

Avenging Aardvark's Aerie #1 by Ross Pavlac, Apt. B-10, 4654  
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Who am I? I've often wondered. For starters: Age 23, male,  
Caucasian, 5'9", overweight, unmarried, red-brown hair.

I was born and raised in Cleveland, Ohio. In 1965, I became involved with the Cleveland fan group, which included such comic book and sf notables as Don & Maggie Thompson, Wayne Howard, Tony Isabella, and Jerry Kaufman. I was a very minor member of the 1966 Worldcon committee (licking envelopes and such). I fafiated in 1967 due to acute lack of money. After getting a degree in computer science at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio, I was hired by Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus. Battelle is the world's largest independent research & development organization; you've never heard of us because we do contract research -- the companies (or Uncle Sam) that hire us get to slap their name onto the results of our work (we developed but did not invent the Xerox process, we hold many of the key patents on the laser, we invented Sno-pake, the white fluid that you use to make corrections on your typer, we do a lot of anti-cancer research, we do a lot of energy-crisis-oriented research, etcetcetc.) I am one of three systems programmers at Battelle; we are responsible for (a) diagnosing troubles with the computer if it dies or becomes ill; (b) fixing bugs in the operating system or in the programming languages used; (c) being the final authority for questions about how the computer works because we (in theory - chuckle, chuckle) know everything about how the computer works.

It's about time for a new paragraph. After getting settled in with Battelle, I got in contact with Columbus fandom. --and became enmeshed in the disastrous Columbus in '76 Worldcon bid. Columbus fandom seems to be recovering from the loss as well as can be expected. For some reason I seemeth to be getting involved deeper and deeper in fanac --and now an apazine?

I guess I'll spend the rest of my space here making comments on mailing #49.

SELECTRIC  
Larry Schultz

"Away With Words" is more than just a local rip-off; it's been across the country and back again. The admission is now up to \$3.75. What you said about it doesn't really sound all that different than what the commercials claim; but if the sound is atrocious I can easily see how it would be a waste of money. Andre Norton is underrated by a lot of people. I like her books (as a whole) very much. The biggest flaw in her works that irritates me is her refusal to include sex in situations that call for it; her hero(ine)s seem to be almost totally without sex drives. /\* Some fans at a party at Discon were playing Phantom Zone Risk, which involves two Risk boards, one of which is in a parallel universe. The two universes only coincide at certain times. Once each time around the ring of players, a player got to be the Mad Satellite Bomber--he would draw a card and the country thus chosen would have all armies in its territory nuked out of existence. The rules were rather complicated and, I suspect, modified as play went on...

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UP THE RIVER      I find all the talk about Trekkies/Trekkers/  
Sue Phillips      etc. rather amusing. Although virtually  
all of the Star Trek fans that I have talked  
to proudly refer to themselves as Trekkers, I have yet to find  
one individual who is willing (much less proud) to refer to  
him/herself as a Trekkie. The thing that irritates me and so  
many others about STrekdom is      that so many of them  
(i.e., Trekkies, etc.) act as though Star Trek was the culmin-  
ation of SF and that it was the best SF show ever done--a lot  
of the so-called Trekkers insist that Star Trek isn't the best  
thing ever done; their attitudes show otherwise--during any dis-  
cussions of SF-related topics, all of their responses and con-  
tributions are formed within the framework of Star Trek. My  
attitude when Star Trek is mentioned varies from mild cynicism  
to jumping up and down screaming about what mutton-headed dolts  
all Trekkies are -- depending on how much of a pain he/she is  
making of him/herself.      Although I cannot speak for other fans,  
you are in no danger of physical mayhem from me.

TAPROOT      Haircuts are a Fact of Life for those who  
Andy Whitehead      seek employment in the Real World of  
Mundane. When I was looking for a job, I  
had no luck whatsoever until I got a super-straight haircut.  
Beginning with my next interview, I began getting plant visit  
offers like crazy. Currently my hair is long again, but it  
looks like I may be doing a fair amount of travelling on  
company business next year; in order to ease relationships with  
sponsors I shall once more have my auburn locks chopped.

Oh, one of the other Columbus fans got a letter from Phil  
Farmer a couple of weeks ago; Farmer is doing the script for  
the second Doc Savage movie.

TROLL      I agree wholeheartedly with your comments  
Brian & Betsy Perry      on depression. As one of the many  
amateur sf writers who is going to make  
that first sale Real Soon Now, I can vouch from experience that  
any periods of depression that I have gone through in the past  
hindered my creativity much more than they helped it. (Even  
though I'm in a reasonably "up" period right now, I still haven't  
made that first pro sale. --which at least in my case would  
indicate a complete lack of correlation.) Despite whatever  
glory/fame it would offer, I have no desire whatsoever to be  
another Robert E. Howard, H. Beam Piper, or H. P. Lovecraft.

MELLOW      A friend of mine who has connections in film-  
Wade Gilbreath      dom claims to have seen a screening of  
the first Doc Savage film (at a private  
screening in New York a few months back). He was very  
unimpressed. He liked Ron Ely as Doc, but was very turned  
off by the casting of his sidekicks. He feels they  
"camped it up too much". /\*\*/ The Prisoner is without a doubt  
the finest television series ever done. My best friend in  
Dayton, Ohio gets to watch it in reruns on TV every Sunday;  
the Dayton stations are too far away to be picked up in Col-  
umbus and his good fortune drives me up the walls!

NOT MUCH'A NOTHIN/REFLECTIONS  
Cliff & Susan Biggers

Your running stencil  
dialogue was fun to read,  
but I imagine it was

awfully cramped with both of you fighting for the typer  
keyboard. /\*\*/ If the other members of a fannish commune  
were as careful about handling books and magazines as I am,  
I could probably tolerate having the majority of my collection  
in a general pool. But-- my autographed books!!??!! My 1909  
Little Nemo Sunday sections?!? My 1898 Dracula?!? NEVER!!

/\*\*/ I liked Tunnel in the Sky very much. My favorite  
Heinlein is probably a toss-up between Puppet Masters and  
Door Into Summer and Have Space Suit, Will Travel. /\*\*/  
Legalized prostitution will cut down the VD rate, but it  
would have relatively little effect on who patronizes  
prostitutes except to reduce the shame and embarrassment  
somewhat. Anyone who wishes to procure the services of  
a prostitute can do so with relatively little trouble(ex-  
cept for the risk of being mugged, venereal disease, etc.--  
altho if one patronizes the \$400/night call girls these risks  
are minimal) pretty much anywhere in the country. /\*\*/ Zappa  
is strange. No, he's wierd. I interviewed him for my college  
paper in 1969 and it was one of the strangest experiences I've  
ever had. Part of the conversation was an sf rap in which we  
traded book names--he was the person who first suggested that  
I read Cat's Cradle, for which I shall be forever grateful.  
His music always experiments with new (or old) ideas. I  
would especially recommend the social/political comment-type  
songs that are primarily on his first few albums. A lot of  
them seem very tame today, but back in the mid- to late sixties  
when they were written and first performed they were consid-  
ered to be shocking and evil (and still are, to some extent,  
at least to a lot of people. A group of friends of mine and  
I were into the Mothers when we were in high school (class  
of '69) and we were considered wierd for liking a group whose  
songs weren't being played on Top 40 stations... /\*\*/ Good  
albums -- try to dig up Red Rubber Ball or Neon by the Cyrkle  
(a very underrated group that fell apart primarily because  
of management problems--they were the first American group  
to be managed by Brian Epstein; after he died, things  
collapsed for them. A shame...) or The United States of  
America (NO relation to the currently popular group called  
"America"), who put out an album by that name, and then changed  
their name and put out an album called The American Metaphys-  
ical Circus. My music tastes belong for the most part to the  
Underground sound of the mid-sixties, before it became  
commercialized by Top 40 stations. Oh yes-- also try to  
find Trilogy for the Masses by Ford Theatre.

THIRD STONE FROM THE SUN  
Larry Mason

The Unitarian Church does not  
have an anti-sexual, anti-pleasure  
bias, so I would note it as at  
least one exception. Of course, the Unitarian-Universalist  
Church is not generally considered to be Christian(although  
it is Protestant)

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Oh, Ghu! Some idiot on a TV commercial just said with a straight face, "We think so much of Genessee (beer) that we named our cat after it. In fact, we think it's the cat's meow!" Blahh!!

CON CONFESSIONS You're ...um...ah...er... never mind.  
Gary Brown Do you really collect Rex the Wonder Dog?

WHAT NOW Yes, the Colossus film was quite faithfully  
Gary Steele adapted from the book. I consider The God  
Machine by Martin Caidin to be a much better  
version of the computer-takes-over-the-world story. For  
getting as famous as he did, Forbin must have had political  
pull or a lot of hardworking, invisible graduate students  
working under him to build his reputation -- he was a lousy  
systems programmer. I first saw the film on TV while sitting  
with some other computer science majors, and we all laughed  
ourselves silly at how naive this "super-computer->designer"  
Forbin was and at how little testing they did of how well  
the programming of Colossus might operate under such cir-  
cumstances. It's people like Forbin that are responsible  
for people being billed for Zero dollars and zero cents and  
being threatened with legal action if they don't pay. /\*\*/  
I don't know about Unsingeing, but Farmer did write a book  
called Love Song. Could that be it?

FRIERSIGN THEATRE It was nice meeting you at Discon,  
Meade & Penny Frierson Meade. I agree with your opinion  
of A Boy and His Dog -- I have  
a review of it appearing in Kallikanzaros around the end of  
January. I haven't heard a thing, though, about its being  
released. I hope it isn't one of those films that vanishes  
into limbo....

It's Monday evening, December 9th, and I'm trying to  
finish this so I can get it printed in time to meet the  
deadline. The Lovely Celia Smith is printing this issue,  
and I am very grateful for it.

I have just finished reading Indian Giver by Alfred  
Bester. It's one of the most unusual books that I have read  
in some time. Try to imagine a book taking place in the  
"after things fell apart" world of Ron Goulart, with the  
immortals of Robert A. Heinlein, plot by Jack Williamson,  
and written in the style of Harlan Ellison. --that was my  
initial reaction to Indian Giver. It sounds like a mishmash,  
but it isn't and it is and...I don't know. It is at the same  
time low-key and fast-paced, which is unsettling. There seems  
to be some sacrifice of characterization in favor of plot  
development, but it might just be my desire to know a lot more  
about the characters. It has one of Doc Smith's flaws of people  
getting to know each other a little too quickly, but it might  
be due to the fact that I was reading it so fast after having  
waited for so many years for a new Bester novel. Once again he  
has outfoxed me completely and come out with something  
completely different from what I was expecting. It's still  
too soon for me to come up with a more clearheaded review of  
it. -- But I am very glad that Alfred Bester is writing  
novels again. Onwards.