the composition of the scene for you, and nothing you can do will help it. But there is one thing that will make all the difference, and that is to induce a feeling of depth to the picture, making them visibly assume the near and far proportions of the scene. The way to do this is to put some object of known size near the foreground that will provide a frame for the picture. Framing is the difference, all the way. Most common is a tree, with one branch hanging over into the picture at the top of the scene. Only a half frame of course, but what it adds to the picture you have to see to believe possible. It gives the feeling of the spaciousness of the scene, and makes it come alive and look real.

Those are the tricks... they will work as well for you as for the pro photographer. But, of course, there is ever so much more than you can learn, which can't be put into words. Some of them are talents that can't be taught, that of having a natural eye for colour and form, and the patience needed to wait for that fleeting expression that adds life to a picture of a person. And most especially the imagination of seeing a picture, one that may seem so familiar to you that it would commonly be overlooked, but which can be a most memorable photo, once the distracting scene surrounding it are eliminated. Or the intensity and impact of capturing that fleeting expression that is the real essence of a child. All these come partly by accident, perhaps, but partly also by preparation and the knowledge of when to look for them, and being prepared for that moment.

Learn these things so they become automatic, and the picture you are taking will improve so much you won't believe it possible. And your enjoyment of photography will go right along with your increased skill. Its about the most fascinating hobby one can have, and the rewards are all out of proportion to the effort and cost expended.

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Next time, for those somewhat more than beginners, I'll try to tell you all about trick photography, fantasy with a camera. Might as well admit it, I need more experimenting on this, to find out just what CAN be done that way. Simple things like how to photograph a ghost, the two headed man, and the one holding his own detached head in his hands, these are easy... too easy. But those alien landscapes, etc, well, it will take a little effort, and experimenting..... should it be tabletop, montage of prints, or the real thing, I mean ... something else. We shall see. And it should be lots of fun. Maybe.... I hope... there will be a few photos at the next fan art exhibit.

And... in closing... won't anyone... ANYONE PLEASE tell me a properly biting, but gentle rejoinder to that ancient, "Don't take it, you'll break the camera." You will earn the eternal gratitude of photographers the world over, if you do that.

Ziniest.

(Ed. Because of the long list of zines received, a fanzine review will not be a part of COVER. This list, however, will appear in each issue. There are probably omissions in regards to zines received. I hope to avoid this in future issues)

- BANE Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd. Springfield, Ill.
15¢ ea. 4/50¢. England:- 1/ ea. or 4 for 3/6
- BUNYIP John Martin Baxter, 29 Gordon Rd. Bowral, New South Wales, Australia.
Formerly known as QUANTUM. 15¢ for USA.
- BUG EYE (The) Helmut Klern, Ufort Eick, (22a) Mrs. Moers, Uhlandstrasse 16, Germany.
German and English. Trade, comment or review.
- DYNATRON Ray Tackett, Route #2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Trade, a good letter of comment or 15¢ each.
- EPISIDES & EGOROO G. M. Carr, 5319 Ballard Ave. Seattle 7, Wash. FAPA zine but is
distributed outside to those writing interesting letters.
- FANAC Terry & Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St. Berkeley 9, Cal.
5/50¢ - 12/\$1. England:- Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd. No Hykeham, Lincoln, England. 6 for 4/ - 18 for 10/.
- FLUSH Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd. Longmeadow 6, Mass.
25¢ ea. 6/\$1.50 or contributions. Bimonthly.
- HABAKKUK Bill Donaho, 1441-8th St. Berkeley 10, Cal.
50¢ ea. Available for SOME LOCs, sometimes for trades.
- HOCUS Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave. Millburn, N.J.
5¢ ea. LOCs, Contributions and trades.
- INSURRECTION Bob Lambeck, Building E. Rm 215, New Freshman Dorm. Burdett Ave. Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst. Troy, N.Y. (Home:- 868 Helston Rd. Birmingham, Mich). 10¢ ea. or 10/\$1. Contributions and trades also.
- JOURNAL of the Interplanetary Exploration Society. 37 Wall St. New York 5, N.Y.
Editorial Offices, Hans Santesson, 489 Fifth Ave. N.Y. 17,
\$5. for four issues. This also gives membership in the I.E.S. and also ensures receipt of LOGIC AT WORK, a fineo zine. Professionally printed, in the case of the Journal.

Professional Periodicals have a printed rejection slip, designed in varying degrees of sympathetic cleverness, saying, in various ways, "We are sorry that we do not find this story available." This is magazine lingo meaning that they don't want it. Usually there is another sentence to the effect that the rejection is no reflection on the merit of the story, but only means that the editor regretfully can't use it; and there may be further comment to the effect that the magazine receives 5,000,000,000 manuscripts daily, and thus cannot comment on each one individually.

An editor is supposed to return the manuscript in substantially the condition in which he received it. This is a problem writers are prepared to do battle about over the drop of a colon, because many editors do not. The mere fact that the rejection slip is paperclipped to the manuscript brands it -- at least to the extent of the mark of the paper clip. The writer can combat this on the next submission by leaving the paper clip on, but clips are rarely clipped in the identical place, if you follow me, and after a few submissions, the thing has multiple brands. This is really a minor problem. I solve it to a degree with a couple of stiff pieces of paper, one in front for a title paper and one at the back, blank. These take most of the punishment, and fresh ones are put on for each submission. But occasionally a story returns looking as if it has been taken through a trip through someone's automatic washer, and I once got a story back from Collier's with which a nervous editor had played games with a paper punch. Though it was a blow to writers everywhere when Colliers folded, I, at least, had the satisfaction of knowing that that editor was out of a job. Some of the problem is due, not to the editors, but to the postmen. There was a cartoon in a writer's publication a short time back, showing two postal workers looking at a Mss which bore pleasés, please such as, "Please do not bend or fold." And one of the workers says to the other, "You're right. It doesn't say anything about "Crumple"." Of course editors knows that many of the stories they buy have been rejected by other editors. A rejection is sometimes no reflection on the quality of the story. I had a mystery story rejected last month by Ellery Queen when they liked it very much; but they had just used a story with a somewhat similar plot, and didn't want to risk one like it so soon. Ye Ed said he was certain I wouldn't have any trouble selling it elsewhere; but if I did, to send it back to them in a year or so and they would probably buy it.

Within a certain narrow field, I am out of the rejection slip class. Such editors as John Campbell or H. L. Gold or Bob Mills, or the multiple gentlemen at Ellery Queen (EQ is two people, and there is a third, Paul Fairman who used to edit Fantastic and Amazing and who seems to handle first reading) and the editors of Alfred Hitchcock and M. Shayne mystery mags, will write a letter, usually, when they reject a story. These letters of condolence are, of course, no more negotiable than a rejection slip.

I read some time back of an instance where a writer, instead of trying to hide traces of earlier submissions, actually stapled each rejection slip to the story as he received it, and sent it out again. In time there was an accumulation of a couple of dozen rejection slips stapled to the title page, and eventually, this so intrigue an editor that he read the story and bought it.

Some writers make a collection of rejection slips received. I never have, figuring that it is easily possible to get another one just by sending out a story. And you too, can have a rejection slip all your own. Just get some mailing envelopes, one of which fits inside the other, address the inner one to yourself, with postage, and send an Mss to a magazine. The whole process will immediately become clear to you.

I have a bookkeeping system devised by myself for keeping records. I use a ledger, and each new story is assigned a page. There is a table of contents that is a consecutive list of stories written, and there is a section in which I record information about money received. This is mostly, but not entirely, a record of stories sold, because, occasionally a story sells more than once (to an anthology for example) for for book publication. One of my stories that appeared in Amazing, will be appearing in ACE As one of their double novels, and, of course, that's another sale of the same story.) Other writers do it differently. Some use an index card system. I like the page idea; it gives plenty of space for any comments I choose to make as to when the story was written, revisions, etc., and a list of all submissions and the dates - out and back. So, when I

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send a story back to the same magazine, it is intentional, and not accidental. In the contents, I designate, by a code system, the number and kind of submissions and I can tell at a glance through the contents, how many stories I have out to market at a given time. If a writer works through an Agent, much of this is simplified - the agent keeps the submission records, and the writer usually doesn't know what's happened to a story until he receives a check. There is nothing here that I could "part" with a copy of unless I simmered the record down and prepared a copy. And, of course, mySF stories are scattered among the other kinds. This would be a problem to consider in making an Index -- sometimes it would be difficult to draw a line. The main problem with index making is that the index is inevitably out of date before it appears.

NOTES FROM ANOTHER PRO.

I hope I didn't give the impression that I think I'm a genius as a writer. It's a wonderful thought, but I am certain I do not fit in that category. However, I do think I am a good second rate writer. So what's good about a second rate writer? A great deal. Let's take a look at the magazine situation, and maybe I can prove my point.

"Where are the new writers?" This is the cry you have often heard from the editors and critics alike. What they really want to know is "Where are the new great writers?" The answer is that great writers do not come basketfuls. The majority of writers in any medium are second rate. By setting high standards of literary quality for all submissions, editors are cutting down the possibility of discovering new 'greats' to an absolute minimum. No great writer discovers himself, because all writers consider themselves GREAT, to a certain extent. An editor cannot depend on this as a yardstick, because most writers are quite ordinary. The discovery is not made by the editor but by the reaction of the readers to the writer's work.

In the present situation, the editors have chosen to use their 'star' writer as a yardstick. All submissions in the light of whether or not they resemble the work of the Star of the show. This is sheer idiocy. If all ballet dancers were prima donnas, who would work the chorus line? If all writers emulate the star writer, then the star is no longer an attraction. By the simple expedient of balance of power, the star writer becomes second rate. This lock-step routine inevitably results in a monumental collection of mediocrity.

Strangely, and logically, the second rate writer does play an important role in the field of magazine publishing. In fact, the second writer is indispensable. In general, he does not have any great literary aspirations; but is merely satisfying an urge to write. Because of this, the second writer is not chained to hide-bound rules. New ideas do not come from constant repetition of over-studied-concepts of literary quality. New ideas in writing do not come deliverately; they are the result of chance. A new writer who is not bound to 'rules' of literature, because he does not intend to make his living at the profession, will not even bother to submit his material to an editor who is obsessed with 'high standards'. The only ones who will submit to those conditions are writers whose only talent is imitation. By accepting only the imitators and rejecting the greater mass of second writers, the editor completely eliminates any possibility of discovering any new talent.

It has been suggested that new writers can be developed by having their material printed in fan magazines. This is the purest bunk! A writer develops only when faced by the reaction of a large audience. In the fan magazines, the writer knows what his audience likes because the audience is comparatively small. Also, the audience is specialized, and is not concerned with large scale publication. It has been suggested that fan Editors demand a higher quality of material for their publication. These suggestions have been made by professional authors, who should know better. In the first place, a fan magazine is an amateur enterprise indulged in purely for the fun of it. If a fan editor was capable of professional interpretation, he would be editing a pro magazine.

So, that brings us right back to the professional magazines again. The second writer has a definite value. Because of the second writer's very ordinary literary qualities, the star writer becomes a greater commercial attraction due to his obviously better qualifications. Because of the large amount of second writers, the odds are in favor of one of

them eventually rising to challenge the star writer. Without the possibility of that challenge, the star writer has a tendency to devolve to self-satisfaction followed by mediocrity.

Most second writers are content to play a supporting role in the field of literature. But there are distinct advantages to being a supporting actor. Charles Coburn, the actor, never played the lead in any movie. In view of his obvious popularity, he was once asked if this ever bothered him. "Of course not," he answered. "A star has to worry about what the critics think of him. He has to worry about those who are climbing the ladder behind him, ready to push him off at the slightest opportunity. A supporting actor does not have these worries, and, as a result, does not have as many ulcers."

MORE NOTES FROM PRODOM.

Well, I can't think of much more to say about Science Fiction. In view of the latest circulation figures, it seems like it's almost dead. It happened before though. Gernsbach tried the same thing that this 'mature' group tried. Although he originated the field, he gradually attempted to slant the material toward the intellectual class. If you know anything about the history of science fiction, you know what the results was. The circulation went lower, and lower, until it became obvious (even to Gernsbach) that there was not enough intellectual interest in the field to support any magazine of this type. When Gernsbach dropped out of the field and business men took over, the circulation rose until they reached the four hundred thousand circulation of 'Amazing Stories' in 1946.

Usually it is fairly safe to base predictions of business trends on past experience. The pattern is following along the same line as it did before. In fact, the pattern is almost identical. This time Campbell crowned himself the 'father of modern science-fiction' in a Saturday Evening Post article. I think that before the end of 1961, John Campbell will be replaced by another editor with a better grasp of business psychology. It will be a person who has a better understanding of why the general public reads fiction; to be entertained. The element of science will be the backbone of the stories printed, but will not be allowed to overwhelm the plot. The writers will be chosen, not for literary polish, but for story-telling ability.

In order to attract the eye of the general public, the magazines will be increased in size and the arty cover will be dropped. Brighter and more active illustrations will be used. The prices will rise for a short time to cover the initial promotion, and will later return to 35¢ or 30¢; my guess is 30¢. The editor will return to the neutral position he followed before 1950. Science articles will appear as in the past, but will not be overloaded with dusty technicalities. Imagination will be more important than scientific education. The main objective of the publisher is to make a profit; and there is no profit in loss.

Almost a year ago, I told you that 'mature' science-fiction might be dead before the end of 1960. Well, it's breathing it's last breath. I base my predictions on past trends in the field, not just on guesswork. I have made other predictions on the trend of science-fiction to other people, and have been right almost every time. I hope I am right this time. Let's see what 1961 brings.

I meant to mention something earlier, but forgot then. Have you ever wondered why Isaac Asimov stopped writing fiction? The reason is mainly as I stated above. Asimov tried to write 'mature' stories some time ago. It was accepted and printed, but Asimov was embarrassed by it that he decided to stop writing rather than turn out any more of that junk. This is the absolute truth. Asimov likes to entertain people. He has no axe to grind for anyone. 'Mature' science-fiction has cost us a lot, and the loss of Asimov is one of the high prices Fandom has paid. He even writes his fact articles reluctantly now.

- KALEIDOSCOPE** Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights, Baltimore 7, Md. 20¢ ea. 6 for \$1.
or:- Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon, Herts, England. 1/6 each, 6 for 6/.
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- MAELSTROM** Billy J. Plott, Box 654, Opelika, Alabama. 15¢ ea. trade, etc.
- SATHANAS** Richard P. Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich. Quarterly. 25¢ ea or 2 for 45¢
- SEACON PROGRESS REPORTS.** At the present time, the Hugo Nomination ballots are out. Hotel reservations are now sought too. Date, September 2-3-4, 1961. Rates are: For all outside North American boundary line fixed at the Panama canal, \$1.00. If they attend, then they will pay an extra \$2. For all inside the boundary mentioned, send in \$2. and if you attend, you'll pay an additional buck. The first progress report showed 153 registered. I am number 36, what is your number? Send all money to:- Wally Weber, treas. SEACON, Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Wash. Make Money payable to either Wally Weber or Seattle Science Fiction Club. DO IT NOW.
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- PARSECTION** George C. Willick, 306 Broadway, Madison, Indiana. 8 for \$1.00.
- PITTCOON MEMORY BOOK.** Racy Higgs, 813 Eastern Ave. Connersville, Ind. \$1.00 per copy.
- QUE PASADO** Les Niremborg, c/o Coexistence Candy Store, 1217 Weston Rd. Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada. Irregular. LOCS, Trades, Contributions or 25¢ each, 4 for 75¢.
- SEZWHO** Jeff Wanshell, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y. 10¢ - Irregular. SEZWHO is an LOCs substitute.
- SIRIUS** Editor:- Erwin Scudla, Rotzebergasse 30/1, Vienna XVII/107, Austria. N. America Agent. Art. Hayes, R. R. #3, Bancroft, Ont. Canada. OO of the

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SPACE TIMES Helmut Kaiser. Spittal/Drau, Litzelhofensir 20, Austria. German language.

VERSINE: FOTHPATLAW #1 is on hand from Pierre Versine, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland.

THE TWILIGHT ZINE.. Jon Ravin, Box 4134, 420 Memorial Dr. Cambridge 39, Mass. NOT FOR SALE. This is the OO or Journal of the Mass. I. T. S.F. Society but seems to be available for Contributions, Trade or good LOCs.

TWIG, Jr. Chuck Devine, 922 Day Dr. Boise, Idaho. Otherwise known (TWIG Jr. that is) as PILLIKIA. Contributions, Trade or 30 S & H green stamps.

YANDRO Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Ind. Monthly. 20¢ ea. 12/\$2.00 Or: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Hertz, England. 15d ea. 12 for 12/. Others outside of Canada, USA or England:- 2 for 45¢, 12 for \$2.25.

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