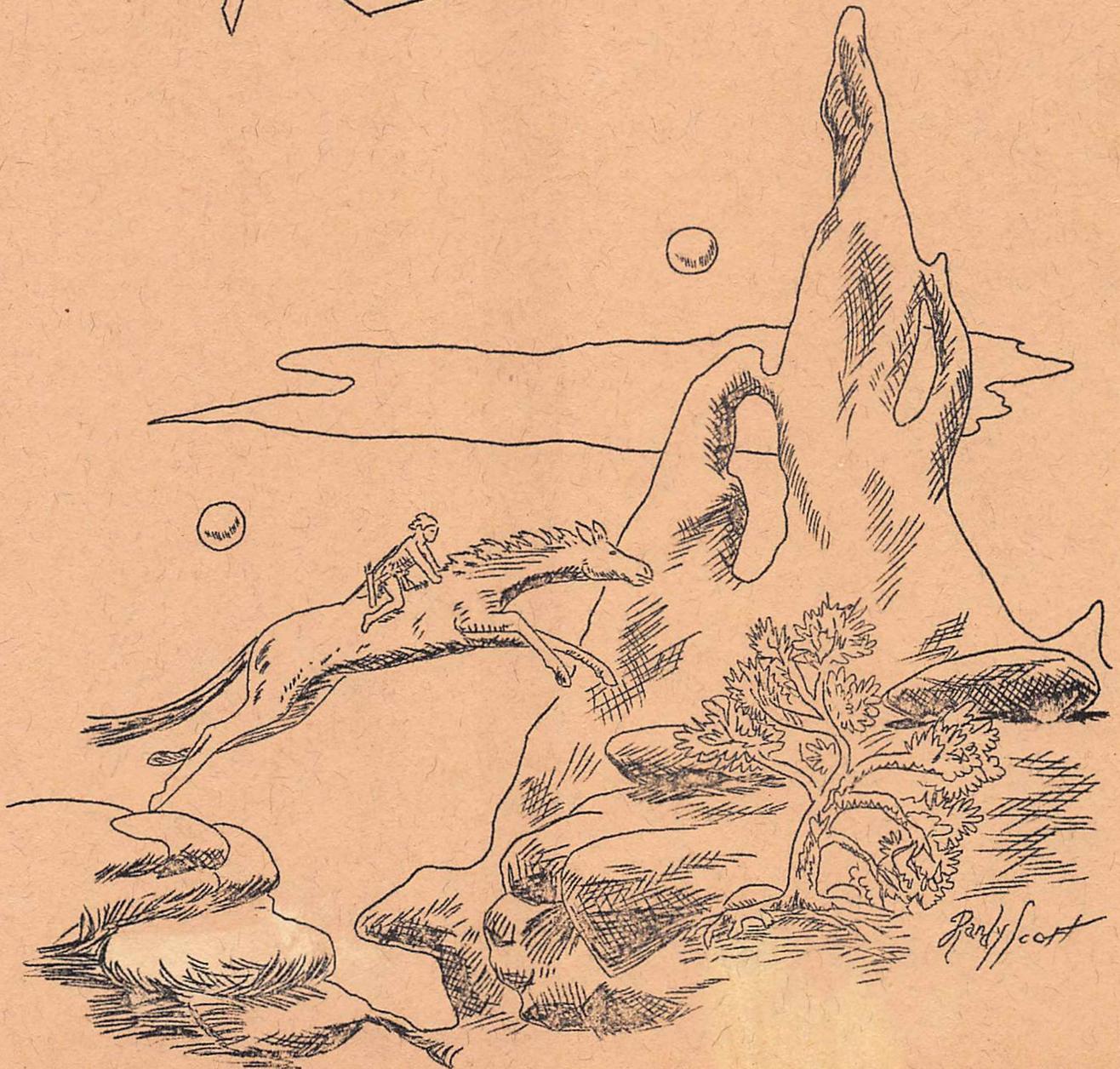


# YAVO RO



# YANDRO

#190

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This issue dedicated to Ben Solon, for services above and beyond the call of fandom.  
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One of our subscribers failed to get a copy of YANDRO #186. If you are willing to part with yours, let us know. We'll tell you where to send it and credit you with up to two issues on your own sub after it arrives. (We're going at it this way because we don't want half a dozen copies turning up with double-your-issue requests, and see no particular reason for you mailing the copy to us and then me having to re-mail it to the subscriber. RSC  
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Science fiction and the mundane world are coming closer. Today I got a bank loan in order to have money to attend the Worldcon on - and the bank didn't even ask any questions or insist on a sanity test or anything. The entire world is losing its sense of wonder. RSC

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It is a proud and lonely (and disgusting) thing to have had an issue of a fanzine itching to go for three full weeks, and be held up by a supplier who says he's sending you envelopes -- and then doesn't send them. We're beginning to be enamored of a recently-discovered-by-us supplier in Ft. Wayne, Butler Paper Co.; when we finally got fed up waiting on Standard Stationery to deliver the envelopes they said were being shipped from Chi three weeks ago, we called Butler (no, wrote them, I guess) and had our envelopes about 3-4 days later. In fact the salesman just delivered them this morning -- they were supposed to be delivered yesterday, but he marked the wrong spot on his map and the truckers couldn't find our house. So, all red-faced and

overflowing with apologies, he brought the stuff down in his own car today. Nice place to do business with.

Even if their envelopes are expensive. They're neatly folded and pre-counted, though, which Standard Stationery's aren't. Now if the Butler Co envelopes just fed through the mimeo as well...

And the mimeo...remember the Rex M-4?...is functioning pretty well with occasional bobbles. Some pages in your issue may be printed extremely close to the top of the page. I hope I won't have to use any of those poor sheets in collating, but I may be forced to. After trying all the corrective measures I knew to overcome the suddenly developed tendency of the machine to slip registration 15 sheets a hundred, I took it down to the place where I got it, complaining. But not much, because I knew what to expect. The guy worked for over an hour, taking apart and cleaning and adjusting some sort of gear arrangement, gave me a new set of feed rollers and side grippers (his original thought was that the grippers were worn; they weren't, but he told me to keep the good originals and the perfect replacements both). He also gave me what amounted to a ream of paper. I'd brought down one of the stencils for this issue and a ream of paper to run it on, as a test, and so he could correct while it was operating and I would have at least part of a page done. As it turned out, it took running the whole ream before the problem was solved, and he insisted on giving me another ream of paper to "replace" what had been used up. I tried to argue that this amounted to giving me too much paper, since 3/5s of the paper already run was useful to me and would have been run anyway. No charge for labor, either. Nice people. I wish the equipment they sold was a little sturdier, though. It's nice to get cheap repairs but it'd be even nicer if things didn't need to be repaired at all.

Their typewriter repairman once knocked \$5 off a bill -- apparently because I looked woefully broke. He's supposed to include labor, but he said he didn't put that much in and he'd just charge for parts, and please don't mention it to his boss.

The outfit is Miller Huggins, in Anderson, Indiana -- in case you're ever in the area and need a typewriter or mimeo repaired. Give them your trade.

Our projected schedule is insane. It is now Friday, August 22, and we have fervent plans to put out another issue before the convention. Buck is stencilling book reviews for it already. If the mimeo develops no more quirks, if the Moon is in the 7th house, I hold my mouth right and skip widdershins three times, I just might make it, too. And arrive at St. Louis and promptly collapse; might start a first - fall apart before the convention instead of after.

Last issue we inadvertently gave a false impression about STAR TREK ENTERPRISES. We probably should have just excerpted from Dorothy Parmenter's letter instead of trying to paraphrase, because we bobbled it. To clear matters up, there is no particular shortage of film clips, nor likely to be. It's far more likely the outfit will fold long before they run out of film clips. In fact, with the show leaving the air save for syndication, I would wonder if that might not be a strong possibility. But the film is there. Sorry to have snarled matters.

Perhaps everybody should soak up the con atmosphere in St. Louis like mad, especially us Midwestern fans, in the fear that there might not be a Midwestcon next year. According to the weather reports and disaster news, a tornado took out part of Reading, Ohio a week or so ago. And the North Plaza is practically on the dividing line between Reading and Cincy. The Carrousel -- the possible motel for next year's con -- is, I believe, in Reading. Or was?

Ann Landers attracts a tremendous collection of kooks who write in about incredibly dumb problems, everyone knows. But a while back she printed what I consider a stupid-championship letter. A couple of kids planning to get married were arguing over the price of the girl's engagement ring. The guy was holding out for a ring that cost \$900 and complaining that his girl and her mother were angling for one that cost \$1600 -- and he thought that was too much. Poor clown. \$900 is too much -- very. He's also saying his take-home pay is \$92 a week. The idea of shelling out that kind of cash for a chunk of jewel and some metal at this stage of their lives is patently ridiculous. I am thinking how much furniture they could buy for either amount, or, if they wanted, a down payment on a house. How much rent, at least, it would pay. It's the sort of letter that makes me wonder if these people are really serious - but I guess they are, unfortunately. No wonder the rate of bankruptcies and divorces is out of sight.

Especially during this kind of inflation. Sylvia Porter featured an item some weeks back on the high cost of groceries, particularly meat, and the whys of it all. Her point boiled down to the "fact" that the reason butchers charged such outrageous prices for meat was because the buying public kept right on purchasing at those prices, despite their howls. I almost tried to write Sylvia Porter a very unhappy letter. Not this buying public. Since March, at least, our meat budget has consisted solely of hamburger (not "ground beef", either), fish, and possibly chicken or cheap cuts of pork now and then. Though pork has recently gotten so expensive that I won't buy it anymore. I have simply given up buying nearly all red meat. Which is hardest on me, since I'm the one of the three of us who doesn't like fish. Good thing I'm not...or wasn't, rather....Catholic. (This is the sort of sentence which results from first drafting on stencil, I'm afraid -- sorry.)

Another item in the news -- this time I remembered to clip out all those things I want to mention -- recounted a wave of dissatisfaction in China. The Red Guards have been relocated to rural areas to assist gallant comrade farmer in harvesting the overfulfilled quota of rice and whatnot. (At least, that's the public statement on why the Red Guard was split up and spread around the countryside.) The story detailed that the Guards weren't liking it much. In fact were getting pretty fed up. Ditto the farmers. The Guards thought farm work menial and degrading, and the farmers regarded the Guards as lazy do-nothings who won't put in an honest day's work. During the summer, in the middle of picking bushels of corn in the rain or picking beans while being attacked by flying armadas of midges and deer flies, I tend to sympathize a bit with the Guards. Particularly if they've never done that sort of work before. Just as one of my favorite anecdotes from a fanzine was Terry Carr's tale of how when he was younger and believed all that business about "getting close to the soil" he once signed on to pick beans as a field hand. I still get a bitter twinge of amusement picturing a city-type fan burning his back, blistering his hands, dehydrating himself and ending up with madly itching arms as a result of communing with nature and getting close to the heart of our great land. Tilling the soil is just not that romantic....



We're a little late this time, folks. First, we didn't have the money for postage until after payday. Second, even after we got the postage money, we didn't have envelopes. In fact, as of today, Aug. 3, we still don't have envelopes and I don't know when this issue will get out. Hopefully some time this coming week. We still plan to finish another issue before the Worldcon, however.

So the announcements here may be a bit late. Lessee; here's an ad for the Secondary Universe Conference, Oct. 30 - Nov. 1; we should get this distributed before then. Write Ivor Rogers, Univ. of Wisconsin-Green Bay, Green Bay, Wis. 54305 for information. And I guess the DOUBLE BILL SYMPOSIUM isn't published yet. Write Bill Bowers,

2345 Newton St, Akron, Ohio 44305 for information. Here, though; the party the Trimbles threw to celebrate the moon landing is probably over by now. (In fact, the landing had been made before we got the announcement. But it's a pretty thing, with an excellent Barr illo.

The landing itself was up to expectations. Not everyone thought so. Randy Bytwerk sent us a clipping which mentions that tv watchers in Ottawa protested the preempting of "Star Trek" for the Apollo shots, and I believe it was Kay Anderson who quoted some hippie on a talk show as saying Apollo "didn't come up to Kubrick". People who prefer fiction to the real thing are sick. (Though I suppose the Ottawa watchers have a partial excuse; they might not have protested if it had been a Canadian landing.) When I began reading science fiction in 1948, I certainly never considered that we'd be on our way to the stars in my lifetime. Of course, it isn't happening quite the way the sf authors wrote it (which I suppose is why some people prefer fiction; they can have an ending the way they want it, without having to consider the wishes of several million other people). But the important point is that we are there. We've made it to the moon, and Spiro Agnew (of all people) in a fit of enthusiasm announced the next step; "On To Mars!" Okay; I'm ready. I'm rather surprised that the US actually got to the moon first; I fully expected the Russians to suddenly announce that they had just made a manned landing. But in the long run, it wouldn't have made a lot of difference as long as somebody got there. (In fact, we would probably have worked harder for Mars if the Russians had beaten us to the moon). I'm not particularly interested in the fact that we beat the Russians; I am tremendously interested in the fact that after thousands of years of dreaming about the moon, Man finally got there. (And I got to see it!)

Joanne Burger reports that Willis's THE IMPROBABLE IRISH is coming out in hard covers from Taplinger in Oct. for \$4.95. Also in Oct. will be Isaac Asimov's 100th book will appear from Houghton. OPUS 100 will be a collection of pieces from earlier books and will be \$5.95.

There was an article in the Fort Wayne paper about their library going to the county prosecuter in order to get back 2000 books valued at \$10,000. What interested me, however, was a paragraph mentioning the type of books most frequently stolen. (This isn't just forgetful borrowers; this is people getting cards under several different names, grabbing books under each name and never returning them; obviously never intending to.) The librarian said "They're books on witchcraft, Negro problems, astrology and computer programming." This was the first time I knew that computer programming was considered a powerful juju in modern society. Apparently the worship of technology isn't as dead in this country as leading psychologists would have you believe.

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060, have produced a manual on HOW TO SURVIVE COMICS FANDOM. Sort of a NEO-FAN'S GUIDE for comics fans, except that it emphasizes esoteric knowledge less and behaviour more. (I am tempted to make some crack about rotten little kids, but half my readers would never forgive me....) I did love one line: "An interest in comics does not guarantee that a person doesn't have serious psychological defects." (Comment would be superfluous; you know what I'm going to say.) This may get in my fanzine review column next issue, but I wanted to mention it now for all you people out there who need it. Seriously, it's a very good little manual, and I recommend it to all comics fans among my readers.

On the more serious side, AMERICAN HERITAGE recently published a non-fiction horror story. Historians, worried about historical documents that tend to crumble when a researcher looks at them, have discovered that paper made since about 1870 has a life of 30 to 50 years. Of course, we all knew that pulp paper got brittle quite readily, but the effective life of the highest quality rag paper is very little longer. With the rag papers, the sizing is to blame; eventually it will decompose into sulphuric acid and eat the fibers. (The problem of records storage that Asimov and others have mentioned may solve itself; after the older records have been stored awhile, you can sweep the fragments out of the boxes and start over.) I had seen news items to the effect that books in the New York public library had succumbed to "pollution" and smirked quietly over the knowledge that books in the Coulson Library were safely away from pollution and would remain that way. Apparently this was the first guess as to the cause of destruction; now it's known that the sizing is to blame and it doesn't matter where the papers are, though "books which are in private libraries, and which therefore are more lightly used, stand a better chance of surviving than those in our great public collections." Microfilm everything? Microfilm 25 to 30 years old has already begun to deteriorate. The Association of Research Libraries says "Although apparently not widespread this deterioration is potentially serious enough to justify not placing reliance on negative microfilm as a means for long-term preservation of even the text of significant books." The article also covers the old nitrate film; most film buffs (and even people like me) have already learned of the total destruction of a majority of the early movies (though I didn't know that the nitrate film decomposes into an explosive allied to guncotton). However, this affects more than movies; snapshots taken between 1890 and the Second World War are subject to the same decomposition. (Those old negatives you have stored in a box in the attic just might explode some day.) To someone who hates to destroy any printed matter - I even try hopefully to find someone willing to accept old READERS DIGESTS - this sort of thing is much more horrifying than a few riots. The only hopeful prospect is that some paper manufacturers are now producing acid-free paper, which will help from now on. But you can't copy the entire printed output of 100 years, and "Who is to say what will be important tomorrow?" (I saw recently - in LOCUS? - where someone was planning to copy entire issues of old stf mags, with a complete run of reprinted UNKNOWNs running about \$200. I wonder if he's going to do it on acid-free paper?)

Juanita just proofread the first page of this editorial and says it was not neither Kay Anderson who mentioned the hippie on the talk show; it was Juanita mentioning it to Kay Anderson. Sorry about that; after a certain number of 12-page letters both ways, I tend to get confused. And while I was typing a Jehovah's Witness came around and sold Juanita a little hardcover book of Biblical quotations for 25¢. I suppose it's a bargain; I told Juanita she should have told the woman I was a minister in the Universal Life Church, but she said she wanted the book for our Contemporary Religion section of our library. It figures.

Spent most of yesterday climbing around in a decaying box elder tree, lopping off some of the limbs so I can cut it down without taking part of the house and/or the gas tank with it. Then I cleaned out the rain gutters on the roof of the house, which had grass and weeds growing in them. I suspect maybe I should clean them often. The joys of country living....actually I really do enjoy it. It gives me an opportunity to putter and feel self-righteous about it. What I should have been doing was writing; maybe I'll do that today, if I can't think of any more excuses.

# COLD POWER

by

DAVE LOCKE

I was just putting the finishing touches on 'You Can't Get High While You're Frozen' for Bruce Coulson, Jr's zine when Ray and Dawn Galloway arrived, causing March of The Ten Planets to play on our house chimes. I set the manuscript aside and threw the clutter on my desk into a more presentable disorder. I could hear Marge heading for the door.

It was one of those hot Saturday nights when there's nothing better to do than sit around and drink beer. When you come right down to it that is the main feature of all evenings such as this, regardless of whether you play it down by shuffling cards or smother it with droppings of small talk. All else is just pretense, as you would notice if you watched everyone's eyes when it was time for me to say "anybody want a beer?"

Ray, six feet six, gangled his way into the living room and wrapped his body around our couch, drawing up one leg so that Dawn could squeeze in. I took the recliner and Marge perched on a footstool. Immediately the small talk started, and, though I was looking at Ray as he told me about the first initiation of his new boat, in my mind I had my eyes closed and wondering if the Bud I had picked up on my way home from work was cold yet. Then I noticed that Ray had stopped talking, and when I opened my mind's eye I saw him looking at Marge's father, who was coming downstairs.

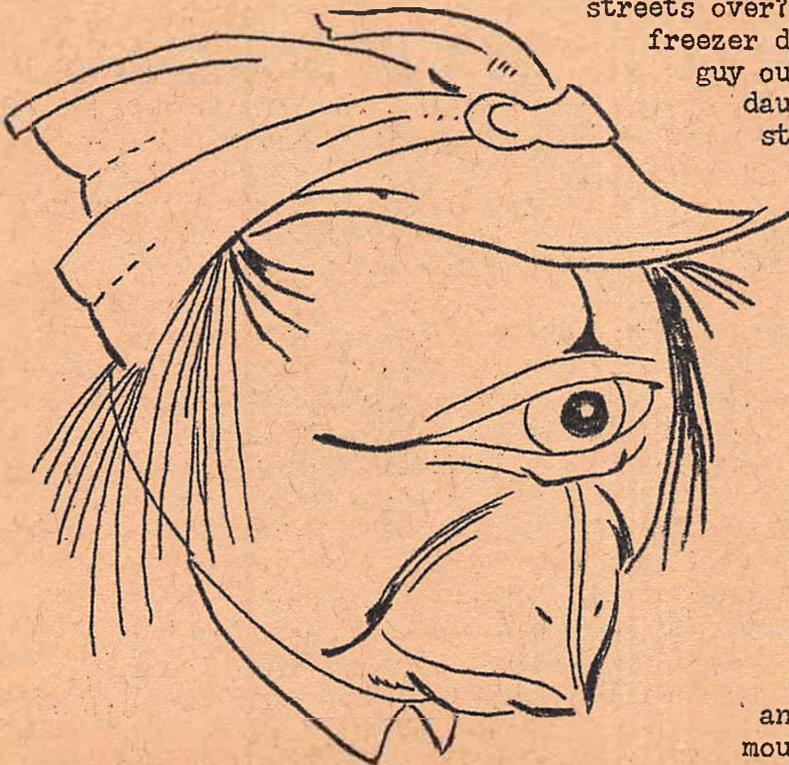
Ray turned back to me and asked, "Who's the old man?" in a sort of stagerside whisper. I laughed.

"That's Marge's father," I explained. "You remember the other day when that nut flew his hopper into the broadcast power relay two streets over? We lost power for so long the damn freezer defrosted and we had to pull the old guy out." We all smiled as our little daughter Jane came running down the stairs after her grandfather. He caught her and she went up in his arms, giving him a big loving hug.

"Where's Jimmy?" Dawn asked, looking around. "He's always around when we're here."

"Well..." my wife began, and then gave me a sideways look. I nodded. "When Dad thawed out," she said, "we decided this would be as good a time as any to have him around for a few weeks." She looked at her father and smiled.

I finished it up for her. "You see, even with prices down on most things food is still going up, and Dad presents us with another mouth to feed. We decided to give Jimmy the pill and put him in the freezer for a while, next to the peas.



What we haven't decided," I told them, "is whether to keep him there till we decide to freeze Dad again, or whether we should leave him there and save him for middle age. They say a young boy makes you feel like a kid again yourself when you're getting along in years."

"Well," Dawn said thoughtfully, "I hope I'm not stepping out of line or anything, but I guess it's pretty common knowledge that you two were only planning on one child. Maybe this would be the answer until you get your business running a little better, Lee."

"Hell, yes," Ray said. "Everybody knows the home freezer is the answer to today's birth control problems. And where's the beer?"

I rubbed a watery eye. "Coming right up. But, Ray, it's not really an answer. It's just a put-off. These kids come back into the world when they've got an inheritance; when their folks all die, if they ever do. Freezing unwanted kids is just creating a problem all of its own. We don't believe in it, not that way. We'll bring Jimmy back before I retire. He can learn the business and then take it over. After we've had a few happy years running around the planets taking in a few sights we'll take the pill and go in Jimmy's freezer. Then we'll be able to come out now and then and find out how our kids are doing."

Marge came in with the beer, seeing as how I delayed my cue. We each pulled a mouthpiece from our plastic cans and then moved out to the patio.

Dawn sank pettily into the webbing and started talking about the movie they'd seen the other night.

"It was sort of a satire," she informed us, and then took a sip of beer.

"It started off in a doctor's office, and he was telling this man that there was nothing could be done for him. So the guy decided to take the freeze, and his name would go in the Federal Tickler for when they found a cure. And then it comes out that he's only got the common cold, only it's the last incurable disease left, so I guess it was sort of a science fiction movie, too."

"Did you hear about that kid next door to us?" Ray asked me. "Eighteen years old and he's going to the freeze Monday."

"Why?" I asked.

"The kid wants to go into the Altair sciences. He figures there'll be some sort of academy built for them here on Earth in a hundred years or so. So he's gone on tickler for it."

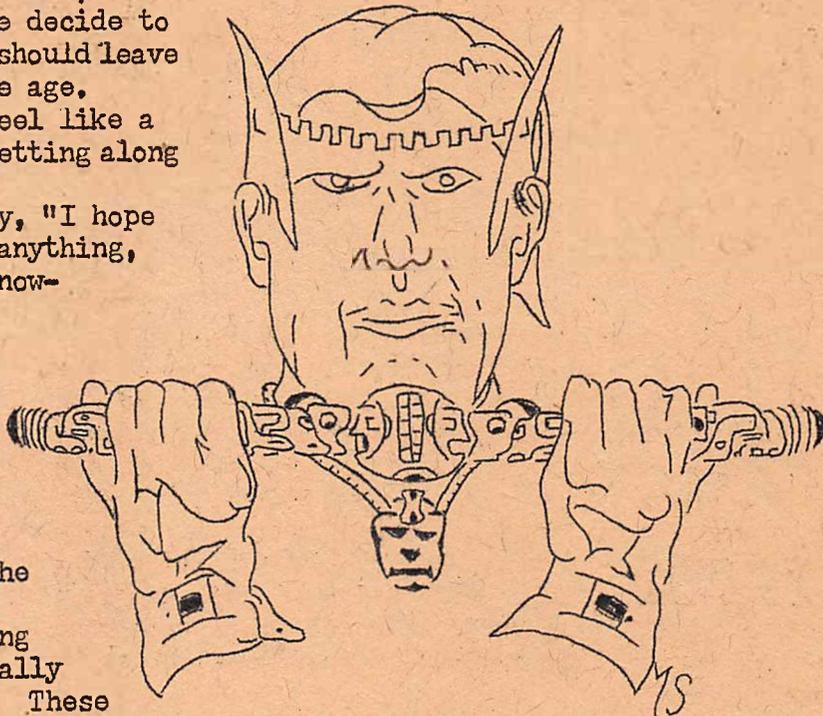
"He's crazy," I told him. "He should wait till he's twenty-seven. If he stays eighteen for the next hundred years they're bound to get him in the draft."

Dawn was still on the movie, and Marge was listening and nodding and passing out refills.

"So the guy sells his car and home and everything and puts it in the bank and figures he'll have about a million for a real good start when he gets thawed. And it's got some hilarious scenes with this old cleaning lady coming on to dust his freezer once a month. So he gets thawed and decides the first thing he'd better do is dial to buy a car. He does, and come to find out prices have gone up so much while he was on ice that a new car costs a million dollars and he drops the phone and it's hilarious."

"You know," I told Ray, "one of these days everybody is going to go into freeze, and they'll all wake up to a crumbled world."

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised." The rest of his beer went down in one gulp,



making his adam's apple look like a ping-pong ball in choppy seas. "Not a bit," he said. "You know, more and more people are going on ice for no reason at all. None worthwhile in my book, anyway."

"So then he finds himself out of money," Dawn was saying, "and he goes down to the Salvation Army and guess what he gets?"

Marge was grinning. She shook her head.

"They gave him his old clothes back."

"You know, though," Ray said, "if not enough people get frozen to solve the food shortage, those already in the freeze might supply us for a few years." He laughed.

Dawn frowned disapproval. "You've got a morbid sense of humor," she informed us, rather than him. If he'd said that at home, she'd have ignored it.

"Well," I said, rising from the chair. "We can leave the girls here to jabber and go forth with a six-pack to my den and do likewise. Besides, you're going to help me collate my zine." I gathered up some empty cans and turned back to him. "Rise."

We walked through to the kitchen and I got rid of the empties and picked out a pack of live ones from the refrigerator.

"How many on your ml this issue?" Ray asked, falling in step as we headed for the den.

"I only added two, but I lost fourteen. Twelve of those went on the freeze. Including King," I added, "and I'm going to miss his column."

"You know," Ray said as he set up the collators and I rummaged through my desk for a couple of rubber fingers, "I truly believe than fandom has just about had it."

"How so?"

"Fans are future-conscious. Too many of them think they were born too early, and they all want to know what the universe is going to be like tomorrow. For as long as this freeze business lasts they'll be able to see as much of the future as they want. They can jump ten or twenty or a thousand years to a time, get in their fill, and then jump again."

"Yeah, but the freeze has been around quite a while. I wouldn't say a significant number of us has succumbed."

"Not yet," he agreed, "but it's been only recently the freeze has become household accepted. Fans aren't so radical that they'll sell all and start on a journey thru time before they're fairly satisfied that their time machine won't be dropped as a bad idea and blow their whole project. No, they'll wait. But I think the waiting will be over soon, and you'll keep seeing fans turn timeliner until there aren't enough left in fandom to make it worthwhile for those who are left to go on. Sort of like a PTA meeting without the Pees."

"Maybe you're right," I said, "but I dunno. I can't quite see that many fans going freeze. Maybe thirty or forty percent. But there'll always be a big enough core to left for the group to continue."

Ray threw down the bottom half of a copy onto the stack and I collated the top half and threw that after it.

"I've got an idea," Ray told me. "Let's go on freeze for a series of hundred year leaps. We can produce a fanzine published centennially. We'd have ourselves a real First."

"Sure would," I agreed.

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Couple more notices here. There seems to be something called the Tolkien Alliance, which is apparently mostly devoted to round-robin letters. Write David L. Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indianapolis, Ind. 46226, for information. (I seem to have mis-laid their information sheet, but I do have THE TOLKIEN ALLIANCE NEWSLETTER #1 here. This newsletter also mentions a teenage sf correspondence club; contact Leon Taylor, Box 89, Seymour, Indiana 47274. "Their zine EARTHLIGHT is free for asking.") Better get in on it, Tucker; pretty soon APA 45 members will be over 30 and untrustworthy.  
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Any newspaper except our Hartford City one get the advice column "Helen Help Us"? In today's column was a long complaint from a woman whose husband "has an addiction to reading". He read cereal boxes at the breakfast table, magazines, books, "takes his lunch and reads while he's eating his sandwiches." A word to the wise; I do the same thing, but I made sure I married a woman who understands this sort of thing. RSC

# Progress In Baghdad

When once the secret of the magic carpet came to light,  
Then all Baghdadis wanted them to fly;  
The carpet makers drove their folk to toil both day and night  
But could not carpets fast enough supply.

And reckless youths, like swallows swooping through the twilit air,  
Above the domes and streets of Baghdad whirled,  
Colliding with the other fliers darting here and there,  
Who instantly to dismal death were hurled.

And fights arose along the streets, and men were stabbed or speared  
For favored spots to park one's magic steed;  
A whole new class of constables and magistrates appeared  
And regulations for the rugs decreed.

Until the Caliph, great Harun, this bloody strife to quell  
And by the rain of bodies sore distressed,  
The royal wizard summoned in to cast a potent spell  
And pray to Allâh that his work be blessed.

And when the spell was uttered by this warlock so astute,  
The magic of the carpets fled away,  
And tourists buying antique rugs in Baghdad or Beirut  
Get former magic carpets still today.

..... L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

Whilst not categorically stating that I do not believe in the supernatural (because a couple of eerie things have happened to me) at the same time I could be regarded as somewhat of a sceptic. For this reason I have taken a particular interest in the strange case of Mrs. Rosemary Brown, a widow of South London. If you haven't heard of her yet, I promise that in the future you will most probably do so. Particularly if you have an interest in serious music. I saw her 'performing' on BBC television last night, and I've got to admit that I was extremely impressed with what I saw and heard. I'd like to tell you all about it.

# MUSIC OUT OF THIS WORLD

-----reported by -----john berry

Mrs. Brown claims that she is in constant mental touch with several of the most famous composers of the past, including Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Liszt, Brahms, etc...these, in case you don't know, having been dead for a hell of a long time. She also claims to see them once in a while. She states that in order to contact her, they have learned to speak English in the 'other world'. It is worth noting at this stage that some years ago Mrs. Brown 'dabbled' in spiritualism. It seems that almost every night she is 'visited' in her London home by one of the aforementioned, although occasionally Rachmaninoff makes an appearance, too. They take their turns visiting her, and whilst in communication they tell her all about their latest compositions, and ask her to translate their thoughts onto scored music paper. She is stated not to be a trained musician, although I must confess the Beethoven sonata she was work-

ing on when the tv camera visited her was scribbled onto the paper with considerable alacrity. Mrs. Brown is also supposed not to be a very good pianist; whilst she played one of her latest 'inspired' compositions on the piano in front of the cameras last night she tinkled the ivories with what I thought to be commendable expertise. Although, as she explained seriously, her composers 'assist' her to play the piano.

During a three year period, Mrs. Brown has written some 400 inspired pieces of music. Several of them were played on the piano last night by some of the most serious musicians and pianists on tv, including Dennis Matthews, and Yehudi's sister Hepzibah Menuhin. And I've got to admit that the music I heard was most beautiful, and the most marvelous thing of all -- the Beethoven items were like Beethoven's, Liszt's were like Liszt's and Chopin's were a dead cert for all the Chopin music I've got in my record library, and I've all his waltzes, preludes and studies. I guarantee this: if this music had been played without my knowing the circumstances, I would, without doubt, have attributed the music to the composer concerned. Understand please, this is no hoax or humorous Berry-type article; the music was exactly in the same mould as the original work of the chaps mentioned above.

Naturally, I did not accept that the spirits of these great composers had written these works, and I looked for the trick. And after seeing all the details on this impartial BBC programme, I'm still looking for it. Whilst I have been a serious music fan for



many years, and have built up a considerable library, and whilst I fondly think I know a lot about music, all the items performed were faintly familiar to me, and I felt that if I concentrated just a little more, I could clutch at the names or opus numbers of the works being played during the programme. I looked forward to the main part of the programme, where Mrs. Brown's inspired works (and she calls them this: Sonata for piano, inspired by Beethoven) were being commented on by the experts.

The most critical one was Dennis Matthews, a celebrated British concert pianist. He confirmed that the works were new, although he had reservations about the originality of the works. He played one of the inspired Beethoven items, and then played snippets of a proper Beethoven work, and tried to show several similarities in construction, which I could appreciate. He still expressed the opinion that Mrs. Brown was on to 'something'; he said that for her to have composed these works herself she would need to be a very great musician. All the same, he opined that the Beethoven items were 'pastiche' -- his actual word. He could not understand the stated fact that Mrs. Brown was not a musician.

Hepzibah Menuhin was a total believer, not admitting directly that she accepted the fact that the composers had actually visited Mrs. Brown and dictated to her, but concluding that something marvelous was happening which she could not comprehend. She was very much pro-Brown. She could not explain the gift or how it happened, or how it was motivated; all she would admit was that the result was beneficial to musicians.

Richard Rodney Bennett, another virtuoso, explained that at first he was sceptical of what he had heard about Mrs. Brown. He said that he went to visit her, and when she stated that she was in communication with Debussy, he told her that he was working on some piano works by Debussy, and was having some difficulty in capturing the atmosphere of one -- it didn't seem right. Mrs. Brown, he explained, then contacted Debussy whilst he was there; and although he hadn't told Mrs. Brown which work it was, she told him exactly what it was, and said that Mr. Debussy had told her that he had heard Bennett playing, and liked his interpretation of his works. He made several suggestions for Bennett to appreciate the work better, and, trying the new suggestions, Bennett found they worked. Richard Rodney Bennett is now a dedicated believer.

Another musician explained the talents which some composers enjoy, a sense of balance, a feel for notation, etc., and she said that after having met and talked to Mrs. Brown, she felt that Mrs. Brown had none of the essential attributes. She says that there must be something most unusual for these vast numbers of compositions to be churned out.

Mrs. Brown sends a bundle of manuscripts every week to a publishing firm in Edinburgh who are studying the works. Privately printed lps are available, and it is rumored that a foreign firm, from which country I do not know, is planning wholesale releases of the works. If you can manage to listen to some of the music, please try, and I promise that you won't be disappointed.

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The question is this: either Mrs. Brown is in contact with these composers and is writing their music, which they were unable to do when alive -- or she is perpetrating a hoax and succeeding in doing so by convincing dedicated musicians that the music is written, somehow, by the composers concerned. One of the musicians did suggest a third possibility; which mustn't be ignored. He said that throughout her life Mrs. Brown must have been listening to the actual works by these composers; the music has penetrated her mind, and because her mind is so utterly receptive to music she has become obsessed with it and jumbled fractions of the music something like the originals are pouring out of her. And the music is, as I've said, extremely like similar works by the same composers. Dennis Matthews also said (I forgot to mention) that none of the works seem to have advanced; in all this time these composers have not



become more talented, which makes him sceptical of the 'inspiration' premise.

Mrs. Brown also suggests, by implication, that these long-dead composers are apt to flit about from the infinite and take a heady stance in the close proximity of pianists who are performing their works. The implications are, in fact, staggering, if you follow it through. Imagine Beethoven sitting on the side of the stage at the Royal Festival Hall whilst an orchestra is knocking off his Pastoral.

So what is the true story? I am following up Mrs. Brown's career via the available media. I would like to know whether or not her story has spread to the states yet, or if any Yandro readers have heard any of her lps? Your lettercol correspondents are always ready to defend a cause, or explain with shrewdness and scientific acumen various phenomena which pop up now and then, and I would like your clientele to try and give a logical or even an illogical explanation of what exactly is going on around here.

Ed. Note: The August 8 issue of LIFE carries an article on Mrs. Brown (along with an assortment of moon photos that fans should want to get anyway).

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ODDS AND ENDS

by RSC

Juanita said I had this stencil to fill up, so after a Boy Scout committee meeting I put on a record of Will Holt singing Kurt Weill's music and started in. This will probably end up as an extension of my editorial; some things that arrived later and a few things I meant to mention and forgot about. (Unless I take notes ahead of time, the quickest way I have found to wipe my memory clean is to sit down in front of a blank stencil to write an editorial.)

From Nigeria, Jim Kerr sends a clipping from the DAILY TIMES (Ibadan or Lagos?). This is a letter concerning the moon landings. "The moon did not come to exist through any scientific discovery. It was designed by God to shine freely over the universe, and to serve as light to all beings free of charge.

"The plan by the US to land a man on the moon is a crime against humanity.

"There is no amount of electricity power that can outshine the light of the moon; because the moon serves even the remotest parts of the universe.

"To land a man on the moon therefore is to deny a certain portion of the earth the right to see freely with the light provided by the Almighty God.

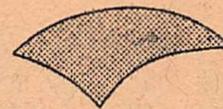
"Who knows what would be God's reaction? Would that be the end of the moon?"

Okay; we got crackpots everywhere; that's not news. The interesting part is that this letter won a one guinea prize from the newspaper! (Whether best letter of the week, or month, or best reaction to the Apollo shot, wasn't specified.) Even an uninformed jackass like the above writer has a right to express his opinion, but I consider it irresponsible for a newspaper to encourage him by giving him prizes.

Midwestcon was fun, as usual. It was also large; anyone without a reservation had to stay at a different motel. (Which wasn't all that much of a hardship, since there are cheaper and better motels within walking distance; it's just that most of them aren't as large. Next year, we were informed, the con will probably be at the Carrousel, an equally large and probably more expensive motel in the same area.) The expansion of fandom is even reaching the smaller cons. Didn't meet too many new faces this year. Lessee. Mike Bradley was probably the most impressive; I didn't really talk enough to the other newcomers to count as a meeting. Generally I renewed acquaintance with various fans. (Larry Niven was there, but since I never found out what he looked like I don't know if I talked to him or not. Probably not.) Ted White with his new hairdo looks remarkably like Ben Franklin - which I suppose isn't a bad image for an editor. (Ed Hamilton tromped on my toe; does that put me up with you, Tucker?)

Weekend after the Midwestcon we took off for another fan visit, with Don and Maggie Thompson. That weekend was not a good one for visiting Cleveland; tornados, floods, and something like 70 people killed in the area. We were lucky; nothing worse than high winds. Had a great time, talking, listening to all their new records, etc. I think I really prefer extensive visits with fan friends to conventions.

# GOLDEN MINUTES



STAND ON ZANZIBAR, by John Brunner (Book Club) No price, because I read the Thompsons' copy. (Don't back away from the book because of its size; I read it during the course of a three-day visit, and still had time for conversation.) As I guessed, this is quite similar in style to THE JAGGED ORBIT, but bigger in scope. It is the world of the near future, carefully extrapolated from the present with, perhaps, two exceptions. Beninia, as far as I know, has no counterpart among today's nations - certainly not among today's African nations. (And the "solution" falls back rather jarringly on a science-fictional cliché.) Yatakang, of course, is derived from Indonesia, but while the country is firm enough the cloak-and-dagger activities there do not have the same ring of truth that the rest of the book has. I know Brunner wanted to contrast the sordidness of current national policy, as exemplified and extrapolated in Yatakang, with the inherent peacefulness of mankind's chosen, in Beninia. But the Yatakang episode comes out closer to melodrama than to drama. The contrast of the future New York with Beninia would have been striking enough, and far more compelling than the seemingly artificial Yatakang exploits. One thing that struck me about the novel was the way in which it resembled some of Heinlein's works. Chad C. Mulligan is simply Jubal Harshaw in false whiskers, while the organization of the book is such that the author can use Heinlein's trick of throwing in large chunks of background and philosophy. (Heinlein usually manages to work them into the plot; Brunner has organized the book so he doesn't have to work them in.) This is also one of the best books I have read in a long time. Unreservedly recommended.

THE TIDES IN THE BAY OF FUNDY, by "Xavier Xanthus" (Opium Books, 6 Tak Hing St., #3A, Kowloon, Hong Kong - \$2.00, I guess) Order fast if you're going to; that address is supposed to change very shortly. (I'll keep you posted, if I learn myself.) This is not, the author says, a novel. It is a vazzle. He then proceeds to define "vazzle" and you know what? It turns out to be the original Gernsback recipe for science fiction; sugar-coated essays. Except that these aren't elementary physics. But you have the same style, with characters engaging in long dialogues, covering ground both of them should know perfectly well, for the edification of the reader. It was sort of nostalgic. The book is either science fiction or fantasy, depending on where you draw the dividing line. World of the future, anyway, with all problems solved. (Except for those of the hero, of course.) Some of the ideas are fascinating; such as that while women have more natural creativity, men have the ego-drive to express themselves. And that therefore great art is most apt to come from homosexuals, who have both the creativity and the drive. (Bisexual, actually, but the author says homosexual.) Another one seems well off the mark; cancer is postulated as a disease of habit. If you change your activities and way of life regularly (or irregularly, rather), cancer won't develop. This is a nice little lead-in for a dissertation on how Change Is Good For You, but neglects to explain why, in this present world, with changes coming more rapidly than ever before, cancer has increased from a nuisance to an epidemic. Generally I must be able to sympathise with one of the lead characters before I can enjoy a book. (Note: sympathise; feel sympathy for. Not "agree with".) But I found all of the characters in here resoundingly dull and enjoyed the book anyway. I'm not sure what it's got, but it has something.

FANTASY TWIN (F.P.C.I., \$3.50) Contains two novels; THE UNDESIRE PRINCESS by L. Sprague de Camp, and THE DARK OTHER by Stanley Weinbaum. I assume that F.P.C.I. had some unbound copies of these novels left over - they were originally issued separately - and decided it would be cheaper to bind as one and offer a bargain. Certainly there is no literary logic ascertainable in putting the two together. (They are not bound back-to-back in Ace Double fashion - though that might have been a novelty - but the page-numbering in my copy of the de Camp novel is unusual. The pages are all there;

it's just that the sequence runs 9, 14, 15, 12, 13, 10, 11, 16, 17, 22, 23, etc.) The de Camp novel is a humorous fantasy; nothing too exciting. Originally from UNKNOWN, I believe. Hero is dumped on a world of "two-valued logic", according to the author. Actually the logic is sometimes two-valued and sometimes merely exceedingly literal-minded. (A camelopard, being neither a camel nor a leopard, should not exist in this world, according to the author's own criteria. But it does. And I see nothing in the theory of two-valued logic that would prevent lying - in fact, some of the characters do lie on occasion - but most of them treat it as a thing unheard of. Fun, but not to be taken at all seriously, or compared with the author's better works. This novel is filled out (those were the days when books were books!) with a short story, "Mr. Arson", which is also lightweight humor. THE DARK OTHER is a modernized Jekyll and Hyde, with all the latest psychological theories of the 1930's. (Some of today's authors with their urges to be "contemporary" and "meaningful" should read this for an idea of what their works will sound like in 30 years.) It would be terribly dated even if Weinbaum hadn't had to tack a "sciencefictional" ending on it to sell it. But it is peculiarly fascinating as a historical item; Weinbaum was one of the first science fiction writers who tried to bring mainstream writing into the field. It's somewhat musty now, but it must have been a whizzer in its time.

THE NEW ADAM, by Stanley Weinbaum (Avon, 75¢) This again is pure 1930s mainstream. As a superman novel the style is closer to Wylie's GLADIATOR than to ODD JOHN or SLAN. No author has ever succeeded fully in describing the thoughts of a superman, and one of the flaws here is that Weinbaum tries, at some length. He makes a good stab at portraying the utter loneliness of the first super-human, but even there he described the agony in terms of the latest 1930s philosophy, which is more than a little quaint today. The blurb says this was 9 years in the writing, and he had counted on it being his masterpiece - but if he's remembered for anything, it will be for THE BLACK FLAME and "A Martian Odyssey"; less profound, perhaps, but also less tied to a particular era.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-14, ed. by John Carnell (Corgi, 3/6) This opens with another of James White's "Sector General" stories, "Blood Brother". About average for the series. "If You're So Smart", by Paul Corey, is about scientific orthodoxy. (I should think that Campbell would have grabbed this; it's not only one of his pet ideas, it's a good story.) "The Ballad of Luna Lil", by Sydney J. Bounds, is a fairly interesting idea; a learned treatise giving the "background" of a somewhat melodramatic "space ballad". Unfortunately, it reminded me too strongly of the much better done "The Only Thing We Learn" by William Tenn. "The Eternity Game", by Vincent King, is an experimental style. Moderately successful. "Tilt Angle", by R. W. Mackelworth, is interesting for actually showing attitudes changed as a result of changed circumstances. "The Song of Infinity", by Domingo Santos, is a mood piece, quite well done. "Green Five Renegade", by M. John Harrison, is a secret-agenty treatment of a first contact story; adequate but promising more than it delivers.

BUG JACK BARRON, by Norman Spinrad (Avon, 95¢) I was, to put it mildly, surprised when I read this. I had read so much about it, and so much crap by Spinrad, that I was prepared to dislike it intensely. And I found that underneath all that overlay of garbage, there was a really fine story. Terribly overwritten, of course; it contains some of the purplest prose I have encountered since I quit reading A. Merritt. ("a voice drowned out by the surf-roar that cloaked her shoulders with sighing green tentacles...") And it seems rather wasteful to include streams of consciousness from different characters when all of the streams are identical; all the characters think the same way - in hyphens. But the story is excellent, and the characters are interesting. (Though they would be more interesting if they didn't insist on baring their identical mass-produced souls at every opportunity.) Then there is the gutsy - or gutter - language. This tends to get in the way of the story and characterization almost as much as Ayn Rand's 40-page soliloquies do. But then, it wasn't meant to enhance the story. It was intended to make the novel controversial, to hopefully attract some of the readers of mainstream best-sellers, and, along with Spinrad's hard-sell technique in SFWA and fandom, to turn Spinrad into a Well-Known Author. And it seems to have succeeded magnificently, so it must be regarded as a success.

The conflict between Jack Barron, tv personality and anti-hero, and Benedict Howards, human-freezing magnate and villain, is very well handled. The society, while lacking in the conviction carried by such books as ZANZIBAR, is intriguing, and the result is a very creditable effort, even if you do have to wade through a fucking amount of shit to get to it.

THE MEZENTIAN GATE, by E. R. Eddison (Ballantine, 95¢) A man who can write 270 pages of outline for a novel can't be all bad. (Actually it isn't that bad; the beginning and end are completed; only the middle 130 pages are outline. Still, that's a fair amount. (A Stratton U.N.C.L.E. novel ran to 10 pages or less of detailed outline.) The outline portion reads remarkably like a brief history, which I guess it is. The history of the "Three Kingdoms". Actually, Eddison's Mezentian trilogy would be somewhat more understandable if this book were read first, as it gives the background used in MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES and A FISH DINNER IN MEMISON. I found it heavy going, because the books are heavily philosophical, and I violently dislike most of the philosophy. (Was Eddison a bachelor? He writes like one.) There is plenty of color here, and a story somewhat meatier than the average sword-and-sorcery tale.

SF 12, ed, by Judith Merril (Dell, 75¢) I used to buy these happily for the amount of material packed into them that I hadn't read before, and no matter if much of it was not stf. But after this one I'm not so sure. Oh, there is material there that is new to me; the editor is still plucking her selections from a vast assortment of publications. Trouble is that very little of it is worth reading. Lessee; we have "The Cinemagicians" and "Personal" by Tuli Kupferberg (very readable, but a total of 8 lines.) And oh yes, here's another; "W-A-V-E-R", with 11 more lines. Other more or less entertaining selections include "The Food Farm" by Kit Reed, "The Fall of Frenchy Steiner" by Hillary Bailey, "Light of Other Days" by Bob Shaw, "Beyond The Weeds" by Peter Tate, "The Primary Education of the Camiroi" by R. A. Lafferty, "Narrow Valley" by Lafferty, "The Other" by Katherine Maclean, and possibly "Luana" by Gilbert Thomas and "The Crab-Apple Crisis" by George MacBeth (each worth a tired snicker, at least) and Delany's "The Star-Pit". The inedible portions include "Gogol's Wife" by Tommaso Landolfi, "The Balloon" by Donald Barthelme, "The Cloud-Sculptors of Coral D" and "You: Coma: Marilyn Monroe" by J. G. Ballard, "During The Jurassic" by John Updike, "When I Was Miss Dow" by Sonya Dorman, "A Vacation on Earth" by Thomas Disch, "Confluence" by Brian Aldiss, an excerpt from "Journal From Ellipsia" by Hortense Callisher, "An Ornament To His Profession" by Charles L. Harness, "They Do Not Always Remember" by William Burroughs, "The Winter Flies" by Fritz Leiber, "When I first Read..." by Dick Allen, "And More Changes Still" by Henry Michaux, "Chicken Icarus" by Carol Emshwiller, and "In The Egg" by Günter Grass. And that's the last time I spend 75¢ on a book that's more than half garbage.

SHADOW OF HEAVEN, by Bob Shaw (Avon, 60¢) A none-too-believable future world; I keep wondering about things like, if the world is so goddamned crowded, how come so many resources are devoted to printing newspapers? Even now tv could take over completely, if the pinch were felt. Anyway, aside from the dubious background, this is a fairly standard stf-adventure novel, overlaid with occasional scoops of sibling rivalry and stuff. Characters are cardboard, but sturdy cardboard, and the results are fairly pleasant.

FUTURES UNLIMITED, ed. by Alden Norton. (Pyramid, 75¢) Here's some vintage stf for you. "Three Lines of Old French" by A. Merritt (inter-dimensional love story; I always liked Merritt's short stories better than his novels), "The Callistan Menace" by Isaac Asimov (high-school physics and goshwow plot) "The Hashish Man" by Lord Dunsany (I have never understood Dunsany's fascination; I think he's dull), "The Weigher of Souls" by Andre Maurois (fascinating little novelet; one can visualize it as a Thirties horror movie, with electrical sparks jumping and all), "Into The Darkness" by Ross Rocklynne (hardly a story at all; an attempt to create a Sense of Wonder by describing weird physical characteristics and ignoring the lack of plot), "It Happened Tomorrow" by Robert Bloch (revolt of the machines, not particularly original despite the author's foreward), "Exile of the Eons" by Arthur C. Clarke (another unsuccessful attempt to dispense with plot in favor of The Grandeur of it All), and "Rebellion" by John W. Campbell (the results of the very best of intentions).

THE SKY IS FILLED WITH SHIPS, by Richard C. Meredith (Ballantine, 75¢) Space opera; rebellion and the maneuvering to keep a powerful company neutral so as to pick up the pieces later and "save civilization". Competent but extremely slight.

CATCH THE STAR WINDS, by A. Bertram Chandler (Lancer, 75¢) An interstellar sailing ship passes the speed of light and slips into a series of alternate universes. Fun for a time, but overly prolonged. At that, the book is filled out with a short story, "Zoological Specimen", another space opera with aliens trying to take over a cruise ship. Struck me as a typical "Star Trek" plot; they should have hired Chandler.

DIMENSION THIRTEEN, by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine, 75¢) Mostly early Silverberg, from the late 1950s. "Eve And The Twenty-Four Adams", "Warm Man", "By The Seawall", "Dark Companion", "The Four", "Bride Ninety-one", "World of a Thousand Colors", "En Route to Earth", "The King of the Golden River", "Prime Commandment", "Halfway House", "Journey's End", "Solitary". These stories mostly have emotional kickers, which puts me at a disadvantage. The point of one, for example, is that a man finds that a girl he has doped and raped is his son's fiancée. Okay, I understand the point, but it doesn't do a thing for me emotionally. So what? There's no stain on the girl; the father may feel like hell, but he's pretty much getting what he deserved. So what? Then there are some that elude me completely, such as "The World of A Thousand Colors", where the moral seems to be that it's nasty to kill strangers but perfectly all right to lynch someone who disturbs the spiritual purity of the group. Maybe it was supposed to be a joke. Then there is the one about the man who dies happy after finding that he has a son. Again I see what I'm supposed to feel, and it just doesn't show up. You humans are such emotional creatures.... To be fair, I found about half the stories to be entertaining.

PERRY RHODAN #3, by Kurt Mahr & W.W. Shols (Ace, 75¢) This time Perry, his alien science and his team of psi mutants foil an alien invasion, disposing of a few ordinary bandits and power politicians along the way.

CATHARSIS CENTRAL, by Antony Alban (Berkley, 60¢) Another one in which everyone is so tranquil and peaceful that nobody can stand it and a revolution starts to get mankind back to the way God meant them to live, which of course is the same way we live today - or maybe lived yesterday. Actually the action and characters are fairly good; it's that mind-deadening plot that ruins it.

THE ANYTHING BOX, by Zenna Henderson (Avon, 75¢) This is an older one, but I just got around to reading it. It is a collection of the author's non-People stories, including her best single story; "Come On, Wagon!". A lot of the principal characters seem to be schoolteachers, but there is some variety, and, hell, the one story is worth 75¢. The rest are the title story, "Subcommittee", "Something Bright", "Hush!", "Food To All Flesh", "Walking Aunt Daid", "The Substitute", "The Grunder", "Things", "Turn the Page", "Stevie and the Dark", "And a Little Child--", and "The Last Step". All of Henderson's stories walk a tightrope between poignancy and maudlin slush, but not too many of these fall over on the wrong side. Recommended if you can still find a copy.

DANGEROUS VISIONS #3, ed. by Harlan Ellison (Berkley, 95¢) Presumably if you've already started getting this series you're going to get this anyway and it doesn't need reviewing. And if you haven't started getting it there isn't much point in beginning with the third volume, though of course you could. This I believe finishes the reprints of the first hardcover. Are the stories any good? Once again, they're mostly supposed to rouse emotions and mostly fail miserably on me. But I read the hardcover edition and I'll tell you which stories I still remember; "If All Men Were Brothers Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?" by Theodore Sturgeon, "Land of the Great Horses" by R. A. Lafferty, "Carcinoma Angels" by Norman Spinrad, "Auto-Da-Fe" by Roger Zelazny, and "Aye, and Gomorrah" by Samuel R. Delany. There are 9 other stories in the volume, but a story that I can read and a year later cannot recall any part of even by skimming thru it is not a story I consider worth bothering about. There is also a new introduction by Ellison, most of which he spends in advertising his next book in the series. He doesn't inspire me to buy it.

THE STORY OF "F", by Alan Hunter (Bee-Line, \$1.25) Is this the very same Alan Hunter who graduated from fanzine artwork to the art editorship of NEBULA; Larry? In this fantasy, hero and heroine dig up the representation (phallic, of course) of a South Sea god, and as a boon or maybe curse he gives them the gift of switching bodies every time one gets screwed. Funny, huh? Well, not really. The author could have made it into an imitation TURNABOUT, but chose instead to handle it as adventure, with white slavery, sadism, etc. It's a quite adequate sex novel, if any of you out there really need to get your kicks that way, but as fantasy it isn't much.

THE WORLDS OF ROBERT A. HEINLEIN (Ace, 60¢) Originally published in 1966. An article reprinted from GALAXY, an original and not very good story, and reprints of "Blowups Happen", "Life-Line", "Solution Unsatisfactory" and the short-short "Searchlight". If you haven't already read them, old Heinlein short stories are well worth your attention. But most fans have already read them.

DONOVAN'S BRAIN, by Curt Siodmak (Berkley, 60¢) I wonder just what the complete publishing history of this is? It might have had more editions than any other stf book. (Copyright 1942...hmm. My old Bantam edition lists Knopf 1943, Garden City 1944, Mercury Mystery and Armed Services edition 1945, and Bantam 1950. Then I have a 1961 Popular Library paperback that mentions "a number of editions including British, French, Portuguese, Norwegian and German", and now Berkley. Anybody out there who hasn't read it or seen the movie? If so, this is a fairly well-done thriller (the only really readable book Siodmak ever wrote, that I know of) about a scientist who experiments with a living brain which unfortunately has more moxie than his own does. Not a book to be happily re-read, as I like to do with some of the best ones, but good enough the first time.

THE MARTIAN WAY, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett Crest, 60¢) Previously Doubleday, the Book Club, and a Signet paperback in 1957. Title Story, "Youth", "The Deep", and "Sucker Bait". These are good, solid science fiction of the type you don't hardly get no more. They were never the best of their particular year, but I feel nostalgia for years that produce stories like this as a fairly regular thing. Recommended.

PLANETS IN FERIL, by Edmond Hamilton (Popular Library, 60¢) The latest in the Cap Future reprints, for which Hamilton is not getting paid.

THE ETERNAL SAVAGE, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 60¢) Reprint of one Ace did during the Burroughs Boom of a few years back. If you haven't read it (and if you really want to.....)

WATCH THE NORTHWIND RISE, by Robert Graves (Avon, 75¢) First printed by Avon in 1963, and I reviewed it - unfavorably - then. It's a fantasy classic, but a remarkably dull one. (Possibly not so dull if one knows more about the Greek myths - but after reading this I never got around to starting any of our other Graves books.) It's a serious philosophical work, and might do better today than it did when it first appeared, current youth being more interested in philosophical fantasy. This issue sports a beautiful cover by Bob Foster.

SECRET OF THE LOST RACE, by Andre Norton (Ace, 60¢) Originally half of an Ace Double - backed by Jerry Sohl; how low can you get? The typical Norton plot; the scruffy kid who suddenly finds himself Important, without knowing why. Space opera background, with some pleas for brotherhood. Not one of Norton's best, but certainly worth reading.

TOLKIEN: A LOOK BEHIND THE LORD OF THE RINGS, by Lin Carter (Ballantine, 95¢) After reading Lin's fiction I didn't really expect much from this, but it turns out to be a fairly good summary of sword-and-sorcery fiction in general, and the myths used by Tolkien as source material. I was particularly pleased to see him show positively that "THE LORD OF THE RINGS is neither satire nor allegory". (Not that it will stop various "intrepretations", I suppose.) There is nothing in it that is new to a veteran fan, but then it's aimed at the more mundane of Tolkien's followers - Ringgies? - and it's nice to see this sort of thing done from a knowledgeable point of view for a change.

THE MIND OF THE DOLPHIN, by John Cunningham Lilly, M.D. (Avon, 95¢) A sort of sequel

to MAN AND DOLPHIN. Not as interesting, because instead of describing what he is doing, Lilly concentrates on explaining why he is doing it. Apparently after the general reaction to his first book, he's become somewhat defensive. Also, the writing style has changed. He apologizes for the style of the first book; "the first book was written in as simple a style as I could achieve." This "defect" has been magnificently overcome; THE MIND OF THE DOLPHIN includes some of the most turgid writing to be found outside of college education textbooks. His work is still interesting, but his writing has become almost too pompous to be borne for 275 pages.

THE FLYING NUN #4, by William Johnston (Ace, 60¢) Well, it's fantasy of a sort.....

MORE "THINGS", by Ivan Sanderson (Pyramid, 75¢) I missed the first book in the series. As a writer of the incredible and supernatural, Sanderson has few peers. He is convincing, because he infuses life into his reports. "(This chap also used to chew-up champagne glasses and swallow them, and he once stopped a chattering dowager dead in the middle of a sentence by sticking a steak knife right through both his cheeks and then biting down on the blade! He was quite a pixie.)" In this one he covers the evidence for the survival of creatures from previous eras (bearing down hard on the tuatara and the coelacanth, which did), the survival of one or more primitive types of "human", the well-known frozen mammoths, a discovery of a pattern of "vortices" (not the ones being used as tourist traps in various areas), dowsing, psi, and other odds and ends. Entertaining? Decidedly. Believeable? Well.....

THE COSMIC CLOCKS, by Michel Gauquelin (Avon, 75¢) Billed on the cover as "astounding new discoveries in astrology", it seems to be mainly a history of that pseudo-science, plus somewhat desperate attempts to tie it to legitimate science. (Which surprises me; I thought science's image was on the downgrade these days.) As a history of the cult, it seems adequate enough.

A POCKET GUIDE TO THE SUPERNATURAL, by Dr. Raymond Buckland (Ace, 60¢) Just what the title says; this is a sort of brief encyclopedia of the occult; covering the basics of everything from astral projection to table tipping and the Tarot, and including 25 different studies...scrying, the I Ching, radiesthesia, ceremonial magic, etc. A very handy guide for anyone who wants to know something about the occult without spending a lot of time on it.

YOUR HIDDEN POWERS, by Dr. Michael Phillips (Ace, 60¢) The Phillips book is one of those "release your hidden potential" things so beloved of weak personalities. The Holzer is a reprint, and was hardly worth reading in the first place.

TO PLEASE A CHILD, by Frank Joslyn Baum and Russell P. MacFall (Reilly & Lee, \$6.00) But I picked up my copy from a selection of remaindered books for \$1.00, so keep an eye out. This is a biography of L. Frank Baum, and it makes quite interesting reading, even for someone like myself who was never an "Oz" fan. (After all, whether you like Baum's books or not, he was an important contributor to American fantasy.) He was also a somewhat eccentric individual, which makes for an interesting biography. Some of the accounts of Baum's "other" fiction were also interesting. Such as the short story about an embezzler, about to be caught, who murders a money-lender to get the money to repay his theft, arranges for the death to be thought suicide, marries the boss's daughter, becomes a vice-president of the firm and presumably lives happily ever after.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAPE COD PLAYERS, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Norton, \$4.95?) One of the early Asey Mayo books, which I thought I had never read. (Actually it turns out that I had, but I was glad enough to re-read it.) In a way, with the emphasis on "good breeding" and "blood will tell", the Mayo books are strictly vintage items. But I enjoy them - nostalgia for my lost youth, maybe - and from them I have formed an attachment for Cape Cod (which I have never seen) second only to the attachment for Australia (which I also have never seen) engendered by the Arthur Upfield books. They aren't really good classic detective novels, but the background and characters are interesting enough to make me keep reading. They have charm.

MCCORD, by Gil Martin (Berkley, 50¢) Lee Hoffman induced me to read this one. It is

certainly not a typical western. At a guess I'd say the plot was borrowed from a Frank Yerby historical novel. (The characters seemed rather Yerby-like, too; over-drawn and not terribly interesting.) The new western writers seem to be doing almost as much experimenting with the old formula as the new stf writers are.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MARKETPLACE, by Sen. Warren Magnuson and Jean Carper (Consumer's Union, \$1.75) There's an edition, at somewhat higher price, from Prentice-Hall, for you suckers who don't belong to CU. (That's the sort of sentence you get into when you first-draft on stencil.) This covers all sorts of fraud in the marketplace, and gives a believable (and under-publicized) reason why ghetto-dwellers have little respect for the law. Because all they see of the law is when a deputy comes around to take over their possessions on a gyp contract, or a court order garnishees their already low wages. (These aren't all defaulting contracts, either; one man was ordered to pay the full amount or lose his home only 7 days after signing the papers - before the first installment was due.) The need for legislation to curb time-payment abuses is amply demonstrated. The second half of the book covers quack medical nostrums, the dangers of poorly designed home appliances, and the cigarette problem. (To those who say smokers kill only themselves; avoiding the pollution question, what about the 1200 people who die each year in fires caused by careless smokers? Smokers kill more innocent bystanders than gun owners do, and destroy one hell of a lot more property.) However, the conclusion is a sop to the smoking habit; since banning tobacco would cause as many problems as banning alcohol did, the authors want research toward a "safer" cigarette. (The fire problem is ignored; presumably families of smokers can learn the same caution that the families of drunks have to, and a certain number of innocent deaths are unavoidable. Tell me, Joe Siclari; it it would save one human life, would you support a total ban of tobacco?) The first part of this book, at least (on installment contracts and other frauds) is must reading for everyone.

THE MEDICAL MESSIAHS, by James Harvey Young (Consumer's Union, \$2.00) Higher priced edition from Princeton University Press for non-members. A history of 20th century medical frauds. Twice as big as the preceding CU book, and somewhat drier. Largely a history of the Food & Drug Administration in its efforts to battle fraud, though other federal agencies are also covered. Emphasis is on the problems attending on apprehending frauds and getting laws passed, rather than on the nature of the frauds themselves.

THE YARBOROUGH BRAND, by Lee Hoffman (Avon, 50¢) Both books cover homecomings of RETURN TO BROKEN CROSSING, by Lee Hoffman (Ace, 50¢) prodigal sons, though Shea Glenn-cannon isn't nearly as prodigal as Seth Yarborough. The Ace book is fairly standard action-western; well done but nothing exceptional. An easy way to kill 45 minutes. The Avon is a bit meatier; the interplay of personalities is more reminiscent of the historical novel than of any other form I'm familiar with. The Ace characters are cardboard; the Avon ones are at least plywood. The Avon book also includes a murder mystery, with a killer that I didn't tumble to until 4 chapters before the hero did. If you want to try a western, I recommend THE YARBOROUGH BRAND.

INSTANT REPLAY, by Jerry Kramer (Signet, \$1.25) I got this because I'm a Green Bay Packer fan, but Juanita, who has never seen a football game all the way through and never intends to, considered it a highly entertaining book. If you want to know what sort of idiot plays pro football and why, read this. There are casual mentions of Lincoln Continentals given as birthday presents - and equally casual mentions of playing a full game with broken ribs, practicing with a cast over a broken hand, and "He's got a torn muscle and internal hemorrhaging, and the back of the leg...is a bright purple, with an olive border and splotches of yellow and blue....By the end of practice today, he was moving pretty well..." Highly recommended.

THE CHICAGO CRIME BOOK, ed. by Albert Halper (Pyramid, 95¢) From the Prohibition days to the Syndicate-controlled city of the present, with one section devoted to the more spectacular individual crimes; Loeb-Leopold, Heirens, etc. An exceptionally readable and informative book.

SURVIVAL, ed. by Phil Hirsch (Pyramid, 60¢) Less interesting, because of the hairy-chested he-man men's magazine approach. More or less non-fiction about "the outer limits of danger". Not recommended.

# GRUMBLINGS

Bob Briney, Apt #2, 233 Lafayette St., Salem, Massachusetts 01970

Sword-and-sorcery fiction is really catching on (and being driven into the ground). A recent paperback by Gardner F. Fox gave me a laugh; it has a "learned" foreword by some M.D., just like the ones that appear in the sex paperbacks in an attempt to give them some spurious dignity.

Neighborhood theaters in this area seem to have run out of "good" films to show, and are presenting program after program of cheapie horror and sf double bills, most of them several years old: BATTLE BENEATH THE EARTH, THE VAMPIRE-BEAST CRAVES BLOOD (poor old Peter Cushing versus a giant were-moth), and so forth. The brand new items are even worse. The best thing about THE GREEN SLIME, for example, is its title song, which is unintentionally hilarious. (Yes, I went to see it...) Next week we get GOLIATH VERSUS THE VAMPIRES.

Y187, p. 5: The Bhutan Philatelic Agency is in the Bahamas. The country's latest gimmick is a set of stamps picturing the history of steel-making, and printed on sheets of thin steel foil.

At the same time that some Britons were protesting the non-religious theme of last year's Christmas stamps, others were up in arms about the country's latest set of stamps, which pictures famous British cathedrals. Ignoring the fact that it was primarily cathedral architecture which was the subject of the issue, the protestors did everything but claim in so many words that the British GPO was being taken over by The Church.

That "For Sale" list in Y189 is one of the funniest things you have published in a long time. Hope you can get more such material from Dennis Lien.

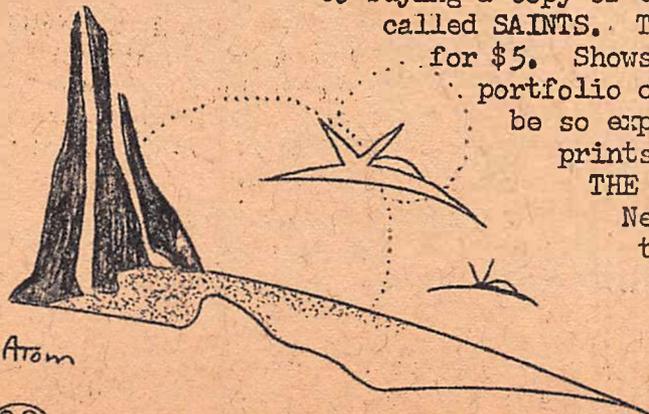
Perils-of-Writing-in-a-Non-Native-Language Dept.: "You'll be treated as one of us and don't bother to ask for help if you need it." --Heicon Progress Report #1.

As you have probably read elsewhere, the U.S. will issue a "First Man on the Moon" stamp sometime next month. Like the "space walk" issue, this one is the work of former sf artist Paul Calle. Unlike the previous issue, it will be a 10¢ airmail stamp, larger than normal commemorative size (same width, 1½ times as high), issued in Post Office sheets of 32. The master die from which the printing plates are to be made has been included in the impedimenta of Apollo 11, and will be carried to the Moon and back. Keep fingers crossed.

One of the current Curtis pbs is a historical novel called PURPLE PASSAGE, by Emily Hahn. I thumbed through it at the corner drugstore, and the title is a perfect description of the style.

Another interesting title recently uncovered, while looking up some information at the Boston Public Library: UNDER FATE'S WHEEL, A Story of Mystery, Love, and the Bicycle. (Vintage 1900, by Emma Murdoch.)

Ten years after its appearance, I finally got around to buying a copy of the Freas portfolio of "religious" art, called SAINTS. Thirty-six 8½x11 prints on heavy art paper, for \$5. Shows what a mass audience can do for prices; a portfolio of similar size and quality of sf art would be so expensive that no one would buy it. (The prints are the illustrations which Freas did for THE FRANCISCAN BOOK OF SAINTS back in 1959. As Ned Brooks mentions in Collector's Bulletin, they are indistinguishable from the character-portraits that Freas did for Asf/analog. I like them.) The Franciscan Herald Press, which sells the portfolio, has a peculiar policy regarding postage on mail-orders. If you order just one portfolio, the



Atom

postage comes to less than 50¢ and is paid by the Press; if you order two or more portfolios at a time, the postage amounts to more than 50¢ and must be paid by the buyer. First time I ever heard of the buyer being penalized for quantity orders!

You might want to include in a future Yandro the following information about some NASA illustrated booklets available from the Superintendent of Documents (Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402):

EP-57 MAN IN SPACE (America in Space/The First Decade)

30p 55¢

EP-66 APOLLO 8, MAN AROUND THE MOON 24p 50¢

EP-68 CODE-NAME: SPIDER, FLIGHT OF APOLLO 9

16p 40¢

EP-70 MISSION REPORT: APOLLO 10 12p 35¢

EP-71 "IN THIS DECADE...", MISSION TO THE MOON

48p \$1.25

All are beautifully printed and filled with photos and diagrams in color and black and white (except for EP-57, which has no color illustrations).

There are also some interesting issues of NASA Facts:

NF-27 LIVING IN SPACE 12pp 20¢

NF-41 FOOD FOR SPACE FLIGHT (color illus.) 8p 20¢

NF-33 SATURN V: MANNED FLIGHT TO THE MOON (21"x32")

25¢

NF-40 JOURNEY TO THE MOON (21"x48") 30¢

The last two items are wall sheets, in color, and are (to me) much less interesting than the other items. Too classroomy for my taste.

I ordered copies of the above items on June 30, and they arrived today (July 18). For the usually-slow Gov't Printing Office, this is speedy service.

/Along with the letters, he sent a couple of clippings. One seems to be the ultimate in inflation: CLIP THIS AD, MAIL IT WITH YOUR \$5 CHECK AND GET THE EQUIVALENT OF \$1 BACK. RSC/

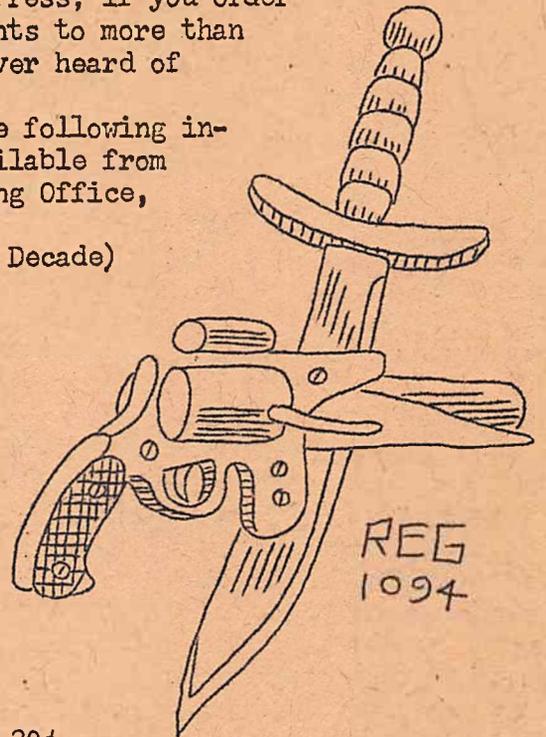
Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom

Very pleased to hear that you managed to get an electric duplicator--they are really marvelous and take all the drudgery out of the task. Now if I only had some help with the stapling I'd be on easy street! There are times when I think about husband-hunting just to help with these chores. But then I think maybe that's going too far for the sake of fanatic.

You have hit in on the snag of my separating my zine comments from Scot into a separate zine? I have to maintain two files of names. It is the only way, really; to try and combine them could be too distracting. Lurking somewhere in the depths of my room is a third file of names-- that of the fans who were registered for the Loncon II. Then there is a fourth file of names of fans who are no longer interested in either my zines or fandom as a whole. I do not tear these up as they may, like Mike Deckinger, come back after shaking the dust of fandom from their feet. If they turn up again, I've got a little list...

Dave Locke made me smile, but I don't think we will see any of that there on the HUGO ballot for a while. Anyway, it's Harry Warner for the HUGO, and never mind about the rest of it. Your address change list made me think; whatever happened to the Shaws? They used to be so active in fandom and now they are among that fourth card listing of mine.

However, there is really nothing fresh to say about your own "Golden Minutes" and "Strange Fruit". They are still the first things I turn to in Yandro after reading the editorials, and that is because I enjoy them so much. I read the letters next. This time it was Jack Gaughan's which fascinated me. Where he tells about doing



batches of drawings. His comments upon Nurse novels had all my sympathy, believe me! You know I saw that title HOOTENANNY NURSE in a shop once, was so hypnotized I almost bought it. However, I recovered, glad to say; had it been a second-hand copy I probably would have succumbed just to see what lay behind the cover. Mind you this shows that I have no real right to be nasty about Nurse novels, never having read any. Only how can they be anything but ecch? Somewhere recently I've written that what intrigues me about them is that they must be read by women--yet there is a chronic shortage of nurses all over the world!

Alex Gilliland -- goodness -- just about every fanzine I lift these days has something by him in it. I hope he doesn't burn himself out, as I like his sensible approach to life.

That was a very shaggy, shaggy dog story.

/Oh, the nurse novel populability isn't that unusual; I like on occasion to read about cowboys but I emphatically wouldn't want to be one. I've got an old list of former Yandro subbers, too; actually, several lists, remnants of different types of record-keeping we've tried over the years. Anybody remember Jack Cascio? Jerry Greene? Bernie Bubnis? Lloyd D. Broyles? Margaret Curtis? We still hear from the Shaws occasionally, though. RSC/

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

I am working with my son (who is now almost nineteen) on a project to photograph sunspots. Briefly, the 4" reflector is placed in the doorway at the rear of the house and the sun is projected about five feet into the very dark coalhouse, which is attached to the house. It is projected onto a white-painted piece of glass, and is about eighteen inches in diameter with the x31 lens. It is superb, the umbra and penumbra being extremely clear. I haven't yet been able to photograph it, because I can't set up my camera; it gets in the way of the projection, because the coalhouse is so cramped. But I expect to succeed soon. If it works out well, I'll do another article for you, with fotos, showing sunspots; and it will be a humorous article, because the whole neighboring population think I'm crackers, crawling on my hands and knees into the coalhouse with a camera in my mouth.

Dennis Lien, Lake Park, Minnesota 56554

Irv Jacobs is right; at my place, the slick promags remain unopened while I leap at every Yandro that arrives. (Actually, at my place the slick mags remain largely unbought, though I have a bunch of Evergreens and Avant Gardes that someone gave me last month, and I'll read Playboy when someone else buys it.

While I'm at it, I also agree with Jacobs about Finlay. And not only am I not over 40, I'm not even over 25. Though most of the illos he's producing these days look so cramped in digest magazines--he really needed the big pulp pages to produce Things of Beauty. I had the contents of his three portfolios (24 8 1/2 inch reproductions from FM on the wall over my bed last year. Lovely, lovely.

Taking things from the start and page 1: That's a 6-year Yandro index, you ninny, not a 4-year. No wonder all those hordes of loyal fans aren't writing in begging you to publish it.

I think I agree with Louis Morra, too. Vote the HUGO to what/whom you believe deserves it, not matter how often it/he has won before. Oh, in borderline cases I'd give the edge to those not winning before...but I don't believe in borderline cases, much.

Panshin's article covers well a subject about which I don't much care, personally. I suppose it would be valuable to be able to define sf to mundane minds, but then, who wants to communicate with mundane minds. I do think, with Panshin, that Heinlein's 1947 definition is about the best, though, were it not for its length.

Hell, maybe ARROWSMITH is science fiction. Wonder if Lewis could have won a HUGO with it if they'd had then back in 1920 or 1930, whichever it was?

My "Fox Sale" list. I have a comment. Buck, I intended to delete "Lot Four"--the Moskowitz slant--before publication. I thought I'd indicated as much, but I may

be wrong. My admiration for Sam's "critical insights" is not of the highest and I have enough of the bully in me to be willing to stick pins in people for a good laugh, but I decided the laugh wasn't nearly good enough in this case to be worth the nasty dig.

Anyway, I feel that I owe Sam Moskowitz a bit of an apology, and I hereby tender one.

Now speaking of being nasty..and to someone whose previous contributions to Yandro I'd always enjoyed: Just what is the point of Alan Dodd's "review" of I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT (terrible title, by the way--sounds like a Cure-Your-Insomnia self-help pb)? To prevent prospective readers from ordering the book by giving away the punch of almost every story in it? By my count, seven of the thirteen stories are synopsized so fully that I'm no longer interested in reading them for myself--see the Bloch, story, the Miller, the Tenn. In the 20's, one used to be forced to skip the blurbs, since too many of them gave the story away...in the 30's (and in The Saturday Evening Post) it was the illustrations. Now it's fanzine reviews, I guess, but this case it especially blatant.

"Golden Minutes": Interesting comment about PRELUDE TO SPACE. After July 21st, will this be science fiction? Is, say, TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA science fiction right now? Does outdated science fiction become fantasy, or main stream literature, or does it just remain "outdated science fiction"? Panshin? Anybody? (Oh all right--Buck?)

Bruce bought the Asimov collection of old Astounding articles? I always sort of thought Analog was a juvenile, but Astounding..? (Actually, that's not fair; I know that Analog's articles aren't for kids. They're not for me, either. Now its fiction ...I'm still not being fair, but hell...)

Any chance of somebody bringing KILLING GROUND out in paperback? (Canadian paperback, I suppose--how about telling us if it does come out?) Your review makes me sort of want to read it. I still keep muttering about moving to Canada, so I suppose I ought to read their science fiction (a perfectly logical fannish response). Incidentally, I don't think it's strictly true that the old Canadian sf magazines were all reprint. I've got some of their fantasy magazines (18 issues of Uncanny and the one issue of Eerie) and, as I recall, a good share (most?) of the material looked new. (And the last few issues of Canadian Super-Science (pre-War), while a reprint, didn't reprint from Super-Science but from Famous Fantastic Mysteries.) The biggest name in original Canadian weird fiction at the time seemed to be Thomas B. Kelley, whoever he is/was. I've got several stories by him, and one paperback novel, THE FACE. Never read anything, though. Maybe one of your Canadian readers will tell me more. (And maybe one of them can sell me the May 1943 Canadian Super-Science and/or issues #7, 19, and 20 of Uncanny Tales, for that matter.) I just checked Brad Day's CHECKLIST, and I guess you're right. Aside from the two weird titles I listed, the only original pub seems to be the French-language (and French reprint?) Les Aventures Futuristes of 1949, 10 issues. Uncanny did publish American authors too, tho; I notice that Doc Lowndes' "Lillies" was sold direct and never appeared in the states until Mag of Horror reprinted it a year or so ago. (Too sexy, the problem was.)

Andrew Phillips on self-sacrifice. "If you could have saved King's life at the cost of your own, would you?" Yes, I honestly think so. Though if I had to sleep on that decision I might back out. I have this flair for dramatic gestures, and I'm probably suicidal anyway. More interesting is the question of whom I'd save, given a choice, King or Buck. Take away from me the chance to be in the spotlight, and I don't know..I don't know if I could adjust to a fandom without Yandro (I had my first fannish womb shot out from under me in 1964, when Cry folded), and since my life without fanac would be pretty damn dull, it might boil down to a 1½ to 1 ratio on lives to be saved. Hell, I don't know. I will save Buck over Spiro Agnew, though. (This space left blank for Buck to insert "Thanks a lot":)

Page 21 is a good page: Reg Smith's suggestion that you're a were-jackrabbit and a heart-farming cartoon (by Devra Langsam).

Intriguing comment by Rick Norwood on your Moon cover, upside up vs. rightside down. As I recall, you printed that upside down, didn't you? Which means that the Moon we see up there normally looks threatening, but would look quiet and peaceful

if we stood on our heads. Why not devote the remnants of our space program money to turning the Moon upside down? Then it would look so friendly that the Great Unwashed Public would start supporting the space program again.

I'm fascinated to learn that SQUARES OF THE CITY was written in 1960 and sold in 1065. Presumably the Norman Invasion took place before it left the presses and that's why it wasn't published for nine hundred years. I'm wondering what sort of time travel device Brunner used to send it back though. (Reminds me of the Startling Mysteries Stories goof -- which RAWL unfortunately caught in time -- offering for 50¢ a back issue dated 1066. Serializing SQUARES OF THE CITY, I presume.)

Hank Davis: The Moorhead Minnesota Public Library also still has a copy of a Jack Vance book filed under Henry Kuttner. A couple years



ago, I graffitied (past participle of "to graffiti") all over the catalog card, but it didn't do any good. (Though they didn't replace the card, either.) I could go up to the desk and bitch, but then they'd probably throw me in jail for defacing a library catalog card. I don't know...Funniest thing of all is that their copy of the other Jack Vance book in their holdings is listed under Vance, with none of these pseudonymnymm jazz. They're not only wrong, they're inconsistent.

Hey, George, you start the Coulson Witnesses and I'll join. Of course, since I was responsible for ordaining Buck and since I have seniority (about ten seconds' worth) over him as minister of the Universal Life Church, this would put me in the strange position of worshipping an ungraven image of my own creation whom I outrank. What are the theological implications? (Incidentally, as far as I know, I was the first fan to become a minister of the Universal Life Church, so I think I'll appoint myself Pope. You, Buck, as my second, can be Archbishop of Hartford City and I'll promote you to Cardinal if you keep your nose clean. I think Frank Lunney was the third, so you outrank him and should feel free to order him around, tell him how to run BeABohema, etc.

For what it's worth, I knew that there were five differing Fitzgerald translations of the RUBAIYAT and I didn't know that Biblical mistranslation that tripped up Subhle. But I'm not sure what it's worth.

It's not easy writing a letter of comment on Stefantasy without ever having seen a copy of Stefantasy. I suspect Evil Old Bill Danner planned it that way. Ah well, there's always Yandro. It's easy to write letters of comment to Yandro. I just did, in fact.

[To find large Finlay illos these days, you have to look in the astrology mags. I always thought fandom as a whole was a borderline case, myself. I vote for "outdated science fiction", even though this sometimes gives an erroneous implication that the story in question is no longer worth reading. (Most of the time the implication is quite accurate.) Derek says KILLING GROUND will not have a pb due to "liberal pressure". (Dumb Canucks...) Did you know Our Founder has run afoul of the California authorities for ordaining people while illiterate, or something like that? I don't know if he got a crown of thorns or not... RSC  
 Hmm, seems like the Aussies should be the world's greatest peacemongers, by the way they see the Moon, rather than have the rep for being ferocious never-say-die Diggers and all that. And I do hope people start using Moon, now, rather than moon. Just the German in me. JWC/

Reg Smith, 1509 N. Mar-Les Dr., Santa Ana, California 92706

Here's something that may interest you. A few months ago I got the third issue of a fanzine called Deeper Than You Think. This issue was devoted to Unknown and has material by Campbell, del Rey, Eric Frank Russell, Gold, Williamson, etc. It also re-prints some art by Edd Cartier. The most interesting thing in this issue, however, is a one-page article by L. Ron Hubbard. I knew Hubbard was a fast writer back in his pulp days before he became a Dianetics millionaire, and I also knew that he submitted everything first draft and never rewrote. However, the article contains this sentence: "Production was about 100,000 words a month most months, done on an electric typewriter, working an average of 3 hours a day, three days a week." I don't necessarily believe everything that Hubbard says, of course, but I've read some stories by him that were so bad that they were probably written that fast. If my math is correct Hubbard wrote fiction at the rate of 47 words per minute. I doubt if even "Thomas Stratton" can top that speed and "Stratton", after all, is a two-headed monster.

Lien has a hilarious bit in this Yandro, and regarding Panshin's article, I feel that Moskowitz's definition is probably the best. I've sometimes wondered if science fiction shouldn't be called "future fiction" since almost all the stories take place in the future and those set in the past (via time machines, etc) are mostly fantasy anyway.

In the letter column you say that you want to get Hodgson's second Arkham House collection. Actually, A.H. has issued three Hodgson collections, although the first one (THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND AND OTHER NOVELS) has long been out of print.

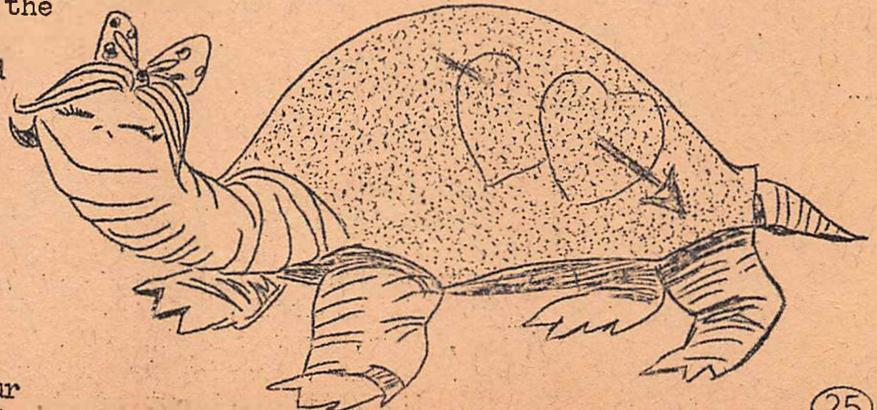
/My error. Not being interested in Carnacki, I simply ignored its existence. I have HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND; I want DEEP WATERS. RSC/

#### Alice Hopf

Perhaps you can help me out with a scientific question-answer, or if not you, one of the Yandro readers. Sometime back around last fall there was an item in Yandro (and I can't remember who wrote it, and since I chopped up my copy for various reasons I can't check on it). This was about good reference books for s/f writers, and this guy especially recommended Stephen Dole's book HABITABLE PLANETS FOR MAN. Now this is a report that Dole did for the Rand Corp., but he later rewrote it in a more popular version, being helped and co-authored by Isaac Asimov. After some thought, I decided that I'd get more out of the popular version (PLANETS FOR MAN) -- I'm left cold by charts and tables and graphs. Anyhow, I had consulted this on several previous occasions from the library. So I ordered it.

So much for the introduction. It's a very helpful and enlightening book. Now in their list of possible habitable planets they list one that might be on the inner edge (warmest) of the ecosphere (space around a sun where conditions would be habitable). They say the equatorial regions of such a planet would be entirely uninhabitable -- much too hot, complete desert. But that there would be a region between about lat. 51 deg. and 66 deg, north and south, that would be habitable. (I presume conditions would be rather tropical. If I'm wrong, I'll be glad to be set right.) However -- no mention is made of the poles. My question is, what happens above and below 66 degs?? Do the poles quickly revert from freezing to boiling with the seasons?

I wrote to Asimov and asked him this question, and all I got back was a card saying to ask Dr. Dole? (How do I know where Dole is? Still with the Rand Corp.? I suppose I could write to him via the publisher, but that seems to take so much time and effort.) Perhaps it would be easier now I have your ear to ask the readers of Yandro.



Asimov acted as tho he didn't know -- which rather knocks my ideas of him into a cocked hat. I always entertained the notion that "Asimov knows everything."

/You've got me. Anyone out there in the audience know Dr. Dole or something about habitable planets? RSC/

PFC Hank Davis, US 53759825, A Co., 501st Sig Bn, VHF PLATOON, 101st ABN Div, APO, San Francisco, 96383

Prior to being released from Ft. Gordon for 15 days of leave (goshwow!) I underwent a week of RVN (Republic of Vietnam) training, during which I had my first experience with an M-16. On the day that we practiced rapid-firing, rain had fallen. We are shooting from foxholes. There are two M-16s for each foxhole. Behind me is a buck sergeant as I hop into the foxhole and prepare to fire. The first 20 round magazine goes beautifully. The second magazine is maybe halfway empty when the weapon jams. I hand the weapon to the sarge behind me and pick up the other M-16, lock and load the magazine, and start firing. It jams. I hand the second M-16 to the sarge who has cleared the first weapon and hands it to me. I start to insert another magazine, but discover that the magazine will not go in. The sarge hands me the other M-16, but the magazine will not go in that weapon, either.

"Oh hell," says the sarge, "that's another of those fucked-up magazines."

By this time, I am greatly upset by the Army regs which will not permit carrying of privately-owned weapons to Vietnam, for I am beginning to wish that I could take my double barreled, 20 gauge Springfield shotgun along. I am, in fact, beginning to regret the rashness with which I discarded my Red Ryder B.B. gun at age 15.

/Another in our reports on superior American technology. RSC/

Richard Delap, 532 S. Market, Wichita, Kansas 67202

I will be looking forward to #189 to see what you have to say about Yandro not making the Hugo Ballot this year. You don't suppose it has anything to do with your 'rule' about mentioning Y in other fanzines, and the editors' wordy monologues about how unfannish you've become? Just curious..how long was the string of nominations (and one win, right?) you'd run up?

Juanita's editorial hit exactly the right note with me, from her "It is a marvelous thing to be alive at this time in human history", in reference to the Moon shot, to her discussion of the "sob feature" about the widower with 11 kids. As a lapsed Catholic, I make no bones about my opinion of religious ethics that prevent true believers from using contraceptives. There is absolutely no reason for families to be saddled with children they cannot bring up in proper health and wealth. I feel no pity for this man with his human chattel; at 39 years of age, he's either a moron or a tyrant, and either case should be dealt with as a problem.

Oh yes, I wanted to mention to you that Ted White will be using my reviews for Amazing, beginning with reprints from Geis' SFR. It's been a good year for me--my first story sold, membership in SFWA, a Hugo nomination and now pro appearances of my criticism. There's a Black Slab up there somewhere that loves me.

Locke's article was ok--a funny idea not carried out quite as brightly as it might have been, but passably good.

To answer your confusion as to the magazine appearance of Chandler's SPARTAN PLANET--it was in Fantastic, March & May, 1968. You mention in the "Grumblings" that Reynolds' CODE DUELLO was in Analog--but under what title?

/Actually, I don't know how long a string of Hugo nominations Yandro had. From the time the nominating ballot was first used, whenever that was. A winner in '65, when the con was in London. (Maybe we'll win again in Heidelberg?) I'd have to hunt up the Reynolds' Analog title; you don't expect me to work at this business, do you? RSC

Which is our opinion, also, on the string of Hugo nominations. It just isn't that important. Really. Fandom is supposed to be fun. I start worrying over awards, I'd better get out of it. JWC/

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois

The national furor over germ warfare seems to have regenerated an interest in LONG LOUD SILENCE, after all these years. A couple of paperback houses have made vague noises about reprinting the book again, and I think my agent is playing them off against one another, to our mutual delight. Lucre is indeed filthy, and spendable.

/Great! The more stf that I read, the better LONG LOUD SILENCE seems in retrospect. It should be republished. RSC/

Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108

Juanita, I received a letter from Ruth Berman a day or two ago, telling me something about St. Louis that I didn't know myself...and perhaps you'll be interested. According to Variety (which I don't read -- got the news from Ruth) the Falstaff T Theater in St. Louis is going to present "A Thousand Clowns" August 5 thru 31, with Leonard Nimoy. Having just received this info, I haven't had a chance to check it out as to time, price, etc. But of course I will. I'd like to have the Miracle happen, and have Nimoy appear on a panel, or give a talk, or at least show up at the con. But I can't make any promises about that. We'll try to work something out. But, at the very least, perhaps some of the STAR TREK fans will want to see the play.

/I'm sure they would. It may well be a Miracle, though. One information source in Shirley Meech's Plak-Tow mentioned that "because of the work Nimoy is doing in filming M:I he had to cancel his performance in "A Thousand Clowns'." Now I don't know whether that was one performance, the whole tour, an earlier tour which will not include the one in St. Louis, or the whole thing was a publicity agent's pipe dream. We shall see, and keep our fingers crossed. JWC/

George Scithers

Panshin is covering somewhat the same ground I did in my Yandro article, several ages ago, on how to define sf. De Camp's concept of inclusive versus exclusive definitions is helpful in this exercise. One can define a thing by its boundaries (all people more than 18 and less than 21 years old; all stories based on premises not contrary to fact), or by its center (people within a few years of being 19 & ½ years old; generally stories based on scientifically accepted principles). The first is the lawyers' definition; the second seems more appropriate to the definition of a literary genre. (I do NOT submit the example above as a complete definition of science fiction.)

I was going to suggest that perhaps awards for fanzine, etc., etc., not be given two years in succession to the same winner--that is, the previous year's winner would be ineligible. But fannish good sense seems to be taking care of that quite nicely; last year's winner didn't even get nominated this year, in the fanzines. People have a way of turning out pretty smart, election-wise.

Odd, the comment that Amra is a "cold" fanzine. The image I was trying to project was light-hearted lunacy. There is the fact that Amra is now entirely photo-offset, which traditionally makes for "coldness"; it began as a mimeoed zine, converted to offset--direct plate offset--when it fell into my hands--and has gradually become more and more photo-offset. In fact, with the steadily increasing sub list, I no longer stand over the folding and stapling machines, but hire the whole thing done. I deliver negatives and get back boxes of Amrae, already enveloped. Maybe it's that, with such a limited page count--20--letters make up a smaller proportion of Amra than many zines, hence all you get projected is the editor's and the writers' personalities, with scarce a feel for ones' fellow-readers.

/Personally, I never had any real urge to feel my fellow readers, but each to his own perversion. I think the main trouble is that dedicated sword-and-sorcery fans tend more towards grim determination than they do toward light-hearted lunacy. Us light-hearted lunatics can,

with a few exceptions, take s&s or leave it alone. I think we actually received Panshin's article shortly after getting yours, but we didn't want to publish them that close together. RSC/

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

Dave Locke's piece was good, but if you have a good comedy idea never stretch it out too long. At any rate, from now on I'll view commercials in a different light.

George Fergus might be interested to know that the CBS video tape player was developed here and may even be used for educational closed circuit tv here soon. Interesting to note also that the school where they want to put the tv in is the most upperclass elementary school in the city. Average income \$22,500+ (I'm not kidding) for these daddies. There is another grade school in town where the average income is \$5000-. (That's somewhat brought down by the ones on welfare and the ones with no family, I suppose.) The former school's kids probably have two tvs at home if not two color televisions. Some of the latter school's kids might have tvs, but I know some of these kids (I do volunteer work with several groups during the summer; this year I might even lower myself to work for the board of education) and a good many don't have families. Now, I don't know whether or not they'd be able to use the system better, but it might get them somewhat interested in the subject matter. Knowing some of the kids I can say there's a damned good possibility of that. Anyhow, if the city gets it, they'll waste it on the other kids.

They're also building a new golf course when one of the low income elementary schools was built in 1870 and had one addition in 1910. And the whole school system is overcrowded and underfunded.

It's an election year.

I'm another one who's somewhat mystified why anyone would want a picture of John Lennon and his wife naked. I bet Lennon's having some good laughing fits.

Did you see that thing in Time or somesuch about E-Prime? It's English without using the verb "to be". I generally assume that anyone reading me is bright enough to realize that what I say is my opinion, and not gospel, but if you want to be sure then you just use E-Prime. "It seems to me that he..." instead of "He is..." etc.

/E-Prime, you say? Here I thought that was a system proposed by Michel Eyquem Montaigne a good long while ago. JWC/

Bill Conner, 1711 Providence Ave., Springfield, Ohio 45503

In the April 27 Los Angeles Times, Clarke was interviewed while he was in LA to attend the Oscar ceremonies as a nominee and co-author of "2001". Clarke mentioned that he is working on a Time-Life book about the US space program and a Time-Life roadshow film about the space program. He also said he was talking with Universal about a film version of CHILDHOOD'S END.

While talking to the reporter Clarke mentioned that hippies seem to be making a big thing about seeing "2001" while under the influence of pot, and then he proceeded to put pot-smoking hippies down. "I don't really care as long as they bother no one," Clarke said in commenting on the see-2001-while-high bit, and added, "but I warn them that drugs halt creativity. It annoys me that people said Stanley and I were stoned when we shot the end of the picture. Definitely not so, I never touch the stuff. In fact, I'm becoming quite anti-drug."

No wonder. Clarke went on to tell about an incident in New York City—at a press conference, some creep walked up and thrust an envelope into Clarke's hand. The envelope contained a short note and two tablets of LSD. The note said that Clarke, as a drug-taker, would find the stuff very potent.

What was Clarke's reaction?

"I was horrified. I rushed right up to my hotel room and flushed them," he said.

Why do hippies think that people such as Arthur Clarke and Robert Heinlein are "their kind" of people? Probably merely because hippies are attracted to anything they think is "far out"—and then they have the stupid gall to think that anyone with a nonmundane mind just has to be taking drugs.

It's no wonder hippies and potheads are attracted to science fiction and fandom,

and certain fans are attracted to the hippies and their drug habits. I wish somehow hippies and drugheads could be "flushed" out of fandom. I pity fans who take drugs and I try to avoid hippie and drug-taking fans at cons. Who needs them? I've given up trying to hold intelligent conversations with them; it's a waste of time, and my time is valuable at cons. Why should I bother with people I can't stand?

Arthur C. Clarke struck a blow for the majority of sf fans and pros who don't take drugs and who aren't dirty, greasy-bearded, mindless hippies. I hope they get the message and realize that we aren't a part of their "movement" or their sub-culture.

To me, the so-called "psychedelic" portion of "2001" was by far the least enjoyable part of the movie, especially after the sequence with the oozing colored globs gives way to the airplane-flying-over-broken-terrain bit. Despite the use of color filters, it still came off as a rather dull effect to me,

/I'm not interested in associating with drug-takers (not while they're high, at least) but I wouldn't agree to "flushing" them out of fandom; because to do it you would first have to have some sort of rigid organization, and some method of screening people before letting them in, and I am unalterably opposed to the idea. As long as drug-takers don't bother me, I have no intention of bothering them. I did enjoy the light-show in "2001". It was beautiful (and I didn't have to be "high" to appreciate it. I suppose someone who doesn't have much of a mind to begin with might need to expand it chemically, but I've never felt the need.) RSC/

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

We occasionally get bitter about the American Book Club, I must admit. We've had something or other on order from them for months--and they've substituted something abysmal for ROCKET SHIP GALILEO, which we're still dunning them about. But since we don't read all books the instant they come in, we're not as panicked as we might be about late-arriving books. (Except when they're two months late for Christmas, as the last batch was.)

RECOMMENDED: Ron Goulart's ASSAULT ON CHILDHOOD from Sherbourne Press. It's hideously priced and Sherbourne won't do it justice in a promotional campaign. But it's superbly written and it really hits some things which need to be hit--it's an attack on child-centered industries which injure, warp, or just dull children. A chapter on Mattel, a chapter on Walt Disney, a chapter on comic books, a chapter on children's tv shows, etc. He's checked piles and piles of sources and done independent checking (wrote Mattel and asked about that deafening sonic gun--and got a great response which said Mattel didn't give two hoots whether the gun deafened kids, it was dropped because it didn't sell well). It's a book that's fun to read and that's important and should be read, even if we don't agree with every word of it.

Juanita, you have, of course, answered your own wondering as to why "nothing was said, even mutteringly, about why this man and his dead wife had felt it their solemn right to breed themselves into a corner." (Well, if I'm really going to niggle, I'd say that breeding with a dead woman is one way to practice birth control.) It's fine for you to say "I'm aware I'm stepping on some religious toes," but it's not quite as easy for a newspaper...

Besides, I suppose the point of the articles is that this family was in the fix; now how do they get out? Rather than they shouldn't have gotten into it in the first place.

By the way, we were far more annoyed by an article in the Plain Dealer a few years ago in which a family was in horrible trouble because the father was killed in a car accident with no insurance and then their house burned down with no insurance and then one of the kids was sick with no insurance and what were they ever going to do? There were other things involved, too, which pointed out that they never gave a hang for any unfortunate incidents which might occur (father had left a job in another state and moved to Cleveland without any assurance of a job--because he felt like it, apparently). Just figured to go on relief if anything bad happened. (Our feelings about uninsured drivers are pretty basic.)

Since the woman was related to one of the printers on the PD, the family got lots and lots and lots of publicity and collections were taken up and such. And she got married not long after, no doubt to someone to whom it looked like a good deal. After all, if they ever had more trouble, they could always go to the PD again. Ickh.

We like your summation of "friend" very much...

Bode is the poor man's Arthur Thomson? I don't think you've seen enough Bode. Of course, you might not like it anyway (I don't think you would), but his work is far more depth-full than Thomson's. We have two colored originals in Valerie's room, one by Thomson and one by Bode. (The Thomson is "Welcoming Committee"—which won the cartoon prize in the first Fanart Show.) People laugh at the Thomson. They almost weep at the Bode. Both are lovely, both are the work of a fine artist. But they're very different--as is the work of each.

As to the importance of life, there's one factor which makes all life equally important in practise; we cannot possibly know the importance of an individual--not all of his importance. We know that King was and is important, yes. But we don't know that Pete S. Unknown is not important.

Ever heard of Pasquale Orlando? Nope. But what if Pasquale Orlando had a son whose daughter was Leonardo da Vinci's mother? I'd say ol' Pasquale would have had an important life.

/Even if you believe in inheritance instead of environment, Old Pasquale couldn't have contributed too much to Leonardo, so I repeat that people aren't equal. But I fully agree that, inasmuch as it's possible, they should be treated as if they were. (In normal situations, that is; the fact that I might be willing to sacrifice my life for someone like Martin Luther King doesn't mean I'd do it for Richard Nixon.) I know what you mean; sometimes I tend to weep over Bode's artwork, too. RSC/

Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, Yorkshire, England

The great mass of adverts on commercial tv over here seem to feature earnest men in spectacles; though there is that cartoon commercial for dog food with two dogs, Sydney and Albert, who keep a Man as a pet...

One thought on dynamite and guns is that dynamite is an essentially premeditated murder weapon, and nothing, but nothing, is going to stop you if you've reached that stage. Whereas you'll think twice about using a rifle if you remember all the forms of ownership that nail you to it, and brought into use when the police arrive. Prove anything?

Plus Books, of 19 Abbey Place, Merton High Street, London, SW 19, have just sent me a list of American sf at exorbitant prices, far higher than Fantast; and they might operate a two-way traffic. (I think this was the firm that Arthur Sellings had connections with.)

The Daily Express has brought out a 50 ft. colour film of the Appollo 10 mission, showing the best shots of the Moon and the Earth from Space; though I'm waiting for some enterprising body to start selling colour slides.

SPARTAN PLANET was from either Amazing or Fantastic; though I can't remember which. But I particular liked the description of the female member of the Rim party as a "twin-turreted alien".

/Most of the anti-gun crowd seem to feel that a rifle is a premeditated murder weapon, never used for anything else. Latest TV Guide lists Appollo slides, if you want to pay \$10 for 24 slides, or \$4 for 6. Seems a bit high to me. RSC/

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NEWS ITEM: Lancer Books announces INFINITY ONE, "a magazine of original science fiction stories in book form." There are to be "no labels"; old and new wave stories will be equally acceptable. Rates from 2¢ to 4¢ per word and a promise is made to report on scripts within 2 weeks. Editor will be Bob Hoskins (an old-time fan, I believe). Address Robert Hoskins at Lancer Books, and mark the envelope of your manuscript "INFINITY ONE". No word on date of first issue.

# STRANGE FRUIT

LOCUS #31, 32 (Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, N.Y. 10457 - more or less biweekly - 6 for \$1) Fan and pro news, reviews, con reports, etc. America's Leading Newsletter. Rating.....7

OSFAN #49 (Hank Luttrell, 1016 Van Loon, Ballwin, Missouri 63011 - monthly - 15¢) Number Two; I'm not sure if it tries harder or not. Pretty much same type of material as LOCUS; individual news items may or may not overlap. Rating.....6

PLAK-TOW #14 (Shirley Meech, Apt. #1, 4931 Petit St, Oxnard, Calif. 93030 - irregular - 25¢) It can't be easy to produce a "Star Trek" newsletter with the show off the air, but Shirley perseveres. Of course, ST fans are remarkably persistent; so much so that I applaud publication here of Leonard Nimoy's letter, saying in effect "It's over, so quit making pests of yourselves." Rating....5

LUNA MONTHLY #2 (Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell, N.J. 07649 - monthly - 25¢) News, reviews, and occasional articles on stf. Digest size, offset, fairly thick for a newsletter. Lots of book reviews, by a variety of reviewers. Rating....5

WINNIE THE P.O.O. Vol.3 #4, 5 (Jerry Jacks, 2008 Green St, San Francisco, Calif. 94123 - biweekly - 8 for \$1) Primarily a west-coast oriented newsletter; the national news seems to duplicate that of the other newsletters and the original items seem pretty trivial. Rating....3

JOURNAL OF NON-OBJECTIVE DEMONOLOGY #1 (Dan Goodman, Room 219, 616 St. Paul Ave, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017 - for trade or news items) A one-sheeter, without too many news items, but with a vastly superior presentation to that of WINNIE. Rating....4

RUNE #16 (Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St, N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418) Official newsletter of the Minnesota Stf Society. Mostly Minnesota history and plugs for the Minneapolis Worldcon bid. Free to Minn-Stf members. "Non-attending memberships" available for \$1 per year.

Some of the above newsletters will not be reviewed here again, so if you want a copy, order now while you're thinking about it.

THE NEW FORERUNNER #5 (Gary Mason, Warili Road, French's Forest, New South Wales 2086, AUSTRALIA - 20¢, or 55¢ airmail - monthly) A fairly thick publication covering Australian fan and pro news, and comics news (in case the latter is an inducement to you; it isn't to me). A considerable amount of space devoted to the new VISION OF TOMORROW promag, including John Bangsund's explanation of his being fired from the staff. (I'm not viewing forthcoming publication with any glee; I don't know publisher Ron Graham, but I have corresponded with both Bangsund and Phil Harbottle, and I think they kept the wrong one.) Rating...7

EARLY BIRD #5½ (Michel Feron, 7 Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium - no price or schedule) Mainly to inform correspondents and subscribers that he will be back in civilian life and doing business at the old stand once more.

bpp #67 (Dwain Kaiser, 390 N. Euclid, Upland, Calif. 91786 - weekly?) One-sheet personality-type thing.

DECK 6 (Kitty O'Loughlin, 51 Snell St, Brockton, Mass. 02401) Another plea to save "Star Trek"; I suggest the editor read Nimoy's letter in PLAK-TOW.

THE GREEN DRAGON #7 (Tolkien Society of America, Belknap College, Center Harbor, New Hampshire 03226 - irregular - 10¢) A two - pager, but legal length and small type allow a fair amount of news. If you're really that interested in Tolkien.....

THE GAMESLETTER V4#16 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906) An N3F publication, devoted to activities of the N3F Games Bureau and reviews of games fanzines. Write Miller for information.

DIPLOMANIA #24/25 (Don Miller, address above) An N3F publication devoted to Diplomacy. Does not cover an actual game; includes articles on theories of play, lists of games currently running, etc.

LAURANIA #2 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 10¢) An independent publication somewhat similar to DIPLOMANIA.

VIMY VICTORS #2,3, 4 (John McCallum, address above - 10¢) A Diplomacy journal covering an actual game in progress.

SERENDIP #1,2 (John McCallum, address above - 10¢) A Diplomacy journal covering several games in progress, substituting for EREWHON.

THE HOBBIT COLORING BOOK (Charles and Marsha Brown, address previously - one-shot - \$1.00, proceeds to TAFF, I believe Marsha said.) 16 Tolkien illustrations, by various artists, on heavy mimeo stock. Whether you actually would want to (or could) color them is debatable, but it's a well-done booklet.

UCHUJIN #133 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-Okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly) Printed, digest-size, 60 pages, in Japanese, with a one-page English-language newsletter appended. I'm intrigued by a new Japanese paperback series which in its ad plugs "Space, Speed, Suspence and Sex!". The New Wave strikes again.

THE PULP ERA #71 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - irregular - 5 for \$2.25) Articles covering the entire pulp field, usually avoiding much comment on sf mags. Ideal for the nostalgic. Rating...6

NOUS #4. (Ruth & Jean Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417 - highly irregular - 25¢) A farewell issue to use up material on hand. Short, but remarkably literate material.

SANDWORM #7 (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112 - irregular - next issue will be 50¢, proceeds to the Heicon Bidding Committee) This seems to be the Review Issue (and who am I to complain of a fanzine filled with reviews?) There is a good bit of humor involved, and an excellent lettercolumn. Rating...6

TRUMPET #10 (Tom Reamy, P.O. Box 523, Richardson, Texas - irregular - 75¢) Fandom's most professional-looking product. The Barr cover on this issue (six-color process?) is worth the price all by itself. Beautiful thing. Quite a bit of interior artwork, emphasis on sf movies, fiction, reviews, letters. Rating...8

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #31 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 - bimonthly - 50¢) Thick thing; 62 pages plus a very mediocre foldout by Steve Fabian. (His cover, oddly, is good; first thing I've seen by him that I liked. He should imitate Bok oftener.) Primarily reviews. (Surprise?) Columns; considerable humor and not quite so much hatchet-work among professionals as in preceding issues. Good lettercolumn. Probably the most popular fanzine today. Rating...8

SPECULATION #22 (Peter R. Weston, 81 Trescott Road, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom - irregular - 35¢, 3 for \$1.00 - no checks) And here's a note changing his address to 31 Pinewall Ave, Off Masshouse Lane, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK. (I find British addresses fascinating.) This is sort of a British SFR. Reviews, most of which I disagree with, letters, an article on how to write professionally, etc. Rating...7

SPOCKANALIA #4 (Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St, Apt. 1G, Brooklyn, New York 11225 - co-editor Sherna Burley - irregular - 75¢) Well over 100 pages on "Star Trek". Material varies considerably in quality, giving the impression that the editors published everything that came in. Some is quite good; John Boardman's short piece in particular. Some isn't. Rating...5

NO-EYED MONSTER #17 (Norman Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Lake Road, Ortonville, Mich. 48462 - quarterly - 30¢) This digest-sized issue entirely devoted to a 65-page novelet by Paul Powlesland. (Well, actually a series of items with the same background rather than a novelet in the strict sense.) I didn't think the material was all that great, but I admire a fanzine publisher willing to do something different for once.

DASFS JOURNAL #2 (Joe Bob Williams, 8733 Boundbrook Ave, Dallas, Texas 75231 - quarterly - 4 for \$2) By George there are fans in Dallas; I was beginning to think they all lived in Richardson. Official publication of the Dallas club. Contributors are familiar from appearances in TRUMPET, and there is a similar emphasis on movie stf. Long lettercolumn, and an interview with Harlan Ellison, who seems to be regarded as one notch above God. (By both parties.) Rating...4

DALLASCON BULLETIN #2(P.O. Box 523, Richardson, Tex. 75080) Hell, everyone in fandom is already getting this, so why review it? If you aren't getting it, write and ask, and you will be. It's worth the effort of inquiring.

FLIP #3 (Ed R. Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave, Charlotte, No. Carolina 28203 - irregular - 35¢) General type; stf, pop music, society. One of the fanzine spokesmen for today's generation. Rating...5

THE GREEN TOWN REVIEW #1 (Justin St. John, 2760 Crescent Drive, Yorktown, N.Y. 10598 - quarterly - \$1 - make checks payable to Dennis Raimondo) You don't get much for your dollar. Pretentious - any fanzine that requires return postage for "unsolicited manuscripts" is pretentious, as is one that "prohibits" reproduction of material without going to the trouble of copyrighting. In time, this could become the RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY of New Wave or avant-garde literature. Material in this issue is somewhat below average fanzine standards. Rating...2

SONS OF BACCHUS #1 (Donald D. Markstein, 2232 Wirth Place, New Orleans, La. 70115 - irregular - 30¢) For some reason, this reminds me of Ed McNulty's old Indianapolis fanzine, ISFA. Same variety of material, largely superficial (though most fanzines would fall in that category) with occasional introductions of somewhat selfconscious humor. The positive qualities - also shared with ISFA - include a certain infectious enthusiasm. It isn't good, but at times I enjoyed it anyway. Rating...3

COSIGN #17 (Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St, Columbus, Ohio 43202 - irregular - 35¢ but the editor would rather have material) Contributions of artwork black ink on white paper, please, for electrostencilling. Big one; almost 70 pages. Unfortunately, for my taste, 24 of those pages discuss "2001" (when the writers of the differing "explanations" aren't discussing each other, that is). Another 12 are taken up by Jo-Ann Wood proving that fans are maladjusted. Even if true, this is hardly news. There is a Tucker reprint that I'm afraid I find in bad taste, even if it is funny. Dammit, Bob, here I was looking forward to a fanzine I could really enjoy, and you do this to me! Why didn't you run Hank's ST parody? Rating....4

ASMODEUS #3 (Doug Smith, 302 Murray Ln, Richardson, Texas 75080 - irregular - 50¢) They're getting bigger; this one is 75 pages. Reviews, columns and letters. Less movie-oriented than most Dallas fanzines. None of the material particularly interested me, but it's well enough written, just not my line. I did get quite a few laughs out of Dave Szurek's article on witchcraft, but I don't think I was supposed to. Average material, otherwise. Rating....5

CROSSROADS! #3 (Al Snider, 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, Calif. 91790 until Aug.20 - monthly - free for comment) Primarily lettercolumn, though the editor throws out a few ideas for future lettercol installments. I am currently wondering why certain fanzines inspire me to write letters while others, equally entertaining, give me no such urge. Something about Snider gets me started writing, either to argue or to agree. This issue covers a fairly wide variety of subjects. Rating....6

CORR #2 (Perri Corrick, 1317 Spring St, #110, Madison, Wisconsin 53715 - quarterly - 30¢) A thoroughly pleasant and entertaining fanzine. Somewhat like early GRANFALLOONS, or the MIT fanzines. A variety of material, quite a bit of humor, long lettercolumn. Rating....6

ARGENTINE SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #7 (Hector Pessina, Casilla 3869, Correo Central, Buenos Aires, Argentina - no price per issue listed but he's selling 4 issues plus 2 issues of THE LONELY ALIEN for \$2, cash or mint stamps) Digest size, offset; a lot of photos. (One of them a trifle unfortunate.) Reviews, fiction, letters; an English stf news column. English-language. This seems to be turning into a truly international fanzine, which could be a very good thing. Rating....5

TOMORROW AND ... #4 (Mike Bradley, 5400 Harper, Apt. 1204, Chicago, Ill. 60637 - bimonthly - 50¢ - coeditor, Jerry Lapidus) Variety. Several Harlan Ellison items plus a commentary on the ideals expressed in Ellison stories. Reviews, fiction, an article on the reasons for the success of fanzines, verse, letters, the works. Offset reproduction, small type makes for a lot of wordage. Rating...5

HARPIES #3 (Richard Schultz, ...hmm..on the inside it says Roger Sims, 1961 Vernier, Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan 48236 - no price or schedule) I assume Schultz sent me my copy, but Sims' address is the only one given, so.....) The Detroit club publication; primarily reviews and letters, this time. Rating...4

QUARK #10 (Chris Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010 - quarterly - for comment or contribution - co-editor, Lesleigh Couch) You know, this is the only fanzine that make me feel I might be missing something by not liking rock music? (I don't really believe it, of course, but I sometimes get that feeling.) I can't review this; I have too few interests in common with the editors. I enjoy reading it, but I couldn't really say whether it's any good or not. I recommend it, however.

CONGLOMERATION #1 (Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237 - irregular - 15¢?) This issue distributed only at the Midwestcon, it says. Oh yes, co-editor is Frank Johnson. I don't get many of these any more. Badly mimeographed on one side only of yellow second sheets. Such tremendous enthusiasm! And, actually, the material is better than the reproduction (or the spelling). First issues are notoriously bad; this is no worse than a lot of them. (As I recall, the first issue of PSYCHOTIC was no work of art.) Give them some support and see how they improve.

T-NEGATIVE #1 (Ruth Berman, address previously - 50¢ - no schedule listed) Devoted primarily to fiction about the "Star Trek" world. Non-commercial, but reasonably literate. This issue includes a short by Dorothy Jones and Astrid Anderson, and a longer piece by the editor and Nan Braude (what is it about SF that inspires collaborations?) plus an article by the editor. Special Interest.

THE LOW-DOWN #2 (Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada - annual - free) Too late for a review to do much good. This is a package of reviews and comments on the Hugo nominees, rushed out hopefully between the time the nominees are announced by the Con Committee and the time fans start voting on them. As large a variety of opinion as the editor could assemble in the limited time available is given. It's an extremely worthy project. Other fanzines give you comments on the choices; YANDRO does. But those comments are openly biased - ours certainly are - and generally devoted to boosting one or more entries. Opposing opinions are not particularly desired. Labonte tries to give as balanced a set of views as possible. If you didn't get this year's issue, remind him next year.

DOUBLE BILL #20 (Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi, 2345 Newton St, Akron, Ohio 44305 - irregular? - this issue 60¢, next issue \$1) And they say there probably won't be any copies left of this issue. Reviews, the results of a poll on "2001", a sample of the DOUBLE BILL SYMPOSIUM, art, editorials, letters, a Deckinger column. Not being much of a symposium fan, I wasn't terribly enthused over this particular issue. But it is usually a quite good fanzine. Rating.....5

BEABOHEMA #4 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St, Quakertown, Pa. 18951 - 60¢ - no schedule listed) Another thick one, but the pages aren't numbered and I don't feel like counting. Columns by Dean Koontz, Piers Anthony, Leo Kelley, Bill Marsh, fiction, reviews, letters. Piers' column in particular has been generating all sorts of controversy, and you don't want to get left out, do you? Generally a very entertaining fanzine. I may even write a letter of comment after I read this issue, but right now it's 12:30 and I have to go to work in the morning.

Any fanzine arriving after today, July 27, gets reviewed next issue if at all.

.....Mr. Geer stated that if advertisers and their agencies were honest about their products, the national economy would grind to a halt. Agencies 'are in business to lie effectively', he said." ADVERTISING AGE, via CONSUMER REPORTS.