

Yandro

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YANDRO

182

july '68

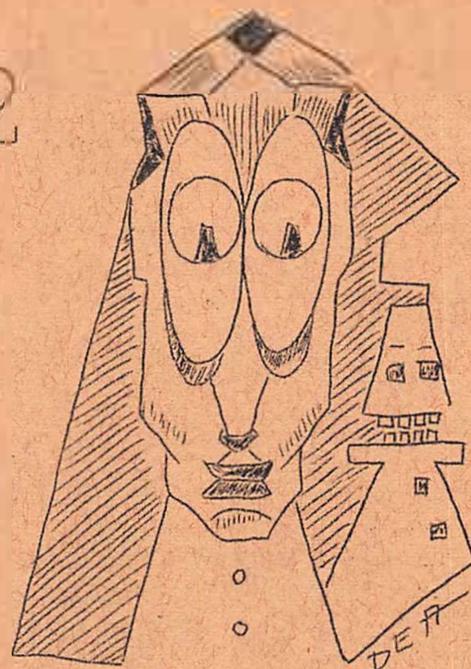
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ARTWORK

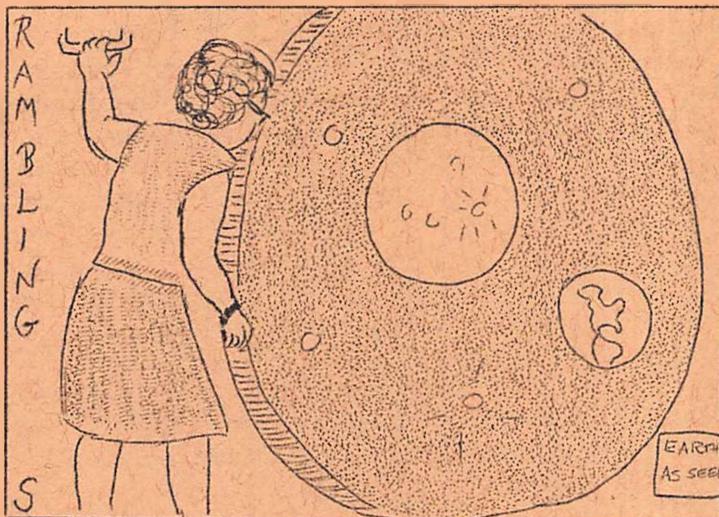
Cover by Dick Flinchbaugh

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" 1 (logo)	Dave Locke	" 7	Jim Cawthorn
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The St. Louis ad on the back is really from an independent St. Louis supporter, just like it says. (Juanita was saying readers might think it was us, trying to be cute.)

Some fans (who are probably ill-informed) and numerous newspaper writers (who probably know better but are following the popular line) have been saying that the "irresponsible shooting" in riots is an argument for stiff gun laws. The report of the **National** Advisory Commission On Civil Disorders stated that very close to all the "irresponsible shooting" during the past riots was done by the National Guard. (The Commission said there might have been civilian "snipers", but that they hadn't found any evidence of any.) Now if you people want to disarm the National Guard, that's your business, but quit using the flaws in that organization to badger other people. (Of course, I realize that arguments against guns are strictly emotional and nobody is going to let a few facts get in his way - but I'm getting a little sick of it, all the same. (Newspapers, admittedly, are worse than fans.)

A quick thanks to Ruth Wellons for doing most of the assembling of this issue.



I'm being optimistic and putting "July" on the contents page - which has yet to be typed. We're also being especially optimistic in hoping to get this issue finished, assembled, stapled, in the envelopes and mailed before we leave Saturday.

I'm also being optimistic in referring to leaving as "going to California", when it may just as likely mean junking the car halfway through Oklahoma and taking the bus back home. I would ask you all to wish us luck, except by the time most of you get this issue we will either be well on our way or already de-

railed. (Detired?) When I was a tike of five, my family took a trip to California, and I remember a few things about that journey most vividly...and a great many things that I probably should remember not at all. I am keeping fingers and toes crossed that we're able to make it there and back and I can not only renew my acquaintances (and make new ones) with fans, but refresh my hazy memories of the southwestern United States.

At least one point I visited when I was five will be skipped this time. In '38 a dam then known as Boulder was quite a spectacular tourist attraction and occasion for much cooing and aahing, and we stopped to put our taxpayers' stamp of approval on it. The area had quite an unfinished look about it, with roadgraders and uncompleted portions much in evidence. However, I've seen the it, and in retrospect it doesn't seem the sort of thing I care to take time to see again - especially when time is at a premium and especially after McDaniel reminded me of everything about it I'm likely to ever want to know.

I'm much more anxious to see Meteor Crater. I have been fascinated by meteors and their wakes since I was quite young. Possibly the result of an early LIGHTS OUT program that involved a malevolent meteorite which impressed me far more than later listenings to Lovecraft etc. Buck assures me there isn't much at Meteor Crater, but he's never been one to be impressed by the wonder of it all.. (He thinks I'm crazy when I go out - in the middle of December or January - and stand for freezing minutes gawking at the stars. That's probably the closest I've ever come to a religious experience.)

I became hooked on astronomy and other worlds very early. I can recall a series of Bonestell paintings in - I believe - LIFE. My happy burbles only got me stared at by playmates, but from then on visualizing other planets became one of my fondest mental pastimes. Even now I get a kick from seeing a new moon just after sunset because I can visualize the horizon being slightly transparent, place the sun in relationship to Earth and get a strong spatial picture of the three bodies.

(The Milwaukee Museum goes even better. It has one dicrama (?) which simply involves the moon hanging in space and the Earth somewhat more distant. They have skillfully killed all reflection on the black backdrop to create the velvety infinity feel one expects space to have - and then they made it worse by not putting any glass on the front of the thing. I went up to look closer, found out there was no glass and got one terrifying moment of awful acrophobia where I was backing up hastily and briefly convinced there was no way out but DOWN.....Out? Like an endlessly falling sensation. I dunno whether I could take free fall or not. I'm the type of passenger who would love a trip to the Moon, and would probably be violently ill all the way there because my middle ear was rebelling at the insult.

Book Dept. GETTING STRAIGHT, Ken Kolb, Bantam 75¢. I picked this up because it looked as though it might be off the same slice as Robert Gover, another writer whose work I like. I was right. Kolb is slightly more concerned with the farce of the human condition, no more concerned with sex, and additionally he places his protagonist in an arena with which I am painfully familiar - the teachers' college. In fact, some of the material which the ordinary reader might think is exaggerated for dramatic effect - concerning the teachers' college - are not. They are funny, but in the 'laughin'-to-keep-from-cryin' category. If Kolb continues to write like this, I'll be on the watch for more of his stuff. His ending is too pat, too wrap-it-all-up-in-sunshine, but I'll forgive him that for some of the earlier passages.

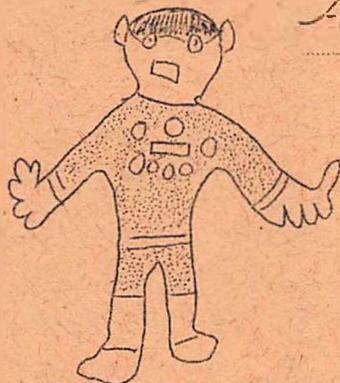
Bob Briney, who is deserting the humid Midwest for the soggy East, gave us a bunch of books he insisted would be more trouble to move than they were worth. All sorts of oddments, including a copy of Genet's OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS, which I hadn't read. Fascinating. Camus crossed with the prison psychiatrist's couch.

Currently I am reading Theodore H. White's THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1964. As history, White's books may be flawed because he is writing them so soon after the events; but as a literate journal of our era his continuing series seems most worthwhile. Though I am disappointed to see a writer of White's caliber not checking a small item like geographical spellings: the town in Ohio which he uses as an example of Midwestern U.S. is Findlay, not Finlay. The book is from Signet, in case you haven't already noticed it. (I assume people who dig this sort of thing will pick it up immediately, and those who aren't will never notice it.)

Another book in the finished stack is FOUR-LETTER WORD GAMES, Renatus Hartogs, Dell 75¢. Again, this falls in my field of special interest - psychology. And some of the people I know might be rather annoyed to see what sense the good doctor makes of their language. Full of sub-conscious delvings and great good nature. I don't know whether some of you would like this one or not. I found it interesting.

I also read MANHATTAN PROJECT, but Buck has it in his stack of books to be reviewed next issue, so I'll skip it here except to say I thought the book ended too abruptly. It needed an epilogue.

For reasons of speed - wanting to get this issue out before we left - I included very few illustrations. I do love cutting them and running them, but they take extra time to cut. Pages of straight type are quicker. They are also considerably more boring to mimeograph. Oh well. Maybe come August - and I am assuming it will come. Also hopefully we will be back at the old stand in August. We had better be. My tomatoes will be ready for home canning then. Hoping you are not the same...JWC



A Column by Bruce E. Coulson

Well, I'm back again. Saw the Midwescon - didn't see Ted White. Say, did Ted White go there? Bought four buttons there from Elliot Shorter (they're really Mike McInerny's buttons). I hope to get some more from Devra Langsam.

I'm going to California for two weeks and visit some fans and see the Petrified Forest, White Sands, Carlsbad Caverns, Meteor Crater, Disneyland, Desilu Studios, and Yosemite.

Goodbye for now,

Bruce



This is in the nature of an experiment. We acquired this typewriter from Bob Briney, and I want to see if it will cut stencils.

Couple of notices. Dick Geis' new address is P. O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403. And Bill Malardi requests that all subscribers and trades for DOUBLE BILL contact him, and tell him how your sub stands. Seems he lost his mailing list.

Okay; the new typewriter doesn't cut stencils worth a damn. Back to the electric.

Not being members of the Baycon, we didn't get the final Hugo ballot, but several newsletters printed the results. (I see the Baycon doesn't follow the "rules" any better than any other con has; they've added a new category - one that wasn't even on the nominating ballot, if I recall correctly.) Onward. For Best Novel, since none of the ones I really wanted made the final ballot, I rate Lord of Light (Zelazny) tops. Others are Einstein Intersection (Delany), Thorns (Silverberg), and The Butterfly Kid (Anderson) in that order. (I don't even think the last-named belongs on the ballot; I like humor in stf, but not enough to think that faan-fiction deserves a Hugo nomination.) In the Novella category, I'd rank them as "Damnation Alley" (Zelazny) tops, then "Weyr Search" (McCaffrey), "Riders of the Purple Wage" (Farmer), "Starpit" (Delany), and "Hawksbill Station" (Silverberg, and a vastly overrated story). I really don't care a lot for any of the novelets as Hugo choices, but in order I'd rate "Wizard's World" (Norton), "Faith of our Fathers" (Dick), "Gonna Roll the Bones" (Leiber), and last and least, "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" (Ellison). None of the short stories really moved me, either; I would be tempted to vote "no award" there. But, in more or less order; "Aye, and Gomorrah" (Delany), "The Jigsaw Man" (Niven), and "I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream" (Ellison). Best Drama; non-"Star Trek" fanciers may be annoyed to see five ST episodes and nothing else on the ballot, but I'm happy enough. In order: "The Trouble With Tribbles" (I like humor), "Mirror, Mirror" (I also like nostalgic throwbacks to PLANET STORIES), "City At The Edge of Forever", "Doomsday Machine", and "Amok Time". (Any of the first three named would be a satisfactory winner, however; which you vote for will depend on what type of stf story you like. The last two don't really belong in the same category of quality.) Pro magazine: I'll go with ANALOG again, with the others ranking as IF, GALAXY, F&SF, and NEW WORLDS. Best Fanzine: (ahem) Let's give AMRA another Hugo. (It is not necessarily fan tradition to vote a different winner each year; S F TIMES won twice, and I think AMRA deserves another one.) The rest, leaving out YANDRO, would stack up as LIGHTHOUSE, AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, ODD, and PSYCHOTIC. (PSY is a good fanzine, but it wasn't all that good last year.) Pro Artist: I would like to see Bonestell get a Hugo; not for his work last year, but for all the beautiful work he has turned out over the last 20 years. But it would be better to give him a special award. For work last year the choice would be Freas (no real competition), Gaughan (come to think of it Freas does have competition; Gaughan is excellent), Morrow, Schoehnerr, Bonestell, and Frazetta. Main contest between Freas and Gaughan. Best Fan Writer; I lean to Harry Warner, with Ted White second, Ruth Berman, Alex Panshin and Harlan Ellison in that order. I rank the fan artists as George Barr, Arthur Thomson, Bjo Trimble, Jack Gaughan, Steve Stiles, and Johnny Chambers. And that's that for another year.

(And if you think I'm being unduly coy in leaving YANDRO out of the fanzine rating, I will rate it between ASFR and ODD. But I don't believe in plugging my own material; if it's any good, other people will mention the fact.)

Couple of cons to mention; Ozarkon III is being held in St. Louis on July 26, 27 and 28 (Ben Franklin Motor Hotel, 825 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63101) and a Tolkien

Conference is to be held October 18-20 at Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226. Write Prof. Edmund Meskys at the preceding address for information.

Also it might be mentioned that YANDRO unreservedly supports St. Louis as the site for the 1969 World Convention. I have nothing really against Columbus (I don't really know any of the Columbus group well enough to have anything against them; that's part of the trouble). I have never been to either an Ozarkon or a Marcon, so I have no first-hand information of the relative merits of the St. Louis and Columbus groups in giving regional conventions. (And I'm not sure that a club that presents a good regional con is necessarily equipped to give a good world con, anyway.) I want to have the World Con in St. Louis because I know and like the St. Louis fans. They're a little crazy, or they wouldn't be bidding for a Worldcon, but otherwise they are great people. (The Columbus group may also be great, but since it's been around as long as the St. Louis group and still gives a somewhat neofannish impression, I tend to doubt it.)

Jeremy Barry sends in a Scientology ad he says was handed to him on Hollywood Blvd. (Do I really want to visit California?) The Church of Scientology of California was offering "free I.Q. and personality testing". Uh, huh. If you don't believe in Scientology, Seth Johnson sends an ad from the Synergetic Society. This seems to be headquartered in Milwaukee, and the ad makes something like Scientology seem sane and rational. "When the synergetic mode turns on, the mind zooms into Overdrive." Yes. "Emotions, under conscious control, range from cheerfulness to enthusiasm." Some range, huh? How would you like a planetful of Little Orphan Annie's?

Stan Woolston, 12832 Westlake St, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640, sends an ad for the 1968 NSF Story Contest. Write him for rules. General idea is that stories must be less than 5000 words, be submitted by anyone who has sold no more than two stories to the professional science fiction publications, be accompanied by a 50¢ fee, and be received by Stan no later than November 1, 1968. (Usual white paper, double spaced; story name on every page. Unusual; to assure fair judging, omit your name from story and put it only in accompanying letter.)

I got out of the hospital shortly before we mailed YANDRO #181. (I had to be out; Juanita couldn't figure out my address files.) I am now fairly well resigned to getting up at 7:00 even on weekends to get my "fix" and to stabbing myself with a needle. Soon after I escaped the hospital I started going into insulin shock, but the doctor increased my food and decreased the insulin and I seem to be pretty well settled. (My blood suga. was 250 when I started on insulin; down to 65 -- below normal -- the last time it was checked; that was when he cut the insulin.) The Blackford Hospital seems to contain a few oddballs -- like the man who came in, announced "I'm chaplain of the week", exchanged a few banalities, consulted a card, and parted with "Keep up the good fight, Charles". (I am not now and never have been a Charles.) Or the resident vampire - officially known as a lab technician - who I suspected of being a Catholic because he never took blood samples on Friday. He was efficient when he did take them, though; an hour or so later, one nurse failed to get any blood pressure reading on the arm he'd taken his sample from. Then of course there were the dieticians who put sugar on my diabetic diet tray - twice yet. Anyway, it's nice to be out again.

We went to the Midwestcon at the end of June - surprising some fans who seemed to expect me to be decently in bed instead of trying to sell them old paperbacks. Diabetes is not a disabling disease, fellas. It was a good con, and a big one. Groups from Boston and New York as well as the midwest. (And the Kemps and Fritz Leiber from California.) I met Jerry Kaufman, Suzanne Tompkins, Bob Gaines, Judith Walter, Willem van den Broek (who unfortunately never seemed to be at the same parties that I was), John D. Berry, Anthony and Susan Lewis, and renewed acquaintance with the Couches, Mark Luttrell, the Lavells, Jerry Hunter, Tucker, Ben Solon, Howard Devore, Dave Vanderwerf, et al. This was the first convention for Bruce; I think he's hooked. He went around buying slogan-buttons from Elliot Shorter and cadging books from Devore and Tucker.

And on July 13 we hope to leave on a two-week trip to the southwest and California. Hopefully, this YANDRO will be mailed before we leave.

RSC

APOLOGY

ALEXEI PANSHIIN

"I used to think the reason he wrote such ploddingly mundane stories was obstinacy on his part--now I'm beginning to think that he just doesn't have a very interesting imagination." - F. Pohl

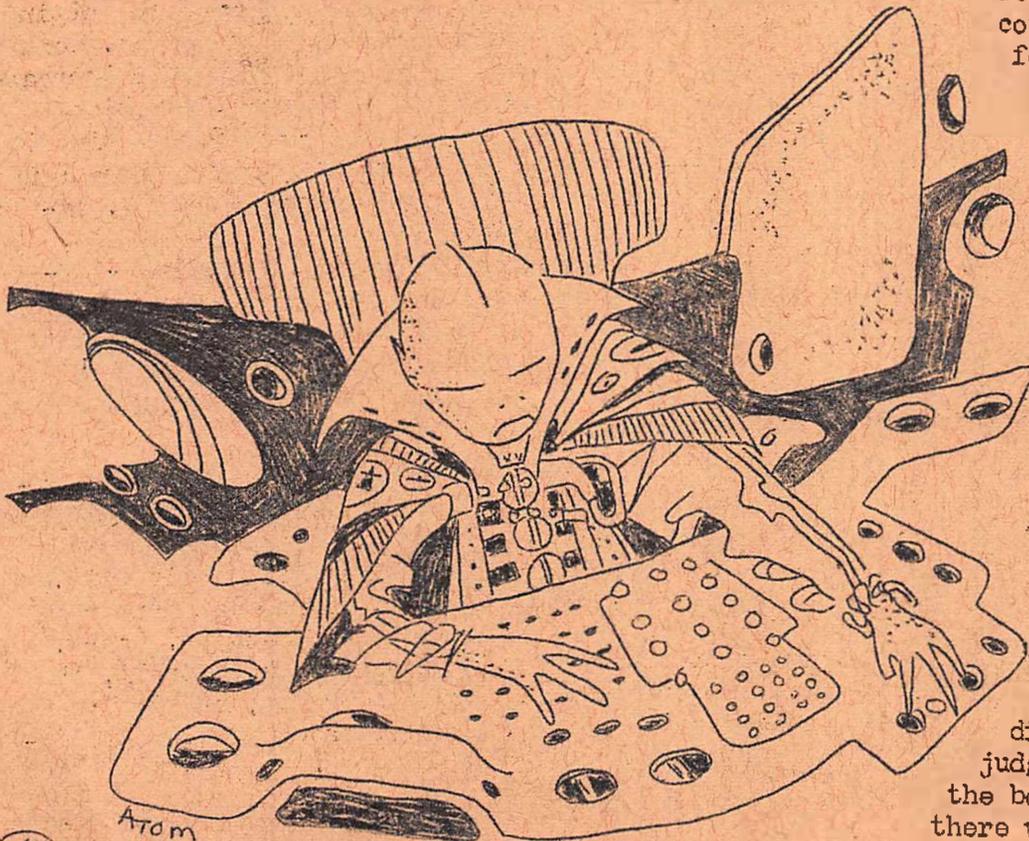
This spring my two eldest children left home with my good wishes to make their own way in the world. In March, my critical book, HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, was published by Advent. Now, in the last days of May, Terry Carr has given me a copy of my first novel, an Ace Science Fiction Special entitled RITE OF PASSAGE.

They are beyond my power to hurt or help. I either did a proper job of raising them, or I didn't. But I would like to share a few thoughts I've had about them and venture a few criticisms that have occurred to me. In short, I'd like to present a parental exorcism.

At the Tricon, Earl Kemp of Advent, who first asked me to write a book about Heinlein's fiction but who had never read the completed manuscript, asked if he might see it. I had my agent send it to him and in reasonably short order Earl sent me a letter saying, "Damn the torpedoes." So Advent was ready to publish HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION again.

It took fifteen months to see it published---which only means that small publishing houses can have as many production delays as Doubleday regularly has. My editor was

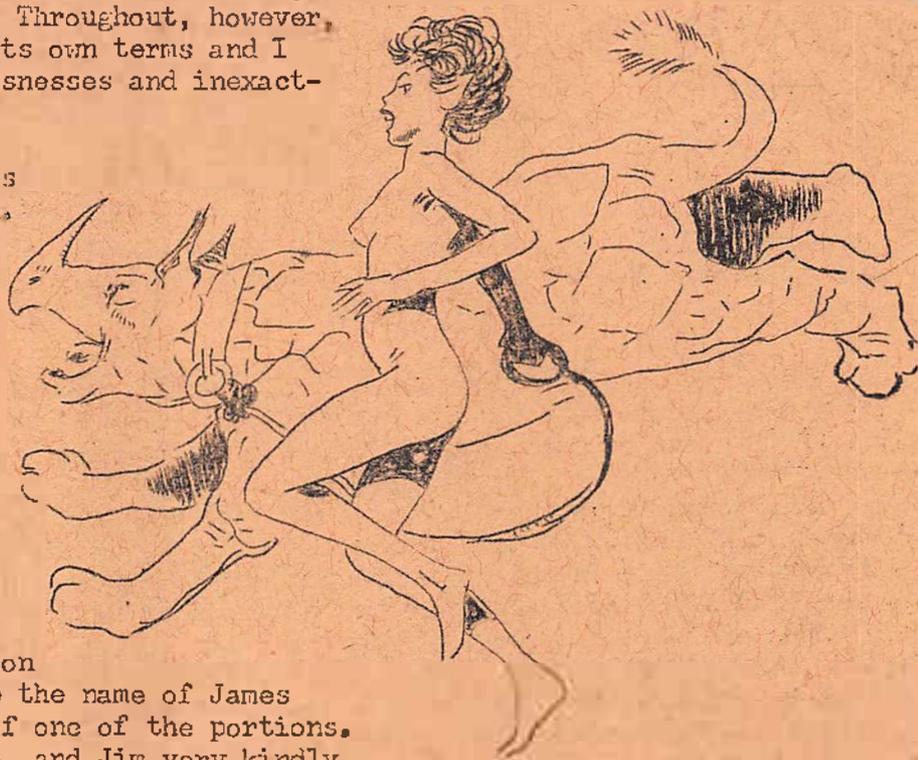
George Price and in the course of the year before the book went to the printer, we went through the manuscript word by word something like four times. I'm not positive that this is the best way to edit. Prose can be whipped too stiff. But George is a careful, conscientious, respectful editor and since we both wanted to produce as good a book as we could, I think we worked well together. George has never said so, but it is my suspicion that he would disagree with many of the judgments and opinions in the book, and I'm sure that there were many times when the



darned thing and its demands (and my demands) just bugged the hell out of him. Throughout, however, George treated the book on its own terms and I can't think how many carelessnesses and inexactitudes he caught.

Random thoughts:

George did all of Advent's work on the book. He edited. He set up the copy. He produced the final copy for the camera. He laid out the cover and wrote the jacket copy. I have no doubt he puts the covers on the books. And he fills Advent's orders. Think of HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION as a fanzine, you fanzine editors, and you may have some idea of the work involved. George impresses me.



I suggested an introduction for the book, and brought up the name of James Blish, who had spoken well of one of the portions. George got in touch with him, and Jim very kindly agreed.

The front cover design was my suggestion. The torchship, which appears in Heinlein's juveniles over and over again, is about as identifiable as anything in his stories, and I'm fond of the work of Clifford Geary who drew them. Alex Eisenstein was willing to try something in the same style, and did well, but I think the picture might be more effective with only the smaller of the two ships.

Very interesting---the jacket is about a quarter of an inch taller than the book.

I think I prefer the looks of the standard gold-stamped-on-tan edition to the gold-stamped-on-red special binding. Special bindings are a common publishing practice. Some houses give their authors leather-bound copies of their books at Christmas time. A very pleasant gift. Advent's specially bound copies go to each of the partners and to the authors.

The contract with Advent is curious. In essence, it amounts to a sharing of all profits once the costs have been covered. This was the 19th Century practice, and it's a perfectly good one.

There is no index because it would have required an additional signature of paper. I think now that I should have insisted. The book is less useful without an index.

My novel, RITE OF PASSAGE, was begun long before HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION. I was in the Army in Korea in the summer of 1961. I had been writing for three years, had written one inept novel, and sold one short story.

I had just read an article by G. Harry Stine in Analog in which he charged that science fiction was too conservative. There was an illustration with a caption that said, "This drawing, from a 1961 General Electric scientist's paper, shows a 10,000-man space vehicle. Dan Cole's recent concept and study of 'macro-life'--from which this drawing was taken---provides all by itself the basis for entirely new realms of speculation for science fiction. But science-fiction writers have paid no attention." One was paying attention---me. I didn't look at Dan Cole's work, not exactly being in a position to, but I suddenly had the idea of a ship that had carried a million people.

The article also went into population growth problems, a subject I knew a little about and was interested in. That got added to the creative simmer.

At about the same time, I read TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, which I enjoyed, but whose

young female narrator I didn't wholly believe in. I had felt that way, too, about the young female genius in Heinlein's Have Space Suit. I was interested in trying my own hand at what is admittedly the difficult business of portraying a young female from the inside.

Finally, I was interested in puberty rites, and by one of those strange coincidences had run into several references to the "walkabout" that young Australian aborigines must survive, one reference right after another in the space of a week.

So, from August to October 1961, I wrote a 20,000 word story in the first person about a young girl living on a ship that had once carried people by the million from an overpopulated earth. I set her out on a walkabout, and she survived it. Her ship didn't like what she encountered, so they decided to destroy the planet she had been set down on.

I sent it to John Campbell, and he returned it, I think with one of those standard letters of his which say, "I rather like your style of writing. Please try us again." I sent it to Fred Pohl and he sent it back saying that while he liked it, he thought it was twice as long as it should be.

In the meantime, I had come to the opposite conclusion---that the story was nowhere near as long as it needed to be. The decision of the society to destroy the colony planet seemed to need greater evidence than 20,000 words could give. So I decided to start two years earlier and work my way forward. (This is not a model method of construction, by the way.)

In February of 1962, I cut the original story in half by reducing it to Lia's problem of survival, leaving the society's decision for the longer version, and by eliminating the bulk of what I most liked about the story: bits of conversation and description, and particularly observations by my narrator. I did the cutting in one night. I was in charge of minding the telephone in my company headquarters that night, and I sat with the radio telling me of John Glenn's three successful orbits until after four in the morning, and typed thirty-five pages.

Fred Pohl bought it and published it in the July 1963 issue of If. The fifteen-month delay was due to his buying of Heinlein's PODKAYNE and running it in the interim. There was a period when I was deathly afraid that my book would be taken as an echo of PODKAYNE, when in fact it was HAVE SPACE SUIT that it answers, how much so I only realized today. The title of the novelette, "Down to the Worlds of Men", was Fred Pohl's and a vast improvement over my "Count Us Among the Living," which I cringe at even now. "Down to the Worlds of Men" would have been my second choice as a novel title if Ace had not been satisfied with RITE OF PASSAGE.

I worked at the front end of my book until I left Korea and the Army in April. I wrote that summer while on a scooter trip through northern Europe. I wrote after I returned to college. I wrote after I had graduated from college and began working. I wrote when I got to graduate school, and I finished the novel in February 1966.

A portion of Part I circulated as a separate short story and went unbought. This was the story that Ted White mentioned some years ago in Yandro as one he had picked out of the slush pile, enjoyed and passed on to Avram Davidson as "Heinlinesque," to have Avram bounce it for precisely that reason. Fred Pohl turned it down because he thought it could as easily happen in Los Angeles or Hannibal, Missouri. In psychological terms, I thought he was right, but didn't see it as the defect that he did. I forget why Campbell said he didn't want it.

I didn't work on the novel all the time from 1961 to 1966. I wrote critical articles. I wrote a number of other short stories, including two novelettes set against the same general background as the novel: "What Size Are Giants?" and "The Sons of Prometheus." I wrote HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION.

RITE OF PASSAGE, which was the working title after 1962, was a long, slow, hard book to write. I had to learn a discipline I didn't have before in order to write it, and none of the books I've written since had been as difficult as a result. In fact, my critical writing was begun in the fall of 1962 partly as a response to the thinking I was doing about my own book.

I was so caught up in my creative problems with the book that I didn't realize what an uncommercial property I had. It was on submission from the summer of 1965 until it

was bought in late 1967. Doubleday turned it down with the comment that there was no need for another survival-ship story. Simon & Schuster's editor thought my character remembered too much. (This was one of my objections to TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, and one reason I made my character twice as old as Harper Lee's.) Damon Knight turned it down for Berkley. He thought it was dull.

I was quite depressed about the book in early 1967 and showed it then to Charlie and Marsha Brown, who not only did me the favor of liking it, but spent three or four hours going over it page by page. They earned the dedication.

Ace, in the person of Terry Carr, accepted the novel for the new Ace Science Fiction Specials series in the fall of 1967. Terry asked for a few minor changes and some few pages of rewriting. And only because paperback publishing is so much faster than hardcover is it out now.

For me, Ace has been an excellent publisher. Like George Price, Terry edited with sympathy and restraint. I was allowed the chance to proofread my galleys. I was even offered the opportunity to write my own front copy. If I don't like: "In 2198, one hundred and fifty years after the desperate wars that destroyed an overpopulated Earth, Man lives precariously on a hundred hastily-established colony worlds and in the seven giant Ships that once ferried men to the stars. Mia Haverro's Ship is a small, closed society. It tests its children by casting them out to live or die in a month of Trial in the hostile wilds of a colony world. Mia Haverro's Trial is fast approaching and in the meantime she must learn not only the skills that will keep her alive but the deeper courage to face herself and her world," -- well, it's my own fault. Donald Wollheim didn't write it.

Random thoughts:

RITE OF PASSAGE is probably as much an attempt for me to deal with Heinlein as is HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION. I thought of it as a book about a Heinlein character. I thought of it as a book written with Heinlein-invented techniques. And quite deliberately it concludes otherwise than a Heinlein book would.

I thought of my character as a reaction to Heinlein's Peewee Reisfield, but today another parallel to HAVE SPACE SUIT occurs to me. The climax of that book has our innocent Heinlein Individuals being weighed in the balance by a tribunal that may decide to destroy Earth. Mine has the Heinlein Individuals doing the weighing. It may be a measure of where the books are that my tribunal is less generous than Heinlein's.

A folk tale told in Part III is given only in summary because Terry Carr thought it was weak. I think this is one editorial suggestion I should have resisted because it trades weakness for asymmetry, and I think here asymmetry is the greater evil.

When I first began the book, I thought the nearest parallel was the relations between the Have and Have-not nations. Chip Delany, reading it in 1967, thought it too clearly about the black-white situation in this country. Reading it in galleys a few months ago, it seemed to me that the book would appear to be too direct a response to the war in Vietnam.

In view of the continuing discussion in Yandro about female characters written by male writers, I'll be interested in the response to RITE OF PASSAGE. Ace's proof-reader--an attractive young lady---was unconvinced. On the other hand, the wife of a friend was convinced enough to be bothered by the differences between Mia Haverro and me: she being short, dark and female, and me being tall, light and male.

The children are launched now, and like many parents, I'm actually happy to have them gone. If for no other reason, because I have three intractable younger ones on my hands.

If you dislike HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION and RITE OF PASSAGE, you might keep an eye on the younger children. They are very different.

On the other hand, if you like HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION and RITE OF PASSAGE (and good for you if you do), you still might have a look. I need both money and love.

R.A. LAFFERTY

REVIEWED BY dave locke

THE REEFS OF EARTH - RA LAFFERTY - BERKLEY - 60¢

Berkley calls this "A new Science Fiction novel" on the cover, which promises three things and only delivers one; that the book is new. It's not science fiction by any stretch of my imagination, and page-count is the only thing that could qualify it as a novel (138 actual pages - not much quantity-wise for your money).

ROE is a new book in treatment of idea as well as chronologically. Lafferty has always amused me with his short stories. The man has his own style of writing and presentation, and a sense of humor that never fails to show. It all shows, in this book, but the story is haphazard and spontaneous and reads more like a short story gone berserk than it does like a novel.

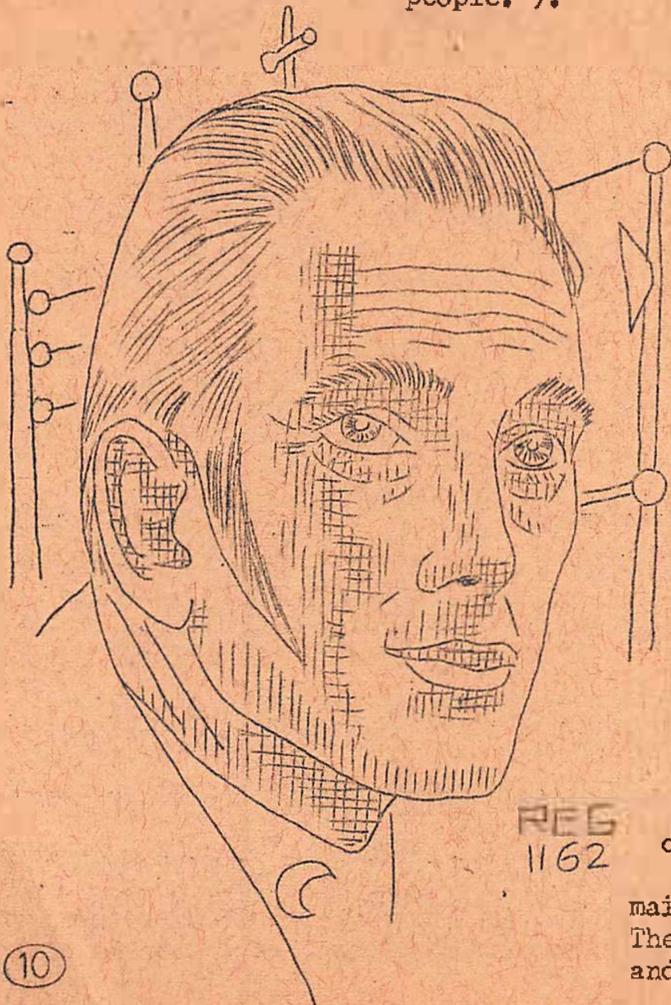
Basically this is a story of aliens on Earth, but there the resemblance to science fiction ends. There are poems that can kill. There are ghosts ("With us, small children are allowed to linger for a few years after they have died; but it isn't the custom on Earth.") And dead Indians ("...if you're going to call everybody a rummy who talks to dead Indians you're going to defame a lot of very good people.").

The first quarter of this book is spent in either describing or displaying the Puca, the aliens of the story.

The last quarter starts the actual conflict, the true drama. Inbetween is a thin plot line, which the characters dutifully follow until we are finally led to the point where the story actually has some meaning; has something to say rather than just being a vehicle for off-beat humor or for displaying a weird cast of characters.

ROE isn't well enough meshed to be called a novel, doesn't put enough emphasis on humor to be called a comedy, and isn't unusual to the point where that alone could justify its existence. What the story reminds me of, in the way it's put together, is some of the things that Sheckley has written. Sheckley's MINDSWAP comes to mind, but this isn't anywhere near that league of material. In one other way, the episode of the souped-up car, it reminds me of Sheckley. In fact, that particular segment of the story could have been written by him.

I found myself reading this for the main purpose of coming to the next funny line. The story is funny, the treatment is unusual, and when the pace steps up and story gets



moving it really is absorbing. The most redeeming factor, however, is the humor.

"It was all a dream... But the girl knew that she would never see her father any more, so she stole a boat and went to sea to be a sailor. I forget whether this was while she was dreaming or after she woke up."

"In the daytime a goblin can pass for human or any other harmless species."

"After your parents die they turn into your ancestors," Helen said. "They call it metamorphosis."

Recommended if you like RA Lafferty.

PAST MASTER - RA LAFFERTY - ACE - 50¢

This could have been written by an entirely different author. In some ways it's a better book, but when compared to ROE in other respects it comes up lacking.

This is a much longer piece of work (185 actual pages), and is built like a novel. It has all the necessary structure and continuity. Unlike ROE, it must have taken an immense amount of work to produce such a polished piece of material. Unfortunately, however, FM is very very padded, and in too many places the extra wordage turns the good work a few shades dull.

In simple outline, this is basically a science fiction story where a man is brought out of Earth's past to help with the problems of a failing utopia on another planet. Somewhere along the way Lafferty starts shoveling in a lot of fantasy, and then the science fiction aspect is lost. He does it neatly enough, without sharp transition.

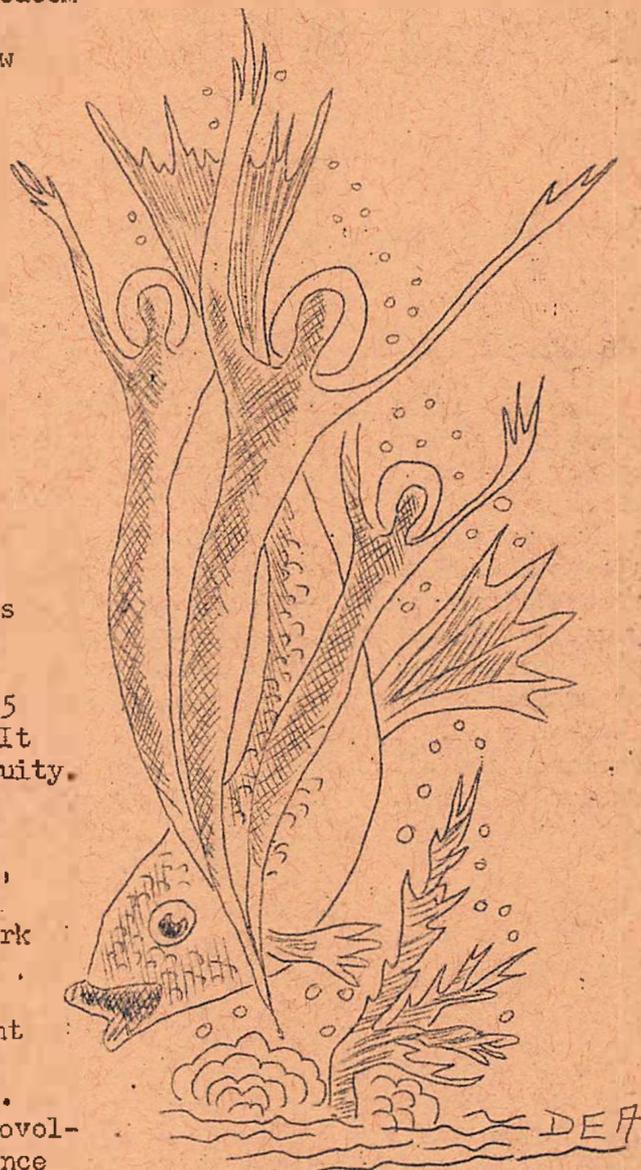
Regardless of what Judith Merrill says on page one about the book, it isn't "irrepressibly funny", nor is it "profoundly symbolic" about anything I know of. It has its occasional humor, but most of the humor is bogged down in the padded parts. It has a good plot line, but it doesn't have any particular point to make.

If FM hadn't been written by Lafferty, and did not have all the good reviews on the back cover, I might have quit half-way through. Unless a story is unusually bad, or to my tastes dull, I will always read at least half-way through it in hopes that it will start picking up. This one did, at precisely the half-way point, with the episode of the hydra. Combine that with my interest in seeing what all the raves were about, and I finished it.

Overall, it wasn't bad. It doesn't appear that the author enjoyed writing it as much as he did ROE, due to the padding and polishing, but, to be truthful if not flippant, it had its moments. I can even forgive the unfinished ending; unenlightening but glorious.

Whereas ROE was reminiscent of Sheckley, FM has undertones of Dick. The style in some parts is similar, and the madness of it all is very comparable.

It's a forgettable story, but if you buy regularly then buy this. There are worse offerings on the stands, and, you will be watching a man whose reputation is coming up very fast.



Golden Minutes

THE REBEL OF RHADA, by Robert Cham Gilman (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.75) I started this with some trepidation, since the blurb says the author "writes adult fiction under another name" (which quite often means that he's ashamed of his juvenile stuff and doesn't want his name attached to it - and I usually don't blame him). Surprisingly, this turned out to be an excellent space opera, reminiscent of both Van Vogt's **WIZARD OF LINN** and some of Jack Vance's work. It isn't scientific, but it's fine adventure, and not really too "juvenile"; the hero is young, but he's a grown man, and his palace intrigues and dauntless heroics could well have graced the pages of **STARTLING** or **TWS** a few years back. Recommended to fans of adventure-stuff.

OF MEN AND MONSTERS, by William Tenn (Ballantine, 75¢)

THE SEVEN SEXES, by William Tenn (Ballantine, 75¢)

THE WOODEN STAR, by William Tenn (Ballantine, 75¢)

OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS, by William Tenn (Ballantine, 75¢)

THE HUMAN ANGLE, by William Tenn (Ballantine, 75¢)

THE SQUARE ROOT OF MAN, by William Tenn (Ballantine, 75¢)

Until Ballantine brought out these "collected works", I hadn't realized how many outstanding stories William Tenn had written. Oh, I recalled my favorites; "The Flat-Eyed Monster", "Brooklyn Project", "Errand Boy", "The Liberation of Earth", "Full-P", "Child's Play" and the others, but I'd never added them up and realized that Tenn is one of our best writers. This set of books brought the matter home forcefully; all the favorites are there, plus all the others that I'd enjoyed and forgotten. There is one novel in the set; **OF MEN AND MONSTERS**, enlarged from the **GALAXY** novelet, "The Men In The Walls". It's an outstanding novel, combining adventure, an exotic setting, and a conclusion which refers to Mankind's Destiny in a manner both hilarious and (I have a nasty suspicion) essentially correct. A good novel with a magnificent ending.

Tenn's stories, of course nearly all feature the snap ending - based not on gimmicks but on an unexpected reversal of men's cherished beliefs. Five books of short stories by the same writer might seem to be a bit much; certainly very few people could read five collections of Ray Bradbury's works in succession, and even John Collier tends to pall when ingested in large doses. I read all six of these books in rapid succession (in a period of slightly over one day) while I was in the hospital, and I enjoyed every story and could easily have kept on reading Tenn for another day or so. Every book in the set is highly recommended. In addition to the stories listed, the set contains "The Malted Milk Monster", "The House Dutiful", "Mistress Sary", "Sanctuary", "Venus And The Seven Sexes", "Bernie The Faust", "Generation of Noah", "The Dark Star", "Eastward Ho!", "The Deserter", "Betelgeuse Bridge", "Will You Walk A Little Faster", "It Ends With A Flicker", "Lisbon Cubed", "The Masculinist Revolt", "Down Among The Dead Men", "Me, Myself, and I", "Everybody Loves Irving Bommer", "Flirgleflip", "The Tenants", "The Custodian", "Alexander The Bait", "The Last Bounce", "She Only Goes Out At Night", "My Mother Was A Witch", "The Jester", "Confusion Cargo", "Venus Is A Man's World", "The Lemon-Green, Spaghetti-Loud, Dynamite-Dribble Day", "Project Hush", "The Discovery of Morniel Mathaway", "Wednesday's Child", "The Servant Problem", "Party of the Two Parts", "The Human Angle" and "A Man of Family". Not all are outstanding works; some, like "The Masculinist Revolt", are downright trivial. But they are all eminently readable and a large majority are hilarious. Tenn is, I suddenly realize, one of the major humorous writers in stuff; in a field woefully short of any real humor, his works are to be cherished and re-read at regular intervals. Get these.

RITE OF PASSAGE, by Alexei Panshin (Ace, 75¢) This was a good month for stuff. Alex's book comes out as a slightly improved model of a Heinlein juvenile (and when you can improve on Heinlein, you're good). Mia Havero is a pretty typical Heinlein character,

but much better realized than Podkayne ever was. I'm not sure that Alex could write a novel with a male protagonist better than Heinlein does it, but he has done better with his females. The plot and action are good. The only flaw - and it's a minor one - is in the conclusion, which seems a bit forced. Alex has gone to some trouble to present reasons for the Ship to destroy the planetary civilization, but I'm not sure they are strong enough. For a totalitarian group, yes; the reasons would be more than enough. But the Ship is not totalitarian; it is individualist and aristocratic, and aristocrats seldom went in for genocide. They're more inclined to "teach the buggers a lesson" to "keep them in their place". Of course, Alex wanted to write a novel which refuted some of Heinlein's conclusions, which is difficult to do. (Dean McLaughlin successfully rebutted one of Heinlein's more flag-waving juveniles, but the various attempts at refutations of STARSHIP TROOPER were puerile.) Alex has done as good a job as anyone could; I'm not totally convinced by his conclusion, but I'm willing to admit that it's a possibility. This and the William Tenn novel are the two best sf novels of the month, and possibly of the year.

A PRIVATE COSMOS, by Philip Jose Farmer (Ace, 50¢) On the front cover, Roger Zelazny is quoted as saying "I looked forward for over a year to the book you are holding in your hands." I can't think why. It's the third and probably the best of Farmer's "Maker of Universes" series, but the series as a whole isn't all that good. It's pretty fair fantasy, and enjoyable if you don't think about it too much, but it isn't in the same league as the Tenn and Panshin books. This time Farmer has gotten away from Wolff as a central character, and this book revolves around Kickaha, who seems to be essentially somewhat more interesting. Generally recommended, particularly to sword-and-sorcery fans. (Farmer calls it "science" but it's really sorcery.)

GARBAGE WORLD, by Charles Platt (Berkley, 60¢) Ah yes; the noble cult of the common, unwashed (literally, in this case) multitudes. This would have made a good novelet for PLANET STORIES; it's a little strained in novel length. Being a NEW WORLDS writer (and as egotistical as Ellison), Platt probably thinks that the book says something about mankind's primal urges, but it doesn't. Moderately enjoyable, but you can skip it without feeling that you've missed much.

THE REEFS OF EARTH, by R. A. Lafferty (Berkley, 60¢) This one you shouldn't skip; I think it's Lafferty's best book to date. It is especially recommended to anyone who thinks that Zenna Henderson's "People" stories are stickily sentimental. The Fucas are also aliens shipwrecked on Earth - but with a difference. From the contents page (where the chapter titles make up a poem) to the conclusion, this one is funny, imaginative, and highly enjoyable. Rate it up with Tenn and Panshin, or just about there.

ACROSS TIME, by David Grinnell (Ace, 50¢) This is a reprint; I'd read it before, but didn't recall it. Mediocre space-opera, with one big fat flaw. On page 117, the villains disappear into a "negative bubble". "You could say, however, that it meant turning their area of space-time inside out - digging a hole in existence and pulling it in after them. The experiment was tried in my time, but no means had been devised then to get out of it." On page 122, same battle: "This ship has gone into emergency retreat. We did the same thing that the Quorians did." Page 132: "Can we come out of it suddenly, or must the return be gradual, as in the case of the Quorians who went into negativity?" "We are better controlled than they. We can come out fast." (And the character who says "we can come out fast" is essentially the same one who said he knew no way of getting out of the condition. Bah. That's sloppy writing.

THE VILLAGE IN THE TREETOPS, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢) Despite the blurb, this bears no resemblance whatever to the works of either Burroughs or Haggard. It is an interestingly written period piece from the days when Africa was still the mysterious "Dark Continent" instead of today's version of Balkan politics. Recommended if you like antiquities; the writing is dated, but still good, and the primitive society is quite interesting.

THE MASKS OF TIME, by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine, 75¢) This seems to be Silverberg's

version of STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND; Heinlein did it better. This "stranger" is from the future, but he has an even more devastating impact on the present. (One of the book's failures; Vornan-19 has too great an impact on the present to be very believable. Silverberg's humanity, in the mass, shows no trace of today's television-ingrained cynicism.) The book deals essentially with religion and myth-making, a subject in which I am not terribly interested. If this is what the devotees of "serious" science fiction want - and apparently it is - let me off.

DEATHWORLD 3, by Harry Harrison (Dell, 60¢) This was in ANALOG, Feb. thru April 1968, as "The Horse Barbarians"; paperback publication trods ever closer on the heels of the magazines. It's a good enough adventure story, with perhaps a little more science than most (the magazine title is quite descriptive. Someone - Campbell, I think - once wondered what sort of world we would have if Genghis Khan had won; Harrison has written it.) There is some fudging, however, as a perceptive ANALOG reader pointed out in the letter column of a later issue.

THE KEY TO VENUDINE, by Ken Bulmer/MERCENARY FROM TOMORROW, by Mack Reynolds (Ace, 60¢) The Reynolds half is another of his Joe Mauser series; it was in ANALOG awhile back. I've heard quite a few fans express dislike of the series; I find it fascinating. For one thing, Reynolds has originated a society, rather than relying on the cliches of his predecessors and/or contemporaries. Unlike most future societies - and this I think is why some fans dislike it - it is not based on dreams or wishful thinking, but on the reality of human relations. It would, in all probability, work - and fans who think stf should content itself with moral fables object to practicality, whether it be by Reynolds or Heinlein. Reynolds is a vastly underrated writer - partly because he made his reputation 15 years ago or longer by writing crap, and his current work, which is excellent, has to overcome this reputation. (Of course, I tend to enjoy this particular work more than usual because the idea of a military leader named Stonewall Cogswell convulses me - but it's a good story anyway.) Bulmer has finally got back on the plus side with a good sword-and-sorcery novel which is more like the stuff he used to write for SCIENCE FANTASY than it is like the tripe he's been churning out in the last couple of years. I object somewhat to rampant coincidence - such as a character who switches dimensions and just happens to be using an indoor skeet range at the time, so he has a weapon all ready. (And he has no hesitation about using it; none of the questions you or I might have about which side is the good guys. He just steps through into the middle of a fight, and blam!) Other than this, it's a pretty good book, and much better than Bulmer has been doing recently.

THE BEST STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS, ed. by Mike Moorcock (Berkley, 60¢) Rather surprisingly, I enjoyed most of this. Top honors go to David I. Masson for "A Two-Timer"; it may not be science fiction (as some critics have pointed out) but the tale of a medieval time-traveler to the magic year 1964 is an excellent story, whatever the category (and I'd call it as much stf as any other time travel story). Other moderately good stories include Brian Aldiss' "The Small Betraying Detail", Roger Zelazny's "The Keys To December", and John Brunner's "Nobody Axxed You". I wasn't much taken with either "The Squirrel Cage" by Thomas Disch, or "The Music Makers" by Langdon Jones. A final story is J. G. Ballard's "The Assassination Weapon", which is "an attempt to conceive of the 'false' deaths of J. F. Kennedy, Lee Harvey Oswald, and Malcolm X in terms of the notional character of a psychotic patient in the Belmont Asylum, assumed to have died by his own hand in the role of a former H-bomber pilot." Or in other words, an attempt to make name-dropping into literature. I'm curious to see how long it will take Ballard to work Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy into one of his "stories".

BEST SF: 1967, ed. by Harry Harrison and Brian W. Aldiss (Berkley, 75¢) On the whole, this is the poorest of the various "best" anthologies. For one thing, I'm interested in knowing how James Thurber's "Interview With A Lemming" qualifies as the best of 1967, since it is copyright 1942 and has been reprinted innumerable times since. The remaining stories are excellent examples of the sort of stf that is quickly read and

quickly forgotten; I may have set a record by forgetting most of them between the time I read the book and the time I am taking to write the review. If you're interested, they are "Hawksbill Station", by Silverberg, "Ultimate Construction" by C. C. Shackleton, "1937 A.D.!" by John T. Sladek, "Fifteen Miles", by Ben Bova, "Blackmail", by Fred Hoyle, "The Vine", by Kit Reed, "The Wreck of the Ship John B." by Frank Robinson, "The Left-Hand Way", by Chandler (one of the slightly better efforts in the book), "The Forest of Zil" by Kris Leville, "The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Considered As A Downhill Motor Race" by J. G. Ballard (the average klutz will buy anything with Kennedy's name on it, and don't think Ballard doesn't know it), "Answering Service" by Fritz Leiber, "The Last Command" by Keith Laumer, "Mirror of Ice", by Gary Wright, and "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" by Harlan Ellison. Each story has a little blurb by the editors, telling you what a great story it is - a good thing, probably, because otherwise you'd never guess. Understand, I don't think these are bad stories; they are all competently written. They are just horribly mediocre and dull.

WORLDS TO COME, ed. by Damon Knight (Fawcett, 60¢) A return to the old "general" anthology, with no particular theme; just (hopefully) good stories. This one doesn't do too badly. There is one of Heinlein's poorer stories, "Ordeal In Space", one of H. B. Fyfe's best, "Moonwalk, and the good but oft-anthologized "Mars Is Heaven" by Bradbury and "The Martian Way" by Asimov. There is "That Share of Glory" by Kornbluth. ("Among other evils which being unarmed brings you, it causes you to be despised." Most certainly.) There are the excellent stories, "The Sentinel" by Arthur C. Clarke, "The Edge of the Sea" by Algis Budrys (I've never quite understood why I like that story, but I do), and the trivial but enjoyable "The Big Contest" by John D. MacDonald. And there is James Blish's "Sunken Universe", described by the editor as one of those stories which fascinates readers long after the author is tired of it. In this case, I don't quite see it; I much prefer Blish's other story with the same background, "Surface Tension". But this one is reasonably good. All in all, a good bargain if you haven't already read the stories.

ELSEWHERE AND ELSEWHEN, by Groff Conklin (Dorkley, 75¢) (That should be "edited by..") Another general collection, not as good as Knight's. "Shortstack" by Walt & Leigh Richmond, "How Allied" by Mark Clifton, "The Wrong World" by J. T. McIntosh, "World In A Bottle" by Allen Kim Lang, "Think Blue, Count Two" by Cordwainer Smith, "Turning Point" by Poul Anderson, "The Book" by Michael Shaara, "Trouble Tide" by James Schmitz, "The Earthman's Burden" by Donald E. Festlake. All of them from mediocre to good, but nothing outstanding or particularly memorable.

THE ENIGMA OF THE POLTERGEIST, by Raymond Bayless (Ace, 60¢) The supernatural marches on. Bayless doesn't always stick to the title, but offers all sorts of ghoulies and ghosties for the believer. This stuff is valuable to the sf fan only if he is writing an esp novel or fantasy story and is desperate enough for authenticity to read some of these books. (And he'd have to be pretty desperate.)

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS, by John Macklin (Ace, 50¢) More of the same. The stuff must sell.

LOST RACE OF MARS, by Robert Silverberg (Scholastic Book Services, 45¢) Somewhat excessively juvenile; not for fan children over 10 years old, and preferably younger. If you're a collector, you might be interested in its existence.

TERROR FOR THE TOFF, by John Creasey (Pyramid, 50¢) A fan sent this "for review"; he probably thought if I just read one of the Toff books, I'd become fascinated with the series. Sorry. It's a pretty standard "private eye" novel, with the sloppy writing characteristic of the breed. (In an early chapter, one of the characters is referred to by his name before anyone in the book, or the reader, is supposed to know his name. I spent a couple of frantic minutes trying to see if the author had slipped one by me and introduced the character previously; he hadn't.) Fast action, if that's all you're looking for; the characters are all purest cardboard, including an Englishman's idea of a Texan. Sorry, friend, but all you did was waste an hour or so of my time.

HEAVENS ON EARTH, by Mark Holloway (Dover, \$1.85) A history of the Utopian communities in America from 1680 thru 1880. The Shakers, Rappites, Fourierism, Oneida Community, etc. Some information I hadn't realized - such as that the religious communism of the Amana Community, in Iowa, still exists. (And of course the Shakers still exist, though they seem to be dying out.) A fascinating account.

EARTH'S BUG-EYED MONSTERS, by Aliceopf (Norton, \$4.50) A high price, but this is an ideal gift for some child interested in natural history (or whom you want to become interested). The animals covered are about what you would expect; praying mantis, star-nosed mole (I still think that one must have come here from another planet), lemur, ostrich, squid, Komodo dragon, fruit bat, moloch lizard, etc. Treatment of each one is short but reasonably well done; a child isn't apt to be interested in 40 pages on the mating habits of the chameleon, anyway (few adults are, for that matter). I found only one statement in the book (that the Komodo dragon is the largest living reptile) to quarrel with. The photos are excellent (and printing costs probably account for part of the book's high price.) It's a juvenile book, but a well-done one.

THE VALDEZ HORSES, by Lee Hoffman (Ace, 50¢) Finally, a Lee Hoffman book that I can be enthusiastic about. This isn't a typical western, the characters come across as real people, and the story is highly entertaining. The ending is a little melodramatic, but it doesn't spoil the book. I turned from reading westerns to reading science fiction twenty years ago because I was sick of westerns; if there had been more like this, I might still be reading them.

PEOPLE OF THE DEER, by Farley Mowat (Pyramid, 75¢) I have the hardcover edition, so I didn't get the paperback, but I want to urge everyone to read the book. Mowat is an excellent writer, and the book is a good example of what happens when a primitive civilization meets a more sophisticated one. (Sure, you've read the answer before - but the way it unfolds is fascinating and factual.) This is the best book of the month.

THE MARCH TO TUNIS, by Alan Moorehead (Dell, 95¢) This tells almost more about the North African campaigns in World War II than anyone needs to know. Actually it's a trilogy, containing the three books that Moorehead wrote during and after the campaigns, while he was a war correspondent. Even then he was one of the most entertaining factual writers in the world. The book, in addition to being well written, contains information on the campaigns which has never received much publicity in this country, including the background of a quarrel which goes on today; why De Gaulle wasn't selected as the French ruler of the "liberated" territory. (Moorehead thinks that he probably should have been; that the people would have accepted him as quickly as they did Giraud, and it would have definitely eased matters later. But wars are seldom fought without mistakes. I found the book fascinating.

THEIR FINEST HOUR, by Edward Bishop (Ballantine, \$1) This is one of Ballantine's new "Illustrated History of World War II" series, and as a start it's somewhat disappointing. The text is accurate but skimpy, and the photos, presumably the reason for this type of book, aren't all that good. I think my AMERICAN HERITAGE PICTURE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II will be a lot more comprehensive, and a lot cheaper in the long run. \$1 a book sounds cheap enough for this sort of production, but how many books are you going to have to buy if you want a complete set? I don't think I'm going to be buying very many.

EIGHT BELLS, by Daniel V. Gallery (Paperback Library, 75¢) A very funny book, marred by the fact that Gallery has told the same stories previously in two other books. There is new material here, and if you didn't buy Gallery's previous books, this one is recommended. Gallery's style is, as the blurb puts it, "salty". ("I flatly refused to cooperate in this project on the grounds that driving a jeepful of horse manure into the Pentagon would be carrying coals to Newcastle.") You won't like his religion or his conservatism, but he's funny.

I'LL TRADE YOU AN ELK, by Charles A. Goodrum (Avon, 60¢) Mildly humorous nostalgia. An interesting enough time-killer, though nothing memorable.

GRUMBLINGS

L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, Pa., 19085

Thank you for Yandro 181. Regarding John Brunner's discussion of eugenics: It really isn't so hard to find defects resulting from dysgenic mutations that - most people would agree - the species would be better off without. The fact that sickle-cell anemia and Mediterranean anemia seem to confer a counterbalancing resistance to malaria is no reason to assume that albinism, hemophilia, syndactyly, &c. also have compensating advantages; in fact, the reverse appears to be the case. As for the royal hemophilia of Europe, that is believed to have originated in a mutation in the germ cells of Queen Victoria of the UK and was passed on to the Russian and Spanish royal families - neither of which is now ruling anything. In the Russian case, the defect contributed directly to their downfall and liquidation.

There is another practical difficulty about a eugenic program, however, which John didn't bring up. This is that most such defects are Mendelian recessives, so that we are conscious of them only when they occur in homozygotes - people who have inherited them from both parents. The heterozygotes - people who carry the trait and pass it on but do not manifest it, live and breed undetected. Hence the incidence of the defect can be reduced only slowly by sterilizing the homozygotes or otherwise preventing them from breeding. Thus if we sterilized all albinos, it would take about 1,450 years of such sterilization, rigorously carried out, to reduce the percentage of albinos in the population to half its present figure, and 5,000 years more to halve it again - to bring it to one quarter its present figure. And no human government has ever lasted more than a small fraction of such a span of time, let alone followed a consistent policy for so many years.

To Mr. Briney: While I don't know (thought I have my suspicions) about the rest of Seabrook's WITCHCRAFT, I can tell you that the chapter ASTRAL BODY ON A BOAT is a pure fabrication. I used to know the man on whose yacht the incident is supposed to have occurred, and he assured me that there was not a word of truth in the story -- that Seabrook had never even been on his yacht.

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

Well, you did say you had only one side of the story.

Look, the tail doesn't wag the dog. We are responsible for running the entire con. The Fan Art Show is only a side show, a highly regarded side show, but still only a side show. We have every right to lay down the ground rules for its operation. Particularly since we are subsidizing it by giving it free space and cash.

Of course the Fan Art Show has every right to decide not to appear at the BAYCON if they don't like our rules.

The rules were thoroughly discussed with Bjo, both in person and by letter, before their final adoption. Many of the original proposals were modified because of her objections. Bjo is not happy with all of the rules, but she did accept them.

Andy Porter's interpretations of our rules were quite far out and his ideas about why they were adopted are quite fanciful. We explain them at length in PR #3, but briefly:

Our rule does not state that a fan who has ever made a sale cannot participate in Project Art Show, it says that an artist who makes his living primarily thru the sale of s-f or fantasy art cannot.

It is obvious that an artist who earns his living thru his work is a professional, and as such he has attained a recognized level of competence and discipline. It is unfair to amateurs to ask them to compete on an equal level with professionals. (Jack Gaughan, at NYCON, quite properly removed himself from competition, which shows

he was aware of the problem.) On the other hand, professionals in one field are frequently amateurs in another, so there seems no reason why artists who are professionals in another field can't compete as fans.

But perhaps even more important, the Fan Art Show is not only an exhibit, it is a market---a market in which a lot of money changes hands. Among other things it draws money away from the regular Auction. This is perfectly legitimate in the case of fan artists selling their works. But there is no good reason why professional science fiction and fantasy artists should be able to market their material without paying the recognized and legitimate percentages. Fans can be subsidized. There is no reason that pros should be.

It costs money to put on a large convention. Membership fees do not cover all expenses. Most cons need a substantial revenue from the auction to avoid going into the red, and it has been traditional for the various magazines, book publishers, writers and artists, etc., to support the con by giving it auction material. However, in recent years much of this material has begun to dry up at the source (artwork and manuscripts, etc.), and various Worthy Causes and Special Projects have sprung up and siphoned off much of that remaining.

We view this as an alarming trend. We feel that if the pros are going to market their material at the con, they should pay the con for the privilege, and if they are going to donate material, the convention should have first claim. If we have a surplus of money after the con we will, of course, donate it to various fannish causes, (as we did with some \$1200 after the Pacificon II). But first we want to make sure of breaking even.

For that matter we are not concerned about the material which Project Art Show exhibits. Bjo has final say on what is actually hung. She can exhibit professional work if she cares to. But if the art show sells professional work, the con gets its cut.

/If Bjo is satisfied, that's all that really counts. I wouldn't be, but I'm not running the show. RSC And I must add that certain parts of the above letter remind me very much of the ancient fannish epithet: "Dirty Pro!" JWC/

George Scithers, Box 0, Eatontown, N.J. 07724

I sort of disagree.-- while I think that the PR #2 was a bit heavy-handed in manner and tone, I nevertheless think that the Art Show was beginning to actively compete with the financial activities of the convention itself. In addition, the Art Show has been acting entirely too much like a spoiled sacred cow recently. The fact that the F-UNbounded con is putting on an independent art show will be an additional reminder to Project Art Show that a con can do without PAS, but PAS is dead without the con. In short, a few feelings got hurt, but the result will probably be worth it.

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio, 44060

Yeah, yeah, Buck. We've tried to tell comics fans about the earlier comics fanzines and the general response has been that they weren't part of "Our Comicdom." Faugh. They also admit no connection with science-fiction fandom, despite their constant drawing upon the traditions, practices and experiences of sf fandom. Again, faugh. So Alter Ego is the first comics fanzine ever (note that dates have been manipulated so that it comes out a month before the first issue of Comic Art -- and Harbinger has been ignored.) And Jerry Bails and Roy Thomas are the First Comics Fans. Or something....

I wonder if John D. Berry's English teacher will put up or shut up with that "don't try to force yourself to write, but wait until you're in that mood and then go ahead" by not flunking any student who turns in nothing including exams because said student waited till he was in the mood...

News Bit: RATHER A VICIOUS GENTLEMAN by Frank McAuliffe starring Augustus Mandrell IS NOW ON THE NEWSSTANDS--FROM BALLANTINE (#U6126)

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Subbitan, Surrey, UK

It's odd that Juanita thinks her editorials usually "reek of chaos"; when I always feel as if she has just sat down to write to us, her friends, and how pleasant this is to read. On the other hand, I expect you to inform me, amuse me and grouch a bit in your usual forthright fashion. I find it refreshing that you always write what you think...no softening of the blow!

Ted White's columns get better all the time; and this one on Ayn Rand is really great. Naturally I agree with everything he says...but more than that...I agree with the thinking that makes him say he owed it to himself to listen to Rand. I too have listened to those with whom I disagree so that I could best learn how to refute what they say.

I'm afraid that what Brunner says of opinion over here on the US is true. I lost count of the number of people I've heard say..."America must be a dreadful place to live" usually in casual conversations. Yet more people go over to the States now for visits than ever before. It just seems as if reports about ordinary decent Americans never seem to get back here. Undoubtedly the gun laws are the reason for Europeans to get this belief that America must be a dreadful place to live. Do you know, I have never seen a gun, far less handled one. I have seen ancient pistols in museums and that's all. Wait a minute....I've just recalled that I've seen those rifle-type things that shoot darts at the score-card in fairs. Umm, but that's it.

I had to smile at the way I got snagged into your discussion with John, tho. Sure, I maintain that England and Scotland are separate entities, but I wouldn't want to see us completely separated, and when there was a risk of invasion we were one. I may argue that I am not English or Welsh or, if it comes to that Irish, but I will gladly admit that I am British and that I have more in common with these people than with anyone else outside this island. And John did take the analogy of cutting England in two - "along the line of the Wash" he said -- which has nothing to do with Scotland. I reckon you dragged a red herring into the argument there!

On re-reading what I wrote about female protagonists - I think I should have elaborated on that thought about the heroines of Georgette Heyer. These books regularly hit the best seller list over here and I've never met a femme-fan who didn't love them. Yet, the plots are practically all the same and the time in which they are written is kept pretty severely within a few years of our history. It isn't true history either, in that Heyer only takes out the bits that are useful for her purpose. Also, as a socialist (small s please) I ought to shudder at her society where "birth" is all important and the worst thing that can be said of a character is that he is "low-bred" or a "city merchant". Naturally the heroes must never "soil their hands with trade". Were one to take all this part seriously -- it would be deplorable. She herself must have been mindful of this for in one book she quotes a poem at the beginning..."This age I grant, and grant with pride, is varied rich eventful. But should you touch its weaker side, deplorably resentful. Whereas with these old shades of mine, their ways and dress delight me. And should I trip a word or line, they cannot well indict me." The one ingredient in a Heyer book that is a delight to women is the character of her heroines, they are always resourceful, witty, and sometimes even more than a match for the hero.

[If there were any red herrings in the Viet Nam discussion, John brought them in. His argument was based on the assumption that Viet Nam is one nation, like England, and it isn't; it's been divided throughout much of its history. And speaking of forcibly keeping a nation divided, when is England going to get its troops out of Northern Ireland and let the "six counties" join their brethren? RSC/

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rod, Hoddesdon, Herts., England

You may be surprised to learn that on Saturday I met Robert Bloch in London, at the Dorchester no less, and I visit the Dorchester as many times as I get invited to Buckingham Palace. Raymond Massey was also at the hotel but I didn't actually see him. All the corridors to Bloch's room were lit by dozens of tiny "latars" of candles with

tiny artificial bulbs, like votive offerings, as Bloch described them. Despite being one of the most expensive hotels in London, parts of the floors do creak, especially when anyone of any weight walks over them, then the creaking stops when you get to the new part of the floors. Unless of course they just haven't creaked away too much.

Bloch had been flown over from Los Angeles at 48 hours' notice by 20th Century Fox and Hammer Films (with a limosine waiting for him at the airport at 6:35 in the morning) to do a script for the new series JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN, which you should get on American television by about September 16th. At the moment they haven't got one finished script, let alone started filming, though they've got two crews standing by or will have to make two films at a time, ten days for each film. It would be five days for each 48 minute long show in Hollywood.

They had tried about ten British script writers but none seemed to be able to come up with the right formula for the series, so they sent for Robert Bloch and another writer to work on them. Bloch was working from a Belmont paperback I think of an anthology of his stories and apparently the method he uses is to have his earlier short stories first anthologized in a collection, buys a half dozen copies of each issue and sends them to the producers, who never send them back) and they pick out what story they want and then commission the script, from which they get - as per the Writer's Guild of America - a "treatment", which is the detailed synopsis, a first draft, a second draft and a "polish".

The story he was working on then was called, I think, "The Indian Spirit Guide", Eric Ambler was working on something else, and the first script by John Collier was still being worked on and reworked. Hammer Films turned out to be two cubicles in 113 Wardour Street, and they had not even got an office for Bloch to work in, so he hired a typewriter, which turned out to be broken; but he mended it with an American toothpick brought some 6000 miles (see how many things you have to know to be an author?) and nearly managed to fix his electric razor cord with it -- but no luck. So he was left without a shaver in the middle of a public holiday with all shops closed and nothing open for a further two days.

Andy Zerbe, 3154 Dupont St., Montgomery, Alabama, 36106

A mystery from Ace you might be on the lookout for is PROGENY OF THE ADDER, a mystery by Leslie H. Whitten. The police are after a man who thinks he's a vampire, then at the end the impression is given that the man might really have been a vampire.

Wonder if Zenna Henderson is the Z.H. Ross who wrote OVERDUE FOR DEATH? Style is very much like hers.

Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas, 77566

Re your comment about no water in Texas, I am sure the people in Corpus Christi, Texas (my home town) wish that were so. 24 inches of rain in two days can cause quite a flood, especially when the highest point in town is only about 20 feet above sea level. They have water above the tops of the cars in some parts of town. And some places there, like my parents' house, haven't recovered from Hurricane Beulah yet.

Here in Lake Jackson we get more water than we like too. Lake Jackson is all of 50 ft long and 20 ft wide.

Freeport, about 10 miles from here, has a 14' dike around it, to protect it from hurricane tides, since Freeport is all of a foot above sea level. So when it rains, all the rain water has to be pumped out of the city. The last hard rain we had, 9-11 inches in 12 hours, they didn't turn on the pumps until the rain stopped. So people had water in their houses and cars. And they are still mad about it. It is hard to sell your house in Freeport these days.

About WGBLiss's idea of strychnine grenades. Strychnine won't work, but nitrobenzene should be just as good if not better. It is a liquid, it is not water soluble, so it won't come off in water, it is rapidly adsorbed through the skin and it is very poisonous. I am surprised that it hasn't been used in more murder mysteries. I can only think of a couple. In the MCA's safety listings, it has a lower permissible level than does hydrogen cyanide.

Jim & Lee Lavell, 3532 Beasley Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana

Addenda to your film article issue 179:

1) We have seen "The Power" - quite disappointing. It just didn't create the mood, and as for plot - the original never did make much sense to begin with. Besides, George-baby Hamilton just wasn't our image of Tanner! (My, how Michael Renie is aging.)

However - we did see one film recently (like yesterday) which impressed us. Hammer Film's "Five Million Years To Earth", which turned out to be a very faithful adaptation of "Quatermass and the Pit". (And no Brian Donlevy, either.) Far superior to the other Q films.

Books: Might recommend ROSEMARY'S BABY, which is probably the strangest best-seller yet. Satanism and the birth of the Anti-Christ. Weird. Also OUR NEXT PRESIDENT, a funny political satire about the '68 elections in the Theo White style.

Bill Corner, 4905 Ridgewood Road East, Apt F., Springfield, Ohio, 45503

According to Readmore manager Mitchell, the idea to call the large paperback and magazine stores "Readmore" came from the slogan "Readmore Magazines" of the national distributing association. He said several wholesale distributors in cities in the midwestern area have taken the name for their retail operations. But there is no connection between the Springfield Readmores and those in Indiana.

The idea of the local news agency distributors to get into the retail field with large outlets for paperbacks and magazines has been gaining popularity everywhere, Mitchell said. The old-fashioned smaller newsstand that carried a limited selection of paperbacks and magazines along with model building kits, toys, candy, greeting cards and cigarettes and cigars is on the way out in the downtown areas of cities.

Since you seem interested in the Readmore operation, I'm sending you a news clip of my feature article on the "book boom". Any one of the three Readmore stores has a paperback book selection as large as the Paperback Gallery store in Columbus, Ohio, which was my favorite browsing spot until I came back to Springfield. Apparently, the paperback store with a selection of around 5000 titles could operate successfully in smaller towns than Springfield, if there's enough business for three of them here. Joe Kauffman, owner of the news agency and the three Readmores, says that it isn't exactly economic in the strictest sense to have such a large selection, because the bulk of the titles are slow sellers. He said you could have only about 15000 titles and a good turnover of new titles and this would represent most of your sales.

But, having the large selection is an attraction. As such, Kauffman thinks of the cost of the extra floor space and racks as an advertising or promotional cost. Customers like to come and spend time just browsing around.

Hank Davis, 361 Linden Walk, Lexington, Ky., 40508

I'm with you on the general disrespect that Americans of all classes (yeah, I know that the U.S. of A. has no classes. Sure.) have for other people's property. A couple of years ago, I was working as a bellboy (but they called me a bellman; long live euphemisms!) at a Holiday Inn. One of my duties was to straighten up rooms in cases where the "guests" had checked out after the maids had gone off duty. The prices of the rooms (\$14 a night for a single, if memory serves) insured that the stayers therein were at least middle class. I found that a lot of middle class cats are slobs. Cigarette burns on dressers, rugs, bedspreads. Soggy towels all over the floor. Facial tissues scattered around and piled deep. And even grosser goodies did I find. Ecccch!

Glad to hear that RESTOREE was liked in Yandroland. I enjoyed it muchly and thought it the best sf novel of '67. It was my first choice in the novel category on the Nebula ballot (didn't win though) and I've nominated it for the Hugo. I can't understand why males should dislike a book with a gal protagonist. Supposedly, the gears inside a he-man's head are set up to dig the different gear scene inside the female's skull. I always enjoy Mary Stewart's thrillers (though AIRS ABOVE THE GROUND wasn't up to par) and they are in the first person and said person is always

a girl. I can't agree about characterization on THE AVENGERS. Steed and Mrs. Peel seem very alive and solid characters to me. Solider than the STAR TREK crew. (Don't lynch me, ST fans! I like the Trek.) This has been brought home to me by Mrs. Peel's departure and the advent of Tara King. King is just nowhere, man! A big zero!

Angry about the passing of mono records? I have been angry for some time. For several years now, the smaller record companies and such big foreign companies as Deutsche Grammophon have been selling stereo records at the same price as mono discs. But the big fish on this side of the sea (such as RCA, Columbia, etc.) have kept socking the suckers for an extra buck for stereo. And now that mono has been totally wiped, the stereo records still cost the same high price. Supposedly the new stereo records are playable on mono phonographs without damage, so that you could replace your crumbling machine with a new mono player and play stereo discs on it. I have read, however, that the claim that new stereo records can be played on a mono cartridge without damage is a crock! It will still ruin the record.

I was recently surprised to learn (upon reading Robert S. Richardson's GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH COMETS, McGraw-Hill) that the theory that a comet's tail is caused by the pressure of sunlight has been discarded. "At present, there is no satisfactory answer to the question of why a comet's tail always points away from the sun," says ~~Richardson~~ Richardson. I just haven't been keeping up with astronomy, I guess. These changes in established theory are what really makes life miserable for the hard sf writers, I guess. (Hmm, that's twice I've guessed in two sentences.)

/I liked to watch Diana Rigg; but I was always aware that I was watching an actress. "Mrs. Peel" just didn't come alive. (I quit watching the show altogether when she left, however; her replacement didn't even convince me that I was watching an actress.) RSC A fairly recent Scientific American carried an article concerning the continental drift theory, saying Wigenor (?) had been vindicated and practically everybody but a few diehards had finally come around and now agreed on the theory; the guy sounded convincing and his charts and statistics were sufficient to impress somebody like me with only a rudimentary knowledge of the subject. But I kept imagining somewhere there were these scientists reading the article and having apoplexy and citing to themselves all sorts of contradictory evidence which this article writer cat didn't bring up. I mean, he had that air of Campbellian superiority -- and I've seen knowledgeable fans react to editorials by Campbell which sounded slick and convincing. JWC/

Don & Maggie Thompson, address earlier

Well, Juanita, I happen to agree with you on the matter of the "innocence" of the youth who steals a car because the keys are in it. But there does seem to be some evidence that keys in cars do motivate some kids to drive off ("borrow"?) in 'em -- and those are kids who would not otherwise steal. Records on car thefts seem to be that most captured thieves are first, young offenders -- who have never been booked for anything else --- and, of course, car theft is a major crime. Also, isn't the commerical aimed at those who leave keys in cars, not at those who don't lock their cars? (I recall that the Lupoffs never locked their convertible because if they did, the roof would be slashed when they returned to it.)

By the way, people, you are besmirching the networks with the brush that should solely be applied to your local station. In the first place, as you know, the networks did announce picking up ST for the fall season -- and you didn't hear that announcement over your channel, despite its being a rather startling major move for any network to make. Secondly, the network did not blip out the name "Volkswagen" on the Shirer special; the word came loud and clear over our TV set. Complain to your local chicken-gut station, not to the network.

And you're bibbling unhappily about conformity and loss of freedom in being "forced" to buy a stereo record player, because all the record manufacturers are producing only stereo records. Gosh all whiz, gang, why don't you check into the reasons behind such policies from manufacturers? Like, in the case of stereo records,

they are being made the only product because manufacturers can now make stereo records which can be played on monaural players---which happens to be the situation with all stereo records being produced by companies producing only stereo. So you don't have to buy a stereo player (though I would if I were you). Furthermore, it has always been the case that you can get a cartridge for monaural players which will play even the old stereo records monaurally -- it has a stereo needle so the record isn't damaged.

/See above on the "compatibility" of records. And you did not read closely; I do not need a new needle for my record player; I need a new record player. And since they are only making stereo records, they are also only making stereo record players. So when I buy my new player, it will have that extra cost whether I want it or not.RSC/

James Suhrer Dorr, 824 East Cottage Grove, Bloomington, Ind., 47401

Re. Nan Braude: Good show---and a classy assortment of authorities indeed. I am inclined to fault St. Augustine, actually, since he is referring to a unique act, but the others hold. Aristotle has a tendency to be a little contradictory on the point, I think; Copleston's citation strikes me as being rather inconclusive, but there are stronger passages in De Gener. Anim. which would support Miss Braude. St. Thomas, I think, may be wrong, but, as with Aristotle, I would have to go into some detail (and work!) to argue it successfully and, in view of the great interest this dispute has sparked already, I think it is probably not worth the effort. I'm afraid Yandro just ain't the voice of Abortion Fandom after all.

We mustn't argue this thing by the appeal to authority alone, of course.

On hoarding of silver certificates, I had heard that until recently one could still turn them in for one ounce (or whatever the quantity) of raw silver: an amount worth something like \$1.90 at current prices. This was in one of the local newspapers, though, so I do not vouch for its accuracy.

/Doesn't sound too likely; the silver certificate itself merely says that it may be exchanged for "one dollar in silver". Nothing about the amount of silver to be exchanged; merely the value. RSC
Rather'n Yandro become a focal point of Abortion Fandom I'd prefer it to be associated with preventive medicine, hereinafter known as birth control -- which is far simpler and less traumatic than Abortion. JWC/

Dennis Lien, RFD, Lake Park, Minnesota, 56554

I read A QUEER KIND OF DEATH on Juanita's recommendation. I just added the second (and perhaps last?) of the series, SWING LOW, SWEET HARRIET. Didn't think HARRIET was nearly as good as QUEER, either as a novel (whatever that is) or a comedy. As a 'tec story, neither was much my cup of tea. I'm still of the British-of-the-20's-and-30's-school.

Recommendation to you: read the ESSENTIAL LENNY BRUCE (BALLANTINE, 95¢). You won't like it all, but you should like enough of it to be worth 95¢. (Not recommended as a one-sitting thing, though.)

John Berry is right. The idea of becoming an English major is pretty horrifying. I've been one for five years now, and it's still horrifying me and mine. As I mentioned in my last letter, re Ed Gorman, which you didn't print. (Of course, I've never had any serious idea of making my living by writing, or of writing at all -- to which anyone who has read any of my infrequent fanzine appearances can only respond "Thank God.") I think I can hack the halls of academe for the rest of my life, however. God knows I probably cannot hack anywhere else, since charming incompetents generally must teach or starve.

Jim Young is still trying to maintain that Fred Haskell is a Real Person, even after you exposed him as my pen-name way back in 1964. (Anybody remember 1964?) I think it's very foolish of Jim to keep trying to put everyone on, especially in the

very fanzine that Struck Upon the Truth four years ago. (Remember "Out of the Spittoon"? Wonder if that fooled anyone....?)

I keep finding myself in total agreement with Ted White from time to time, and I keep worrying. Do you suppose it's just a phase I'm going through? Anyway, applause for his put-down of "Ayn Rants", the current darling of the letter-writers to the U of Arizona "Wildcat", I may steal some of his points for a letter to the "Wildcat" myself one day, if my gorge continues to rise. (Latest gorge-raiser on Arizona scene is a plan to move the U of A football team, as a unit, into the only two livable men's dorms on campus, appoint the assistant coaches as Wing Assistants (a free-room job), and add carpeting, drapes and bedsteads for the team only (paid for by the local Boosters Club...) Most of the students already living in the halls are rather noisily disgruntled, nor do I blame them. Ye Olde Dean held a conference to explain that this is not really preferential treatment.

If Bob Allen is really desperate re Heinlein, I'll loan him my collection or parts thereof if he'll take good care of it and pay book postage both ways. I've got everything Heinlein's ever published as or in a book except for some of the juveniles, and I also have a couple things not in his books, like "Tenderfoot in Space" from Boys' Life. (And if Bob Allen turns out to be another You-Know-Who, I'll learn better than to help my fellow man.)

George Wells informs me that the producers and some of the stars of THE BLOOD FEAST were later responsible for something called 10,000 MANIACS. I believe him, I believe him....

Your review of WALDO AND MAGIC, INC. states that it's Pyramid's 3rd printing of same, which is, I think, correct. Your subsequent review then repeats almost exactly and in part word for word, the review of it you wrote the last time around. Theory being that if Pyramid can reprint things, so can you - ?

(Speaking of which, someone suggested several years ago that Yandro occasionally reprint a piece from your earliest days. You never answered him - I'd sort of like to see it done myself, but I can imagine your response.)

CHOCKY was a novelette in Amazing Stories; I think in May 1963 (my collection isn't here but my memory for trivia is excellent). And yes, it was by Wyndham, and presumably an early version of the novel, which I haven't read. Anyway, it sounds the same.

In your review of SPACE CHANTEY, you say that "sooner or later somebody was bound to write a parody of THE ODYSSEY; now Lafferty has."

Yeah - only 47 years after James Joyce finished ULYSSES. (Or 54 years after he started it.)

It Can Happen Here Department: HUAC had accused SDS of being communist-infiltrated (which we almost surely are, just as the Communist Party is capitalist (F.B.I.) - infiltrated) and has set out recommendations for dealing with the revolution all us Evil Commies are going to start Real Soon Now: "most civil liberties would have to be suspended, search and seizure operations would be instituted during the daylight hours, and anyone found....without proper identification would be immediately arrested." The report also advocates "detention centers" to be set up to imprison "warring guerillas". The Negro riots are caused by the communists, SDS, the DuBois Clubs and others. (And maybe a few rats and cockroaches....?) Throughout the report, the word "ghetto" is used with quotes around it!

I tell you, Canada looks better every day -- I'll take my chances with Negro riots and even the Viet Cong, if need be, but God protect me from HUAC, Southern Congressmen, and people who believe that the only way to preserve liberty is to suspend it while one kills everyone who disagrees with you (i.e. Negroes, leftists, and people who criticize HUAC). And God protect me from people who use a word like ghetto only in quotation marks, as though it were something unreal and non-existent and impossible, like the atomic bomb.

Enough; I'm coming on like Brunner - who does it much better. (Incidentally, I do read foreign magazines and newspapers, and I know what he's talking about.)

/I know what Brunner's talking about, too; I just don't consider foreign newspaper opinion all that serious. Incidentally; did your paper print Prince

Souvanna Phouma's request to the U.S. to continue bombing North Viet Nam until the Viets get 30,000 of their troops out of his country? (Su-u-ure they're just defending their homeland.) I saw this in a Cincy paper at the Midwestcon, and thought that when I'd get home I'd clip out the corresponding story in the Ft. Wayne paper and send it to Brunner. And it wasn't in the Ft. Wayne paper - or any other paper that I can locate. The troops are there all right - but was someone pulling a hoax in reporting that Souvanna resented the fact, or was the news something that liberal Democratic newspapers (which are the ones we take) didn't care to print?// Does anyone take HUAC seriously any more? Oh, they're serious enough, but how much power do they have today?// We keep talking about a "Best of Yandro" publication, but so far have never done anything about it. Someday when we have lots of time. RSC/

Boyd Raeburn, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

Everytime a new issue of Yandro arrives, I read it, plan to write a letter of comment, and then the issue gets buried and the whole thing slips my mind until the next issue arrives. Yandro 181 has just arrived, and before the usual pattern occurs, I'm leaping to the typewriter to say thanks for the issue.

Howcome you get network tv on UHF? I take it that Ft. Wayne is your closest TV broadcasting centre. Do all people in your area have UHF equipped sets? Do you get only Ft. Wayne?

I too was amused that the Smothers Brothers, who took such delight in pointing out how "daring" they were, were considered "dull" in England. There is material on British TV which curls the hair of U.S. TV executives when it is shown to them.

I gather that the NYCon has not yet published a financial statement. How many of, say, the last five Worldcons, have published a financial statement? Also, where a fund has been set up out of the con proceeds to publish a Proceedings, which if any of the Proceedings have been published, and, if so, has a statement of the Proceedings fund been published? I don't keep track of these things, and maybe all these statements have been published. I'm just curious, and maybe you or one of your readers can enlighten me.

- A few issues back, I recall, somebody remarked unkindly about Ted White writing a LOST IN SPACE book. (It later turned out, I believe, that Ted's name was on the book only for window dressing.) This caused me to wonder at the fact that some of your readers who seem highly enamored of STAR TREK seem very down on LOST IN SPACE. This is strange, in that, in some ways, STAR TREK is a descendent of LOST IN SPACE. Instead of Dr. Smith, there is Dr. McCoy. Instead of the robot, there is Mr. Spock - they both even say "affirmative" instead of "yes". The robot in LIS has a light flashing in rhythm with its speech pattern. In one episode of ST there is brought aboard the Enterprise a robot space probe - and it has a light flashing in rhythm with its speech pattern. At least the robot in LIS doesn't have its voice underscored by the sound of a typewriter, as does the ST computer. LIS is full of idiosyncrasies and inconsistencies - so is ST. In color, LIS has better effects, ST has more interesting characters. I'm neither praising LIS nor condemning ST. I just can't see the grounds for the adulation drawn by ST and the condemnation heaped upon LIS. Both shows are hokum, but LIS is honest about it, whereas, this past season, on the whole, the hokum of ST has been pretentious and dull.

/This area can get network tv via VHF from Indianapolis, or UHF from Ft. Wayne; both cities cover all three networks. We can also get UHF from one station apiece in Marion, Muncie and Elkhart (though the latter is a bit far for good reception). We don't get these stations because we don't have a rotating antenna, but they are available. Most but not all sets are equipped for UHF; our set was purchased secondhand 10 years ago, and it has built-in UHF equipment. In our case, we can see where we get the best reception (we're in a fringe area for both Ft. Wayne and Indianapolis), get a bigger variety of old movies --- and last year when the two

cities were operating on different times, Juanita could watch STAR TREK twice each week. //ST dropped somewhat in quality this second season, but it is still a long way from LOST IN SPACE or VOYAGE or THE INVADERS. (You said it when you said it has "more interesting characters"; in the end, it's usually the characters who determine whether a tv show or a story is interesting, dull, or ridiculous.) RSC/

Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn., 06902

I saw one episode of THE PRISONER and it was very good, the one about #6 running for office. Do you get the series way out there?

Buck: I see nothing wrong making it illegal for a criminal to have an unregistered firearm, or for him (especially) to commit a crime with it. Maybe it won't stop him, but it IS illegal, and it IS harder. We should make dope legal because the addict can get it anyway? Anyhow I think that firearm registration should be done. A license, like a car's license too. But firearm homicide isn't the same (necessarily) as vehicular.

READ THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE THE NEXT TIME THE RIOT SEASON OPENS UP!

To Mr. de Camp: If you are looking at a war objectively it is amoral (everything that follows is my opinion) however in Vietnam my country is doing something I think is not only wrong, but unnecessary. We have gotten to the point that if we don't have negotiations we CAN'T pull out --- without killing 100,000 more of our men. We've broken the Geneva convention in that we didn't allow nation-wide elections in '56, we've put foreign troops in one half of the country, and we've formed the 17th parallel as a border (it is supposed to be a DEBARKATION LINE). The NVietnamese have put troops in SVietnam, that is their breaking of the Geneva accord. So we're both wrong, and we've both made a mistake and we're both too childish and stubborn to admit it.

As for Constantine X, he was not in the same situation we are. The only way our country can be attacked, and hurt, is by all-out nuclear war. It's either complete destruction or nothing. Economic things too, but those are much harder. The truth of the matter is, WE MUST FIND MONEY for the poor. NO MATTER WHERE it comes from. Texas even. Would you rather be taxed a little more or have a revolution endangering your life and many others?

One novel that is Hugo material (though it never would have made it on the ballot) is CAMP CONCENTRATION by Disch in NWS. Lovely.

/God help the country if very many people seriously believe that the only way it can be attacked is by nuclear war. The only thing that firearms registration does is to enable the police to trace a weapon after the crime has been committed. They seem to be doing pretty well on that under current laws - when they have to. Registration does nothing to prevent crime (unless you want to allow your friendly local fuzz to determine who can own a gun and who can't, by allowing them to issue or deny licenses. Do you really think big city cops are all that honest? Not too long ago the liberals were screaming about "police brutality"; apparently that fad has passed, and now we're supposed to place our entire reliance on our noble, honest, well-intentioned police forces.)

Jerry Kaufman, 2769 Hampshire Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, 44106

By this time the price for silver certificates has dropped; they can no longer be turned in for silver. They will only bring one dollar in Federal reserve notes, and who really needs one of those. The only person who could really turn in the silver certificates were dealers anyway, since only dealers could afford to amass two thousand of them at once.

The trouble with PLANET OF THE APES, or with Derek Nelson's view of it, is that it is not primarily an anti-war film. The satire exists in those very inconsistencies of ape civilization that Derek points out -- chiefly the difference between what

they say and what they do. That's us saying those things and doing those others. It's the same sort of thing Swift did in GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, though Swift did it better. Holding the mirror to Man by showing him as bestial is obvious.

What confused matters was that "zinger" ending. I have no idea what was wrong with the original ending. It was consistent with the theme of the book and the movie, it was a surprise ending, and it even managed to strengthen the satire. Maybe someone thought it was too intellectual. So someone said, "This is adult sci-fi, like on TWILIGHT ZONE. It's gotta have a surprise ending. Why not get Rod Serling to give us a new surprise ending." So they do, and he does; he gives it a surprise ending that's a cliché to us, but not to the ordinary movie-goer.

In doing so, they completely muddled up the waters with little matters of evolution, devolution, English in the mouths of apes and so on. But even so, I find it dense of Derek to be able to say, of the apes, that they "in general act like humans" and not recognize that as the satire.

I went back and checked out that bit about Moorcock stealing from himself and was amazed to find that he did it in such an obvious, overt fashion. I think that what bothers me was that he stole from a non-serious sword-and-sorcery story to supply a book that claimed to be worthy of deep consideration, with some sort of plot. How seriously can he expect anyone to receive a trick like that?

Spock's green skin may be only the fault of those viewers who expect green skin and tune until they get it. The few times I have seen ST in color, there was no green, and I was looking for it.

P.S. Beautiful cover.

Kay Anderson, 4530 Hamilton Avenue, Oxnard, California, 93030

Planet of the Apes: The photography is very fine and the makeup/costuming is superb and there are three good lines. Taylor wakes up after the ship has crashed; he and the men have grown neat beards a couple of inches long. The girl has died because air seeped into her capsule...she's been dead about a year. She doesn't look it. She's a most presentable corpse, considering what her own bacteria should have done to her in a closed space. Chronometer shows that 18 months shiptime have elapsed, 2000 actual time, and they have traveled 320 light-years. At that speed, the ship must run on an internal combustion engine. Ship is a super streamlined jobbie that resembles a Revell model of a three-stage rocket they had ten or twelve years ago. The ship crashed in Glen Canyon Reservoir; I remember the place from before there was water in it. Heston/Taylor and his two companions (one the show's token Negro) tromped around (every sequence seemed to have been doubled in the time it took...the show was two-hours long and would have made a nice one-hour special for tv). Having taken up two days of their three days of food and water, and giving Taylor a chance to endlessly rag the others about how everything he knew was gone and he couldn't go home again (thus telegraphing the "surprise" ending before ten minutes of the movie had elapsed), they wander into a canyon containing a lovely waterfall and have a skinny-dip in the pool. Much clever camera cutting, and their clothes are stolen as they swim. Running through the brush (ouch) they come upon a whole herd of primitive humans. Into this primitive idyll ride gorillas on horseback, clubbing, netting and shooting humans. Taylor wakes up in the vet's office of a zoo, getting a blood transfusion from a singularly stupid-looking human female (later to become his Eve; this is a new actress and she does a very nice job and is one of the few people in the show who resists the rampant cutes that afflict the entire story.)

Eventually Taylor shows a chimp scientist he can write (English...she reads English perfectly but seems more croggled that he can talk---write---than that he can do it in their very own language).

He escapes and runs around for ten minutes, by courtesy of sheer stupidity on the part of his pursuers and plot padding.

On to a trial marred by the 'judges' striking a see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil pose. Serling or whoever didn't miss a single cliché or opportunity to be cute, unfortunately. This tendency gave an overwhelmingly self-conscious and cloying tone to the show. You kept wincing in advance over the cleverness you knew was coming.

The chimp and her boyfriend (an archaeologist) rescue Taylor and the girl and spirit them away to a dig the boyfriend has worked at. They are cornered in a cave furnished with plaster bones, a human doll, a pair of eyeglasses, a bridge of false teeth and what Taylor identified as an artificial heart valve---it looked more like a Model T valve, being black and mushroom-shaped, four inches long and a couple in diameter at the mushroom end - in other words, not much smaller than the overall length of a heart. Valve, indeed.

Taylor and Nova (Eve-type) ride off into the cliché sunset to find a place to love in the forbidden lands. Are you beginning to have a faint prickling of what the surprise is going to be? It was a surprise. The Statue of Liberty has migrated from Staten Island (all right, Liberty Island) to the coast of California near Doheny Beach and is sunk to the bust in sand. However, her bronze has survived while steel and stone buildings, the very shape of the land, and all memory of human civilization has vanished. In 2000 years. Vanished utterly. Apes have evolved to take the place of humans. In 2000 years. Show ends with Taylor screaming "Oh Goddam it to hell!" - which was a sentiment similar to mine, by that time - and falling to his knees in front of the statue. Nova sat on the horse and sucked her fingers. Black frame. I really expected Rod Serling to step up with his grin and say "You can't go home again...another lesson learned in the TWILIGHT ZONE."

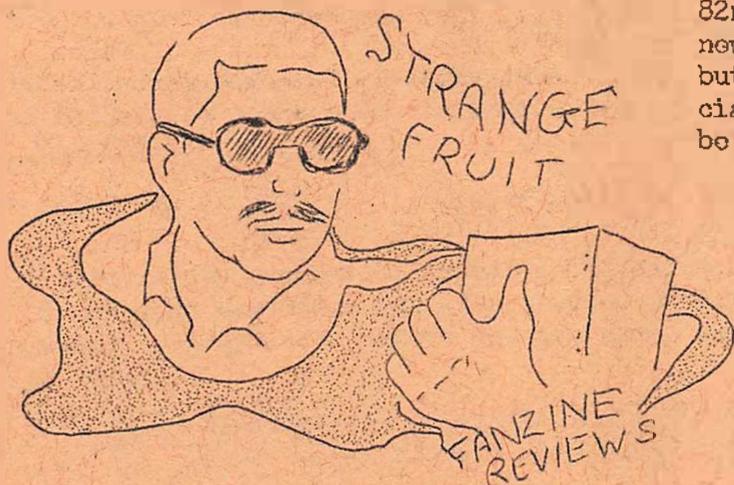
The makeup was really outstanding. Many many ape masks, each individual and showing personality, were really exceptional. Boots had opposable big-toe coverings like the thumb of mittens. Everyone remembered to walk with knees bent, in the rolling, lumbering walk of the great apes. Most also twitched their faces a bit and hopped up and down. Makeup and character acting was impeccable. It was the damned lines and cute touches that ruined the show. That and the painfully obvious ending. Photography was great, - many of the hang-onto-your-seats shots over canyons and cliffs. But Jesus, the story....

As if it was obvious and contrived, but the physical part of photography, score, makeup, and costuming were fine. Not much in the way of special effects per se. Story was strictly TWILIGHT ZONE profound.

Speaking of archaeology and the violent predatory nature of humans - at a dig at Raton Springs they found two bowls full of dried blood in a burial. I'm told that blood sacrifices and blood sitting around is very Mexican, but is alien to the Anasazi. I speculated that this was a case of one oddball who buried all of a dead person...including the blood that was saved as he or she bled to death for some reason. It's human blood. Nobody else can think up a reasonable explanation (not that mine is especially reasonable), though I think a couple are thinking in terms of a paper on evidence of blood sacrifice in the SW Anasazi.

Brunner: I don't like the situation the US is in, either, but I wish we'd find solutions for our own sake, not so our overseas buddies will continue to love us. His statistics don't convince me. The US is how many times greater in population than England? Small wonder more people get shot. More people die of measles, too. I sit here reading his moralistic thoughts about how nice it was of Great Britain to stay out of our civil war, and there are people dying out there, and I think of that film on the Battle of Culloden I saw last year. And I think of the Irish potato famine. Those people were the same color and only a few miles from the border of England, in both cases, and I didn't find Englishmen doing much kindly toward them. Go peddle your moralism somewhere else, Great Britain...

I see what you mean about how hard Woolrich works for an original phrase. Nice old housewifey me has never seen raisins popping to the top of a pudding, because I don't cook raisin pudding, and even if I did my oven doesn't have a window (they just let people see how dirty your oven is) and even if you don't bake raisin puddings, I wouldn't stand over the stove watching the raisins pop to the top. I'd go type and let the damned thing scorch. So why should Woolrich's red-blooded American male hero think of raisins popping up in pudding, unless he's a chef. I haven't read many books in which the hero is a chef.



S F WEEKLY #229, 230 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St., New York, N.Y. 10028) This good newsletter officially folded with issue 229, but Andy decided to bring #230 out as a special Midwestcon issue. However, there will be no (or at least very few) future issues.

LOCUS #1, 2 (P.O. Box 430, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - biweekly - 2. for 25¢) So Charlie Brown, Ed Meskys and Dave Vanderwerf decided to bring out a newsletter to take the place of S F WEEKLY. Seems to be doing a pretty good job. Rating 5

OSFAN #36, 37 (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - monthly - 15¢) News, con reports, book and fanzine reviews. Rating...5

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #455, 456 (S F Times, Inc, Box 216, Syracuse, New York 13209 - monthly - 30¢) Another newsletter, multilithed, including quite a few book reviews. Editor Ann Dietz talked to me at the Midwestcon, and I am willing to admit that my previous derogatory comments about SFT were due to a misinterpretation of a statement by Jim Ashe, and I admit I was wrong and hereby make a public retraction. However, just when this rapprochement has been reached, comes bulletin from Prieto saying that the permanent subs sold years ago by Taurasi have become too expensive and so they are being cancelled, as of Dec. 1968. Now, I don't know how much (if anything) Prieto had to do with issuing the permanent subs, and of course Ann Dietz had nothing to do with them. But as Ann informed me, the publisher of S F TIMES is officially the same as before Taurasi left, and therefore the publisher sold those lifetime subs and has the choice of either continuing to honor them or to admit that its pledged word is worthless. The bulletin says "We believe that you have more than received good value for your investment". Certainly. But those subs didn't read "for good value"; they read "for life". If the editors had asked the permanent subscribers to voluntarily relinquish their subs, that would be one thing, but they didn't; they simply cancelled them. (And I hereby serve notice that whatever happens, I hereby voluntarily relinquish my permanent subscription. I also serve notice that I do not wish to receive any more issues of S F TIMES, and that if I do receive them I will not review them or acknowledge them in any way.)

BROWN STUDY #7 (Charlie, Marsha and Sheila Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457 - irregular - free) Personal-type. This one consists of con reports.

MAVERICK #7 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 - "every couple of weeks or so" - 3 for 25¢) Small newsletter. Rating.....4

BROBDINGNAG #82 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢) A postal Diplomacy journal. Write the editor if you need to know what that is.

CONVENTION ANNUAL #4: TRICON EDITION (Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, New York 13212 - \$4.50) This is the best-produced of Jay's Annuals - and correspondingly more expensive. I think it's worth it, though, to be able to find the caption for a particular photo without looking all over the book for it. 433 photos, with most of the fans in them identified (albeit occasionally in error; Kay Anderson and Karen Anderson are two different people). If anyone wants to send in lists of additional or corrected identifications, we'll be happy to print them. In the meantime, recommended.

AMRA #46 (George Scithers, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois 60690 - irregular - 50¢) Devoted to sword and sorcery; probably the best fanzine presently being published. Rating...9

UCHUJIN #121, 122 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly)
Very neatly printed - in Japanese. Looks quite interesting, but....

ETHERLINE II, #4 (Amateur Fantasy Publications of Australia, 19 Somerset Place, Melbourne, Victoria 3000, Australia - 20¢ this issue - editor, Leigh Edmonds) Lots of book reviews, articles, fiction, Australian news. Rating...6

GRADIATION #1 (Gary Grady, 222 Forest Hills Dr., Wilmington, N.C. 28401 - irregular - available for a show of interest) Personal type; the editor's thoughts.

GOLANA #10 (Student Council of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, 333 Jay St, Brooklyn, New York 11201 - irregular - they say "available for cash" and then don't list a price) A multilithed mag, very neat, with artwork ranging from good to atrocious and fiction with about the same range. Rating...3

TANSTAAPFL #4 (John Godwin, 2426 Belvedere Drive, Wilmington, No. Carolina 28401 - no price listed - irregular) Largely reviews, this time; reviews and letters. Rating...3

NO-EYED MONSTER #14 (Norman Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Road, Ortonville, Mich. 48462 - quarterly - 30¢) General type; articles, fiction, etc. Rating...3½

WSFA JOURNAL #56 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - monthly - 35¢) News, reviews, and occasional oddities like a biography of Benjamin Thompson. Big thing; 58 pages. Excellent reviews. Rating...7

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol.27#6 (official organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation - write to Jamie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 36654, for information) The NFF, as she is familiarly known, is a national fanclub, with activities carried on by mail.

SPOCKANALIA #2 (Sherna Comerford, 83 Lincoln Ave., Newark, New Jersey 07104 - co-editor, Devra Langsam - irregular - 50¢) I see they say send yo ur money to Devra; address is 250 Crown St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225. This is the big "Star Trek" fanzine; 110 pages plus covers on this issue. Fine artwork; written material is generally good. Rating (for ST fans) would be at least 8

STAR DATE #1 (Lois McMaster, 3481 West Henderson Rd, Columbus, Ohio - irregular? - 50¢ - co-editor, Lillian Stewart) Only 47 pages in this one. Art ranges from excellent (by Connie Reich) to excruciating (by Jane Bowers). Written material is all fiction and verse, about average quality. Rating (again for ST fans) about5

EN GARDE #4 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48234 - quarterly? - 50¢) This is an "Avengers" fanzine. Seems extremely well done; photocovers, lots of information, good interior art. But I don't know (or care) enough about "Avengers" fandom to rate it. You might want it for the photos of Emma Peel, if nothing else.

BIAS #5 (Paul I. Lewis, P.O. Box 1048, Jamaica, New York 11431 - monthly - 40¢) The fanzine of non-conformity. Politics, the general orneryness of people, and some fiction in this issue that I could have easily done without. Generally recommended; if you think you'll find amusing items herein, and if you don't think, it might start you up.

TRUMPET #7 (Tom Reamy, 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Texas 75230 - irregular - 60¢) Fandom's prettiest fanzine. Good printing, fine paper, etc. A major item in recent issues has been George Barr's illustrated version of The Broken Sword. This issue also has a Jeff Jones portfolio and various stories and articles. Rating...8

PSYCHOTIC #25 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 - irregular? - 50¢) Note new address. More than half of this is letter column, but there is still a goodly amount of fine material. Rating...8

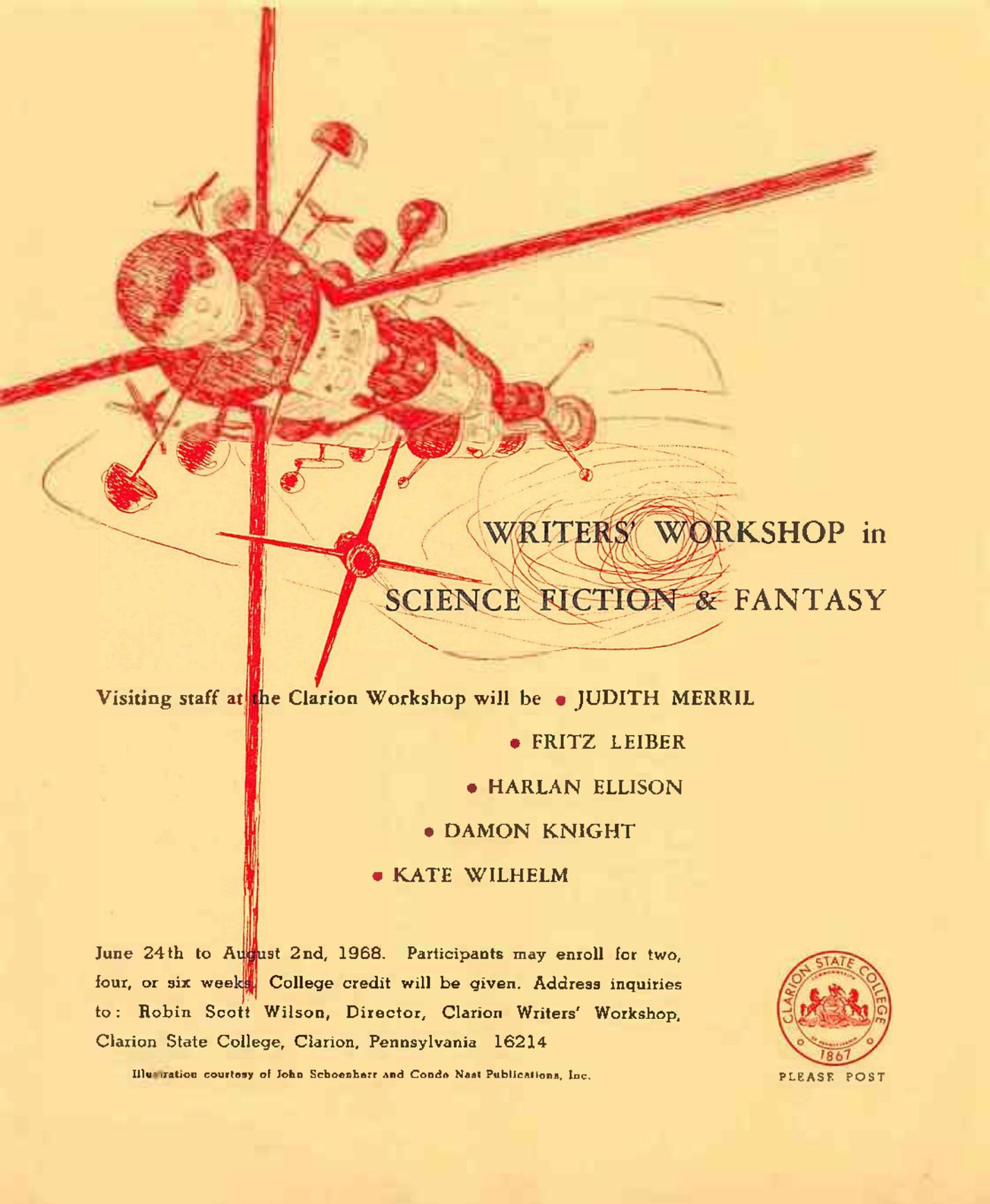
FUNNYWORLD #9 (Mike Barrier, 5112 P St., Little Rock, Arkansas 72207 - irregular - 50¢) A comics fanzine; one of the few literate ones. I don't dig comics all that much, but this is highly recommended to anyone who does.

- THE THIRD FOUNDATION #82? (Lee Klingstein, 1435 So. Bundy Drive #4, Los Angeles, Cal. 90025 - bimonthly - three issues for 55¢) General type. Rating...3
- TOMORROW AND...#2 (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, New York - 25¢ - published 8 times per year - co-editor, Mike Bradley) General type. Rating...4
- NOTE: "General type" refers to a fanzine that prints articles, fiction, letters, editorials, reviews, artwork -- the whole bit.
- SPECULATION #18 (Peter Weston, 81 Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom - irregular - 35¢) One of the best of the magazines devoted to serious discussions of science fiction, Criticism, reviews, articles, letters. Rating...8
From the same editor is SPECULATION: DATA, a smaller mag of professional news and comment. Distributed to SPECULATION subscribers.
- AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #16 (John Bangsund, 3/12 Redan St., St. Kilda, Vic., Australia - 6 for \$2.40 - USAgent, Andy Porter, address given previously) Another of the few good serious stf fanzines. (And I suppose the North American representative of the group is RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, published in Canada. Interesting.) This issue is largely taken up by Sam Moskowitz and James Blish whanging away at one another. Very good. Then there are the usual good reviews. Rating...8
- ARIOCH #3 (Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Rd., Athens, Ohio 45701 - quarterly - 2 for 75¢, no long term subs accepted.) With this issue, Doug bids to take over the midwest fanzine spot once held by Vic Ryan, who gafiated, and later by Ben Solon (who runs around to conventions instead of staying home publishing like a trufan). 66 pages, with all sorts of goodies. Rating....7
- HUGIN AND MUNIN #5 (Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ont., Canada - 25¢) General type. Rating...4
- THE PHOTOGENIC ONION #2 (George Foster, Jr., 7140 Linworth Road, Worthington, Ohio 43085 - 20¢) General type. Good artwork. Rating...4
- ADVOCATES OF THE INFINITE #1 (Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237 - no price or schedule -- or address, for that matter; I got the address personally at the Midwestcon) Fiction, verse, reviews, and absolutely horrible artwork. Rating...2
- MARGOTHROND #1 (Rick Brooks, RR #1, Box 167, Fremont, Ind. 46737 - irregular - 30¢ - publisher, Alan Thompson) General type. most material in this issue written by the editors. Terrible artwork; you won't get many outside contributions if they continue to be traced that poorly. Written material much better than the art. Rating...3
- GRANFALLOON #3 (Linda Eyster, 1610 Belvedere Blvd., Silver Spring, Maryland - 5 times per year - 30¢ - coeditor, Suzanne Tompkins) General type. Rating....5
- THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #2 (Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - quarterly - 35¢) General type. Rating....5
- KALLIKANZAROS #5 (John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43224 - irregular - 50¢) The Annish; 60 pages. General type, even including pop record reviews. Outstanding artwork. Rating....5
- IMAGE #1 (Carl Bobke, 1602 E. 58th. St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53208 - irregular - no subscriptions accepted) This is devoted exclusively to fantasy films. Seems about average quality.
- MONSTROSITIES #1 (Doug Smith, 302 Murray Lane, Richardson, Texas 75080 - 25¢ - no schedule listed.) Very general: stf, comics, movies, and Doc Savage. For the compleat fan.
- GRIMWAB #5 (Harry R. Bell, 28 South Hill Road, Bensham, Gateshead, Co. Durham NE8 2XR, Great Britain - no price or schedule listed - co-editor, Beryl Mercer) And this, the editors say, is the last issue, at least for a long time. Too bad; it seemed a nice, average-quality fanzine (though this issue contains all too many reprints). And a mediocre general-type mag is muchly preferable to a bad imitation of SPECULATION.

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