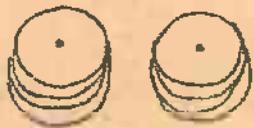




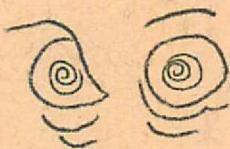
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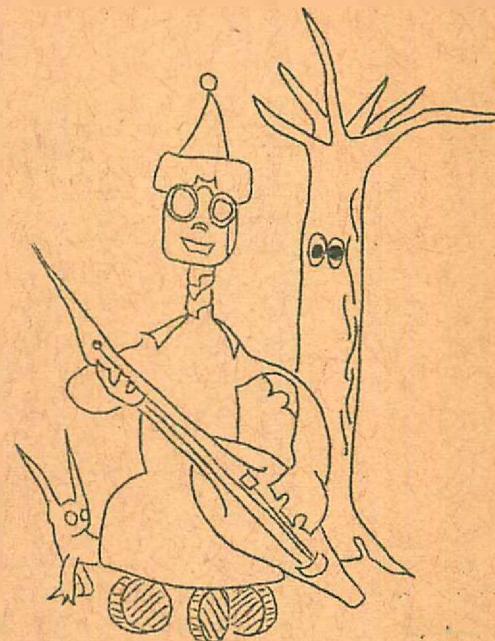
YANDRO 185

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YANDRO is not to be reviewed in other magazines.
Reviewers will be cut permanently from the trade
list (if they're on it), and if the circulation
goes up too much, I will start refunding subscription
money. If you want to recommend the mag to a friend, all right, but public re-
views are out, and if you don't think I'm serious, ask somebody who has reviewed
us lately.
RSC

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		George Foster
		Bjo Trimble
		DEA
		Nott
		Mike Symes

Contributors of "Star Trek" material: Joanne Burger, Hank Davis, Derek Nelson,
Morris Scott Dollens, Joe Kurnava, Shirley Meech, Kay Anderson, John McGeehan.
Thank you one and all.

In my editorial, I mention that the next YANDRO will "probably be mimeographed".
That was written back when I thought we'd have another issue this year; as it
stands now, the next issue will be our 16th Annish, and it had better be multi-
lithed if it's going to appear at all.
RSC

LATEST ADDRESS CHANGES:

Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell, New Jersey 07649
Mike Barrier, Box 7420, Forest Park Station, Little Rock, Arkansas 72207
Alex & Phyllis Eisenstein, RR 2, Box 226, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan 49783
George Ferguson, 3341 West Cullom Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60618

R
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S



For various reasons, this will be the last issue of Yandro during 1968. This one has been traumatic to produce, has been interfered with by a number of other things and all in all, it is just too much to face another issue before January.

At least a part -- and a large part -- behind this is the persistence of some fans in thinking we're kidding when we say we want no reviews. I'm not sure whether you think you're being cute, don't think we are serious, or think just one more review can't possibly hurt.

I assure you none of the above applies. You are not amusing us, we are extremely serious, and one more review may just be the

one which will force us into a consideration of dropping the whole damn thing and folding Yandro. I kid you not. I no longer look forward to each issue with enthusiasm. It has become an obligation, and a great deal of work. I don't like to think about the number of new subbers who came in during this last year in response to all those cute reviews fans put out even after our insistence that we do not want any. We are becoming extremely unforgiving. These just-one-more-won't-hurt philosophies are breaking our backs. Short of folding, we can and do take vast umbrage with reviews and cut those people off the trade list. (That's one way of getting rid of an extra subscriber; unfortunately it's often cancelled out by the number of new subs those unprintable -- and they should be -- reviews bring it.)

I am warning you -- cut it out. Or goodbye.

For the benefit of some of you newcomers -- we don't blame you, because you didn't know about the Don't Review rule -- I'd like to explain a few things. There is a certain air of unplannedness to Yandro, precisely because it is. Everything is either first draft or direct copy. Editorials and review columns are rough drafted directly on stencil, complete with grammatical errors, mangled syntax, etc. If you wish to be kind you may say it gives us an air of immediacy. Lettercolumn and articles and so forth are stencilled directly from copy. We do no dummieing of any sort. Where would we get the time? If you are a fiend for correcting typographical errors, feel quite free to go through your copy and neaten everything up. To paraphrase John Koning -- it's your fanzine. That one you have there in your hand. But don't tell us what to do in the preparation of it.

Do you all find that the more reviews we get the poorer tempered I become? I used to be a loving and forgiving neo, but no more. An old fan and bitter am I.

And speaking of old fans, all but the rabid anti-gun fans might like to rush out and buy a copy of the January 1969 Gun World, featuring a full-color cover of a genuine old-time fan. If we can't get another Grue from Grennell, the least we can do is subsidize his present fanzine. He has a fine sack of fannish nuts as co-editors, too. This cover almost makes California look comfortable, instead of just hot, the way I remember it. One of these days I'll go back and take along my .22 and go out and plink cans in the Mojave or something.....aiming left and down, of course.

Note here from Gary Anderson concerning a question in a previous Yan about jukebox videotapers: from Electronics, Sept. 30, 1968. "...makers of home videotaperecorders must ponder the impact of CBS' electronic video recording system....The network is deeply committed to the worldwide marketing of "direct EVR players and canned programs, and will have units available by late next year. / The EVR attachment, which is about the size of

an attache case, will project on the home television screen filmed or video-taped programs--either color or black and white--from a cartridge 7 inches in diameter and a half-inch thick. CBS estimates that a 20-minute program will be priced at about \$7, but a full-hour program at not more than \$14. The player, which will cost around \$280 to produce and will retail for under \$400, will be hooked up across the antenna terminals of a tv set. / Unlike commercial vtr's, the EVR unit produces a high quality picture. Also, users will be able to have 8- or 16-mm home movies transferred to EVR film. CBS will process these movies for customers in a cartridge-processing plant it is establishing in Stanford, Conn." Then it'll be even easier for people who like to take endless footage of their kids and relatives doing stupid things to bore dinner guests. But other than that it sounds like it may have likable possibilities.

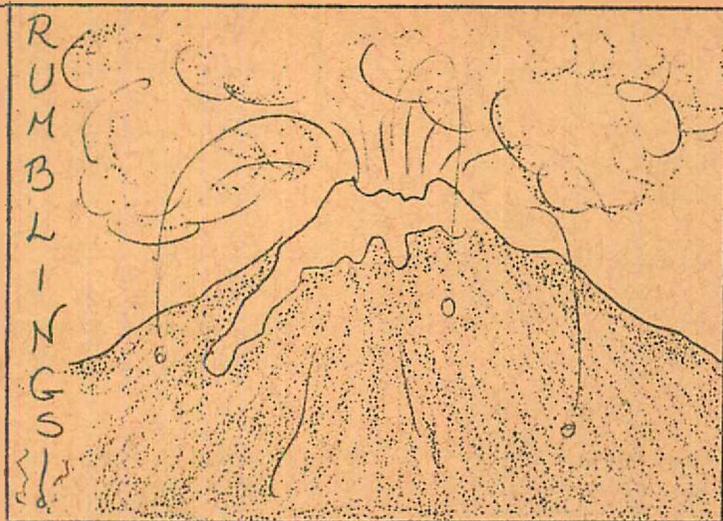
The report of the President's commission on violence was not exactly a surprise to most people in the Chicago metropolitan area -- and most of Indiana qualifies. I can recall years ago Nancy Kemp peering out the window of her apartment at some unsavory types inspecting the lock on a car parked on the street below; she debated calling the cops, but decided not to on the basis that chances were good the police might be in league with the hoodlums and would remember, unpleasantly, who did the phoning. Bob Gibson and Hamilton Camp did a similar job on a record that was more truth than humor: "I'm always sharp and wide awake while on the Outer Drive, I haven't made a single pinch since 1935/ I'm courteous to the speeder, I praise him for his skill, and I've always got the proper change for a 20 dollar bill." It needn't be that way. If I had a wreck or other difficulties, I would be delighted to see an Indiana State Trooper; they overhauled the force several years ago, upgraded standards and virtually eliminated corruption with the result that they now represent a genuine and respected group of public servants.

Not necessarily to say that all Chicago cops are rapacious crooks or that all the demonstrators were pure in heart. But I'm chicken enough that if I went to Chicago and were even close to something noisy, I would be exceptionally polite to any law officers who showed up.

I'd have been more whole heartedly in support of the demonstrators if they'd been a little more mixed. McCarthy's silence on most questions of black civil rights was one of the things which put me off voting for him. The other was hearing him speak. McCarthy of course ran in the Indiana primary, and we were thoroughly saturated with speeches by various candidates. All right, at that time everything is wide open and I am quite willing to listen to these people and hear what they have to say. As far as we could tell, what McCarthy had to say, certainly while he was on Indiana television, was cliches. He came out no better than any other Vote For Me Because I Say So politician. Maybe they weren't cliches to his younger followers, but I'm afraid I'd heard them all before.

Doesn't matter anyway. My only comment on the national election is that I hope the Secret Service takes extremely good care of Nixon for the next four years. The prospect of Agnew as President absolutely appalls me.

A parting note for some of the very anti-gun types in our audience. I have some notes from National Wildlife, the magazine of The National Wildlife Federation, which is hardly an N.R.A. subsidiary. To condense: amid pros and cons on guns and hunting they admit that almost all the money to support animal refuges, feeding starving wildlife and otherwise preserving our fellow species comes from hunters' fees. They do not think we would readily and quickly find another source, Congress being what it is with letting go of money which doesn't promise to promptly fatten its own pork barrels. Whatever their motives, hunters and their guns are keeping a lot of deer from starving and stocking a lot of state and national parks with wildlife no one would ever see without that hard cold cash.



Next issue we won't have so many book reviews (if we publish on time,...) and we'll try to get in some of the outside material that's been piling up. Of course, we will have letters; sometimes I'm tempted to turn YANDRO into a letter-zine exclusively. Thanks to everyone who wrote, even if we didn't have room to print your missive.

Caption on photo in the October AMERICAN RIFLEMAN: "Olympic team member Gary Anderson and alternate Margaret Thompson discuss the upcoming Mexico City Games..." Don; Kay; you didn't tell us....

Another quote. "Biased and vindictive are appropriate words for describing the handling of the Democratic National Convention by CBS and NBC television, in the opinion of this writer. ... These networks chose ... to feature Yippies, Hippies, and Negroes who were attacking the Johnson-Humphrey team. One colored delegate who attempted to burn his admission card was given preferred treatment." From the Chicago Tribune, perhaps, or a Birch Society pamphlet? Not quite; this is a quote from an article in THE CRISIS, the official publication of the NAACP, and the author is indignant over the way the networks "played down" the fact that there were 218 responsible Negro delegates at the Democratic convention, and 180 alternates. (As opposed to "less than 50" at the Republican convention.) The writer also blasts the McCarthy backers (saying nothing about McCarthy personally), for their vulgarity, and by implication for their attitude that only they had a right to an opinion.

Did you see the item about the kid from Mobile, Alabama, who tried to hijack a plane between Birmingham and Chicago for a flight to Saigon? The report said he was an "A" and "B" student - not in physics, I bet. Unless he was expecting midair refuelling from God. It also said he was a Boy Scout; the Scouts must have changed some since my day.

Gene DeWeeso sends a batch of fascinating clippings from Milwaukee. It seems a local court issued a judgment against a paperback distributing company, and the sheriff's office seized 1700 books, to be sold at a sheriff's sale to satisfy the judgment. All well and good - except it turned out the books in question were things like I, A Lesbian, Barbarous Broad, and Tender Was My Flesh. The district attorney found out about this and blew his cool; he's been in the forefront of a campaign to "clean up dirty books" in Milwaukee, and he wasn't happy about having them sold by the sheriff. At one point he offered to buy them all himself and burn them; for some reason nobody took him up on it. At last report, the sale had been postponed, and Gov. Knowles of Wisc. was starting an inquiry into the reason why the Milwaukee civic government was selling dirty books. Lovely.....

Marty Helgosen sends along some library file cards. One is for "A fan's notes; a fictional memoir" by Frederick Eckley. First random? Another is titled "The super-science way" with subheads being "1. Life 2. Leisure 3. Loneliness". Those two authors should get together. Then there is the listing for WALDO, EDWARD HAMILTON, with the book in question being "Starshine, by Theodore Sturgeon". (And Jack Vance is really Henry Kuttner....) Then there's a book with a long Dutch title, with a description: "Princess Beatrix is the third bride of the House of Orange to be borne by the Coach.." Which sounds like some Dutch athletic director has been quite busy.... My favorite, though, is "The Prince Philip throneside book", by Sebastian Stoke-Poges.

Ethel Lindsay sends a picture postcard of the new Tay Bridge - opened 1966, she says. Wonder how long this one will stay up?

Somebody (Marty? I forgot to put a name on it) sent one quoting Joan Harrison, the producer of the tv series "Journey to the Unknown, as "hoping to scare Americans right out of their seats." Not with that show she isn't going to; that is absolutely the dullest horror series I've ever attempted to watch. (I gave up the attempt after about 3 or 4 episodes.) The report says the series is made by Hammer Films; I thought better of Hammer. The series is a bomb.

"The rise of the common man to suffrage had brought in some singularly common congressmen." Francis Russell, MAKING OF THE NATION, an AMERICAN HERITAGE book.

Acme News Co. sent me a notice that FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION will no longer be published bi-monthly and therefore my subscription should be transferred to another magazine in the Lowndes line. Too bad; I rather hoped it would catch on.

Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan 48234, sends out a notice that ABC is planning to cancel "The Avengers" in January. He recommends writing Mr. Leonard Goldberg, ABC Television Network, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. If you are going to write more than one letter, Dick will supply additional addresses; also printed petition forms you can circulate to your incensed neighbors. (He'll even tell you how to write your letter, if you're worried about it.) And if you want more information about the cancellation, by all means write Dick. Also, if you want to protest, protest to ABC, not us. I may send an occasional YANDRO to Mort Werner, but I'm damned if I'll start sending it out wholesale to tv executives.

Morris Dollens sends a copy of the Los Angeles Free Press with an article on former stf artist Ron Cobb, who is today a political cartoonist.

And if you wonder why farmers today complain, we got a leaflet from Case Power & Equipment. They listed three new tractors, priced at \$4900, \$5900, and \$6900. Used tractors ranged in price from \$2600 for a 7-year-old machine to \$5400 for a 4-year-old one. (Of course, you could get a 1951 model for \$450, if you were desperate.) A combine ("like new condition") was \$6795. A plow was \$425; a disc \$600. And to pay for this equipment, your farmer sells corn for the same price he got 20 years ago. (I have this on the word of our landlord.) Sooner or later this country is going to run into a big fat famine, because nobody is going to be willing to do farm work (and I don't blame them. I want to live in the country, but I've done enough farm work to know better than to try to make a living at it.)

Despite what Jerry Lapidus says in the letter column, St. Louis is charging \$4 for attending members, \$3 for supporting members, and \$3 for foreign members if they don't attend. Checks should be made payable to St. Louiscon, and mailed to St. Louiscon, Box 3008, St. Louis, Missouri 63130. Guests of honor to be Jack Gaughan, pro, and Ted White, fan. Their flyer also lists ad rates and deadlines for their Progress Reports and Program Book, but get that from them; I see no reason to reprint it all here. The Coulsons should be at this Worldcon; I'll be joining as soon as I scrape up the cash. (I had this sudden horrid thought; from now on I have to buy 3 Worldcon memberships. Gah!) That is, the Coulsons will be there if we don't have a repetition of the 1811 earthquake that shakes St. Louis into the Mississippi. (We just had our biggest shock in several years this weekend - and naturally, we missed it. We were driving at the time, and never noticed anything. I gather it was hard enough to rattle dishes, even up here, though the center was in southern Illinois.

We're still finding parts that need replacement on the multilith. Nothing particularly big or expensive, but the machine won't run properly without them. Next issue of YANDRO could be multilithed, but will more probably be mimeographed. We also had typewriter problems; hopefully most have been solved, but some stencils for this issue were cut on another "loan" machine; a Royal manual upright. Juanita liked it so well that we're seriously considering buying it to replace my old L. C. Smith.

I'm still running true to form. Usually I vote Republican, and none of my candidates makes it. So this year I voted Democratic.....

THE RIGHT TO OWN WEAPONS IS THE RIGHT TO BE FREE.

STAR CHILD CLARKE

by

michael viggiano

2001: A Space Odyssey a novel by Arthur C. Clarke; based on the screenplay of the MGM film by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke. Signet Books, Q3580, 95¢, 221 pp. 16 pp. of photos.

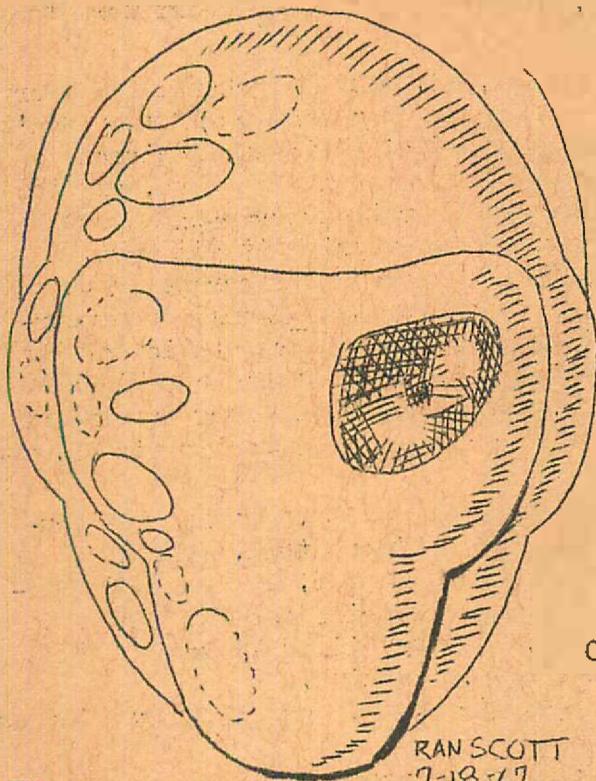
Much discussion of the book version of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY will center on comparing it with the movie version. This is valid, of course, but Mr. Clarke has stated that the book is not just a novelization of the screenplay like, for instance, FANTASTIC VOYAGE by Isaac Asimov; therefore the book must finally be judged by the same criteria used to judge other works of literature.

Eliot Fremont Smith, the daily reviewer for the New York Times, gave the novel a favorable review, but he did not mention any of Clarke's other works in his column. And yet, the critics in that newspaper hold to the theory that one segment of an author's work, to be fully understandable, must be viewed in relation to the whole body of that author's creative output. For as an author grows and changes both emotionally and intellectually so does his work. Perhaps to Eliot Fremont Smith the ending of 2001 is a sudden-thought out of the mind of Clarke. Actually the idea is one that Clarke had developed both in THE CITY AND THE STARS and in CHILDHOOD'S END. And this is the major reason why 2001 will finally be considered as inferior to these two

novels: 2001 adds nothing to the philosophical ideas expressed by Clarke before. And, at the same time, taken just as a story, neither its plot or characters are equal to those in Clarke's previous novels.

Both novels deal with the same idea: that there are other creatures which inhabit the universe. These aliens are aware of earthlings, they watch us, they teach us. The aliens are a force in the destiny of man which man can achieve only after reaching a certain stage in his development. The aliens are therefore a key to man's hope, but eventually man will no longer need the aliens, or for that matter, the Earth. Clarke's optimism is reaffirmed in both novels as it is in his nonfiction book THE CHALLENGE OF THE SPACESHIP:

"...No honest man was ever afraid of the truth. Faiths come and go, but Truth abides. Out there among the stars lie such truths as we may understand, whether we learn them by our own efforts, or from the strange teachers who are waiting for us along the infinite road on which our feet are now irrevocably set."



RAN SCOTT
7-18-67

Arthur C. Clarke is a scientist and sometimes his novels and short stories begin with a dry statement. Both 2001 and CHILDHOOD'S END begin in much the same way. First CHILDHOOD'S END:

"The volcano that had reared Taratus up from the Pacific depths had been sleeping now for half a million years."

2001:

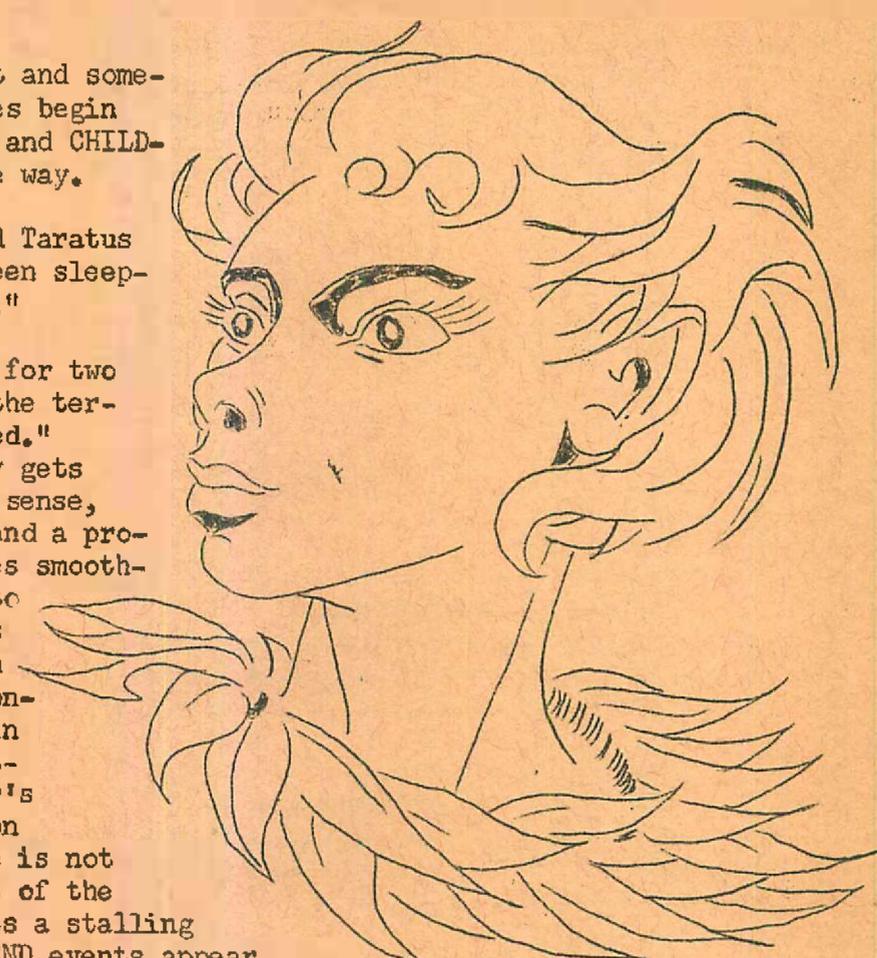
"The drought had lasted now for two million years, and the reign of the terrible lizards had long since ended."

In CHILDHOOD'S END the story gets underway in the more traditional sense, i.e. introduction of characters and a problem to be solved. The plot moves smoothly and the reader is introduced to the Overlords. In 2001 Clarke is more ambitious: the first section "Primeval Night" (known as the controversial Dawn of Man sequence in the movie) reads like Clarke's attempt at equalling James Michener's THE SOURCE. However the time soon leaps into the future, but Clarke is not yet ready to give away the secret of the monoliths and therefore he invents a stalling device. Whereas in CHILDHOOD'S END events appear to follow naturally, in 2001 Clarke has to "throw" in a maladjusted computer. The gimmick adds nothing to the quality of the book though it does enable us to come in contact with two human characters. Here again, however, the novel 2001 is inferior to the novel CHILDHOOD'S END (and there is no need to debate about which title is better). Disregarding the fine achievement of depicting human characters, there are several human characters in CHILDHOOD'S END that are remembered by the reader as people (though none are as great as Alvin of Diaspar in THE CITY AND THE STARS). The only interesting thing about David Bowman in 2001 is his name and perhaps I am reading symbolism where symbolism is not intended. There is no human involvement between Bowman and Frank Poole.

Finally, in the climax of 2001 the Star Child has retained the human form. In CHILDHOOD'S END, Clarke predicted a more dramatic ending/beginning for mankind. For just as the psyche changes so must the body and both happen in CHILDHOOD'S END:
"There was nothing left of Earth: They had leached away the last atoms of its substance. It had nourished them, through the fierce moments of their inconceivable metamorphosis, as the food stored in a grain of wheat feeds the infant plant while it climbs toward the Sun."

I am not trying to say that all of Clarke's novels must equal CHILDHOOD'S END. But I am saying that if he must write one using the same theme then he should add something to the development of that theme. If the book gives the impression that he did not ever try to do this then one must ask why did Clarke write 2001. (Dismissing the materialistic reasons if indeed they should be dismissed.) It isn't because Clarke felt that the ideas expressed in CHILDHOOD'S END could not be stated on the screen because that book is the basis of a Universal movie which is to be directed by Polanski.

The answer may be that beside being a scientist Clarke is also a dreamer. And in the fifteen years since he wrote CHILDHOOD'S END that "mysterious contact" with intelligent life hasn't yet happened (at least to the knowledge of a majority of mankind). And this bugs Clarke. The only way he can reduce his anxiety about the fear that it may not occur in his lifetime is by writing about that "mysterious contact" and believe



in what he wrote in THE CHALLENGE OF THE SPACESHIP:

"For somewhere in the world today, still unconscious of his destiny, walks the boy who will be the first Odysseus of the Age of Space."

REJECTION

Please speak to me

 Please speak to me no word!

 Make not a whisper heard

of words that tell of stars, whose atom fire makes bright
the Deep with glowing beauty. Weakness bars
to me the doors of space ... Turn off that light!

 I said I can't abide

 it. Since my yearning died --

no, since I killed all thought of space and tried to find
within me strength, I lived in darkness; sought
unheard-of power: touch of mind to mind.

 Where can I find peace?

 Must death be my release

from painful paradox? The power which I sought
now haunts my life, and tortures me, and mocks --
and fills my mind with spaceward seeking thought.

 Now where can I flee?

 Their mind touch follows me

with yearning thoughts, as night reveals to watching eyes
the stars, their goal. Don't come, with thoughts of flight
through space, too near! Who would approach me - dies!

dainis bisenieks

New address for both Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi: 2945 Newton St., Akron,
Ohio 44305

Dannie Plachta requests we mention Marcon 4: March 28, 29, 30, 1969, Holiday Inn
East, 4701 Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio 43227. Guest of honor: Terry Carr. "panels,
parties, banquet" - Please make reservations 2 wks. ahead of time - last year sold
out". Chairmen; Plachta and Bob Hillis.

Moreen Shaw sent a card mentioning Larry's new job as Senior Editor of Doll fic-
tion, but most of the newsmags have already carried this.

And we just got a comics price list in which someone is asking \$150 for FLASH #1.
You see why I am skeptical of the intelligence of comics fans?

OBITUARY

Died: God (5,000,000,000 B.C. -- 1967 A.D.), of natural causes, at his home in Heaven, a small suburb of Hell.

Famous for his amazing six-day creation of the universe, the Big G, as he was familiarly known, never lived down the unfavourable publicity he received over a notorious 2,000-year-old adultery case involving a Hebrew woman, which resulted in the production of a half-breed child named Jesus. Though he had hoped to impress Mankind with his potency in old age, the attempt boomeranged, and God in his decline became increasingly aloof from the world.

At the end, deserted by all his friends and nearing total senility, God spoke only to one human being, the Pope. (His last words, if any, were not released by the Pope.)

God worked vigorously all his life evolving his most important product, homo sapiens, whom he made smart enough to unravel the mysteries of Creation. He had hoped eventually to communicate with them, and thereby to bask in the reflected glory of his handiwork.

The lonely narcissism which led him to create man was probably a fatal weakness. As soon as some men began attributing the world to other creators, God evinced a passionately jealous streak, with well-known consequences.

His court of judgment heard well over 10 billion cases in the latter days of his life, during which he exhibited ruthless zeal in condemning to everlasting torture all those who had disobeyed or were not acquainted with him. (His energy let up recently and he began allowing ignorance of his laws as a defense.)

God was a believer in action rather than words. Apart from some purported wall scribbling, he never published his collected thoughts or memoirs. From time to time, however, he passed on tips to certain chosen confidantes on Earth, some of which have been chronicled in a best-seller entitled the Bible.

God is survived by his son (full name Jesus Christ), who had returned to his father's home after a brief and largely unsuccessful political career on Earth. This too had been a major disappointment for God, who had tried to make the best of a bad thing by using his son as his chief worldly agent and propagandist.

Jesus was reported to be off on one of his 40-day camping trips and is apparently unaware of his father's death. God's large household staff have been preparing for the end for some time, however, and it is expected they will try to carry on without him.

Palace reactions to the death varied: The Devil, Mayor of Hell and God's Minister of Fear, commented "I saw it coming when he couldn't bring off the Millenium 1000 years ago. He was getting too lenient with man anyhow". Chief groundskeeper Peter was more dismayed: "We'll miss him. He was such a heavenly host. Just when we had this key club off the ground too..."

The question of succession is up in the air, but it is felt that the Holy Ghost, up till now a shadowy background figure, may be the logical successor.

God also leaves great wealth on Earth, owing to the peculiar adoption of the Christian doctrine by the Roman Emperor Constantine. This money will probably be spent maintaining God's earthly image, perhaps by suppressing news of his death.

Funeral details will be announced after a symbolic six-day mourning period.

Reprinted from Flap #2

————— KEITH RICHARDSON

GRUMBLINGS

Lee Hoffman, Basement, 54 East 7 Street, New York, NY 10003

I think there is little praise higher than to have a reviewer speak well of a book which is a type of material he doesn't generally care for. So I am most flattered by your review of BRED TO KILL. Again, we've hit a point of disagreement. I get tired very easily of super-heros, even well done ones. I've been having a lot of fun in the Westerns I've written about heroes who are somewhat less than super, especially intellect-wise. Clant Meldrin was a ball to write, (Also I find it easier to write characters who aren't as bright as I am--and difficult to write ones who are supposed to be smarter.) ((I'll add that I do agree with you about heroes who are supposed to be smart but bumble around ineptly because it's the only way the author can keep the story going--or the only way he can write at all.))

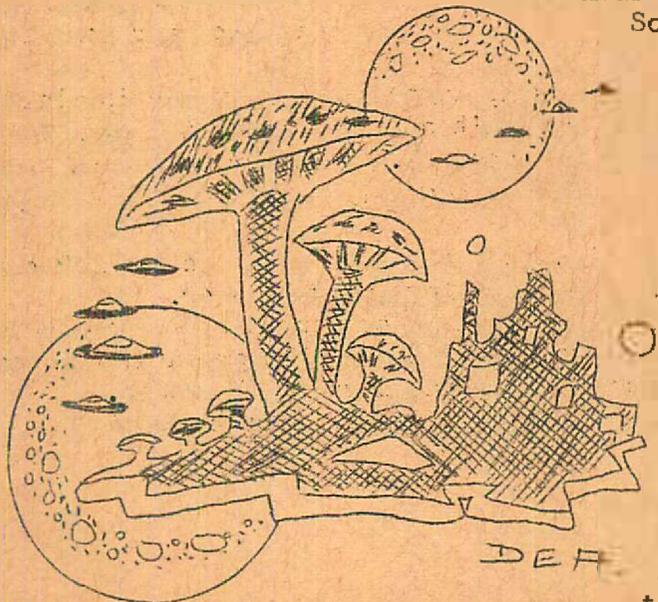
I agree with Dave Locke about the need for knife-control laws. Also, I think there should be strict swimming control laws. Albeit very few people use swimming as an act of violence against others, every year many people do die because they indulge in this completely unnecessary activity, and if only one human life could be saved by outlawing swimming, it would be worth all the trouble and bother and financial loss some few would incur. In this day and age, when from what I read, no individual can be expected to be responsible for himself and his own behavior, but is competent only to decide how everybody else should live and behave, anti-knife legislation, anti-swimming legislation and several thousand other anti-~~xxx~~ legislations are obviously imperative.

/Oh, I agree that the superhero can be overdone, but is there no middle ground between a superhero and a dumb cowpoke? (Better a dumb cowpoke than a dumb superhero, but I really prefer someone with a moderate amount of intelligence.)
....RSC/

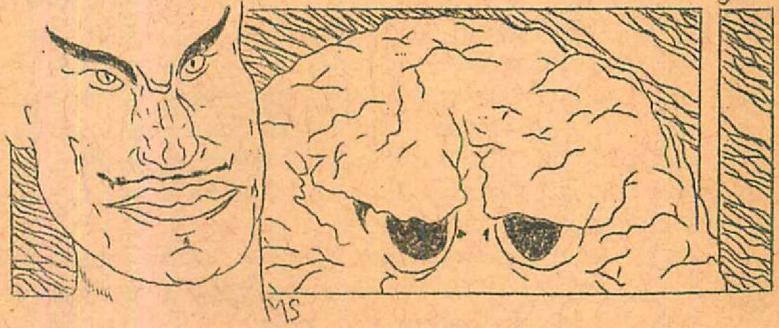
John Ryan, 12 Barkley Street, Fairfield, N.S.W. Australia 2165

Regarding your reference to Scientology, in #182, the disciples of L. Ron have been taking a pasting, in this neck of the woods. As you know, the "church" is already banned in Victoria and there is movement afoot to introduce similar legislation in at least three other States...Western Australia,

South Australia and Queensland. The local newspapers, who have been having a field day, have been editorialising to the effect that N.S.W. should follow suit and not even bother wasting money on a detailed investigation. They feel that since Victoria looked into the whole deal, by way of a Royal Commission, their findings should be sufficient for this State to bring in a verdict without a trial. Maybe they have something... maybe not. Certainly I carry no brief for this "religion" and I'm always delighted to see the papers (even those newspapers whose policies I can't stand) giving them merry hell...but I'm not at all happy with the way they are going about getting rid of them. You can send them underground or have them spring up



under some other name...but you won't get rid of them. There's too much money in it, for one thing. While I'll concede that there may be times when it is necessary to ban something/someone in the best interests of the community, I am, on principle, against bans...in almost any shape or form. It is the last resort and only another form of Censorship...which is a dirty word in this household.



I suppose that since the Scientology boys claim to be a religious organisation, they're entitled to cry "religious persecution"...and may even consider themselves martyrs. Anyway, whatever ends up happening, you can bet that this will be one Mother Hubbard's cupboard that will not finish up being bare!

To the long list of apas you can, now, add APA-A (Amateur Press Association of Australasia), which has been started on its journey by Leigh Edmonds, in Victoria. The first mailing (10th October) revealed that the membership comprised mainly s-f fans (Foyster, Bangsund, Clarke, Stevens, Woodman, etc.) and a couple of comic fans in the form of Mason and Ryan. It'll be interesting to see where it goes...if anywhere!

About eighteen months to two years back, I had a letter from Alfred Bester in which he said, "Your count of my books is correct; there are no more. I've got a new one coming out this January, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SATELLITE. Little, Brown & Co. It's an attempt to capture the excitement, conflicts and drama of the NASA scientific satellites programme. I'm afraid it won't come off, but I'm praying to Our Lady of Lost Causes."

Can you or any of your readers tell me if and when this book came out? Paperback or hardcover? Is it available at the present time? Does anyone have a copy that they'd like to trade/sell me?

I may even get an opportunity to raise the subject with Bester, in the very near future as, after a 10 month virtual silence the Ledger Syndicate has just indicated their interest in going ahead with the GULLY FOYLE comic strip. This came as a bit of a surprise as we'd written off the project as being history. Of course, there's still a lot of things to be tied-up before ol' GF actually appears in your Sunday Sections...but this is mainly, on the legal side. For the mostpart, it has been a particularly ill-fated and depressing project...everything that could go wrong DID go wrong - or just about. We never lost any artwork in transit...but that's about the only thing that didn't happen. Lost letters, unanswered cables, mail strikes and an important letter that turned up three months late are just some of the milestones on this project. Maybe the wheel has turned? Maybe, after all these years, Stan Pitt will finally be able to earn his living doing the thing he was meant to do -- drawing a newspaper strip.

"Golden Minutes" never ceases to amaze! It just doesn't seem possible that anyone could organise themselves to the extent whereby they could get through all those books each month. The total, each year, must be quite staggering. When you add to this the time spent on looking at fanzines, writing letters, articles and stories... plus turning out Yandro, looking at tv, taking time out for holidays and trips to the hospital and heaven knows what else...well, it makes the old mind boggle. In fact, I've come to the conclusion that there must be, at least, three different people carrying out their fanacs under the name of Buck Coulson. Either that or you're really a humanoid computer!

/No word that I know of about the Bester book. Readers? Of course, Juanita does all the work on Yandro, and I don't watch much tv, and trips to the hospital are a positive boon for the reading department. If I had enough sick leave I could even get caught up on that stack threatening to topple

over behind me as I write. RSC/

Leo P. Kelley, 500 East 85th Street, New York, NY, 10028

It was only about a year and a half ago that I heard the first rumblings of that other world out there--fandom. For years I'd written science fiction in my psychedelic tower and never knew there was such a thing. Item? Group? And now, when I read fanzine reviews--especially the good ones in Yandro--I'm overwhelmed. And pleased at the virility of the science fiction culture.

Speaking of fanzines, I'd like to give a plug to Ray Fisher's Odd. It's a winner, in my opinion.

May I ask if you happened to read my short story in the current (November) issue of F&SF--"Coins"? I'd appreciate your comments on the story--and those of your readers who care to send them along to me.

/I have hopes of getting that F&SF read sometime this winter; I only have 62 stfmag issues to go... RSC/

Joni Stopa, Wilmot Mountain, Wilmot, Wisconsin, 53192

To correct Bob Briney, the Galaxy of Fashion show was not squeezed out by the medieval fashions, the GoF was not held because the con would not give them rehearsal time (which this one needed since they were going to be using special lighting effects) and the fact that the better percentage of models would not be in the Claremont.

A word of explanation on why John is trying to "create" a national con. We were in N.Y. and voted to send the con out of the country every fourth year. We think that this is a good thing. The Worldcon would be an honest Worldcon and not a national con with delusions of grandeur. At that time the idea of a national con didn't occur.

About the beginning of June John called a BNF on some matter or other. The BNF started telling John that he was getting together support to rid sf of the 4 year plan, anyone out of the country could just wait on our pleasure. Later on, we were talking to a well known, long time fan, one who attends a lot more regionals than we do, and he felt that the con was American, by Americans, For Americans, of Americans, and the rest of the world had no right to our Worldcon. That was when John hit on the idea of a national con, as a way of keeping everybody happy.

There are, of course, other very good, very real reasons for having a national con on the year the con leaves this country. If you'd like to know those reasons, I'm sure that John would be happy to delineate them for you.

Re: the fan-pro discussion. At least we fans can be sure that the Coulsons won't desert us. Even if the time comes when they are so busy writing that they feel that they have to drop Yandro, they won't be able to. Nature will out, in spite of all resolves, Yandro will be on schedule, Buck and Juanita editing, typing, collating, etc in their sleep.

Incidentally, I wonder what John Brunner thinks world opinion has to say about Britain aiding the Nigerians? Or maybe he feels that that is a nicer, cleaner war....

/I guess apologies are in order. Since it would never occur to me to keep contented any jackass who said that the Worldcon belonged to American fans, it never occurred to me that you were trying to do it. (Now that I think of it, I'm against the idea; who cares whether people like that are contented or not?) If Yandro folded, we'd have to return all those subs.... RSC/

Leigh Couch, Rt. 2 Box 889, Arnold, Mo. 63010

I spent last week-end shopping and visited several paperback racks. I was able to transfer Juanita's book to the top of the rack in three stores without being observed. It is good news about your writing contract and I do hope it "pays off". Also great about the multilith, maybe Yandro can come out of hiding and not be the underground fanzine.

I enjoyed Kay Anderson's comments on Baycon, Berkeley and Oakland.

I have been fafia for a month now, Getting used to a new school, getting out the membership cards, typing up double sets of file cards and mailing labels, etc. We intend to keep up with it as fast as it comes in hoping not to get swamped. We have 400 memberships. I was able to get Phil Harrell a low registration number which pleased him very much. I've never been able to understand the psychology of that, but if he likes it...well ok...

I keep getting more and more amazed at the flood of fanzines and the resurrections that appear. Sirruish is being rapidly reduced from a second-line fanzine to a third-line one. Not that I care in the least. This sweat for the Hugo amazes me. I guess I'm just a non-competitive female.

Kay Anderson is beautiful. The very best from all of us to all of you.

/I guess low con-registration numbers are like low license plates; I never could figure out those, either. (Though I can see a fan getting one like 1984, or the Trimble's ORK-759, or whatever. That's humor, not status. Status, I don't dig.) RSC/

Billy Pettit, Control Data Ltd., 22A St. James Sq., London, S.W.1, Gt. Britain

Thanks for the info on the Finnish magazine. The price I think is wrong. I believe that Finland went through re-evaluation. This is the same thing that France and Yugoslavia and a few other have gone through. You just move the decimal point on your currency so you can have coins with some value again. Right now Belgium and Italy badly need to do the same thing. What happens is that your currency becomes so inflated that you don't have any small denominations. This means you don't have any coins worth anything. And in most countries outside of America coins are still the main medium of exchange. Piecing together four or five bills to buy a loaf of bread doesn't set well. My guess is that when it came out the magazine should have been 10 to 60 cents.

Didn't mean to lecture like that but I recently had the whole thing driven home to me. Yugoslavia re-evaluated from 1250 to the dollar to 12.50 to the dollar. But the bastards didn't change the currency over at once instead of doing it gradually. To help out more, they used the same plates, colors and designs for both types, changing only the number on the bill. Here I am, not knowing about two types of money, having only the old conversion rate of 1250. I want to give a tip, don't speak the language, so hand the guy a 100. You can guess that it was one of the new ones. I never saw him again of course. Ghod! An eight dollar tip. No wonder everybody thinks Americans are crazy. I can't blame anybody for it but me. But I'll be damned if I have been able to find it written down anyplace. I charged it off as experience and put it on the expense account as unavoidable expenses. They haven't bounced it yet.

But you have to watch them damn conversion rates. They change from day to day. When you travel as much as I do, you can lose a fortune in conversion costs. They are only about one percent for currency, but sometimes I have to change the same money three or four times. I always save the slips and charge the company for the costs. Have to. It could cost me forty or fifty dollars a month on hidden costs. There are money restrictions going in and out of England that further mess things up. Since coins generally cost 20% for conversion, those that don't spend are just tossed into a drawer until the next trip. I'll do that for currency under ten dollars too. It means having a hundred bucks or so laying around in ten different monies. But the real loss of money through conversion will kill you without you knowing it. Incidentally, the claim about travelers' checks is true. I've never been any place that would not take them. And even most stores and restaurants will give you a discount on them. In Yugoslavia, it was 20% off for dollars and travelers' checks. Another funny thing is that there are three conversion rates: one for currency, one for coins and one for travelers' checks. The one for travelers' checks is better than the one for cash. The philosophy is that the dollars are already there because you are converting them. But the checks represent money yet to come from America. Sounds crazy, but the best way to travel is to use travelers' checks and not cash.

/I don't think Billy really intended this to be published, but I found it fascinating. RSC/

Joe Kurnava, Route #48, Allwood P.O., Clifton, N.J. 07012
Robert Heinlein, in STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, made (what was to me) a cryptic reference when he wrote "...claim to political power under political judicial precedent unparalleled in jugheadedness since Secretary Fall was convicted of receiving a bribe that Doheny was acquitted of paying..." History always was my weak point, so I wrote to a local paper asking if this was a figment of Heinlein's imagination or based on an actual decision in a court of law. The answer: "This was no flight of imagination. In 1923, investigations of a lease of government lands in Wyoming, led to the notorious Teapot Dome scandal. Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, leased the oil reserve lands near Casper without competitive bidding to Harry F. Sinclair and another government owned oil field at Elk Hills, Calif., to Edward L. Doheny.



"As a result of a lengthy investigation, Fall was forced to resign his cabinet post and in 1929 was convicted of accepting bribes. He was sentenced to one year in prison and fined \$100,000.

"In a separate trial, Sinclair and Doheny were both acquitted, although Sinclair received a jail sentence for contempt of Senate."

/Oh yes, American history can be a fascinating subject; things like Teapot Dome are why I find it more entertaining than stf. RSC/

Doug Hoylman, 1304 N. Cherry, Tucson, Arizona 85719

I am mystified by the letter from Howard Devore in Yandro 184. He lists a thoroughly frightening catalog of crimes committed in one day in Detroit and winds up with a denunciation of gun-control proposals. There seems to be a connection implied, but I don't see it. There are no reports of citizens frightening off would-be "rapists and murderers" with their guns; on the contrary, there are three incidents that conceivably might not have happened if there were gun controls. (I only say "conceivably", mind you.) If his point is that gun control would not wipe out crime overnight, I don't think anyone's seriously contending that it would. But if it could lower crime rates by one percent, it would be worthwhile. Maybe it wouldn't even do that, I don't know. Several issues back you asserted that all anti-gun arguments are emotional, or something of the sort. I've read quite a bit of debate on the subject, but I can't remember offhand seeing a pro-gun argument that wasn't emotional. Can you give one fact which would tend to support the thesis that a society is better off having unrestricted private gun ownership?

Re Dennis Lion's comments on the Tucson papers in 183: As far as I know, Finney still works for the Star. The papers announced last month that the strike was over. They polled their composing-room employees, you see, who were all hired after the strike, and the employees said that they did not want to be represented by the union. The union hasn't gotten the word yet, though; they're still picketing. And the Star is not right-wing; I would place it, in Pat Paulsen's phrase, somewhere in the middle of the bird.

One of the things that makes ROSEMARY'S BABY so effective is the contrast of its supernatural theme with one of the firmest groundings in reality that I've seen in a movie. The time is not just the vague "present", but specific dates in 1965 and 1966; the plays in which Rosemary's husband appeared were real plays (anybody know if John Cassavetes was in them?), and his commercials are for a real product; the Pope's visit to New York, Time's "Is God Dead?" cover, and so forth, occur at the proper times. Also, those who are horrified by violence in films (and I'm sometimes one of them) should note that perhaps the most horriifying thing in ROSEMARY'S BABY is the lack of violence in the last scene.

Laugh-In is, aside from Star Trek, the only television show that I go out of my way to watch. But then, I have no taste.

Your reasoning on guns and crime is identical to that which Dr. Wertham used to instigate the censorship of comic books and which the government uses to keep marijuana defined legally as a narcotic. (If you favor censorship and oppose legalizing marijuana, then you are being consistent as you have a perfect right to be.) I always thought in this society the burden of proof was on the accuser (well, actually, I know it isn't, but it's supposed to be). No, there aren't any statistics that show private gun ownership is a blessing; there are no statistics, period. (You may see figures on the number of people killed in this country by firearms since 1900 or thereabouts. These are lies. The plain truth is that nobody knows the real figures.) It isn't up to me to prove that my legal rights are acceptable; it's up to you to prove that they are dangerous before you start taking them away from me. And people do frighten off rapists and robbers with their weapons. Read the papers. And people without guns quite often get killed by rapists and robbers. You want specifics? Pick up any issue of American Rifleman. RSC/

I would be more convinced by propaganda blasts against private gun ownership...and let's face it, it is as much propaganda as the staunchest bircher's claims that he needs an anti-tank weapon to defend himself against hordes of Communist Chinese who are going to invade us from Mexico..if they did not mutter now and then that they were only against crime (though the cute little anti-gun skits on SMOTHERS BROS. etc. rarely say anything about the sniper or criminal, but concentrate on the hunter); and that they only want to legislate gun ownership, not take guns away entirely. Especially when you corner an anti-gun sort and he gets down to the nitty gritty and says of course he's against all private ownership of guns -- not only the criminal (who's going to steal his gun from an off-duty cop, or buy it from same, anyway), but also the farmer who needs a weapon to dispatch an injured animal, a varmint which is killing his stock, or hunt on his own land to get some meat for the pot. And finally, I think in a very real sense much of the agitation for gun legislation is racial in nature. You think a southern black is going to be able to get a permit to carry a gun to defend himself - from a red-neck cop? JWC/

Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa., 16374

I hope you have fun with the multilith in addition to saving a lot of time and wear and tear on Juanita's cranking arm. I've never used a litho press of any kind though I did see a Davidson in operation at Matthews some years ago. It's a beautifully-made machine and Harry Devon assured me it's one of the best small litho presses. I suppose eventually you'll be getting all the accessory gadgets so you can enlarge and reduce copy, reproduce photos, etc.

Despite my feeling toward convention reports I started Kay Anderson's and got hooked. Not only it is different from most; it's short and to the point.

It's surprising to see a letter from Antonio Dupla. I scratched him, too, as of the current issue because I've had no word from him even after a couple of warnings in previous issues. The several other Spaniards have not been heard of for a long time either, and I was beginning to think the regime had clamped down and put everyone corresponding with sf fans in concentration camps, or something.



The "juke box" reported by Seth Johnson sounds to me to be one of the things they used in bars during the war (so I'm told; I never frequent bars). These use not records but 16mm sound film with titles reversed for rear projection. Many musical shorts made for the things are available at low prices and there's no reason some one cannot produce new films of strippers. So far as I've heard it is still impossible to record a wide enough frequency range on discs to get any sort of picture at all. If Seth actually saw records it's barely possible that what he saw might be an old sound-on-disc 16mm projector. If the picture was actually reproduced from a disc both the machine and its records must have been delivered to the bar by little green men from a flying saucer.

As you see I'm no longer ignoring the zip code. For a while I had evidence that it was actually being used and decided to add it to new stationery as and when I print it. Then a copy of Stef was returned from a friend in San Diego because on his COA card the postmark had been made too far to the left, neatly changing the last digit in his number from 7 to 9. I suppose this was the reason, rather than that I had one letter in the name of his street wrong. But can you remember when the P.O. used to pride itself on delivering mail with all sorts of wrong addresses? I can, and I continue to get mail promptly addressed to Kennerdale and Kermerdell and with the right P.O. name but the wrong zip number issued initially by the P.O. I think that in the big city P.O.s the zip numbers are now being used as an excuse to return mail to the sender. Not so long ago I had a letter returned because the former manufacturer of the Magnecorder in Tulsa had been taken over by Telex in Minneapolis. A previous letter about a month earlier was forwarded to the new concern. I suppose this is the beginning of a refusal by the P.O. to forward any mail at all. It's the first case I know of of failure to forward a letter when the new address is known.

/At the moment we're getting "accessories" like paper stops and ink rollers; plate-making accessories can wait (for years, probably, unless I find another bargain). RSC/

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

From News Scripts (Chemical and Engineering News)-- statements out of context (if I have told you before, sorry about that, but I haven't kept track of who has heard them, and who hasn't):

Oral discussion must be submitted in writing....

Two years ago we sent a letter...asking for comments and suggestions. Of a mailing list of 1500 we had one reply. This casts grave doubts as to the advisability of continuing the effort.

Retired gentleman, over 65, preferably of Italian origin, wanted for executive position, large well established religious organization....preference given to applicant with previous record of infallibility.

The Sept. 16, 1968 issue of Scientific Research has an interview with Arthur C. Clarke and a review of the book 2001. In the interview, Clarke says that he now plans to concentrate on fiction. "I am interested in the short story as an art-form," he says. "It is my favorite medium." And in the same issue they have an editorial suggesting that more scientists write science fiction, so that people will start supporting science again. I don't really feel that having scientists write sf will make people like science, but I wouldn't mind having more sf writers.

David C. Piper, 24 Dawlish Drive, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex, England

Your comment re sleeping pills: Well, you probably won't believe it BUT...when Cath was in the hospital during the last 32 days of her pregnancy she was awakened about one in three evenings to take her sleeping pill. Upon being stuffed with this she usually stayed awake the rest of the night. Ridiculous.

Alright! Alright! I bought it! Being pretty fick and stoopid (duh...I dunno how oi ever get ta finish such'n inteligenticul fing as Yandro!) I looked up Cepheid. And I can't find it in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. BUT if it's anything (the meaning

I meant yipes!) Like the words on pages 191 & 192 and I was Geis Oi'd smash yer 'ead in f'yal I ASK you:....cephalic: of, in, the head.

cephalopod: mollusc with distinct tentacled head.

cephalous: last element esp. of anthropological terms. WELL!

Brunner's writing you such long letters these days that I suggest you ask him to quit mucking about and start a regular column. And whilst on the ~~subject~~ subject of columns...and I may have said this before...your "Golden Minutes" effort is becoming practically an indispensable aid to my book buying. Either you brain wash me or we both like, in the main, the same things. You did over Panshin's RITE OF PASSAGE and Tenn's MEN & MONSTERS and reckoned they were about the best of the year. On reading them I agree. I liked 'em both about the same...the Tenn, I think, being a wee bit the better.

/I think that's a dandy idea. John Brunner, will you do a column for Yandro? No restrictions on subject, I promise not to butt in like I do in your letters and it doesn't even have to appear every month. (Be a mite inconvenient if it did, since the magazine doesn't...) Ah, we wouldn't call Geis any of those names. (For puzzled readers, these comments are on issue #181.) RSC/

David Gerrold, 13615 Dobby St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91401

I am putting together an anthology of speculative fiction, tentatively entitled, THE THIRD GENERATION. The title is derived from Isaac Asimov's introduction to DANGEROUS VISIONS. In that introduction he discussed the SF writers of the 40's and 50's as being of the first generation. The writers of the late 50's and 60's are the the second generation.

The purpose of this anthology is to focus upon the writers of the next decade, i.e. the third generation.

The emphasis of this collection will not be on the stories so much as it will be on the writers themselves. My goal is to collect the stories of a group of writers to be watched for in the next few years, the writers of the newest wave.

Of course, stories will be purchased primarily because they are good readable stories—but I am looking primarily for submissions from the young, comparatively unknown writer who shows promise. Enclosed with this letter is a list of guidelines. These are not meant to be inflexible rules, just something to give the writers an idea of what I am looking for. I

If you have any questions concerning this anthology, or possible submissions for it, please feel free to write. (I do not promise to answer promptly, but I will try to answer.)

I hope to hear from you soon. May your futures be exciting.

/He also sends a list of guidelines; fans should know enough to follow most of them, but one is that submissions must be from writers who have made at least one professional sale. RSC/

John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast BT4 3FL, Northern Ireland

I have been moved by your comment on Page 19 of Yandro #182 (wherein you state "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.") to enclose a press cutting from tonight's Belfast Telegraph which puts the case rather nicely, I think. I mean, I've lived here for twenty years, and you've never been to the place in your life, and I really don't think it's ethical for you to make such a sweeping assertion when you've only heard one side of the argument, and a biased one at that.

The one supreme fact is that over 1,000,000 protestants in Northern Ireland (two thirds of the population) want to be entirely separate from Eire. The British troops stationed in Northern Ireland are not doing anything to keep the 'nation' divided, they're doing just the same as many American troops stationed here, they're just



doing their military service and waiting to get home. In fact, far from English troops keeping the nations divided, it is my firm opinion that Harold Wilson in Westminster would like Ireland to be one country, he would like to go down in history as the British Prime Minister who solved the 'Irish Problem.' If he thought 'English troops' were dividing the country by force, he'd soon whip 'em out of the way. By some irony, however, it was the Atlee Administration in 1949 who passed the Ireland Act of that year, which gives Northern Ireland the right to make its own future. This ensures that the Westminster Parliament cannot kick Northern Ireland out of the United Kingdom without the consent of the Northern Ireland Parliament, and as far as I know, there is only one Englishman in the entire Northern Ireland Parliament, my point being that England or Englishmen have no control whatsoever over the Northern Ireland Parliament.

Well, Brunner made a sweeping statement about Viet Nam; when was the last time he was there? And what about all these newspaper accounts of riots in Northern Ireland? Repressive tyranny, that's what it is; any good liberal can tell it a half a world away. Now if you'll just invite

the I.R.A. into a coalition government; and end this corrupt regime in Belfast...RSC

There was a recent broadcast on American tv concerning a situation in Londonderry, where I believe the newscaster said the Catholic population outnumbers Protestant 3 to 1, yet is hardly represented on the City Council, and where currently there is a great broohaha over the matter. I'm sure there are many more ramifications of this issue that we did not get -- that it is not that simple -- and that you, John, could inform me as an almost on-the-spot observer. But British and Europeans have been pontificating about American affairs without being on the spot or observing all the ins-and-outs for so long that occasionally Americans feel a perhaps nasty urge to kick back. JWC/

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

Our post office disposed of our "Printed Matter" rate altogether a week or so ago, and now has internally, only first and second class sealed mail. Never again will fanzines be posted out with flaps tucked in like they were for so many years, and is indeed with the resultant increase in cost one of the reasons it is becoming financially impossible to produce many fanzines these days. The first class mail is supposed to get to the destination the day after, but since so much trouble is being taken to deliberately delay the second class mail, which costs what the old ordinary mail did, that both are arriving as late as an airmail letter from overseas. We posted some agenda to our head office in London last Thursday, First Class mail, and it never arrived till the following Tuesday, a distance of some 20 miles. Your letter from Indiana reached me a day less time..

The two classes of mail are respectively referred to by us as "ordinary mail" and "blackmail". The latter also uses a black 5d stamp instead of the 4d one, which is now the cheapest you can send anything for here, which includes all postcards, Xmas cards and printed materials of any kind. The sorting needs additional time and staff and in general the delays experienced are much more than they were before they even though of charging the rates. The overseas "Printed Matter" is still available at the moment, fortunately.

Maybe the US post office isn't so bad after all..... RSC/

Ivor A. Rogers, Editor SF Cine, University of Wisconsin--Green Bay, Green Bay, Wisc., 54302

I am the editor of a new quarterly magazine devoted to science fiction films and television programs. It will be printed on high quality paper and will include about 10 pages of photographs per issue with some color reproduction. It will be aimed at the science fiction fan, the film buff, and, to a certain extent, the scholarly community. Caz Cazadessus will be the publisher.

We are looking for major articles, with photographs, of current films, critical articles, and serious short articles about stars, directors, and writers.

Each issue will contain an in-depth treatment of a current film and a similar treatment of an sf "classic". In addition we will have news stories of current productions, reviews, and critical articles. Critical bibliographies are particularly desired.

Writers should query first on the sf "classic" feature or on major articles with photographs. Other material sent to us should have a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish your material returned.

We are not interested in horror or monster films but in extrapolative films like "Fail Safe," "Charley," etc. and in "outer space" films!

As yet there will be no payment, but we hope that this will be a top quality magazine that will provide a forum for a growing field of interest. Because of your interest in science fiction and film, we hope that you would consider writing for us or passing along the word that we are looking for material.

Deadline for our first issue (Winter 1969) is December 1st, and December 30, 1968 is the deadline for our Spring 1969 issue.

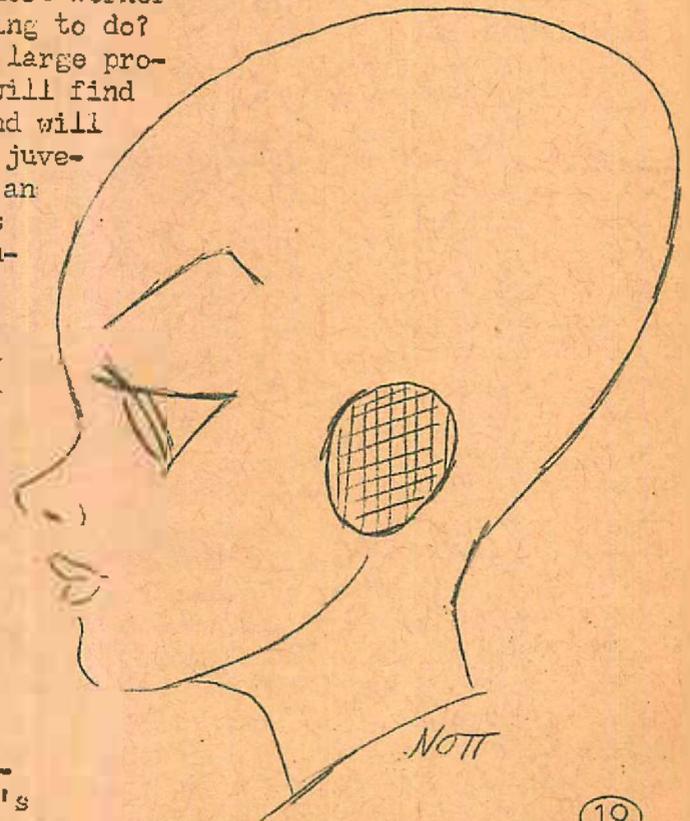
Ivor mentioned that the papers presented at the Secondary Universe Conference will be published in Vol.VI #2 of Arts in Society, University Extension, Univ of Wisconsin, 432 North Lake St., Madison, Wisc., 53706. Price of the issue is, I guess, \$1.50. RSC/

Jim Ashe, PO Box 343, Peterborough, N.H. 03458

Your comment about writing & zines to Mort Werner noted. Are you certain this is a good thing to do? I suspect the average mind, and perhaps a large proportion of the better-than-average ones, will find the activity of fandom incomprehensible and will go on from that to a firm conclusion it's juvenile and meaningless. Suppose Werner has an axe to grind, sorts out those best for his purpose, and does much harm with this ammunition? Look at the latest issue of Psychotic, which you've just received, for opinions very divergent from your own, and material some conservative types will find very upsetting.

Yes, I suppose some types would find Harrison's letter upsetting, but I liked it. Incidentally, Buck, you are a hell of a fellow to write letters to. I wonder if you haven't some legal experience back there. Let me know if you settle the LaRoy Tanner question, will you?

Thinking about classifying literature, I realized most people get by with very few labels. Consider: juvenile, readable, and meaningless. How about that? All human literary effort under three headings, it's a mind croggling performance. And what's more,



if my observations are correct, it works for most of the people who read books and magazines. Pardon, me, I'm getting some first-hand experience at magazine publishing and it has come as a bit of a shock what you can get away with. And this is a semi-technical publication, at that. I am absolutely floored when I prorate my experience to the many other kinds of magazines and books there are on the market.

/It's Roddenberry's show, and he asked for fanzines for Werner. Presumably he knows Werner better than we do. I got my training in debate from arguing with G.M. Carr in her fanzines. She always won, but I learned to keep on my toes. (Incidentally, I was then arguing the relatively liberal point of view, which gives you an idea of Gem's viewpoint...) RSC/

Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, N.Y., 14534

First thing I ought to do is set both Briney and you right on the important rules enacted at the Baycon business meeting. I transcribed the meeting from a tape I made, and items approved were:

1. The category of novella was permanently added to the Hugos, and this was made retroactive to include the 1968 novella.
2. The Baycon is commended for instituting the novella.
3. Voting for consites will, starting with the 1969 con, be held two years in advance of the convention. Thus St. Louis will choose both 1970 and 1971.
4. One will be eligible to vote for a consite only by being a member of the current convention and paying a fee of at least \$2.00 toward the membership of the con to be voted upon.
5. The rules of the WSFS as decided by the business meetings shall be published by the committee, distributed with the Hugo nomination ballot, and hopefully printed in the Program Book.
6. The rotation plan is amended to provide for a "foreign" con every FIVE years (every fifth year in the plan) rather than four as present. Thus after 1970, the the next in-rotation foreign bid will come in 1975.
7. Fanwriter and fanartist shall be permanently added to the list of Hugos.

All this material was discussed and approved. A number of other items were discussed and tabled or put off until 1969 without discussion.

There was no raise in the con dues, as Bob mistakenly states (that tells us what condition he was probably in Sunday morning!), and the two-year bit WAS passed.

I could (and have) comment at length about Baycon, but Bob and Kay have already done this. I will say, though, that the best parts of the convention--the Hugos to most of the right people, the good rule changes, the people in general--were there through no fault of the concom; in other words, they would have been there no matter which city had won. All the many foul-ups were the concom's fault. I did have a long list of gripes; ones on my list which neither Kay nor Bob mention: 1. There was a hotel cop at the fan-pro party, keeping anyone under 21 out. Not that this was so important to me, but I'm sure it was quite a blow to a lot of neos there; 2. The program actually started Thursday, with several really good events (including a performance of "Trek-a-Star") taking place that day. Unfortunately, the preliminary program listed only a party for Thursday, and no publicity was given to announce the change; 3. The old "Open Bidding Party" idea, which convinces nobody but costs the bidding committee much money, was revived; 4. Several major events--notably the Dramatic Readings and the Costume Ball--conflicted with each other; 5. Consite bidding was held on Sunday, rather than Saturday, thus adding another day of unnecessary bidding; 6. The medieval tourmant started about two hours late, as those fans who braved it out stood listening to a good but almost inaudible (no amplification) medieval band.

One more thing about the con you might be interested in--special awards. These included a Concom award to Harlan for DV, the Big Heart Award to Walt Daugherty, the Invisible Little Man award to J. Francis McComas, the First Fandom award to Jack Williamson, a special SFMA award to Bob Silverberg, and finally (wake up, Juanita!) a special award to Gene Roddenberry for ST!

GOLDEN MINUTES

JOHN DOUGH AND THE CHERUB, by L. Frank Baum (Opium Books, \$2.00) This book, originally published in 1906, is one written before Baum settled down to turning out Oz books. It is the saga of a gingerbread man who comes to life through the agency of a marvelous elixir, and has wonderful adventures. I have never quite understood the attraction of the Oz series for adults, and I found this strictly juvenilo; perhaps more so than Oz, though it does have a few sharp comments to make about humanity. But if you enjoy Baum I suppose you'll like it, and it should be an ideal children's gift. I understand there is some controversy among Oz fans over the illustrations for this edition, by Lau Shiu Fan. Not being much of a John R. Neill devotee, I found Fan's work interesting and original, though perhaps not ideally suited to Baum. There is certainly plenty of it; every second or third page is an illustration. The book is typical of the "expensive paperback" (sown signature) type of binding, and as the first edition of the work in 30 years, deserves attention. The overall appearance is extremely attractive. (And if you're looking for an unusual gift, this is one that isn't available just anywhere. See below.) Background information for this review, incidentally, was furnished by Fred Meyer. (You didn't think I know all that much about Baum, did you?)

THE TIME MACHINE THAT NEVER GOT PAST FIRST BASE, by "Felix Severance" (Opium Books, \$2.00) This reminded me somewhat of Hugo Gernsback being put down by someone like Rich Brown or John D. Berry. The opening is agreeably fancish: "Well, Tom, here we are in our time travel machine, hurtling five hundred years into the future.

"Yes, Sam, and it really is exciting. Goodness, I wonder what we'll find at the other end."

The humor of this sort of thing palls on me pretty rapidly, but the author manages to bring in other elements and keep it interesting. Not the greatest comedy since Will Cuppy, maybe, but funny enough to be worth the money. The story is told entirely by conversation; description enters only through the time-travelers "reports" to their gum-chewing audience in the past. I don't see a whole lot of future for this sort of thing, but it's at least an original gimmick, and the author makes it work well enough. "Felix Severance", incidentally, is actually March Laumer; why he bothered with the pseudonym at all is beyond me, since the book is dedicated "to my brother, Keith Laumer". Lau Shiu Fan provides the illustrations - and it isn't often you find a stf novel illustrated, these days. The good cartoon work is appreciated. Physically, the book resembles some of the early Pogo books; sort of large and square. An odd size, but that seems relatively unimportant. Recommended to anyone who is tired of all the exceedingly serious and self-important stf we've been getting lately.

TROLLS! TROLLS! TROLLS!, by "The Boys of Form 3-B, King Wa College" (Opium Books, \$1.50) Unlike the above two books, this seems a bit high-priced for what you get, which is a juvenile fantasy-adventure written by a group of bright children (38 authors are listed). It's colorful, but makes no more sense than you would expect. More for psychologists with a clinical interest in the imagination of children than for the casual reader, child or adult.

NOTE: The above books are not available at your nearest bookstore, or even from a specialist stf dealer. If you want them, send your money to Opium Books, 6 Tak Hing Street - 3A, Kowloon, Hong Kong. And don't put it off; all orders must be received by May 1969, and you know how long it takes the post office to deliver mail. (And if you like to show off unusual items in your collection to the amazement of your friends, those books aren't going to be owned by just every fan you see; they're worth the money, simply for boasting purposes.) And you really should try **TIME MACHINE**, at least.

DESTINATION: SATURN, by David Grinnell & Lin Carter (now there is a pair of names to conjure with) & INVADER ON MY BACK, by Philip E. High (Ace, 60¢) The High half is pretty good sf adventure; High's secret invasion of Earth is a little more plausible than most attempts. (not realistic; plausible). Nothing to make you think, but a pleasant way to kill an hour or so. DESTINATION: SATURN is a sequel to Grinnell's DESTINY'S ORBIT. (Remember that one? Neither did I, until I looked it up.) It is supposedly humorous, and actually makes it on several occasions. On several other occasions, the authors descend to utterly boring farce. My sense of humor doesn't stretch that far.

ORBIT 3, ed. by Damon Knight (Berkley, 75¢) Not as good as I remember its predecessors in the series. "Mother To The World", by Richard Wilson, is another last-man-on-Earth story. Damon found it "deeply honest, memorable, and moving"; I found it not very original and more than a little dull. "Bramble Bush", by Richard McKenna, is fascinating. Describing an alien mentality is, in the end, hopeless; a human author simply can't do it. But McKenna comes as close as anyone I've encountered. The plot is quite simple, but the problems raised are interesting enough to make this a Hugo contender next year, I hope. Joanna Russ's "The Barbarian" is another Alyx story; good enough if you like sword and sorcery, and interesting in being from a woman's viewpoint, but not really an outstanding work. "The Changeling", by Gene Wolfe, is moderately interesting, but I somehow doubt Damon's conviction that it's meaningful. "Why They Mobbed The White House," by Doris Pitkin Buck, is an extended joke; funny, but not really 7 pages worth. Kate Wilhelm's "The Planners" is fair; I thought the author was trying too hard for spectacular effects. Phil Farmer's "Don't Wash The Carats" is funny, but Damon must be kidding when he calls it "a literary Rorschach test". What does it mean to me, Damon? Not a damned thing, I'm afraid. In the introduction to "Letter To A Young Poet", Damon says "much more will be heard of Janos Sallis", the author. I sincerely hope not. John Jakes comes up with an original idea in "Here Is Thy Sting". It isn't a very bright idea; and I don't believe it for a minute, but it is original, and it makes for a moderately good story. Overall; is one outstanding story worth 75¢. Well, these days, it might be.

THE MOON OF GOMRATH, by Alan Garner (Ace, 50¢) A sequel to THE WEIRDSTONE OF BRISING-AMEN, and while not as good as the first book, still quite entertaining. (If you're too snobbish to read "juveniles" you can ignore this one - and miss a lot of fun.) Again, there is considerable resemblance to Tolkien; where WEIRDSTONE came close to equalling Tolkien's work, this one is somewhat inferior. But it is still a quite readable tale of elves, dwarves, wizards, magic and supernatural evil. Recommended.

THE THIRD EYE, by Theodore Cogswell (Belmont, 50¢) A collection of 15 of Cogswell's short stories, all of which were originally published between 1952 and 1958. (What's Ted doing now, anyway? I've lost track since he quit being an eccentric professor at Ball State.) None of the stories are masterpieces; all are readable, and most are humorous. They include "No Gun To The Victor" (satiric future society), "Mr. Hoskins' Heel" (humorous demons), "The Cabbage Patch" (possibly the best story in the book; a wasp's-eye view of society), "Limiting Factor" (machines vs. esp), "Disassembly Line" (allegedly humorous moralistic tale), "A Spudgot For Twilbert" (bumbling con-artists), "Training Device" (alien manipulators), "Impact With The Devil" (another twist on that one), "Machine Record" (supposedly humorous mishaps caused in trying to take over the world), "One To A Customer" (sold to something called Headline Publications because no reputable sf mag would buy it, in all likelihood), "The Man Who Knew Grodnik" (the problems of future fame), "Lover Boy" (another demonic pact), "The Other Cheek" (settling a future war by guile), "Minimum Sentence" (a crook outsmarted), "The Short Count" (supposedly poignant, I guess; didn't succeed), and "Conventional Ending" (an entirely new and engaging twist on the "secret invasion"). All in all, one of Belmont's better offerings.

WINE OF THE DREAMERS, by John D. MacDonald (Gold Medal, 60¢) Both originally published in STARTLING STORIES in the Fifties. In an afterward, the author manages to insult science fiction

and display a none-too-well founded smugness about his books. They are "more about people than things" he says. Reading the books disproves this; the characters are no more and no less cardboard than the characters in the rest of science fiction in those days. MacDonald may write about people now; then he wrote about gimmicky ideas; "what if?" Specifically, what if there is an outside cause for all the setbacks in Man's long attempt to improve himself? WINE offers the mental control of bored future-humans, making their puppets dance. BALLROOM, somewhat more original, presents forced natural selection, for the benefit of the galaxy. Both books are reasonably entertaining, with BALLROOM being a shade the better of the two. Too many of the characters in WINE are merely the author's puppets. (Jord Crian sees the outside, and immediately switches from the spokesman for conservatism to an influential rebel. Lecca destroys the ship and right away realizes she is in love with Bard; a complete change of character, even more than Crian's. Why the hurry? Mainly because MacDonald was getting close to the end of the book.) The books are still worth buying; possibly above the current paperback average, but they aren't terribly high quality.

SWORDS IN THE MIST, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 60¢) Third book in Leiber's "Gray Mouser" series, one of the better examples of swords and sorcery. This contains three short stories; "The Cloud of Hate", "Lean Times In Lankmar", and "When The Sea-King's Away", two transitional items written especially for this book, and the novelet "Adept's Gambit". The short stories are pretty forgettable - particularly "The Cloud of Hate", which features the most vulnerable slimy menace I've read about in years; our heroes dispose of it with hardly a snap of the fingers. "Adept's Gambit" is something else again; it's one of the better items in the series, and if you didn't read it in FANTASTIC or the book NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS, you should read it now.

THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, by Robert A. Heinlein (Berkley, 95¢) This has been read, reviewed, and analyzed to death in fandom, but if by any chance you missed reading it, go out and buy a copy. Heinlein in, if not top form, at least very close to it. Even poor Heinlein is better than most other writers' best, and this is good Heinlein. I would like to quote one passage from the novel, however. There are still comments in fandom about Heinlein the militarist and even Heinlein the fascist, so read this; it's the same man, in his latest book. "Must be a yearning deep in human heart to stop other people from doing as they please. Rules, laws - always for other fellow. A murky part of us, something we had before we came down out of trees, and failed to shuck when we stood up. Because not one of those people said: 'Please pass this so that I won't be able to do something I know I should stop.' Nyet, tovarishchee, was always something they hated to see neighbors doing." Heinlein the anarchist, anyone?

SYNTHAJOY, by D.G. Compton (Ace, 60¢) The rundown on the author says she (or he?) is British, so I waited to see how soon the marital problems would show up. Didn't have very long to wait, either. The entire British nation is unhappily married, or at least their authors seem to think so. The story is told first-person by a woman in an asylum; flashbacks tell us how she got there. It's all terribly literate and emotional, and I lost interest about halfway through. (Well, actually I lost interest at about page 10, but I quit reading halfway through.) It's the modern equivalent of the Gay Nineties melodrama.

LAND OF THE GIANTS, by Murray Leinster (Pyramid, 60¢) Leinster's trademark has always been short, repetitive sentences, but he went overboard in this one. Cut out the repetition and you wouldn't have much over 100 pages. He's done his best with the science, though, and tried hard to put a little believability into his material, which is hard to do with an Irwin Allen show. He has only one statement I flatly disagree with; "no carnivores attack prey that can fight back. Especially cats." That shows a total lack of observation of carnivores. Especially cats. Otherwise, it's as good as possible, which isn't much.

THE BROKEN LANDS, by Fred Saberhagen (Ace, 50¢) Another novel of magic and ancient science, pretty well done for a change. I always wonder about all these ancient weapons that just happen to be lying around in order to fulfill the Prophecy, but otherwise the plotting is good enough and the action sharp. The ending is left open for a sequel

- or a series. (The former, I hope, I'm not sure I could take too much of a barbarian hero who can operate a super-tank the first time he sees one.) Recommended as good action.

THE SPLINTERED SUNGLASSES AFFAIR, by Peter Leslie (Ace, 50¢) Only for U.N.C.L.E. completists. Leslie is strictly a mediocre writer, and his story, while more or less competent, lacks the sparkle of McDaniels' efforts.

WILD TALENTS, by Charles Fort (Ace, 60¢) Ace has now, I believe, published all of Charles Fort's books. They aren't casual reading, but they are a mine (well-worked) of background information for sf and fantasy writers, and interesting enough in themselves if you can stand Fort's rambling style (which isn't always easy to do).

DWELLERS IN DARKNESS, by John Macklin (Ace, 60¢) More of Ace's standard super-DIMENSIONS BEYOND THE KNOWN, by John Macklin (Ace, 60¢) natural series. I suppose these contain background information for writers, too, if you can wade through it. Why doesn't one of fandom's demon indexers put out an index of this stuff, carefully sorted as type of phenomena and area. I'd buy it, but I don't think I could stand to do it.

THE STAR STALKER, by Robert Bloch (Pyramid, 75¢) Bloch is the man to turn out a novel about the old-time Hollywood, all right. The drama rather degenerates into melodrama at the end (but then so did many of the old-time movies). Not to be taken seriously, but it's good fun. (Don't pay any attention to the blurb, which is a come-on for bored mundanes; it's an enjoyable, light novel.)

THE OUTLAW OF TORN, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 75¢) It's no "Ivanhoe", but it's enjoyable if you like melodramatic historical novels. Totally unbelievable, with a kidnapped prince, a noble outlaw, virginal maidens (that may be redundant, but they're awfully pure), dastardly noblemen, and all the trappings of a second-string "Robin Hood". It's sort of fun. Setting is Plantagenet England, or at least Burroughs' idea of Plantagenet England. No sorcery, but lots of swords.

A MARRIAGE DOCTOR SPEAKS HER MIND ABOUT SEX, by Rebecca Liswood, M.D. (Ace, 60¢) Outdated, Juanita says. (You know how fast sex changes.....) Nothing about the Pill or other modern discoveries.

INCREDIBLE VICTORY, by Walter Lord (Pocket Books, 95¢) Probably the definitive story of Midway, particularly for the casual history fan such as me. Lord digs into the details without ever boring the reader or losing the main thread of his story. Through the years, a lot of people have come to look on Midway as inevitable; of course we could beat the Japs when the chips were down. Lord shows that it was a long way from that; it was much closer to a miracle, and a defeat would have destroyed us in the Pacific; our entire fleet was there - and it was about a third the size of the Japanese forces, and woefully inexperienced. Highly recommended.

THE SPANISH ARMADA, by Michael Lewis (Pan, 5/0) Part of the "British Battles Series", previously published in both this country and England in hardcover. This particular book is an outstandingly clear and entertainingly written account of one of the major naval battles of history. Probably my favorite book of the month.

BATTLES OF THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR, by Austin Woolrych (Pan, 5/0) Another book in the series. Not as entertaining, but informative about a period in English history that I knew little about.

I hear that a group of Athenian pacifists, discovering a common interest in the "Gormenghast Trilogy", have formed the sleek meek Greek unique Peake clique.

CONQUERORS FROM THE DARKNESS, by Bob Silverberg (Dell, 50¢) An adventure juvenile; another one in which human barbarians defeat the aliens who broke Earth civilization ages before. Not at all believable. The hero goes from Boy Rebel to leader of all Earth in 138 pages, which isn't very believable, either.

Previous reviews were written three weeks or so ago, when I thought we'd have this YANDRO out by the first of November. We didn't, and in the meantime I've read some more books, so we'll have a long column this time.

THE SERPENT, by Jane Gaskell (Paperback Library, 95¢) These were published in England some years ago; I think

there is a third book in the series, but I haven't seen it on the stands here. THE SERPENT starts out magnificently. I kept wondering whether or not the author could maintain the brilliance through almost 500 pages - and sure enough, she couldn't. Part of the problem is that this is the story of a sheltered, bookish, innocent girl who is suddenly thrown into the cynical byplay of court life (the author calls it a barbarian empire in the times of Atlantis, but it reads more like Edwardian England). And I was much fonder of the wisecracking girl - who reminded me of some of my favorite femfans - than I was of the author's ideas of feminine maturity. I was particularly soured by Cija's relationship with Smahil - not because he's her half-brother (though I got tired of her sleeping with him anyway and then beating her breast over the fact) - but because she didn't think twice about sleeping with him after he had callously murdered her best friend. ATLAN continues the story to greater length than I personally cared to go, though I did enjoy the demolition of the "they lived happily over after" theme which occupies the last couple of pages of the first book and the first part of the second. Depiction of court society and cynicism is good; I don't really know why the author bothered with such fantasy touches as making "the General" half-human and bringing in Atlantis; the books would have done just as well as straight historical novels. (Though from the author's bibliographic list, I get the impression that she may think they are straight historical novels.)

THE SEVENTH DAY, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Pyramid, 75¢) Stories about World War III are old hat by now (this one was first published in 1957, and first published in English in 1959. Nevertheless, this remains one of the two or three outstanding disaster books. If World War III does come, this is how. (I don't mean the specific events; I mean the inevitable procession of events, set off by men who are genuinely horrified by the thought of war, but who have perfectly good - for them - reasons for their actions. No mad generals, no generalizations that "Society is at fault" - because Society isn't. People are at fault. Good old average, selfish homo sap. Recommended.

SF: AUTHORS' CHOICE, ed. by Harry Harrison (Berkley, 75¢) It isn't, of course, as Harrison points out in the first paragraph of his introduction. Titles are to attract readers, not be an honest reflection of the contents of a book. It's a moderately good anthology, somewhat larger than the average sf mag but not really better. Where it improves over the average anthology is in the authors' notes appended to each story. They do not always tell much about the stories, but quite often they tell something about the author. Stories are "Julius Danced" by Aldiss, "The Last of the Deliverers" by Anderson, "Founding Father" by Amisov, "End-Game" by Ballard, "Tiger Ride" by Blish and Knight, "Consumer's Report" by Cogswell, "Proposal" by de Camp (one of the good ones), "Sail On! Sail On!" by Farmer, "Missing Link" by Herbert, "Myths My Great-Granddaughter Taught Me" by Leiber, "Syndrome Johnny" by Katherine MacLean (another good one) "Day Million" by Pohl (why do people keep reprinting this third-rate Sunday Supplement article?) and "Retaliation" by Mack Reynolds.

THE RING, by Piers Anthony and Robert E. Margroff (Ace, 75¢) A beautiful idea, based on the seldom-used field of future crime and punishment. Far superior and more original than Rick Raphael's "supercar" series. The plot and characters, unfortunately, are right out of Gay Nineties' melodrama, slightly polished and dusted for today's reader. Despite the characters, it's a good book; I think it could have been a lot better, but it's still recommended.

INTO THE SLAVE NEBULA, by John Brunner (Lancer, 60¢) Originally published in 1960 by Ace, as SLAVERS OF SPACE (a more accurate title, if less dramatic). Lightweight action-adventure. Being by Brunner, it's competently written; it makes no claims to being great literature and is interesting enough to keep the reader's attention. (25)

STAR WELL, by Alex Panshin (Ace, 50¢) The first of a series. Anthony Villiers is an interstellar remittance man (which neatly solves the author's problem - evident in any series - of howcome this nut wanders around having adventures instead of working). The plot and background seem closer to "Wild Wild West" than anything else I can think of (except Villiers won't have to report to General Grant at the end of each episode). There are the same glittering people, affected manners, etc. Alex has used a light-hearted writing style, with frequent asides to the reader. Some are amusing, but in this particular book all too many of them degenerate into lectures, and I do not read adventure-comedy in order to get lectured at. A moderately promising start, but I'm looking for improvement in future books in the series. Right now, it's slightly inferior to Laumer's "Retief" stories.

THE SOLAR INVASION, by Manly Wade Wollman (Popular Library, 60¢) This is probably the poorest Captain Future story ever written, one of the poorest things Manly Wade Wollman ever wrote, and an incredibly bad choice for the second book in the series. (I read the original in STARTLING, and it took years to convince me that Wollman was actually quite a good writer most of the time.)

THE PROXIMA PROJECT, by John Rackham/TARGET: TERRA, by Laurence M. Janifer and S. J. Treibach (Ace, 60¢) TARGET: TERRA features somewhat strained humor backed by an occasional flat impossibility. (On page 25, the space station setup is explained; recently discovered anti-missile-missiles - the ridiculousness of that word is exploited for some of the really funny humor of the book - render supplying it impossible. "Nothing could move horizontally through the Earth's atmosphere without calling forth immediate...destruction". However, the missiles are unable to "hit an object coming straight down: the Stations maintained their force, and personnel could be shipped back to Earth." Does that statement sound as moronic to you as it does to me, or should I take up a couple of pages of ballistics to explain things?) Rackham depicts another bunch of supermen who are psychedelic rock musicians, (to make money), serious artists, sharp businessmen, and brilliant inventors. Unfortunately, they all talk like modern versions of Doc Smith's Lensmen, which wipes out my suspension of disbelief right there. In fact, they act like the Lensmen. I didn't finish this side.

ASSIGNMENT IN NOWHERE, by Keith Laumer (Dorkley, 60¢) If Alex Panshin's latest work is reminiscent of Laumer, this one by Laumer partakes of the interweaved frenzy of A. E. van Vogt, where there are at least six mutually antagonistic sides to every question, the super-hero doesn't know who he really is (but as the reader will quickly discover, he turns out to be Richard the Lion-Hearted, more or less), and nobody is what he seems. If you like this sort of thing, this one seems fairly well worked-out logically, though there are literary flaws such as an apparently major character who disappears in Chapter Three and is never heard of again until Chapter Eleven, when he hobs up to explain everything to the reader. I am not fond of the type, but I will admit that Laumer leaves fewer loose ends than van Vogt did. (At least, I think he does.)

THE FAR-OUT WORLDS OF A. E. VAN VOGT (Ace, 60¢) I always liked van Vogt's short stories better than his novels. This includes "The Replicators" (second-rate adventure), "The First Martian" (interesting ecological idea), "The Purpose" (mad scientist), "The Cataaaaa" (an interstellar collector and a truth about humanity), "Automaton" (future-war fantasy), "Itself!" (gimmicky short-short), "Process" (another one), "The Earth Killers" (melodramatic race relations), "Not the First" (fantasy masquerading as science), "Fulfillment" (a lonely super-computer), "Ship of Darkness" (another Adam and Eve "explanation"), and "The Ultra Man" (a superman versus alien invasion). Representative van Vogt, but not his best.

THE LONG WINTER, by John Christopher (Gold Medal, 60¢) One of Christopher's earlier disaster books. This one features a new ice age and the twists on race relations when the African nations become dominant. The cast of characters is pretty well interchangeable with that of any other Christopher book of the past 7 or 8 years. I'd say this is somewhat better than his average, but it's hard to tell, with Christopher.

Swann (Ace, 50¢) A new Swann story is something to be joyful over. This one mixes changelings with Jewish mythology for a fascinating fantasy. At 160 pages, it seemed short; some day I'd like to see Swann do one of those 500-pagers that lesser authors keep tossing off. It is not science fiction; it's about as pure a fantasy as you can get outside of Tolkien (and about as good). Swann's characters do not display the middle-class "realism" that is all the rage in stf now; they are the sort of people I would enjoy knowing, and if the people of Jericho were not really like that then it's a shame. A wonderful book.

THE BETRAYAL, by William R. Corson (Ace, 95¢) If newsstand displays mean anything, this one is selling well - and it should. The author is a former Marine officer who fought in Viet Nam; he documents what we have done wrong there and why. (And the horror of the book is that one knows that we will continue to make the same mistakes - our bureaucrats and military men seem incapable of learning - until we have irrevocably lost the war.) Not only does Corson point out the mistakes, but he suggests a program for retrieving our errors, if we're capable of it. (The first step in the program has already been taken, though probably for the wrong reason. This was to stop the bombing of North Viet Nam. Corson is not interested in "humanitarian" reasons - I gather his opinion of "humanitarian" war is similar to mine - but he wants the bombing stopped for the simple and practical reason that it is an expensive impracticality.

It simply does not produce results; never has and never will. His second step is to bypass the South Viet Nam government and take our programs, charity, etc., directly to the hamlet level. Third is to quit doling out charity - which the Vietnamese don't understand - and send in people who can teach them to help themselves. All this is thoroughly documented from his own experience.) A lot of his ideas are based on his interpretation of Vietnamese mentality. I can't guarantee that he's right there; but he has been there and I haven't. Otherwise I agree with his ideas wholeheartedly - and it's rather sickening to realize that nobody will ever try them. Americans should read this; Nixon should read it a couple of times.

WINGED WARFARE, by Lt. Col. William A. Bishop (Ace, 75¢) This is part of Ace's new air combat series. Billy Bishop was the #3 Allied ace in World War I, with 72 confirmed "kills". The book is not outstandingly well written, but does bring back some of the flavor of the early war in the air. There are various appendixes, including drawings (from Revell) of World War I airplanes - a set somewhat marred by the fact that Ace reproduced the wrong drawing for the German "Albatross", which was Bishop's most frequent foe.

CHAMBERS ETYMOLOGICAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY (Pyramid, 95¢) They get 85,000 entries in 600 pages by making the print almost too fine to read. Considering the emphasis the blurb puts on word origins, the ones given seem terribly brief, but they are there, in addition to definitions.

THE GREAT RADIO HEROES, by Jim Harmon (Ace, 75¢) I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. Briefly, this is not a definitive study of the old radio programs; it is a big chunk of nostalgia. My own nostalgia for radio isn't nearly as great as Harmon's, but this was fun to read, anyway.

THE WAYWARD WIFE, by Alberto Moravia (Ace, 75¢) Short story collection. Not really my type of literature; I enjoyed the title story, but all the characters struck me as somewhat halfwitted. Excellent writing, if you care for the style.

ESP AND YOU, by Hans Holzer (Ace, 60¢) Holzer can make almost anything dull reading.

PROPHECIES ON WORLD EVENTS BY NOSTRADAMUS, by Stewart Robb (Ace, 60¢) A new and fairly readable effort to force correlation between Nostradamus' prophecies and history. Some of the connections are a little tortured, but generally Robb provides a good agreement. (Other authors can make an equally good agreement between the same prophecies and totally different events, of course, but dovetailing Nostradamus with history has all the challenge of a good crossword puzzle, and Robb in general meets it very well.)



LOCUS #8, 9 (Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, New York 10457 - biweekly - 8 for \$1.00 co-editors Ed Meskys, Elliott Shorter, and maybe Dave Vanderwerf) Fan and pro news (conventions, book editors moving to new jobs, etc.), fanzine and book reviews. Recommended for keeping up on things in stf. Rating.....6

FISTULA (Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10024 - no price or schedule) I wish I knew whether this whole thing was a put-on or not. I hope it is, because if it's serious, it's terrible. Rating.....1

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS #4 (Red Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605 - no price or schedule) Dean Koontz wants to make stf respectable and at-

tract new readers. As a budding (I hope) author, I can see his point, but as a stf fan I'm not at all sure I agree with it. Things that are big and respectable usually are not very interesting. There is a lot of verse in here; I would have loved the first one by Sharon Towle if someone had worked on it until it scanned. As is, it's jarring. A "Star Trek" parody for those who can stand it. Rating.....4

PERIPHRAISIS #1, 2 (Vern Bennett, P.O. Box 705, Hawthorne, California 90250 - irregular - for 6¢ to cover postage) In these one-pagers, the editor analyzes the ideas about stf presented by Campbell in a WRITER article, and by Isabelle Ziegler in Barnes & Noble's Creative Writing. Interesting.

EGOBOO #4 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bromville, New York 10708 - irregular? - 3 for six 6¢ stamps or \$1.35 cash - co-editor, Ted White) I wonder about editors who demand mimeo supplies or stamps instead of cash for their mags. I know it's easy to go out and spend the cash for something else and then have trouble finding enough money for mimeo supplies, but don't you people have any self-discipline at all? If you're really gung-ho about fandom and having a long hark back to its origins (who did I swipe that phrase from? Knight quoted it in some review...) you'll undoubtedly love EGOBOO. If not, you might enjoy it anyway. Rating.....5

OSFAN #40 (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - monthly - 15¢) More fan news; people moving, fanzine reviews, conventions. Pro news; film festivals, new books. Not as newsy as LOCUS, but as interesting. Rating.....6

NOPE #7 (Jay Kinney, Baldwin-Wallace College, Union Box 1317, Berea, Ohio 44017 - no price or schedule) Editorial comments; cartoons (a few of them funny). Note new address; **previous one** no longer good.

BROBDINGNAG #88 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - frequent - 10¢) One of the many leading Postal Diplomacy journals. Write John for information.

ACELDAMA #1 (John McCallum, address above - schedule not listed - \$1.00, presumably for all issues to be published.) Another Postal Diplomacy mag. One of these days (when I have lots of spare time, possibly after I've retired) I must try Diplomacy. It sounds like fun. Time-consuming fun.

PENNONCEL #4 (Marion Breen, 65 E. 56 St., New York, N.Y. 10022 - no price or schedule)

Publication of the east coast chapter of the Society for Creative Anachronism. I don't really know if it's supposed to be reviewed or not, but LOCUS mentioned it so I will. Tournament news, etc; this copy produced by what looks like exceptionally blurry Xeroxing.

Sudden change in type caused by the fact that our typewriter is in the repair shop again; this time for erratic spacing. This is another "loaner".

THE GAMESLETTER, Vol. 4 #12 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md. 20906) Official publication of the N3F Games Bureau; if you want copies, write Don for information on joining the club. This is mostly a rundown of other games fanzines (including 12 others published by the N3F Games Bureau), news of games publishers, etc.

THE DESPERATE NUR (Linda Eyster and Suzanne Tompkins, Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213 - one-shot) This seems to be on the problem of human communication, and the desperate need for it. Not my need, kids. To paraphrase a certain tv actor, this human urge to bare one's soul before all and sundry is totally incomprehensible. Why is it so hard to meet people and make friends? Because 90% of humanity isn't worth being friends with. My inmost thoughts are nobody else's damn business. If I choose to express them, I have very little trouble in doing it; if I don't choose to it's my decision. I suppose humans need friends, and I fondly assume that I have some, but God forbid that I should be friends with any schmuck of a fan who wanders by.

TANSTAAFL #5 (John Godwin, 2426 Belvedere Drive, Wilmington, No. Carolina 28401 - irregular - free for a show of interest) A fairly average general type fanzine. Some of the writers seem to have an aura of mild anxiety over whether or not their material will be liked by the readers. This is something one has to overcome; give it to them and tell them they can like it or lump it. Rating...3½

THE ARGENTINE S F REVIEW #6 (Hector Pessina, Casilla 3869, Correo Central, Buenos Aires, Argentina - no price or schedule listed) Offset, which allows him to use photos of people, book jackets, etc. Makes for a more interesting mag. Fiction and lots of reviews. Rating....5

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #74 (Ken Rudolph, 745 No. Spaulding, Los Angeles, California 90045 - quarterly - 50¢, but next issue will be 75¢) A thick lithographed mag. A pretty bad cover; generally good interior art. Articles, columns, letters; the usual. Emphasis on fandom rather than stf. Reasonably good. Rating...6

SPECULATION #19 (Peter Weston, 31 Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31, Great Britain - 35¢, 3 for \$1; cash, no checks) Serious reviews and commentary on science fiction. Slanted too much toward the "new wave" to suit me (but then any slanting toward the "new wave" wouldn't suit me). At the other end of the spectrum, somebody has rave reviews of Moskowitz' Seekers of Tomorrow and Science Fiction by Gaslight. A thick mag; suited mostly for the serious stf reader. (Which I'm not, but...) Rating.. 7

EN GARDE #5 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich, 48234 - co-editor, Gary Crowder) No price or schedule, except that next issue will be bigger and cost \$1.25. This one is big enough; 34 pages plus front and back photo-covers. Primary emphasis is on "The Avengers" tv show, but he's now branching out to include other interests. He mentions a 600-copy circulation, so somebody must like it. (I never read it, but it seems well enough done if you happen to like "The Avengers".)

FANTASY NEWS #8 (Harry Wasserman, 7611 North Regent Road, Milwaukee, Wis. 53217 - irregular - 35¢) Primarily a movie fanzine (horror movies, that is; I wouldn't want to class it with the professionally printed trash that covers the category "movie fan magazine"). I guess it's good enough; since I'm not a movie fan, it's hard to tell. This issue also contains Dave Szurek's defiance of 'the system', which starts out rationally enough with what seems like a legitimate grievance and ends up making me decide that he certainly doesn't deserve jail but that some mental treatment - - would probably be appropriate. It's almost a parody of the hippie line; "nobody should ever be punished for anything because we're all free souls". (He says pretty much exactly that.)

TRISKELION #1 (D. E. Dabbs, P.O. Box 3923, Bryan, Texas 77801 no price or schedule listed) A big thick "Star Trek" fanzine. Personally I would have preferred something about half the size and twice the quality of the material presented. They actually paid for some of it, which I guess is nice for the authors.

ZINE-OPHOBIA #1 (John S. Hatch, 12 Pine Road, Glens Falls, New York - irregular - 10¢ - co-editor, Kevin Maul) Mostly reviews (including "Star Trek"), plus an article on sexual freedom by Bruce Johnstone. Not at all bad for a first effort. Rating...3

RATAPLAN #1 (Leigh Edmonds, 3/12 Redan St., St. Kilda, Victoria, Australia - irregular - 50¢) General-type. To be fan-oriented, the editor says, though a couple of items in here are on the serious-commentary-on-stf line. (Mainly, he is printing what he likes, which is the only way to run a good fanzine.) Promising. Rating...3

CRY #175 (Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave. SE, Auburn, Washington 98002 - bi-monthly? - 25¢ - co-editors, Elinor Busby and Wally Heber) A reasonable facsimile of the old CRY, including too many con reports. (Personally I found Vonda McIntyre's the best; it was shorter than Vera's and not simply a list of the people she met, like Elinor's.) Rest of the material was good. (come to think of it, the rest of the material was letters ...)

PSYCHOTIC #27 (Dick Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 - bi-monthly - 50¢) Loads of letters, a column by Harlan Ellison, an article by John Christopher saying the arts are sick (I'd be happier about agreeing with him if he was a writer I had more respect for), various fannish material, and a photo of a remarkably homely nude. I thought Rotsler had better taste than that. (After all, buck teeth? I know I'm not supposed to look at the teeth, but I'm afraid the rest of the attributes are pretty standard; I got over being impressed by that sort of thing 20 years ago.) Rating...6

NYARLATHOTEP #6 (Ben Solon, 3933 No. Janssen, Chicago, Illinois 60613 - irregular - free for comment, I guess) As numerous fans have pointed out, this is the era of fanzine revivals; CRY, SHAGGY, PSYCHOTIC, ODD (which I guess started the whole mess) and now another ~~abldly~~ venerable old mag joins the list. (How can you get venerable in 6 issues? It isn't easy. At this rate, the Thompsons will be bringing out another issue of COMIC ART before you know it.) This is another big one; over 30 pages. Material by Joe Hensley, Ted White, Alex Panshin, Arnie Katz, and others. Letters - a little dated, but still somewhat interesting. Material is generally good; I never cared a lot for Ben's habit of getting his filler items out of old fanzines, but then maybe he doesn't care for my getting mine out of current professional mags and books. The new stuff ranges from mediocre to good.

I see I forgot to rate PSYCHOTIC up there. Give it a 7, too. Rating.....7

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