

YANDRO

#148

VOL. XIII NO. 5

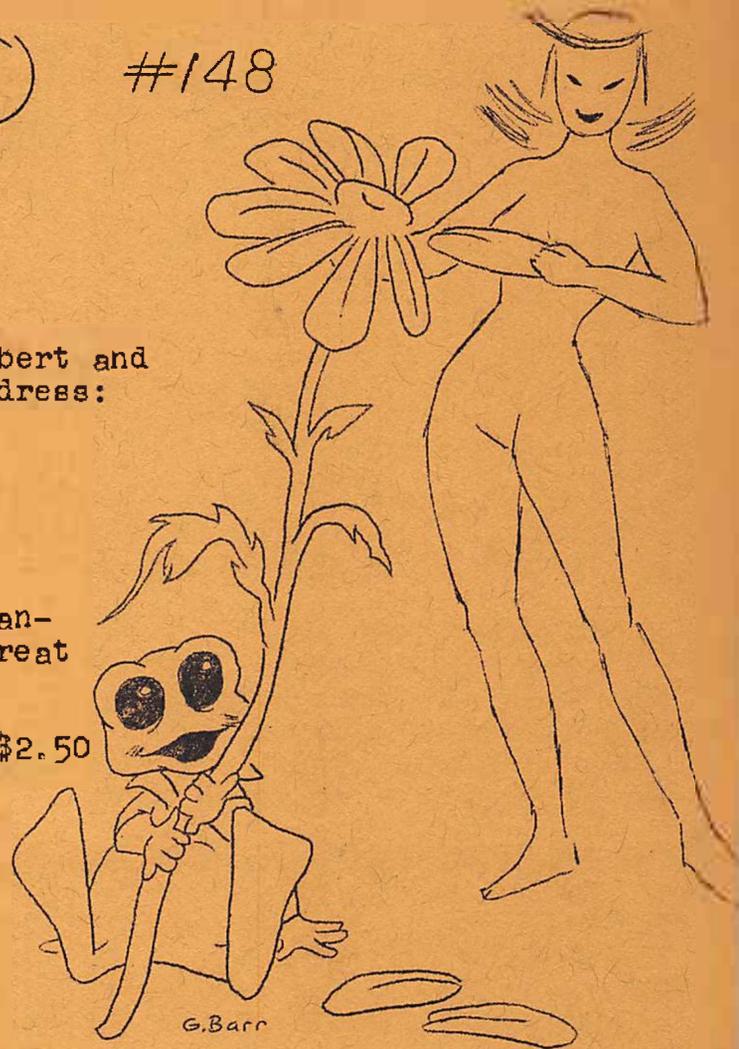
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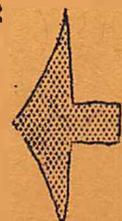
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Just in Case You Missed It Up Above, Note Well:



NEW ADDRESS: Robert & Juanita Coulson
 Route #3
 Hartford City, Indiana
 47348





Once before we put out an issue on the very verge of moving, and at least once I cut a stencil on a portable typewriter while riding in a car over a gravel road (I wasn't driving) ... it was not one of our best reproduced issues.

Things aren't quite so hectic this time. This is the late afternoon of June 2, and late afternoon of June 4 is (hopefully) when we start loading a truck with furniture and six years' accumulation of books and whatnot by three

squirrels. More details of why this has all come about in Rumblings. At the moment, I am more concerned with the how.

My editorial, one page of Buck's editorial and the cover of this issue have yet to be mimeo'd. Then the thing must be assembled, stuffed in envelopes and stamped, and mailed. Mainly because we're not going to drag unassembled pages, extra envelopes and typed but unused stencils along with us. This issue, at least, will be moved by the US mails; one less glop of stuff to carry.

The house we will be moving to must have catches, flies in the ointment or whatnot -- but so far we haven't found them. For once it may be possible for us to have an "office" for Coulson Publications -- dandy for snowing salesmen, etc. And for once it may be possible to actually have a library -- or two adjoining libraries -- instead of having books slopping all over the house the way they do here.

This is a fannish house we're leaving behind...and I would commend it to a pair of newly-wed fans in the area (if there were any): preferably a couple of kids who like things cool and who haven't too much of a collection (of anything) built up as yet.

We've outgrown it. We had at least a year ago, maybe earlier, but it had become a habit of sorts, and we hadn't worked up the gumption and risk taking attitude necessary to bail out into a huge place of our own -- as it turns out, that was fortunate.

So Route #3, Wabash passes into limbo with Stitt Street (the stuttering street address that so fascinated Alan Dodd), North Manchester and Huntington. Hartford City is a little town of about eight thousand (and Buck will mutter nastily when he sees me call it "a little town" -- but I grew up in a town of 40,000 plus population). It is on the fringe of a burgeoning junior metropolitan area -- or whatever the Bureau of Census calls areas of booming population and industry umpty umpty miles square and more than 100,000 population. We call them "clots", ourselves. Or, as Buck once remarked while making the drive between Anderson and Muncie, Indiana: "This whole area is one damned suburb."

Well, the Gemini shot seems to have gotten off all right, without blowing up or anything...so far so good, even if the rendezvous seems to be junked at this point of the coverage. I suppose it's natural to fear the worst and hope for the best, and I continue to be delighted and amazed that our program has suffered no disasters so far, and it would be just dandy if things continued in this vein.

Dr. Urey was guest speaker at some Fort Wayne club during May -- the astronomy club, I believe. He was interviewed rather extensively on local tv and radio, particularly about the JPL results and his opinion on the surface of the Moon. Although he was properly reserved and as non-committal as he could manage, I rather gathered he half expected Surveyor to touch down on the Moon, go "Phwoop!" and sink in about half a mile -- after which there would be this series of muffled electronic "HelpHelpHelp!" signals emanating until its batteries ran out.

On the other hand, maybe it'll land and something will go "Pop!", and suddenly we will see this hole in a slowly shriveling moon and all those non-scientific theories will be proved true after all.

I suppose it would be terribly exciting to go out to some Wabash shopping center and watch Jimmy Clark pick out a fancy expensive men's wardrobe as his "reward" for winning the 500 race. But somehow I think I can find a few other things to do right now. Like make ten boxes into twenty by some secret magical process I haven't discovered yet.

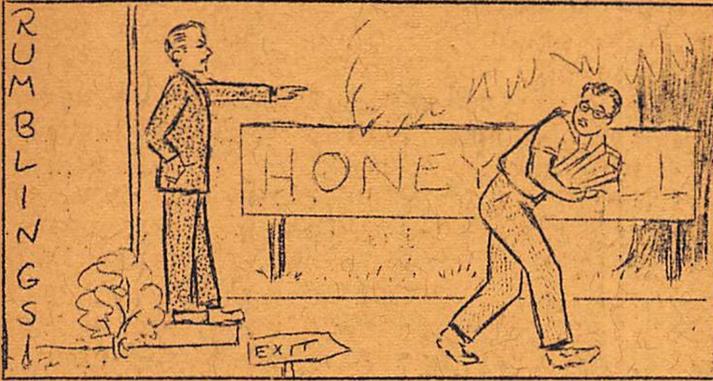
We're rather puzzling the local supermarket owners with our continued requests for boxes. They're used to people begging a few boxes whenever they move -- but these idiots keep coming back and coming back and walking off with all the pasteboard products they can carry. I suspect they're muttering behind their hands: "They can't have that much stuff!"

The problem is, we seem to have more, and as I look around I despair of getting everything packed, even if I get another tailgate full of boxes tonight. The furniture isn't going to take up half as much room as the boxes of books. We feel fairly sure we can get all the furniture in the truck we're renting...but it'll probably take several trips back and forth to get the non-furniture.

There are so many things that can't go in a truck -- and I don't mean my dishes. As far as I'm concerned, they get tossed in with everything else. But the guns, ammunition, records...all these have to go on softer springs than any truck can provide. Or our hand cart station wagon for that matter, which rides like a small truck.

Still, by the time you receive this, I'm sure the mailbox will at least be in place at the new operations center. We may put out the next issue cutting stencils sitting on the floor (because the desk is being painted)...or turning the Gestetner crank lying on my stomach (because the boat-in-the-basement mimeo table wouldn't go through any of the doors and had to be taken apart and hasn't been rebuilt yet).

Here we go, laughing and scratching, and nursing a slipped disc. JWC



Thanks to the generosity of Dick Eney and George Scithers, regular subscribers and trades will receive Scithers' CON-COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE as a Supplement to this YANDRO. (Non-regulars may obtain copies from Eney, 6500 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22307, for 50¢). This is being mailed by Eney, so you may receive it before or after YANDRO, but probably not with YANDRO. (He

was going to send copies to me to mail out with YANDRO, but figured out that 200 copies would weigh nearly 100 pounds and it would be cheaper and simpler to have him mail them while I supplied the mailing labels.) Also, Dick is going to check his own mailing list to make sure that nobody gets two copies. (So if you don't get one within a couple of weeks, then /a/ I don't consider you a YANDRO regular, /b/ Eney plans to send you one thru SAPS or something, /c/ I carelessly left your name off the list I sent Eney, /d/ Eney carelessly lost the mailing label I sent him, or /e/ Eney hasn't got around to mailing any of them yet, so don't get impatient. Have fun deciding.) This is a 60-plus page thing concerned with fan conventions; how to put one on, what's really going on while the chairman is up there on the platform stalling for time, etc. I can't say I agree with all of the personal comments, but then that's true of a lot of the stuff we publish (and we got this without having to publish it). I enjoyed my copy, which is more than I do most convention material.

Also in the convention line, Advent has published The Proceedings: Discon, edited by Dick Eney. Convention members get their copies for \$1 over their membership fee; "a very limited number of additional copies" is available to non-members for \$3.50 apiece. This is the con where Juanita and I spent all our time in the FanArt Show, so I was quite happy to discover what went on during the program. (Offhand, I think that most official programs read better than they sound anyway; I can sit down in a comfortable chair and follow the discussion without the distractions of a hard folding chair, too little sleep the night before, and Reva Smilay yakking about nothing in particular two seats away.)

NOTE THE CHANGE OF ADDRESS ON THE CONTENTS PAGE. (At least, I hope it's there; I'm typing this before the contents page has been laid out.) This is a long and rather dull story -- but don't think I'll spare you on that account. Honeywell has been cutting back personnel at their Wabash factory for about 2 years now; recently the cuts began getting drastic. I got my two weeks' notice on May 3. I really can't complain. I'd been with them 8 years. The week before I got the axe, they chopped 4 other office workers -- one had been with them 29 years, and the shortest term of service was 17 years. (I also discovered that one who had been there 2¹/₂ years was making less money per month than I was.) On my last day at work, May 14, they laid off 60 production workers, which I believe brings their total work force down below 100 (it was close to 1200 six years ago). Anyway, my last two weeks were spent job hunting; the first week in sending out resumes and the second week in interviewing. (I was present at my job 16 hours that week). One of the things I discovered some time ago is that the first question a prospective employer asks of a tech writer is "Do you have a college degree?" When the answer is "No", the next question is "How much experience have you had in writing to government specifications?" When the answer is "None, but I've seen them and they aren't all that hard", there follows an immediate end to the interview.

At least, this time one of the employment agencies ~~was imaginative enough~~ to get me an interview with an advertising agency. I didn't get the job, but the brush-off was much more sophisticated. The job I did get is doing bills of material and eventually working into job estimating for Delbert Dawson & Son, a sheet metal shop in Muncie. It was quick; my last day at Honeywell was May 14 and my first day at Dawson was May 17. It has some drawbacks; not the least of which is that it is 55 miles from our present address. (The first couple of days I drove almost 80 miles each way, but I found several short cuts, so now I'm driving 55 miles, spending 1½ hours on the road each way, and getting up at 5:15 AM, which is a perfectly horrible hour for doing anything, but especially for getting up.) So, we have to move. We tried Muncie, but couldn't find anything to rent but 3-room apartments (which might have been all right if we could have afforded enough of them, but didn't seem too satisfactory.) So we finally located this huge old farmhouse in -- or rather, outside of -- Hartford City. It's 25 miles from work, but that's better than 55, the rent is the same as we are paying here, and we'll have considerably more room. (Present house is 6 small rooms with a garage -- and the garage roof leaks, so you can't store anything in it. New place has 8 rooms in the main house, with a two-room "summerhouse" connected by an open porch and some storage cubbyholes and a fruit cellar in a storehouse at the back -- also connected by the porch. Plus a garage. For once, we may have enough room.)

This affair is going to have some effect on our fanac. First, during this summer we'll be paying a moving bill, extra rent because we move in the middle of a month and so have to rent two places for that month, and my fee to the employment agency for finding me a job. It's the cheapest agency around, too (except for the US Gov't agency, which never finds anything worthwhile), but the fee is still several hundred dollars and it all comes out of my paycheck within the first two months. This adds up to the fact that we will not be holding the Annual Coulson Picnic this summer. Maybe next year, if I'm still working. I'm going to try to make the Midwestcon; no guarantees, but we should do it. (Another reason for the picnic dropping is that we'll have no garden this year, and the garden always supported the food outlay. A third reason is that we'll be tired by the time we finish moving and rearranging.) Fortunately, we don't have to worry about the Worldcon; we weren't going to London anyway. FAPA does not cost all that much, so we'll probably renew our dues there. I'll probably drop the N3F; I don't have time for the activities anyway. Of course, our big fan expense is YANDRO. Subscribers need have no fear; you're paying your own way. If we had all subscribers, we'd show a profit. Contributors are also okay; there aren't that many, and contributors are entitled to copies, anyway. We can't cut off letter-writers, because we never did give copies in return for letters. Which leaves trades as the only thing we can cut down. Editors will be notified individually if their position on our trade list is changed; I don't believe in publicizing any lists of who I will and will not condescend to trade with. In general, however, I will rigidly enforce the rule of no trades for apazines, a policy I'd slacked off on recently. This will have a few exceptions; offhand I can think of NIEKAS, which puts out better material than most genzines. There may be a few others, but in general if you send me an apazine don't expect a YANDRO in return. (I will try to do more commenting; a letter only costs 5¢. But since a 25-mile drive takes up more time than a 5-mile one, I'll have less spare time and will probably not want to use too much of it in commenting on fanzines.) Some genzines now getting a regular trade will be cut to one-for-one; quite a few that are now getting one-for-one trades will be dropped entirely. I don't like the idea of cutting people off this way, but I just can't afford all of you any more.

THE GREAT CELESTIAL CLOCK

article by

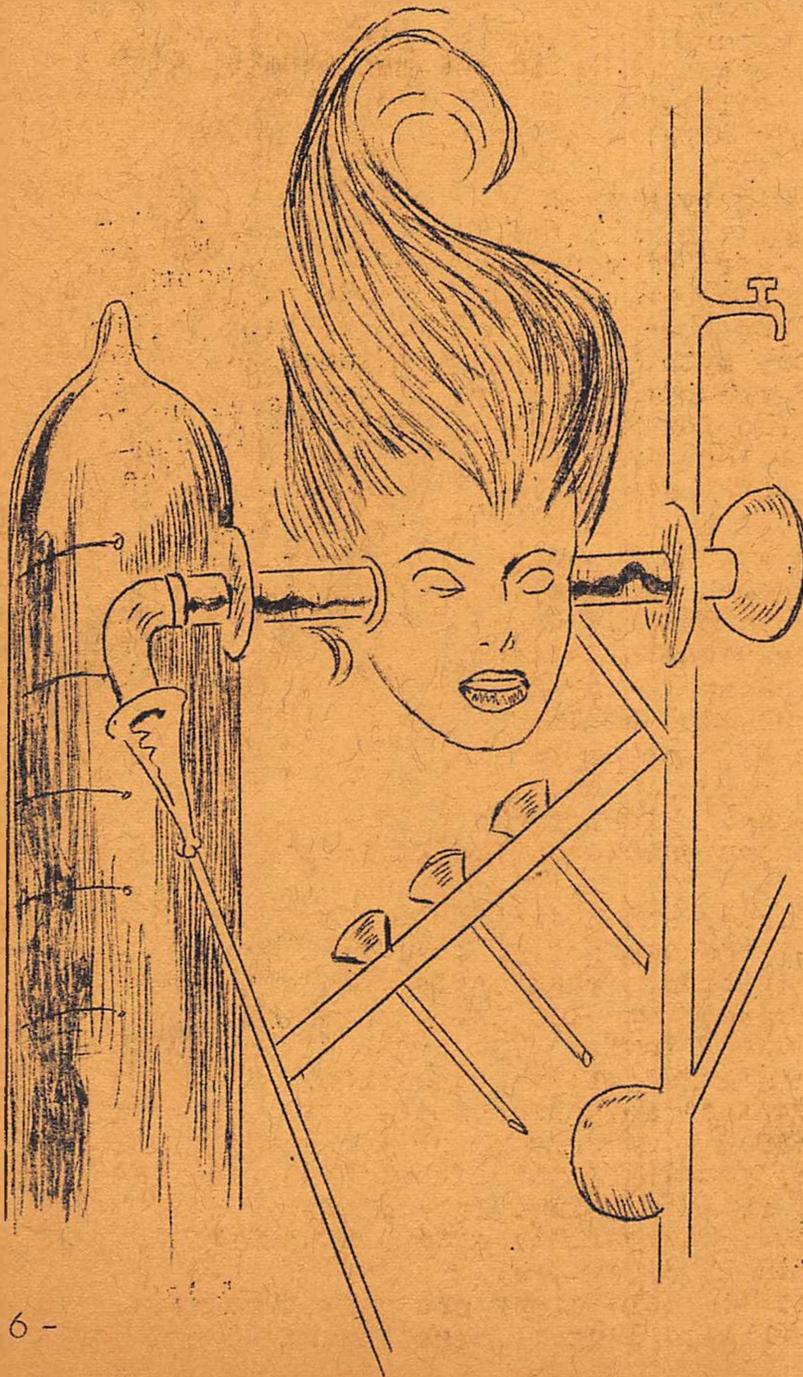
LEWIS GRANT

About the year 525 A.D., a monk named Dionysis Exiguus started dating years from the birth of Yeshua ibn Yussef, better known to us as Jesus the Christ. Dionysis computed that Jesus was born in the year "706 A.U.C.", which means: "After the Founding of the City" (of Rome). This year he called "1 A.D.", and the "A.D." stood for

"Anno Domini", meaning "In the year of Our Lord." Many years after, the initials "B.C." were first used, and this is why we have one Latin term "Anno Domini", and one English term "Before Christ."

Unfortunately Dionysis made a few errors, and we have been stuck with them for over a millenium. The first error was the omission of the year zero; 1 A.D. began as 1 B.C. ended. This makes it difficult to count a mixture of A.D. and B.C. dates. His second error was that 1 A.D. was quite late in the history of Man, and we must constantly use B.C. dates which are counted backward. Thirdly; no one is quite sure of the day or year of Christ's birth, except the chances are miniscule that he was born on 25 December 1 A.D. Opinions range from 8 B.C. on up.

Finally, in the fourteen hundred years since Dionysis, people all over our planet have started putting down dates and writing histories, and a large number find ther terms: "In the year of Our Lord" and "Before Christ" distasteful. For instance, Jewish congregations often mark their



temple cornerstones with the Hebrew date, such as 5725 A.M. (In the year of the world's existence), and a date like "1965 C.E.". The "C.E." stands for "Common Era." There are a number of other dating methods in use around the earth, most of them starting quite late in the history of man, too, so that users must often use negative dates and count backwards.

In this scientifically-oriented Terrene era, we should be able to devise a dating method which will eliminate the errors made by Dionysis, and better fit the needs of World Man.

What we need is a dating system locked to a stable, long-period natural cycle, one short enough to be measured accurately, but stretching well back into the past, far enough beyond the years of civilization so that we don't have to struggle with negative dates.

There is a one cycle of this type that sounds like just what we need. This is the cycle called the "Great Year" or "Precession of the Equinoxes." It is an accurate astronomical cycle, but one that has been associated with history, religion, mythology, art, agriculture, etc. for all of recorded history. It represents the time required for the solstices and equinoxes to shift through all twelve signs of the zodiac, and lasts 25,789 years.

As the sun seems to swing around the heavens each year, it passes through the twelve constellations of the zodiac in order. When it enters four of the zodiacal constellations, the seasons are supposed to change. For instance, as the sun touches the edge of the constellation Aries on March 21, spring is supposed to sprout. When it reaches the constellation Cancer, summer opens. Libra marks the start of fall, and Capricorn announces the beginning of winter. Theoretically.

Sadly, this is no longer true, and hasn't been since about 140 B.C. In the 2105 years since then, the equinoxes, etc. have drifted back in to the previous signs, so that today, when spring begins on March 21 or thereabouts, the sun has barely started its journey through Pisces and it will not enter Aries until April. The cause of this drift is the slow swing of the earth's axis called precession.

Since the earth is a heavy mass spinning on its axis, it acts like a gyroscope. If you will borrow a gyroscope, or its ancient ancestor, the top, and set it spinning, you will notice that while the axis of the gyroscope spins rapidly, it also swings in a slow circle. This movement is called precession. The earth's axis also swings in a slow circle, completing one turn in 25,789 years.

One result of this is that the pole stars are only temporary. In a few thousand years, Polaris will no longer mark the north pole of the



Heavens. That honor will pass to Vega or some other star, and the Great Bear will begin to rise and set each night. In ancient Egyptian times, Thuban, the great star of the Dragon, stood above the pole, and Egyptian pyramids were oriented so that Thuban could be seen each night through ports cut in the stone. Time has passed, however, and the dragon has writhed down memory lane. A new star paces slowly above the north pole. Its time too will pass.

A second result of the precessional swing is that the vernal equinox and the other equinoxes and solstices swing slowly through the zodiac, so that each constellation marks the vernal equinox, the estival solstice, etc., in order for about 2,145 years. For instance, before 4500 B.C., the vernal equinox was in Gemini, and the spring sun shone as the twin stars rose with the roseate dawn. Around 4500, spring began as Taurus, the mighty Bull plowed the skies just before the sun appeared, and the summer burst forth as the sun swept past the mighty star in the heart of the Lion. The Mesopotamian artisans of that long-past era often posed the Bull, standing erect, facing the Lion. But either the carvers of Babylon showed the Bull in such strict profile that only one horn showed, or the Magi of Mesopotamia knew the secret (revealed by Willy Ley in his book *THE LUNGFISH, THE DODO, AND THE UNICORN*) of how to produce unicorn cattle by removing, shaping and transplanting their horn buds to their foreheads, for, over the centuries, the two have come down to us as the lion and the unicorn.

Many other temples and monuments, such as Stonehenge, and the great temple of Karnak, were built to honor the constellations which marked the change points of the year, but were left stranded high and dry as the seasons swung on to greet new constellations. Today, a knowledge of astronomy is essential to the historian and archaeologist, for the orientation and ornamentation of ancient temples can often tell their age.

This precessional cycle, the great clock of the heavens, ticking twice in a lifetime, and sounding the changes every two millennia, is just the right length for a dating system. The famous Greek astronomer Hipparchus, who discovered the phenomena of precession, began the tradition of calling the "first point of Aries", the spot where the vernal equinox met the sun in his time, as the beginning of the precessional cycle, and we still adhere to that tradition 2105 years later. We might as well continue that tradition, and mark the first point of Aries as midnight on the celestial clock. Thus, a second round of the great cycle began in 140 B.C., and the first round began 25,789 years before, or in 25,927 B.C.

25,927 is well before any really exact dates are known or to be expected, and therefore we will not be likely to run into negative dates which have to be counted backward. Yet, at the same time, the date today would only have five figures, and would be shorter than the usual four-figure Christian date with A.D. or B.C. added. The date today, for instance, would be 26 January 27982. (Father Time's zip code.) A simple table could be drawn up to give both A.D. and B.C. dates, and dates in other dating systems.

For longer periods, we could, if we wished, count cycles or "great years": However, we should devise a better name for one of the precessional cycles than "great year", since it has nothing to do with the year. We need a short, euphonious, international word cognate with gyroscope, to remind us of the reasons for these cycles, but in the same framework as rotation, revolution, precession, mutation, etc. I suggest we use the international word "gyration" to mean one cycle of the earth's axis in a precessional motion. At this point in the earth's existence, it has gone through nearly 20,000 gyrations.

THE GHOSTS OF RUSSELL KIRK

article by

reginald smith

There are very few people writing ghost stories at the present time for the supernatural tale is an old-fashioned form of fiction, and has been for years. Ghosts seem more at home in places that have almost completely vanished from the contemporary scene, such as decaying country mansions and ancient churchyards, and most of the things that are possible to do with ghosts have already been effectively done in fiction. Perhaps even Russell Kirk is no longer writing about ghosts, for the stories in THE SURLY SULLEN BELL (Paperback Library, 52-316, 50¢) are not exactly new. They were, according to the forward, written "over the past decades" and published in such periodicals as World Review, Queen's Quarterly, and The London Mystery Magazine. One story, "What Shadows We Pursue", first appeared in the January 1953 issue of Fantasy and Science Fiction, and two other stories were reprinted from the hard cover edition of this book (Fleet, 1962) in the November and December 1962 issues of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

If Kirk is no longer writing ghost stories, however, it is indeed a shame, for THE SURLY SULLEN BELL proves that good supernatural fiction can be accomplished by a contemporary writer. Probably the reason that some of the stories in this book are so good is because Kirk lives far from the mainstream of current American life. He dwells in a creaking old house in Mecosta, Michigan, which is in the stump country, so named because this northern area was mostly deforested seventy or eighty years ago. Mecosta's population is down to two hundred from a high of about two thousands back in the 1880's, and the past and its legends linger about the deserted houses and decayed farms, dreary lakes and shadowy woods. Obviously a good environment for a writer of ghostly fiction.

Not all of the nine stories in the book are of top quality. "Uncle Isaiah", set in a large city and dealing with a ghostly revenge upon a gangster running a protection racket, reads like many of the undistinguished tales that appeared in Weird Tales in the late 1940's or early 1950's. "Ex Tenebus" is saved from being an ordinary, even if interesting, ghost tale by its last line, which is quite amusing and well in keeping with what has gone before. "Skyberia" seems completely out of place in this collection, being a philosophical vignette expressing Kirk's distaste for the "city-man's world". This theme runs through several of Kirk's characters, who are often government "planners" and other bureaucratic types who feel intent on running the lives of those who live in the backwaters of society and who wish merely to be left alone. Kirk's strong beliefs sometimes result in the bureaucrats' personalities being somewhat overstated, as in the case of Mr. S.G.W. Barker in "Ex Tenebris", but he does make some telling points for his beliefs.

The title story is fairly well conceived and executed, but the very best stories in this collection are set, naturally enough, in the stump country of upper Michigan.

"Off the Sand Road" makes effective use of old letters found in a deserted farm house in building up a gradual atmosphere of fear. A visitor and a pair of local boys explore the present condition of the old place, and the letters reveal some strange things that may have happened there in the past. The sardonic humor of the boys near the end of the tale adds to the horror, and the reader, like the visitor, is fearfully tempted to get out of that house and the nearby area as quickly as possible.

In "What Shadows We Pursue", Kirk introduces a strange household of interesting characters. The odd wife and odder daughter of the late Dr. Corr attempt to sell his collection of eleven thousand books to a book dealer. The late Dr. Corr had loved his books and hated his family, while his family had hated both the doctor and his books. Kirk indulges in some symbolism in the last line that is a little too

contrived, but the characters portrayed, including the normal but interesting book dealer, are well done.

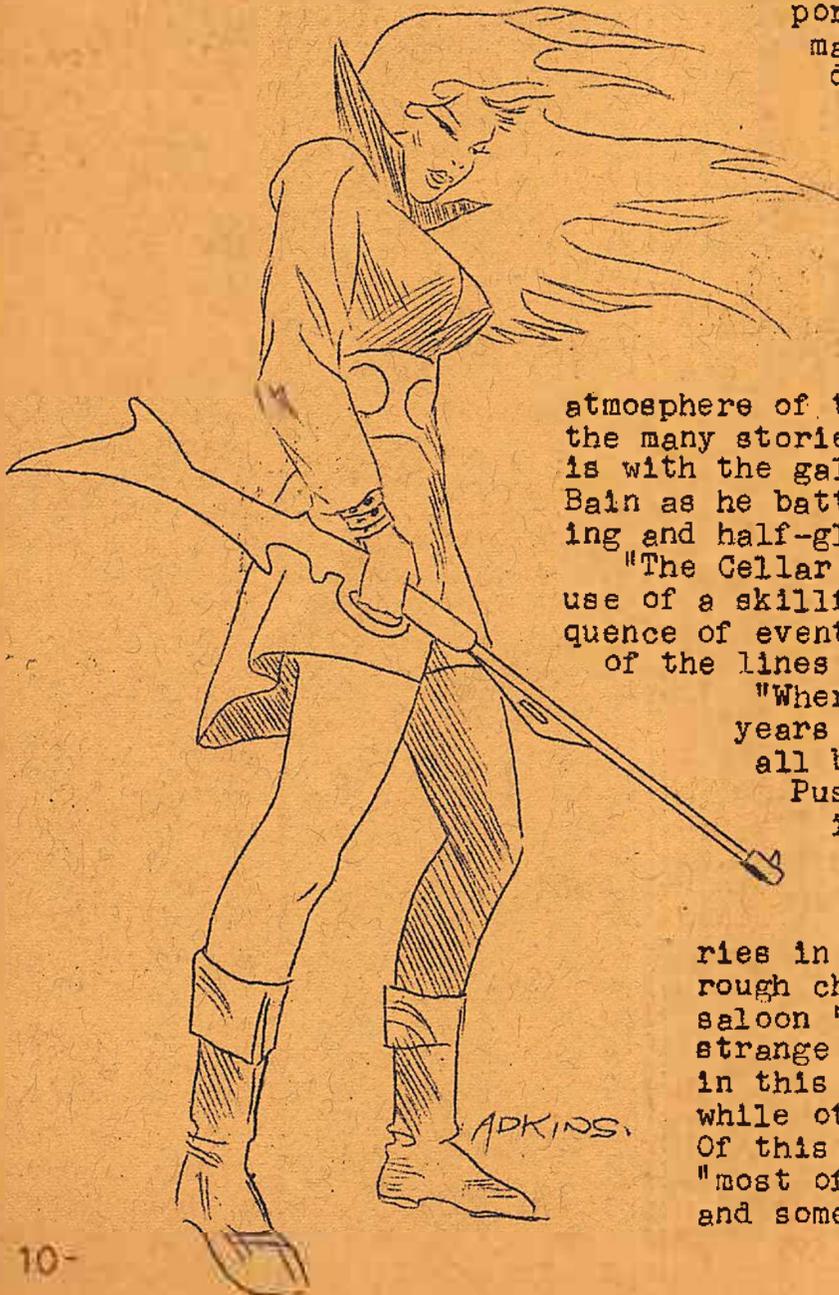
"Sorworth Place" takes up the old idea of a young woman living in a decayed mansion whose evil but deceased husband is still bothering her with his presence. Because of his talent for slowly building up a convincing

atmosphere of terror, the reader forgets the many stories with this basic plot, and is with the gallant but convincing Ralph Bain as he battles against the frightening and half-glimpsed antagonist.

"The Cellar of Little Egypt", by the use of a skillful arrangement of the sequence of events, and the echoing refrain of the lines which open the tale:

"Where will we all be a hundred years from now?/
Where will we all be a hundred years from now?/
Pushing up the daisies, pushing up the daisies:/ That's where we'll all be a hundred years from now."

is one of the very best stories in the book. Here some of the rough characters that inhabit the saloon "Little Egypt" come to strange ends. Some of the events in this story are grimly horrible, while others are grimly humorous. Of this story, Kirk states that "most of the characters did live and some of the episodes did occur."



One can believe this, for the concluding sketch in the book, "Lost Lake", is, in Kirk's terms, "a True Narration". In a way, this is the most entertaining item in the book, and if everything that the author tells about it is indeed completely true, then it proves again, that although truth is really not stranger than fiction, it can indeed be very strange.

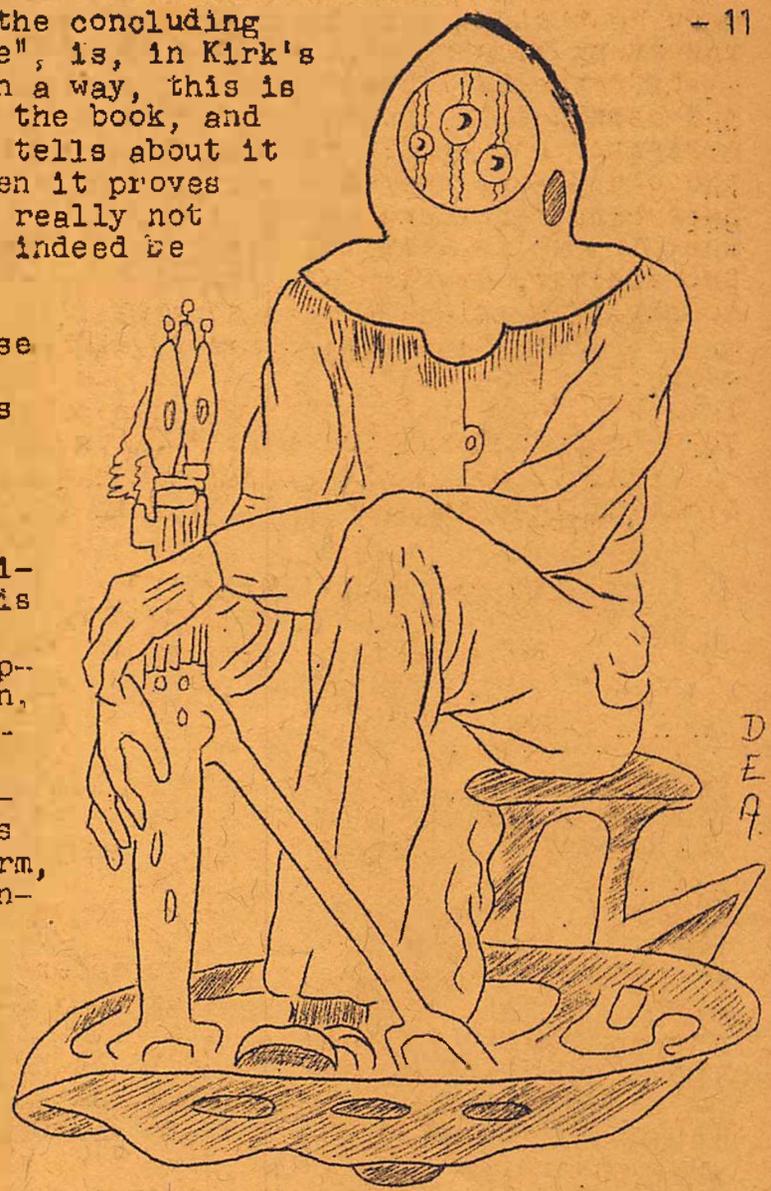
"Lost Lake" concerns a description of an area very close to Kirk's own home, and the colorful and tragic characters that have lived there. Here the reader learns about a man known only as the Potato Man. He tried to farm some of the sandy soil and "brought quantities of seed-potatoes and Paris green, to combat the potato-bugs. But the potato-bugs, apparently immune to Paris green, consumed all the potatoes. After a year of this the Potato Man took the Paris green himself", and died as horribly as the former occupant of the farm, an old Negro named George Washington.

The highlight of the character sketches found in "Lost Lake" is the saga of the Van Tassel family. The state of morality in this family is shown in one of several incidents that Kirk relates about them.

The Van Tassel children had invited schoolmates to come home and play with their new doll. They did indeed have a new doll, but it was a dead human baby, and youngest of the Van Tassels. The ground was too frozen to bury it, and "the other children had asked if they might have Susan as a doll, and Mrs. Van Tassel had not dequered." The Van Tassels almost deserve a book of their own.

The book ends with an article entitled "A Cautionary Note on the Ghostly Tale", which gives Kirk's ideas regarding fictional and non-fictional ghosts. He includes an attack on science fiction as a type, rather than on the unskilled example of that type. The rest of the article, however, is very entertaining.

There is one other fiction story in the book which, with the possible exception of "The Cellar of Little Egypt", is probably the best tale in THE SURLY SULLEN BELL. In this item, "Beyond the Stumps", the main character is a government census taker, the type of creature Kirk is not overly fond of, but he makes him, in this case, a very believable human being. The taciturn inhabitants in and around "Bear City" more or less ignored previous census takers, so Cribben, a Special Interviewer, is sent, and Cribben can get the people interviewed where



D E A

others fail. He is determined, precise, unyielding, and forceful and he gets the job done in and around Bear City. There are a few scrawny people left, however, who live in the Barrens, a sterile area a short distance away. These people, the Gholsons, are little known even by the townspeople, who advise Cribben to forget them. There are also strange and even supernatural rumors concerning the Gholsons. A short and unpleasant encounter with one Gholson in town merely convinces the determined census-taker that he must do his job. He travels "Beyond the Stumps" to meet the challenge. What happens when he gets there, after Kirk's marvelous buildup, is certainly no letdown.

Anyone looking for a few pleasantly unpleasant chills some dark night when the wind is moaning around the house might do well to pick up this book.

Will the following people, or anyone who knows their current addresses, please get in touch with Advent, PO Box 9228, Chicago 90. We have money for them.

Frank Kelly Freas

Sandra J. Fulton, formerly of Port Hueneme, Calif.

Mike Decker, formerly of Arlington, Virginia

R.G. Bannister, formerly of Montreal

...George Price, Advent

Paul E. Hemmes, 1511 Tuttle Road, Ionia, Mich. 48846 is starting a new fanzine and needs contributions (fiction, art, stf-oriented articles, and humor), someone to stencil artwork, and a name for the thing.

Harold P. Piser, 41-08 Parsons Blvd., Flushing, N.Y. 11355, is compiling a bibliography of fanzines, fanzine organizations (FAPA, N'APA, etc.), and "house names" (Gafia Press, etc.). He is interested in contacting owners of large fanzine collections, and would undoubtedly be interested in any fanzines with large fanzine review columns or articles of bibliographic interest. He was explicit in stating that he is not a fan; he's a bibliographer who has just discovered a whole new area to conquer. So I expect he would prefer paying cash to writing letters of comment.

NEW ADDRESS: Larry Grilly, 170 Reid St., Elizabeth, New Jersey 07201

MORE BOOK REVIEWS, by RSC

THE MAN FROM O.R.G.Y., by Ted Mark (Lancer, 50¢) This is a combination spy story, sex novel, and satire. It reads somewhat like Terry Southern's stuff, which I suppose is a recommendation for it in some places, but not here. I did read all of it, which is more than I've been able to do with any of Southern's junk. Also, I can't complain about it being the sort of watered-down pornography that you get so often in this sort of thing; I lost track of the number of sexual acts that are described in clinical detail, but there are quite a few of them. I'm sure the high school and younger college set will consider this novel great stuff. I didn't (but I will admit that it's better written than most spy stories, at that).

NATIVES OF SPACE, by Hal Clement (Ballantine, 50¢) Three of Clement's novelets from the ASF of the 1940's; "Assumption Unjustified", "Technical Error", and "Impediment". Clement is always better at novel length, but his shorter stories are well worth reading. Get this one.

GOLDEN MINUTES



THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING, by J.R.R. Tolkien (Ace, 75¢) The biggest news this month is that The Lord Of The Rings is finally being published in a "popular-priced" edition. This is undoubtedly the fantasy novel of our time. There's a catch to it, however. Accounts have mentioned that the succeeding volumes (The Two Towers and The Return Of The King) will be published by Ace only if sales of the first volume warrant it -- and you have to have all three of them. They are no more independent stories than three parts of a magazine serial would be. (Despite the fact that it has been referred to as "the Tolkien trilogy" by people who don't know what a trilogy is, the three books are simply installments of one novel.) So there is a chance that you'll end up laying out 75¢ for 1/3 of a story -- but I think it's a chance worth taking. You're quite likely to find that you like it so well that you'll want to shell out \$9 for the British hardcovers anyway. (I don't recommend the \$15 US hardcover edition to anyone; you get different dust jackets, but the text of the US edition was printed from the original British plates.) I had intended to kid Ace about publishing only 1/3 of a novel, but then I checked my hardcover set and discovered that it (the British one) was published the same way; 15 months elapsed between publication of the first and third volumes. So buy this one, and hope that Ace publishes the rest of it. (I haven't said what it's about; well, there have been numerous fanzine articles on it, and at least two fanzines devoted entirely to it since it appeared. If you haven't read any of them, write me a letter and I'll outline the story.)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW, by Hunt Collins (Pyramid, 50¢) When this appeared in IF as "Malice In Wonderland", the author was listed as Evan Hunter. Evidently in the meantime he has had second thoughts about allowing the Hunter name on mere science fiction. It's a good story, though. This is the third Pyramid edition; if you don't have either of the previous ones, get this. When it first appeared, it seemed like a possibly valid prediction of our future society. Ten years have altered that, but it's still a depiction of a fascinating society. (Fascinating to read about, that is; it's not one that I'd care to live in, tho it's certainly no worse than the future we seem to be heading for today.) The ending has always seemed artificial; possibly more so today, when people in the headlines seem bent on combining the worst elements of his "Vike" and "Ree" societies instead of his pious hope for the best.

ROGUE QUEEN, by L. Sprague de Camp (Ace, 40¢) This was published by Doubleday and Dell 14 years ago, and has never been reprinted until now. I don't know why; it's one of de Camp's best books, and de Camp was one of sf's best writers until he succumbed to the high pay of historical novels. There have been, I'm sure, other stories of human societies organized on the principle of bees; de Camp's novel is the only one I remember because it's the only one which contained characters worth remembering. Iroedh is probably the most interesting heroine in science fiction (a damned sight more interesting to me, at least, than all the mysterious goddesses and priestesses of Haggard, Merritt, and the like). Buy this. (It seems that I've been saying this about everything; well, it has been a remarkably fine month for science fiction and fantasy.)

THE MAN WHO WANTED STARS, by Dean McLaughlin (Lancer, 60¢) This is not as the blurb claims, a science-fiction novel of first-rank importance but it is good entertainment, and continues a theme that McLaughlin has used in earlier novels; that there is no connection between the worth of an idea and the worth of the man who proposes it. Joe Webber is a man with a single-minded devotion to space flight. Mildly unpleasant at the beginning of the story, by the end he has evolved into a thoroughgoing bastard -- but, by sheer force of personality and a few improbable coincidences, he has mankind headed toward the stars. I was right once before when I guessed that McLaughlin was twisting the tale of a Heinlein novel; this time I'll guess that he is depicting what a man like D. D. Harriman would really be like. (If so, the fact that I will still be able to enjoy The Man Who Sold The Moon after reading this is a tribute to Heinlein's story-telling genius.)

THE LOAFERS OF REFUGE, by Joseph Green (Ballantine, 50¢) Joe Green is the only example I know of a US stf writer who began his career in the British magazines. This novel was originally published as a series of stories in NEW WORLDS; the Ballantine edition is its first US publication. It is a tribute to both Green's writing and John Carnell's editing that it is successful both as a novel and in its original form -- and without much of the rewriting generally required to turn a batch of short stories into a coherent whole. The plot and characters are nothing out of the ordinary, but it's an excellent depiction of an alien world.

THREE AGAINST THE WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) When I wrote to Miss Norton complaining about the ending of this book -- I'd become interested in the characters and then at the end she just goes off and leaves them -- she reassured me that there would probably be more books in the series. Other than the conclusion -- which still seems hasty -- this is a better book than the previous Web Of The Witch World, tho not up to the original. Despite my dislike of series stories in general, I can keep reading Witch World novels as fast as they are published. This one starts with the children of the central characters of the previous books; I'm informed that the next book in the series will contain an entirely new set of characters, after which we may get back to the children and possibly to a "final solution" for the original cast.

THE SMUGGLED ATOM BOMB, by Philip Wylie (Lancer, 50¢) Originally published by Avon in 1951 or 1952, this is a spy novel, presumably being reissued because of the popularity of such books now. It's totally improbable, but I have always liked Wylie's potboilers; his characters are pure cardboard, but they have such engaging personalities. The plot may not be wild enough, or the villain incredible enough, to satisfy today's reader of spy stories, but personally I vastly prefer it to the more modern variety. At the time it was published, it could be called borderline stf; I suspect that modern developments in atomics give it more historical than stfnal interest today. But it's mild fun.

FIFTH PLANET, by Fred Hoyle and Geoffrey Hoyle (Crest, 50¢) I am willing to admit that Fred Hoyle writes very scientific fiction -- mainly because I am not enough interested in his stories to look up any of his scientific statements in order to check their authenticity. His major fault is that he writes exceedingly dull science fiction. He can take an old fantasy idea -- demonic possession -- clothe it in a glittering suit of scientific possibility -- and then bury it in a mass of stodgy verbiage. He does this constantly, and I suppose that if you don't mind his deadly

dull phrasing you may think he's a great writer. I don't think so.

CITY UNDER THE SEA, by Paul W. Fairman (Pyramid, 50¢) Here's the worst stf book of the month. It's based -- rather loosely, as I recall -- on an episode in the tv show "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea" and will presumably sell thousands of copies to followers of the thing. This one has the distinction of being worse than the original Voyage novel. (Among other bits of idiocy, when the discovery of a weird and presumably dangerous undersea structure is made, the Admiral and the Captain both rush out to investigate it. Since the existence of other officers aboard the "Sea-view" is never mentioned, presumably they left the ship in charge of some Seaman First Class while they did their juvenile gallivanting around.) The whole thing is a stinker from the word go.

MORTALS AND MONSTERS, by Lester del Rey (Ballantine, 50¢) A dozen of del Rey's mood pieces. All of them were striking when I first read them. Some of them, like "Seat Of Judgment", don't hold up too well on re-reading (even for a plot cribbed from the Crucifixion, the ending is overly melodramatic). Others, like "Recessional" and "Return Engagement" are still good after several re-readings. Well worth your money.

WHAT STRANGE STARS AND SKIES, by Avram Davidson (Ace, 40¢) Davidson is one of stf's best short story writers, and this collection of 14 stories is another excellent book. Rather surprisingly, I like most of these better on re-reading than I did the first time. (If you still make a distinction, these are fantasy, not science fiction.) A few of them, like "Jury-Rig" and "Miss Buttermouth" are amusing nonsense; well told but lightweight. "Where Do You Live, Queen Esther?" is outstanding fantasy. "The Ogre" is a fascinating discourse on scientific (and human) prejudice, and the collection as a whole is fascinating.

SPACE LORDS, by Cordwainer Smith (Pyramid, 50¢) I do not care much for Cordwainer Smith's fiction, I dislike his short stories more than I do his novels, and after reading the dedication, prologue and epilogue to this book, I have developed a marked aversion to Cordwainer Smith as a person. Nevertheless, I keep hearing that he is one of the most important stf writers today, so I suppose this collection of 5 of his stories from GALAXY and AMAZING is equally important. Buy it and read it -- it's good for you. In addition, the previously unpublished prologue, etc., will give you some insight into the author's personality.

OUR MAN IN SPACE, by Bruce W. Ronald/Ultimatum In 2050 A.D., by Jack Sharkey (Ace, 45¢) Ace has published so much excellent stf this month that it's a shame their double is such tripe; it spoils an otherwise perfect issue. The Sharkey is mediocre; not outstanding, but an adequate time-killer. Our Man In Space is loaded with (presumably) unintentional humor. The author is an admirer of the "after escaping from the well" gimmick. Time after time, our hero is led into an impossible situation, there is a cut, and we shift to a minor character explaining that he escaped again. Every bit of action except the climax occurs offstage -- I was hoping he'd manage an offstage climax, which would at least be different, but he chickened out and actually showed some action there.

GRAVESIDE MANNER, by Gahan Wilson (Ace, 40¢) Considering my dislike for most of Wilson's cartoons, I consider it amazing that Ace has assembled a collection of them which I think is even funnier than most of the books of my favorite Charles Addams. Great stuff.

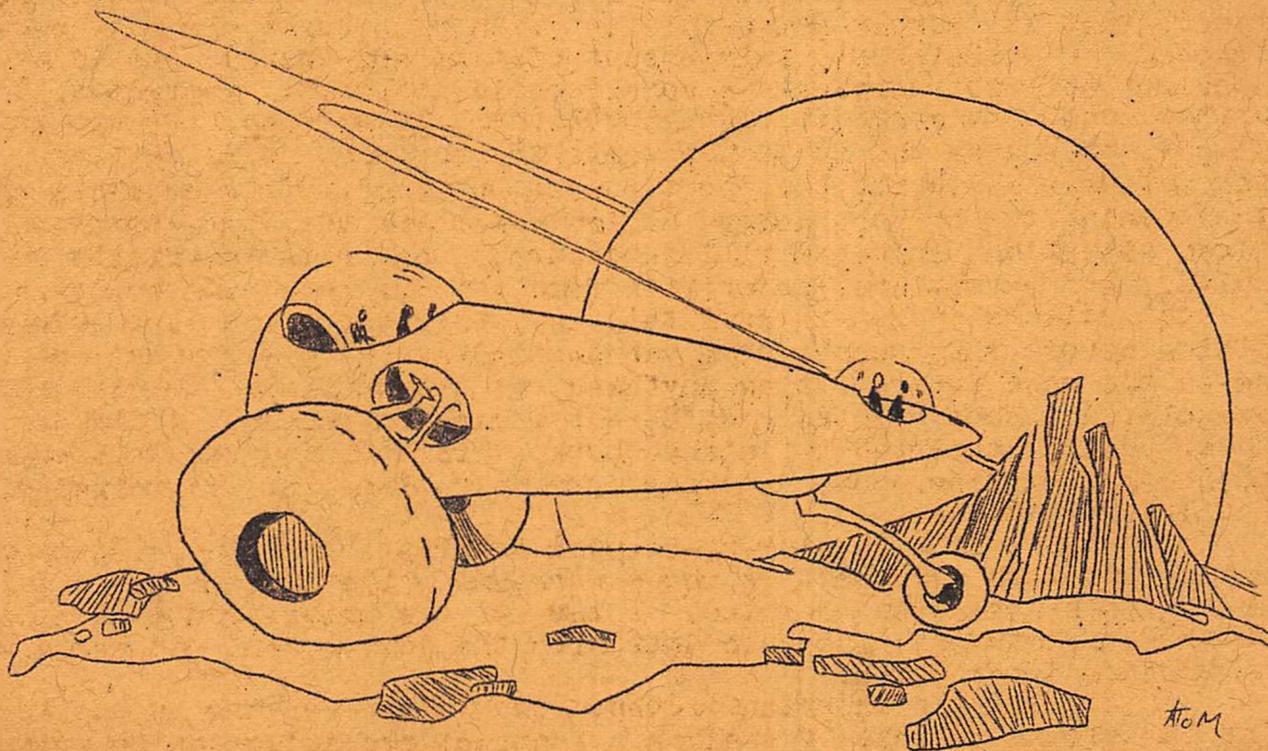
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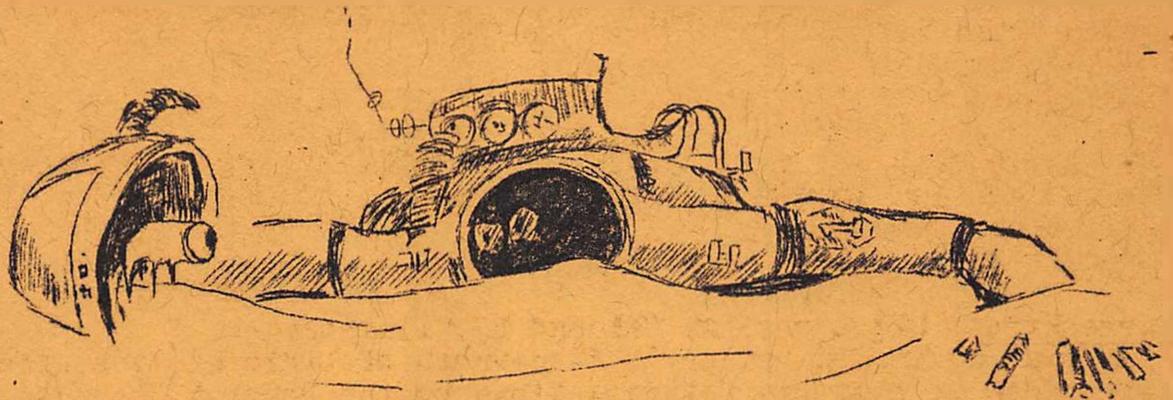
George Price, 873 Cornelia, Chicago 13, Illinois

In your review of Brunner's "Repairmen of Cyclops", you note that "references to past and future actions by the central characters make it read a bit like the middle novel of a series, but I don't think it is." When Maddalena is introduced it is mentioned that she had enjoyed a small success twenty years before. This is the story told in "Secret Agent of Terra" (Ace Double F-133, 1962). This was an original so far as I know. In addition, Brunner's "Castaways' World" (Ace Double F-242, 1963) deals with a shipload of survivors from the "Zarathustra Nova", which caused the hasty emigration referred to in "Repairmen" and "Secret Agent". However, none of the characters are the same. Chronologically, "Castaways' World" comes first by centuries, since it deals with survivors of the nova, while the other two stories are about the distant descendants of other survivors.

George Scithers, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois, 60690

Re John A. McCallum's letter in Yandro and the use of the Australian ballot, also known as Irish proportional representation (none of these are particularly good names, I fear); I think it would be a very, very good idea to try this voting method out for the Hugos -- say, a resolution at the '65 con permitting (but not requiring) the '66 con to use the system on an experimental basis for the Hugos to be awarded in '66; if it's a success, it can be a permanent part of the Hugo procedure; if not, it can be dropped. Is there someone who expects to be





Al Jones

at London for the con and who would like to introduce a resolution
this effect and defend it at the business meeting? If so, let me a
the London committee know, in writing, soon.

Ted White, 339 49th. St., Brooklyn, New York, 11220

John Berry makes an ass of himself in his criticisms of Terry Ca
and reveals a total non-comprehension of the publishing industry. Te
tells me he intends to comment on this himself, but I found John's
tack on Terry quite annoying myself. If John were half the writer
Terry is, he might have an excuse for what reads from here to be a
thinly disguised case of jealousy, but John Berry has authored some
700 fanzine pieces (I hear he proudly keeps count), of which at lea
600 should never have been published. In fandom his name has long
been synonymous with "hack".

First Berry misunderstands what an outline is. Let me explain t
carefully; he seems to have trouble understanding Terry's simple ex
planation.

In this country most professionals do not write their books "on
spec"; that is, purely on speculation without a buyer already con -
tracted. A book takes a fair amount of time and energy, and if it
does not sell it represents a considerable net loss. Therefore, the
writer secures a contract from a publisher, in advance, for his book.

But, of course the publisher wants to know what he is getting. So
the author will submit the "portion and outline". This consists of
the opening two or so chapters (which establish the characters and
story situation, and also will demonstrate the writer's ability to
write), and an outline, in written form, of the remaining chapters.

Most editors prefer to work this way; they can catch plot infeli -
cities before they represent a substantial amount of writing, and t
saves the need for rewriting anything but the outline. To give you
example, Ace books wanted a different ending on the book I did for
them. Had I submitted a finished book, this would've required sub -
stantial rewriting. But, working from an outline, it was relatively
easily changed.

The outline is a chapter-by-chapter description of the plot in mo
cases, but with some writers whose work and abilities are known, shor
er outlines have been accepted. I know of one writer who sold a boo
on the strength of a luncheon date with the editor, and one paragra
of written description.

But, and this is important, John: one is not selling an outline
One is selling a book. One signs a contract requiring one to write
specifically titled book and deliver it by a specific deadline.

The contract is usually several pages long and details the author's rights, royalties, and etc.

Now John may think that Great Writers take months to work up an outline, but he's dead wrong. An outline is only a plot outline, and it takes very little effort for any good writer to plot his book; most plot themselves, and there are some forms which completely plot themselves, such as the straightforward quest story, in which the author only invents the details.

Here's an example: Several years ago, I wrote a short story with Marion Bradley, "Phoenix". It appeared in Amazing. I felt then that the story was too short for the scope of the situation; the basic idea was a man who woke up one morning with almost the power of God. It occurred to me that the idea could be better fitted into a novel, in which some conflict would occur. As I thought of it then, it would be a novel set in present-time, with others having the same awesome powers and being opposed to our hero, since he would be Rocking Their Boat. There would be a chance for nice two-level conflict, ala CONJURE WIFE. one level mundane, the other fantastic.

That was my basic idea. More recently I expanded the short story into the first chapter of the novel, and added a second, in which the Opposition appears. I then sat down to plot the book. I decided I didn't want a cops-and-robbers chase bit, and that the powers involved would make such action pretty much farce anyway. Besides which, I was intrigued by the problem the protagonist had in coming to grips with the fact that he was the next thing to God. I decided to run him thru some trials, mature a bit, and come to a rather mystical conclusion about the universe and his purpose in it. To do this, and to create believable conflict, I have him decoyed into an "alternate reality" by his enemies. In this not-quite-corresponding reality, he loses his powers. He was decoyed by the kidnapping of his girl, and in this other world, he must track down and find her and somehow regain his powers so that he can return to Earth with her and defeat the baddies. In essence, the middle portion of the book is a quest.

It took me about three hours to completely plot and write that outline. The idea was about as above. I blocked out on a piece of paper the necessary number of chapters, assigning a block to each chapter, and numbering them. I had a good idea of how I wanted it paced -- how much space per section of plot -- and I assigned a few key words denoting plot and action to each block. From this I wrote an outline, chapter by chapter, creating subsidiary action for each block. I re-drafted the outline to clean it up and add some ideas which came to me as I was writing the latter portions, and that was it.

I took the works to Larry Shaw at Lancer and sold it as PHOENIX PRIME.

I am nearly finished writing the book. Because I'd plotted for 45,000 words and Lancer wanted 60,000, I had to expand some of the action and add subplots. And each chapter demanded details and refinement of action which I'd not outlined, in any case.

This is the way a book is written. One cannot -- and should not -- refine the plot so completely in one's mind that it exists completely as it will be written. That can kill a work; there has to be some adventure and discovery in the actual writing.

Some writers work from detailed notes and outlines; others from none at all. It depends on one's ability to plot intuitively, and one's personal tastes. I like an outline with roughly half a page to a page devoted to each chapter. The chapter itself will run at least twelve pages. When I write, I write each chapter as a unit, working from out-

line and not looking ahead.

Now if you figure the total time plotting a book, it requires from the moment it is first thought of until the moment it is finished. But in actual fact, the detailing of an outlined plot requires very little time, and no great effort. Once one has written for a while -- and even if one is a voluminous reader -- one soon realizes that all plots are all variations on each other, and the only trick is to figure new variations or to pick the plot which best suits one's idea. If I may say so without causing John Berry to write a similarly sneering article about me, I find plotting effortless, and I can do a plot for almost any idea he cares to name immediately and on the spot. So could most writers, I think. After all, your ability as a writer depends on what you do with the plot, not how long it took you to dream it up.

So much for that. John's sniping at Terry's style also gripes me, and I am at a loss to understand why he doesn't get the quote he quoted from Terry. I got it with no difficulty -- it was an oblique reference to one John Berry. Terry was saying that if fannish writing is cruddy, that's the fault of the fanwriters -- not their form. Nobody is requiring them to write crud for the fanzines. (Of course, some, like Willis, have always observed what might be called "professional standards of quality" in their fan writing. Others, like Berry, simply grind it out without thought or care, because it's just for fandom.)

I could go on; John's total lack of comprehension of "Clarity of Thought", "Smoothness of Style", "Coherent Construction", and etc. could be dealt with for paragraphs and perhaps pages. But then, surely others do not share his total inability to grasp what Terry was driving at.

Jeremy A. Barry suggests a diet of "westerns and Carter Brown mystery novels for a few months" for those who're jaded by stf. He seems to think it will point up stf's good qualities; I suspect the reverse. Of course Carter Brown is a hack, and I don't recommend him, but, fellas, if you've been reading more Andre Norton and enjoying her less, try Louis L'Amour's westerns... I've gone on a western-reading kick in the past few months (as FAPAns know), and I've discovered a wealth of fine story-tellers, whose power to hold me enthralled is unequalled by any but a handful of stf writers. I've been loaning my westerns (and John D. MacDonald mysteries) to Andy Main recently, and he said, "You know, the usual science fiction book, if you put it down you have to make yourself pick it up again. But these westerns /Louis L'Amour's/ are the kind that keep you faunching to pick them back up again. He'd never read westerns before.

Curious that Barry then recommends Gordon Dickson's ALIEN WAY. I haven't read it yet, but my previous experience with his books has led me to consider Dickson the most overrated writer in the stf field -- on this side of the Atlantic, anyway.

I like the Australian ballot idea, and have suggested to Terry Carr that it be used for TAFF as well. To give you an example, it was possible, this year, for Jock Root to win, despite the fact that fewer people wanted him than either Terry or Donaho. But while the voting was sharply drawn between Donaho and Carr, adherents of both voted Jock in second place, and those second place votes counted for a lot. If the race between Terry and Bill had been less lopsided, Jock might've won. As it is, he placed as high as he did on the strength of mostly second-place votes and comparatively few first-place votes.

I found at least one Hidden Face in Scott's cover. Do I win a prize?

On the merits of westerns and detectives vs. stf, I think it depends on what you're used to reading. I read westerns and detective stories for years before I discovered stf, and I still pick one up now and then, and on the whole I find the average stf novel superior to the average western or detective. (And far superior to the average spy story, if the ones I've been reading lately can be considered average.) I suppose that a jaded stf fan suddenly encountering westerns would find them refreshingly different, especially if he hit a good writer such as L'Amour, or Ernest Haycox, or Luke Short (Short made a remarkable impression on me when I first discovered his books. After I'd read several, I began to notice that all he does is change the names and titles; plot and characters remain the same. But it's still an entertaining plot, and interesting characters.) Note to paperback publishers; a couple of very good western writers who have never had their books paperbacked are Frank Spearman and Robert Alexander Wason. RSC7

Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska, 68111.

Harlan's letter impressed me. I'm quite happy to see I was wrong about him. Apparently some of us have been fooled by Harlan's stature; obviously he's a bigger man than some fans who may never learn to say sincerely, "I was wrong, I'm sorry."

Dick Lupoff, Merry Hell, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12603

I've been absent from the fanzine scene for some months now, except for a few reprint items -- Andy Porter has been picking up my Apa F book reviews for a column in Algol and Steve Stiles accumulated my serial conrep from the same source and ran it in Sam; Mike Domina asked permission to reprint my last Yandro article but as far as I know has not actually reprinted it yet -- but I must take time out from Pressing Mundane Obligations to say a little about Jeremy Barry's letter in Y 145.

Specifically, Jeremy's statement, that (I quote in its entirety):

Lupoff's theories about ERB getting his idea for John Carter from Lieutenant Gulliver Jones were admirably squelched in BB #15 by Sam Peeples (who writes westerns as Brad Ward), who pointed out that the JC theme appears in numerous books prior to Arnold's item, and that one might as well pick one as another.

Well, Dick Lupoff, (who writes computer manuals as IBM Corporation) is rather surprised that Jeremy Barry was taken in, namedrop and all, by Sam Peeples'



rather furious attack on me. I suggest, Buck, that you borrow a copy of the relevant article, "Day of the Debunkers." (Or something like that; I'm writing at work and the article is at home.) Anyway, I know Don Thompson has a copy, and of course Barry has one.

Peeples takes the opportunity to rip me up down and sideways, entirely on ad hominem grounds, most or all of which are (a) false to start with and (b) more to the point, irrelevant as far as my belief that two works by Arnold are the inspiration of the Barsoomian stories.

Peeples has indeed "pointed out that the JC theme appears in numerous books prior to Arnold's item" but this does not mean "that one might as well pick one as another." The Tarzan theme (i.e., feralism, etc.) appears in many books prior to Burroughs; Altrocchi traced the theme back to pre-Biblical days, and to the island of Ceylon of all places.

But this does not mean that "one might as well pick one as another" for Burroughs had three specific sources for Tarzan, which he enumerated in a series of letters to Altrocchi, and one of these sources was Kipling's Mowgli. And Kipling in turn had two sources which he enumerates in his autobiography.

Well, I don't want to go into this too much. I really ought to save it for my book on Burroughs, which is nearing completion. I finished a draft almost a year ago, researched some more (for about six months) and started a total rewrite, which is now pushing 200 pages in manuscript, or about 2/3 done.

I'm afraid that the more rabid element of the Burrough Bibliophiles will have a couple of fits when the book appears, especially after having seen Peeples' reaction to that piddling little introduction in the Ace edition of the Arnold book. Two of the major points in my book, made at considerable length and with all the support that it takes to ram them home (I think) are:

(1) Burroughs' works vary widely in quality, with about a dozen at the top that are really very good, forty to fifty pot-boilers in the middle ranging from perfectly worthwhile entertainment downward to only marginally readable, and another dozen or so real flops at the bottom.

(2) Burroughs' works were not created in a cultural vacuum, but are part of the mainstream of imaginative literature. As such they had antecedents as well as successors; Burroughs borrowed from earlier authors just as he has been borrowed from by later authors.

In both areas I name names and works, and of course this will drive many of the less rational Burroughs fans into a towering rage, for both points imply that Burroughs was not a god but a mere mortal, and of course he IS their God; therefore I commit blasphemy. And of course the more evidence and details that are provided, the more furious the True Believer becomes.

To date, Jeremy Barry has seemed to be one of the more rational Burroughs fans, which is why it upsets me to see him taken in by Peeples' exercise in silly venom. I hope in the fall when he sees ERB: MASTER OF ADVENTURE he'll take a more objective look into what I say.



/This letter was written before Dick's article in the last Yandro, in case you're confused by his references to a lack of fanzine appearances. RSC/

Gina Clarke, 9 Bancroft, Ayimer E., Quebec, Canada

I noticed something reading this issue of Yandro. Against the bright yellow of the paper, my hands look pinkish-purple. Lilac, you might say. My eyes kept straying from the text to rest with fascination on my technicolor fingers. I was almost relieved to put the zine away and let my hands return to their normal color.

What then is the ideal color for a fanzine? Hyphen's pale green isn't bad, but once you're on the lookout for such things you find it gives your hands that dishpan-redness. A purple fanzine would bring out sallowness. Pale blue would be the best bet, But some people claim blue paper is depressing to look at, and after all you're supposed to be looking at the paper, not your hands. Oh well. Maybe I should just read Yandro with my gloves on.

I wish our mimeo and tape recorder were as cooperative as yours. Our mimeo is languishing in exile in the sunroom while Paul Wyszowski publishes our stuff. After publishing 50 pages a month for us, it's no wonder he only puts out a one-page fanzine himself. Our tape recorder, springs sticking out here and there, hadn't been banished yet but will be if it doesn't shape up soon.

Rats are horrifying all right. I come from Alberta where if someone finds a dead rat in a boxcar it rates newspaper headlines. But here in the East it's different. I was shocked to see the occasional rat running up the street in the early morning in clean new neighborhoods. I thought that in cities where there were rats, they were in the rundown areas. And I was shocked to read that the rat population of Ottawa is six or seven times that of the human population. Fortunately most of them stay in the sewers. Yecchh. In the apartment we lived in before moving here, a rat ran across my kitchen floor one morning. I shrieked. Norm, who had been sleeping, rushed in expecting to find a fiend running off with the babies or something. But a rat was bad enough. We all dressed and locked the door behind us and went to a hardware store for a rat trap. We came home, set it up in the kitchen, and then retired to the front porch to wait. About ten minutes later we heard a loud snap and then sounds of something threshing around. I had thought the rat would be finished off as short and sweet as the poor little mice in their little traps, but this thing was the size of a cat. I retreated halfway down the block with kids while Norm got the poker from our handsome if useless marble fireplace and beat the rat to death. It was several days before I ventured into that corner of the kitchen to wash away the little drops of blood and collect the scattered crumbs of cheese. After that we kept a trap set in the basement. I believe we caught one more rat. After that all we ever found in the trap were mashed mice.

Enid Osten's article was very good. Points well taken. Or were they? Lots of very brilliant people are very conventional. People who are imaginative and daring in their particular field of interest may be completely square in matters of politics or religion or whatever. And immature children, however brilliant, would be inclined to let themselves be guided by an adult they admired, like the psychologist in the book. Brilliant teenagers now, that would be another story. Anyway, even if I may disagree on some things with E.O., I must say CHILDREN OF THE ATOM sounds like a thorough mess.

Actually, Children Of The Atom was a very entertaining book, despite its faults. It was compiled from a series of short stories which, like Zenna Henderson's "People" series, got weaker the longer they continued, but I still enjoyed it. (However, the first story, "In Hiding", is better than the book as a whole.) RSC/

Bob Smith, c/o Sgts. Mess, 1 COD, Bandiana, Victoria, Australia
S'funny, but unlike Bob Tucker I've always found it difficult to settle down and read anything while at work in the projection booth, even if the movie is a shocking piece of work. On this business of authenticity in films - particularly the horror and fantasy ones - I've always found that Hammer Productions, with a few exceptions, appear to go to great lengths to ensure an accurate and authentic atmosphere in their films. I don't think "Dr. Crippen" was one of their efforts, but they probably would have used a 19th century corset!

Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

The main reason I'm writing is to protest your use of the term "California fandom". Last three times or so you've used it, what you were referring to was L.A. fandom: the Hugo-Harlan mess, touting "The Wanderer" for the Hugo and a couple of other things I forget at the moment. Anyhow in each and every case it was things with which no one in Berkeley -- or San Diego or Sacramento or Santa Barbara if it comes to that -- had anything to do.

Now you'll have me looking for things that Berkeley fandom does that I can complain about. San Diego produces SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, which is enough right there, and I don't know which fans are in the Sacramento and Santa Barbara areas -- if any fans at all are in those areas. I'm weak on California geography. RSC/

Ben Solon, 3915 No. Southport, Chicago, Illinois 60613

I'm going to have to defend that statement about Coriell. Jim Goodrich to the contrary, he (Coriell) did make some vast, sweeping statements about the literary worth of ERB. He made them on a local t.v. show, "Book Beat", which is an informal interview type show where various literary personages appear to be insulted by Chicago Tribune book-review columnist, Robert Cromie. Vern was on the show sometime in August and Cromie insulted him. Anyway, he said that "many critics" considered ERB to be the equal of Verne and Wells as an s-f pioneer. Whether or not he was in control of his temper at the time is hardly important; he said it.

Tell the movie fans in your audience to be on the lookout for The Bad Guys, a history of movie villainy. Publisher is Citadel, cost is \$6.95 and worth every penny of it.

Stephen Barr - Banks Mebane surprised me with the fact that he found all of those gems in the awful works of Delany. Tho Mr. Mebane made that it was "almost outstanding" I doubt if anyone will remember the trio except himself.

Richie Benyo - Especially enjoyed Banks Mebane's article/review of Sam Delany's work, as I've been a stout fan of both Sam and of Philip E. High since reading their first works in Ace books.

STRANGE FRUIT

Due to the problems involved in changing jobs and moving (at least, at the moment I hope we will be moving) this column gets shorted this issue. (Also, note new trade policy which will probably be announced in my editorial, unless I start feeling more generous than I do right now.) Next issue should see more extensive reviews, but frankly, right now I have more important things to do than evaluate fanzines. So I'll try to give title, address, cost, a rating, and a word or two on contents.

RATATOSK #11 & 12 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) A single-sheet newsletter; both fan and pro news. Rating..6

FOCAL POINT #7 (Mike McInerney, Apt. 7, 326 E. 13th St., New York, N.Y. 10003 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢ - coeditor, Rich Brown) Same as above, with fanzine reviews added. Rating..5

SKYRACK #77, 78 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - 6 for 35¢, surface mail, 6 for 70¢ airmail - US agent, me - monthly) Primarily British news, tho some US news is also carried. Hmm...here's #79, too, dated 2 days after #78. Change that "monthly" to "irregular". A good mag. Rating..6

HAVERING #7 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, Gt. Britain - bi-monthly - 2 for 50¢ - US Agent, Redd Boggs) You want fanzine reviews, here's fanzine reviews. Rating...7

AMRA #32, 33, 34 (Amra, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois 60690 - irregular - 8 for \$2 - editor, George Scithers; publishers, Scithers & Dick Eney) Swords, sorcery, outstanding artwork, big-name authors, and remarkably good material. Rating..9

STEFANTASY #56 (Bill Denner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. - irregular - for interesting letters or trades only) This has nothing whatsoever to do with science fiction, but it's one of the best fanzines being published. Unlike the bright-eyed, forward-looking fan, Bill collects old typewriters, covers his fanzine with photos of old cars, refuses to associate with zip codes, and publishes with an old-fashioned letterpress. Do you suppose there's something wrong with the rest of us? Rating...9

ZENITH #8 (Pete Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, Gt. Britain - quarterly - 30¢ or 5 for \$1 - US Agent, Al Lewis) One of the Hugo nominees this year; a good fanzine for the serious stf enthusiast. Rating..8

PAS-TELL #18 (Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Ave, Garden Grove, Calif. 92641 - irregular - 25¢ - no trades) The fanzine of, by and for fan artists. Primarily concerned with the Fan Art Show at conventions, but also has comments on stencilling, fan editors who want art, etc. Rating...8

WHAT SHALL I CALL IT? #6-10 (Bill Glass, 350 De Neve Circle, Los Angeles Calif. 90024 - weekly - no price listed) One page, which varies from

issue to issue, all the way from mailing comments to an index to SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. Rating.....7

THE WSFA JOURNAL #2 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Glenmont, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - no price or schedule) So far, devoted almost entirely to club matters -- contributions are being solicited. Send them something; if you're in the D.C. area, join the club.

KIPPLE #78, 79 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr, Baltimore, Md, 21212 - monthly or better - 20¢) A political and sociological journal. Noted for "discussions" between rabid liberals and equally rabid conservatives (and some are more equal than others; Eric Blake is practically a caricature of the bigoted religious conservative). Rating....6

DOUBLE BILL #12 (Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio 44313 - irregular - 25¢ - Absent co-editor, Bill Bowers) Another Hugo nominee. General material on fandom and stf. Rating...8

HONQUE #2 (Norm Clarke, 9 Bancroft St, Aylmer E., Quebec, Canada - no price, schedule, or contents page) Devoted to Canadian humor, which appears a bit more sophisticated than our rural midwestern kind. Rate....8

ZINGARO #4 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Dr, Highland Park, Illinois 60035 - quarterly - 25¢) Reviews, fiction, letters. Rating.....5

THE GRYPHON #16 (John Foyster, P.O. Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia - irregular - for trade or comment) This also has very little to do with stf; unfortunately the humor is even less of my type than HONQUE's (except when Graham Stone is getting his lumps -- I laughed, but surely the man isn't that bad? Could anyone be?) There is a jazz article for jazz enthusiasts. Rating.....5

SPINA #5 (Creath Thorne, Route 4, Savannah, Missouri 64485 - quarterly? - 20¢) Mostly devoted to N'APA, but comprehensible to outsiders (if you like long editorials.....) Rating.....2
Low rating, incidentally, because here it gets rated as a genzine; if I was classifying it in relation to N'APA, it would come off much better. Very few apazines are really suitable for general fandom.

DREADFUL FANCTUARY #1 (Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle Drive, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640 - irregular - 25¢) Very few first issues are worth reading; Gregg does show possibilities (like the subtle way he keeps wondering what sort of rating he'll get, and then sticks me with an issue with blank pages in it to make sure he gets a bad one.) Rating.....3

LUCIFER #1 (Jurgen Wolff, 1234 Johnson St, Redwood City, Calif. 94061 - irregular - 25¢) General stuff. Rating.....2

MATHOM #2 (David N. Hall, 202 Taylor, Crystal City, Mo. - quarterly - 20¢) Material not bad; reproduction terrible. Rating.....2

THE FAERIE CHESSMAN #1 (Don Miller, address above, no price or schedule) Special interest to fans who enjoy chess variations and problems. (DeWeese, you should get this.)

THE KIBITZER #1 (Nate Bucklin, P.O. Box 4, Dockton, Washington 98018 - bi-monthly - 10¢) Same as above.

KRONOS #1 (Paul A. Gilster, 42 Godwin Lane, St. Louis, Mo. 63124 - no price listed - quarterly) A good start. Verse, fiction, and articles (mostly serious sfnal ones). Rating....4

ALGOL #9 (Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - irregular - 25¢) Tremendous improvement over the early issues here. Some very good material, both serious and fannish. Rating.....7

From Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada, I have DIFFERENTIAL #32, 33, 34 and FANCOM #4 & 5. DIFF is monthly and costs 3¢, FANCOM is irregular and free. Both are "personality-zines", tho DIFF is the more serious of the two. Enjoyable.

From Richie Benyo, Box 229, Waller Hall, Bloomsburg State College, Bloomsburg, Pa. 17815, I have A COMPLETE INDEX TO THE ACE BOOKS (one-shot, 25¢), THE DELVE #3 (APA 45 only?), MERCENARY #1 (poetry, no price or schedule), GALACTIC OUTPOST SPECIAL ISSUE #3 (a long fan story by Earl Evers, illustrated by Joe Staton, 25¢) a rider to GOSI #3 containing a long book review by Stephen Pickering, CARBO #9 (APA 45 and correspondents), PET-RICH #2 (APA 45 and friends), PET-RICH #3 (5¢ to general fandom). The latter also contains complaints that I haven't been reviewing his fanzines, but what can you do with a guy who sends you 3 different mags in one month, when you aren't even sure which ones are available to fandom at large? I presume that you can get any of these that I have listed prices for, and they are pretty well self-explanatory. (I'd say that PET-RICH #3 was the best bargain...) If I don't lose the whole lot when I move, I'll try to write you a letter of comment, Rich.

From Dwain Kaiser, 5321 Mountain View Dr, Las Vegas, Nevada, I have VEGO\$ #2, THE INTERNATIONAL FAN #1 and INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CONSTITUTION (the last two being official publications of InterApa....for someone who has stated in print that he doesn't think much of apas, I certainly get a lot of their official publications. Do you suppose they're trying to change my opinion?....I started to say "mind" there, but decided that while I might get some backtalk about having a mind to change, nobody is going to deny that I have opinions.) InterApa is a brand new publishing association, which you may or may not want to join. Write to Kaiser, not me.

I also got the following, and if I was supposed to review them for gen-fandom I'm sorry and I'll do better next time. ALLERLEI 14/DAY STAR 25 (Breens), DEGLER 54 (Porter...but I think I got it from Kaiser..?), STUPEFYING STORIES #74 (Eney...no price, schedule, or intimation of who it's for), DINKY BIRD 14 and ROQUAT 1 (Berman), and A WORD ABOUT STF 'N THINGS (Al Lewis). Numerous others will undoubtedly arrive between now (May 16) and the time we publish, and we can lose them when we move and create all sorts of ill will.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS BY RSC

100 WAYS TO POPULARITY, by Joan O'Sullivan (Ace, 50¢) I can hear Terry Carr's snickers now.....Well, Ace did publish it, and I received a copy (anonymously...).

FLIGHT OF THE BAT, by Donald Gordon (Lancer, 60¢) A religious thriller. Pseudo-stf, but when the author baldly announces that the only reason for combatting the Communists is that they're against Christianity, I gave up. (I very nearly threw up.)