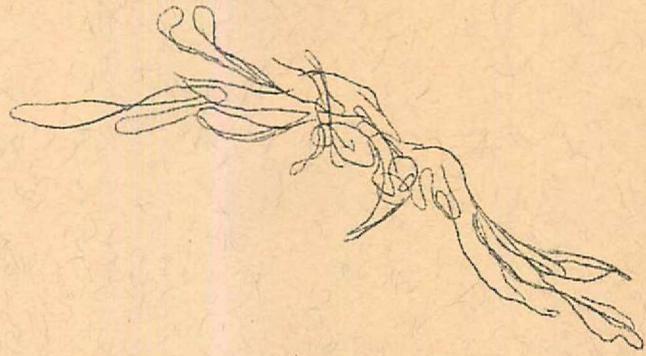


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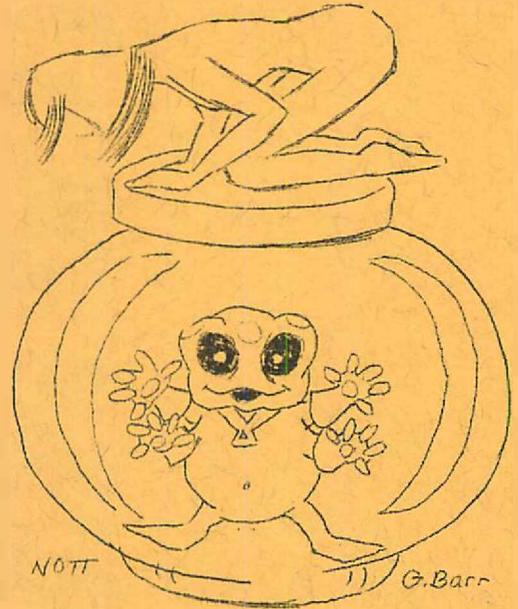
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"If I catch a tractor, kin I keep it?"



And here we go again, laughing and scratching (to borrow a phrase from Peter Lind Hayes)...laughing because I must have been (!) an idiot to get in this sort of thing in the first place, and scratching to find things to fill up these two pages; how did I ever fill parts of three pages last month?

For a starter, we received an ad today that boldly announces: "The American Press is No Longer the Voice of the People". Catchy phrase, what? Turns out it's a

come on for a subscription to their magazine, which isn't out yet; but it's going to be a jim dandy when it is, and you'd better get on the band wagon now and be a charter subscriber -- at \$7.50 a year. I keep remembering these grandiose announcements by neos (every now and then from the woodwork out) on how they're going to put out the most magnificent fanzine ever, and all they need is subs (money so they can get started) and material. Neos.....they're not alone; I also remember EROS and these endless ads. I'll give this outfit one thing -- they aren't asking for material. They've got some -- interesting -- possibilities listed as upcoming articles: "Should the Government Break Up AT&T?", "The Social Utility of Pornography", "The Psychoanalytic View of the Crucifixion", "Pain As a Culturally Conditioned Response" and especially for fannish discussion -- "Should a Jew Buy a Volkswagen?", "The Phallit Meaning of the Missile Race", and the "Dangers of Coca-Cola".

Even if we had the \$7,50 to spare, to paraphrase Steve Bradley, "One thing we really need in this house is more magazines and books." Sure.

I'm not sure whether it's my naturally bland character or what, but more and more I find myself in the uncomfortable position of being on both sides of a fannish feud. I don't mean I'm taking both sides -- usually I couldn't care less about the bone of contention. But for some obscure reason I seem to be on good terms with two people who aren't speaking to each other. Some times I'm on good terms (or at least I think I am) with two whole groups of people at loggerheads with each other. In a way, it's comparable to being on good terms with two divorced persons who both visit and converse with you and can't stand each other. I spend a lot of my time biting my tongue or crossing out comments in letters -- "Oh oh, can't say that because he's not speaking to such and such who is a good friend of thus and so and if I say anything then he'll be mad at....." Sometimes I need a program to keep track.

Is it all a delusion or am I an emotional marshmallow for letting myself be concerned?

Perhaps it's something in my neurotic makeup, but there are very few things that inspire me to violent dislike. It's not that I avoid feuds, it's the fact that I carry grudges. I could not, as certain fans have done, scream and rant in print against someone and several years later make up and be all buddybuddy. I'm not that forgiving -- I never have been; I still remember the facial features, name and general demeanor of a boy who knocked out my front teeth when I was about six years old. I've never met him since I've been an adult, but I have a suspi-

cion I would be hard put to be more than coldly polite. This hasn't happened very often in fandom, but probably there are a few fans here and there (in limbo -- can't recall it happening with anyone who stayed around very long -- I don't mean I "ran them out of fandom" -- I mean they were generally the punk kids who stomp into the genre every now and then, flailing around, being obnoxious and making themselves generally abhorred) who wonder why I quit speaking to them. But probably not.

One characteristic which comes close to putting me off all by itself is the argument-gambit I think of as the emotional non sequitur. Dave Locke is the most recent but by no means the worst offender. It always sets my teeth on edge when I encounter it; I've come to expect it in mundania, but it's such a rabble rouser, politico technique it jars when it creeps up in fandom. This is the long denunciation or argument which ends up with: "But that's only to be expected - after all, what else from an Episcopalian." (or something equally out of context).

I'll listen to your side of the story, fellows, but don't spoil the effect by slinging alien mud.

The idiot box seems to have me hooked this season. Last year I barely watched the thing, except for Bruce's educational programs and occasional late movies. This year slops over with documentaries, repertory theatres, dramas, news specials -- things I'm a sucker for. And I've been watching Danny Kaye; mostly trite, but now and then some very wry and fannish stuff creeps in.

The "shows for the science fiction fan", so touted, haven't been.

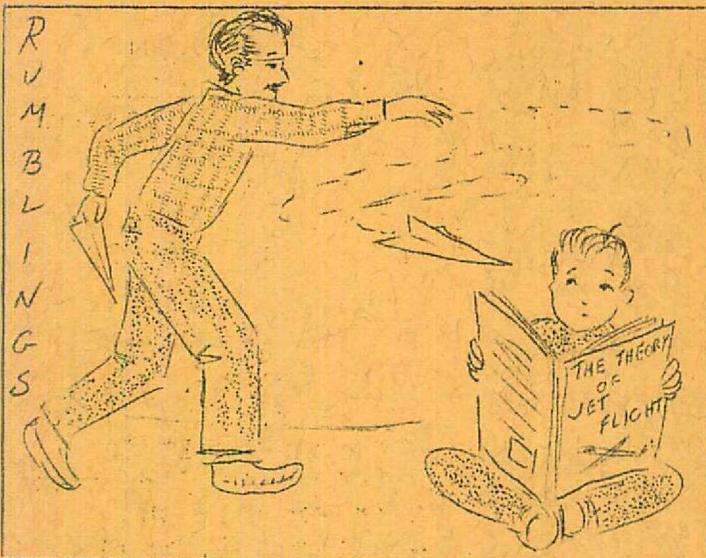
Oh, we've watched them, with mingled reactions. OUTER LIMITS has some very pretty and effective special effects, and generally good acting; the dialogue and plots are better not mentioned. Probably they strike the mundane watcher as pretty goshwow, but generally they have been old hat for the fan...and not stf, but fantasy, and occasionally very wobbly fantasy at that. Serling's TWILIGHT ZONE has varied terrifically this season...from pure schmaltz to very pungent kicker-type bits. Irritating -- you never know whether to watch it or not.

Is there some acid-comment motive in the fact that the theme music for CBS REPORTS documentaries on "History of a Rumor", "The American Way of Dying" etc is the old hymn, "T'is the Gift to be Simple"?

I've become jaded in my old age. We saw an ad for a house for rent and went to look. There were catches in the lease department among other things, but the minute I walk in, I start spotting things like loose boards on the porch, useless high shelves in the kitchen, a stairwell Bruce could fall into, basement steps built for giraffes, and absolutely no wall space at all. (Buck pointed out if we owned the house, we could hang a drapery over the window and stack bookcases against it, but landlords have a habit of objecting to such things.) I suspect if we ever do find our dream house, it will have to have skylights in every room -- no windows, just skylights, and doors with bookcases built in on both sides.

And anyway, I'm automatically suspicious of people who want to rent houses with hardwood floors in every room. They don't want you to walk on the things -- and no matter how much I read the editorials in ANALOG, I haven't learned to levitate.

JWC



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I should mention that in our two stencils of additions to Klein's Annual, there was some difference of opinion among the contributors as to just which number designated which individual in a photo (this is a major drawback to Klein's identification system, but I can't think of a way to improve it). Anyway, it's possible that your #5 individual won't correspond to my #5, but that's the way the catsup glops.

(And I just noticed that I typed that without a carbon sheet, so if it doesn't print well it's because I'm stupid.)

Several items have come up recently; mainly I've been reminded of things I intended to put in my last editorial but forgot about. (I get carried away when I start disagreeing with Ted White...) To add to my con report, I should mention Phil Harrell's party, which was exactly my type. A small group -- it had to be small to fit into that broom closet Phil was renting -- consisting mostly of fans that I like, and a very small amount of liquor. (I go to parties to talk, and I don't like talking to drunks.) I even got in some sensible conversation with Leigh Brackett, which helped make up for the fiasco at the Midwestcon. Phil managed to antagonize a few fans by putting up a sign labelled "Pro Party". I asked him afterwards why he hadn't said "Private Party - No Liquor", which would have sounded less egotistical and been closer to the truth; he wanted to know why I hadn't made this helpful suggestion in time to do some good. Because I'm evil and prefer to gloat afterwards, I guess. Anyway, it was a good party. Dick Lupoff listened to Pat and I talking about the works of Max Brand and Frank Spearman for awhile and shook his head sadly over a couple of fans discussing that crazy Roy Rogers stuff.

Another fascinating convention occurrence came when Juanita and I went down to the little waffle shop one day for something to eat. The plates were imitation antique, with a picture on them. As I gradually cleaned up my waffle I saw that the picture was of pioneers and a wagon train. It was labelled -- "The Donner Party". Being fairly unemotional, I went ahead and finished my meal, but it does seem like an odd thing to put on a dinner plate.

Various clippings have accumulated. Dannie Plachta sent one from the Detroit News TV Magazine: "11:25 PM (7) AWARD. "1984" ('56). Huxley's image of what the world will be like in the future." (And I stared at the thing for five minutes before seeing what was wrong with it; some science-fiction fan I am.) Hank Luttrell sent several items. I wish one of them, Kenneth Keating's Senate speech on folksinging, was short enough to print. Keating has the sort of humor I can appreciate. Hank also sent his local paper, to prove -- I guess -- that the Wabash Plain Dealer has competition in its rather unusual news coverage. At least, I don't recall that Wabash has put out one completely blank as yet, though one or two of them should have been. Then there is one from the Ft. Wayne paper; "H. Sogi Soder to Marry Miss Alice Hoog". (In case you're curious, the H stands for Hjalmar. The name might not seem odd to Bo Stanfors or the other Swedish fans, but it doesn't sound quite right in Indiana.)

I admire ad writers. I got Bruce some toy cars the other day. The box had a big blurb, "Hawk's New Torque Reaction Drive - No Batteries Required" ed". That is absolutely the most high-falutin' way of describing a rubber band motor that I've ever heard.

Like the Hugo Awards, the Honeywell Wabash operation is getting more formal. Only today my boss objected because I had my feet up on my desk while I read HELP! during a coffee break. I figure if I'd rather read than eat, that's my business. (Yes, Don & Maggie; I know what I've said about HELP! But the coffee is worse.)

Shadrach was run over by a car a couple of weeks ago. We don't seem able to keep pets very long out here. We have another dog, which was abandoned by neighbors when they moved. She's all black, has long, thin, needle-sharp teeth, long pointed ears, and red eyes. (You've heard of weiner dogs? This is a Hallowe'ener dog.) We call her Bat-Ears. I think she was the one that dragged an old broom into the yard some time ago -- at least, I hope she dragged it.

I trust that all good fans with access to TV sets saw the special, "That Was The Week That Was". Surprisingly, it compared very well with what I have heard of the British show that it was modeled on; the commentary was much more pointed than is usual with US programs. They'll never be able to make a series of it, but as a single it was great.

A while back I dug out my incomplete collection (though I only need 17 more issues, at that) of AUTHENTIC for some material for Piers Jacob, and I realized that I hadn't read most of the stories in these mags. After going through a dozen or so of the later issues I've decided that I'm just as well off not reading them, but before deciding this I ran into an interesting phenomenon. Twice, I read the last half of a two-part serial without realizing that it was a serial. I was reading the mags in reverse order, and there wasn't anything saying that these were serials, so I read them as I came to them. Then I would pick up the earlier issue and discover that the story I'd just finished was the second half of a serial. It's rather fascinating; can any British fan tell me if the lack of notice synopsis, etc. on the second part was done deliberately so that a reader who missed the first section wouldn't realize that he'd missed anything? I know some readers are always complaining in letter columns about serials because they don't get all the parts for one reason or another; this would certainly be a novel way to handle the matter. The stories were written so that the second half is complete in itself (and now that I check closely, I note that they do say "Final Part" in small letters above the title, but I missed this completely while reading them and I suspect that other casual readers would also miss the information.) Presumably the regular reader or subscriber would be reading the issues in proper order and would know about the serialization. Or am I just proving that I don't read very carefully?

I'm glad people take my advice. Awhile back I wrote someone that the only hope for the N3F was to elect Don Franson president and see if he couldn't straighten out some of the squabbles and get a few things accomplished. And lo and behold I got a copy of THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN this week and Franson is the president. That's fast service. If I get any spare time this winter I'll have to join the outfit; Dave Locke has promised to see that I'm properly welcomed to fandom if I join. (But don't think I'm going to distribute YANDRO -- or anything -- free to the membership if I do get in.)

Now, how to fill out 10 lines? Nothing particularly comment-worthy in the stf field. Wenzel's cover on the Dec. FANTASTIC is one of the best I've seen lately, but I haven't read the contents yet. Somebody sent us a list of comic books he has for sale. \$7.50 for a BATMAN with 12 pages missing? I keep hearing that comics fans are suckers, but even with the proof in front of me it's hard to believe. I used to think stf dealers charged high prices, but they're nothing in comparison to these.

Has anyone read "Witch Of The Four Winds" yet? After seeing the name of the central character I decided it must be a joke -- "Brak the Barbarian" isn't a name, it's a comment -- but I haven't read it to make sure.

Skylarking Again

At My Age!

review by GENE DEWEESE

I like series -- certain series, that is -- and I have just figured out why.

I was recently re-reading Doc Smith's Skylark trilogy, and it came to me in a flash. All the series I ever enjoyed -- Tarzan, John Carter, Captain Future, Phantom Detective, Black Bat, Captain Zero, etc. -- have one thing in common and in quantity: Corn.

It is laid on so thick that you can't help but be fascinated. You're sort of overwhelmed by the sheer audacity of the whole proceedings. Or at least I was, tho perhaps I'm rather easily overwhelmed.

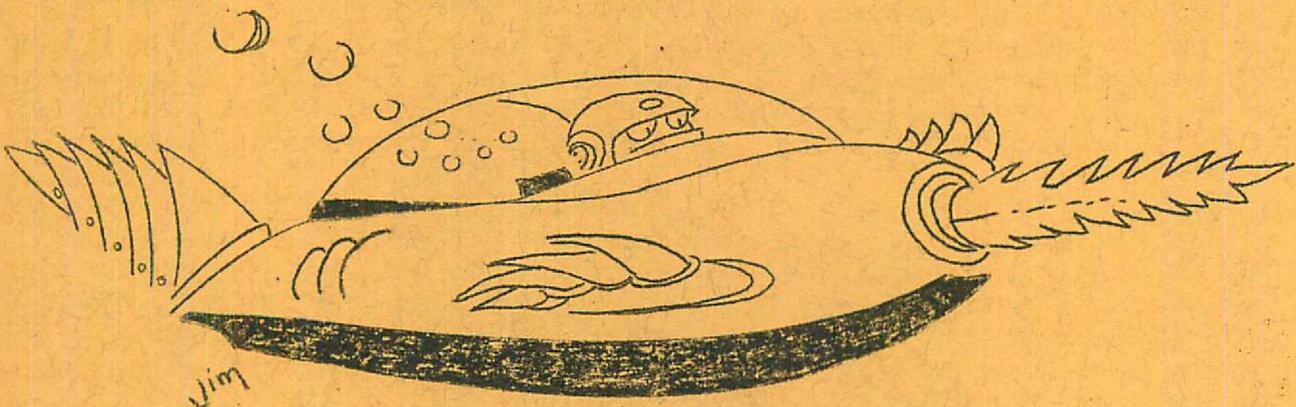
Since I've just finished reading the Skylarks, let me demonstrate.

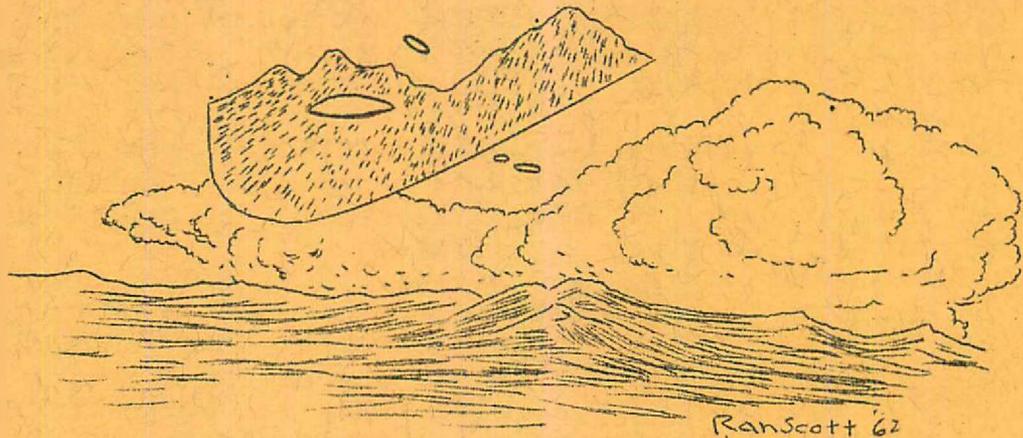
The characters, right down the line, are well-braced cardboard, painted glittering black and shiny white, with one dark grey exception. Richard Seaton, the chief Hero, is a physical and mental giant. He is also one of the best amateur magicians in the country and is incredibly fast on the draw. (If you're wondering about the value of a fast draw on a spaceship, never mind!) He is fond of such obscenities as "Great Cat!", says "ain't" all the time, and is very stiltedly colloquial. Still, he often launches into learned discourses at the slightest provocation. He rides a motorcycle (on earth, not in the Skylark), is too noble to exist, and is in love with Dorothy Vaneman.

Dorothy has a lot of money, is beautiful, plays the violin like Fritz Kreisler, and is also pretty darned noble.

Then there is Martin Crane, a true and staunch friend who is quite well informed in astronomy and has even more money than Dorothy. Needless to say, he, too, is noble.

Marc "Blackie" Duquesne is the dark grey villain, the owner of Steel, Inc. He's just as big as Seaton, just about as smart, and almost--but not quite--as fast on the draw. (In the second book, "Blackie" explains to an underling his reasons for not wanting to fight Seaton physically; in describing a gun battle in which the two of them faced an entire army, he says: "...he shot once before I started and shot four times to my three from then on. I must have been shooting a full second after he





had his side all cleaned up. To make it worse, I missed once with my left hand -- he didn't.") He is completely unemotional, the perfect pragmatist, and, while understandably not noble, he does seem to have a strong sense of ethics. (When one of his cowardly assistants tries to attack Dorothy, he knocks the attacker clear across the room, then declaims: "Get back, you cowardly cur...try to remember you are a man, at least!") In addition, Duquesne displays a great deal more common sense than Seaton. But, then, practicality and nobility are usually mutually exclusive in this sort of fiction.

The story is nothing which requires any great concentration, and goes like this:

Seaton, thru no fault of his own, discovers that if he dips copper in a certain solution, it (the copper) will disappear thru the nearest wall, taking with it anything it happens to be fastened to. Realizing that he has here the perfect power plant for a spaceship, he resigns from his job and takes his secret formula with him to his money-clotted buddy, Crane. Between the two of them, they build a spaceship along the lines of a basketball with portholes. For reasons which escape me at the moment, they name it "Skylark of Space".

Duquesne, meanwhile, has not been idle. He has learned of the "secret", built a spaceship of his own--named "Violet"--and has tied up the entire country's copper supply, thus cutting off Seaton's fuel supply. Blackie, you see, plans to kidnap Dorothy, and he apparently doesn't have an exceptional amount of self-confidence.

The kidnapping is accomplished with a bit more success than was anticipated: Not only do they get Dorothy but, accidentally, one of Duquesne's recalcitrant secretaries. Both girls are understandably a bit uncooperative in the venture, and in the resulting struggle, the spaceship "gets away". All its occupants are knocked unconscious by the acceleration, which is small wonder, since the acceleration is one light speed per second.

Seaton is forcibly restrained from taking off without fuel. Copper is eventually obtained, however, and he and Crane fwoosh off in the Skylark. They overtake the Violet just as it is being pulled into a giant dark star. All hands are transferred to the Skylark, which providentially has twice the power of Duquesne's ship. They escape by applying an acceleration of two light speeds per second.

An interesting item here is the manner in which the power is applied. Seaton and Duquesne strap themselves into the "pilots' seats", each with an acceleration lever next to his hand; they are to alternately increase the power one notch at a time until one of the other passes out. After a few minutes, at about one light speed per second, Duquesne gives out, but Seaton, as if apologizing -- as he is, indeed, all thru the series -- for

being just slightly superior, admits that had it been his turn, he probably would not have been able to do it either. It would have, as he picturesquely described it, "pulled his cork". (Not a bad idea, now that I think of it.)

But the whole procedure is rather pointless, except to demonstrate Duquesne's almost-Seatonish strength and Seaton's humility, for it doesn't give them enough power. Eventually a mechanical gadget must be rigged up to let out all the power available.

From here on out, things get moving. Having used up almost all the copper in escaping from the dark star, they must find more before they can return to Earth. They extract a promise from Duquesne to "cooperate for mutual survival", then set out to search for a copper bearing planet.

One is quickly found, but it also bears all sorts of prehistoric beasts -- dinosaurs, giant spiders, scorpions, etc. -- all remarkably unfriendly. Seaton and the other good guys are trapped away from the Skylark by these critters, but Duquesne, who exercised admirable restraint and stayed behind in the ship, save them with the ship's cannons.

As they leave the planet--copperless--they are invaded by pure intelligences with impure motives. To make it worse, these intelligences can, within a range of a few light years, materialize anywhere and in any shape they wish. They seem rather intent on dematerializing everyone, perhaps in the hopes of getting some more disembodied intellects for chums. Dematerialization, however, requires that certain formulae for the atomic construction of the victims be derived before the Skylark can get out of range. This Derivation, which requires utmost concentration, is thwarted by Seaton and Duquesne, thinking furiously in unison against the intelligences.

Still without copper, they search for and quickly find another copper bearing planet. This time, rather than prehistoric critters, there are modern day ones. The world, Osnome, is split into two camps, the Mardonians and the Kondalians, each bent on the total destruction of the other, and Seaton and Co. make the mistake of landing on the wrong half of the planet. They don't realize that they are consorting with villains right away, but it is soon made clear. They find that the slaves the Mardonians have serving themselves and their extra-planetary guests (who are locked up at night, by the way) are not ordinary slaves, but are really captured Royalty of the Kondalians.

It is during their escape from the villains (or villainous villains, I should say, for both sides are pretty barbaric) that the big shooting fracas described by Duquesne takes place.

Once escaped to the relatively good guys' side, Seaton and Dorothy, and Crane and his girl, Margaret Spencer (the secretary), are married by the "head of the church and commander-in-chief of the armed forces" (one person, Tarnan by name).

Not much of a honeymoon is allowed, for it is found that the Mardonians are about to launch an all out attack on the capitol of Kondol, and the Skylark, of course, is called into action. Even what little time they do have is spent in rebuilding the Skylark of arenak, an Osnomian metal incredibly stronger than steel, and then using the rebuilt machine to bedevil some poor, local, indestructible monster (the Karlon) with their tractor and pressor rays.

The battle with the Mardonians is the climax of the first book--I think. For all the good the Kondalian fleet does, it might as well have stay home. It is, of course, The Skylark which saves the day. After a long conventional battle with rays, explosive bullets, etc., Seaton decides to use it as a battering ram, and with good reason. While all the other ships have only one inch thick arenak hulls, the Kondalians,

... when it comes to repaying someone who has rescued the Royal Family, have given the new Skylark a four foot thick hull of the stuff. ("The guns and instruments were all built originally with a four foot hull in mind," someone explains.)

The war won, Seaton gives the remaining Osnomians the "Power metal" --which he accidentally picked up on that prehistoric planet a few thousand words back--picks up a load of copper and heads back to Earth. As he pulls out, he invites the Kondalians' leader, Dunark, to drop in and see them any time he's in the neighborhood.

Duquesne escapes by parachute (!) somewhere over Panama, thus leaving the door open for further villainy in the next book, SKYLARK III. And it's just as well, too, for no one really knew what to do with him. ("I think he earned his liberty," declared Dorothy stoutly, and Margaret added: "He deserves to be shot, but I'm glad that he's gone. He gives me the creeps.")

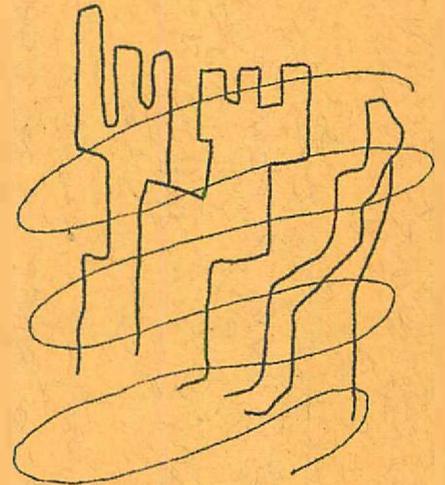
RUINS, RUINS, RUINS, RUINS, AND MORE RUINS

I slink along the Grabd Canal
My feet adrip with mud:
The Mars that's dead and dying now
In sweat and dirt and blood.

The city's like a house of cards,
Its glass and glitter gone;
Shattered into shreds and shards,
The walls fall one by one.

The poet looks and sighs and weeps,
Then sings his little song;
At last, at peace, he rests, he sleeps,
Unconscious of his wrong.

He praises junk heaps to the stars,
And that's what makes me bitter.
He calls this trash the "soul of Mars":
Back home we'd call it "litter".



----- DAVE JENRETTE -----

From an official Honeywell bulletin: "We are announcing the publication of a new psychometric chart which is known as the new psychometric chart"

ADS, PERSONALS, AND ALL THAT JAZZ:

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd, Scarborough, Ont., Canada, wants a copy of YANDRO #123. Claude N. Saxon, Jr., Administration Bldg., Western State Hospital, Tennessee (and that's a new address) wants #126 and #128. Randy Scott is back at Route 2, Watts, Oklahoma, 74964. George Scithers' new address is USA R & D Group, APO 757, New York, N.Y., 09757. Ken Slater wants the 10/6 I owe him (oops; wrong note). Mike Irwin says that Neiman-Marcus is selling a necklace of matched cat's eyes for \$110,000 and I think the S.F.C.A. should be notified. Phil Harrell is back at his old Norfolk address, after a sojourn in Canada (now I'm beginning to sound like the society column of the Wabash paper). If I've forgotten anyone's note, remind me.

A DODDERING

COLUMN *from* ——— alan dodd

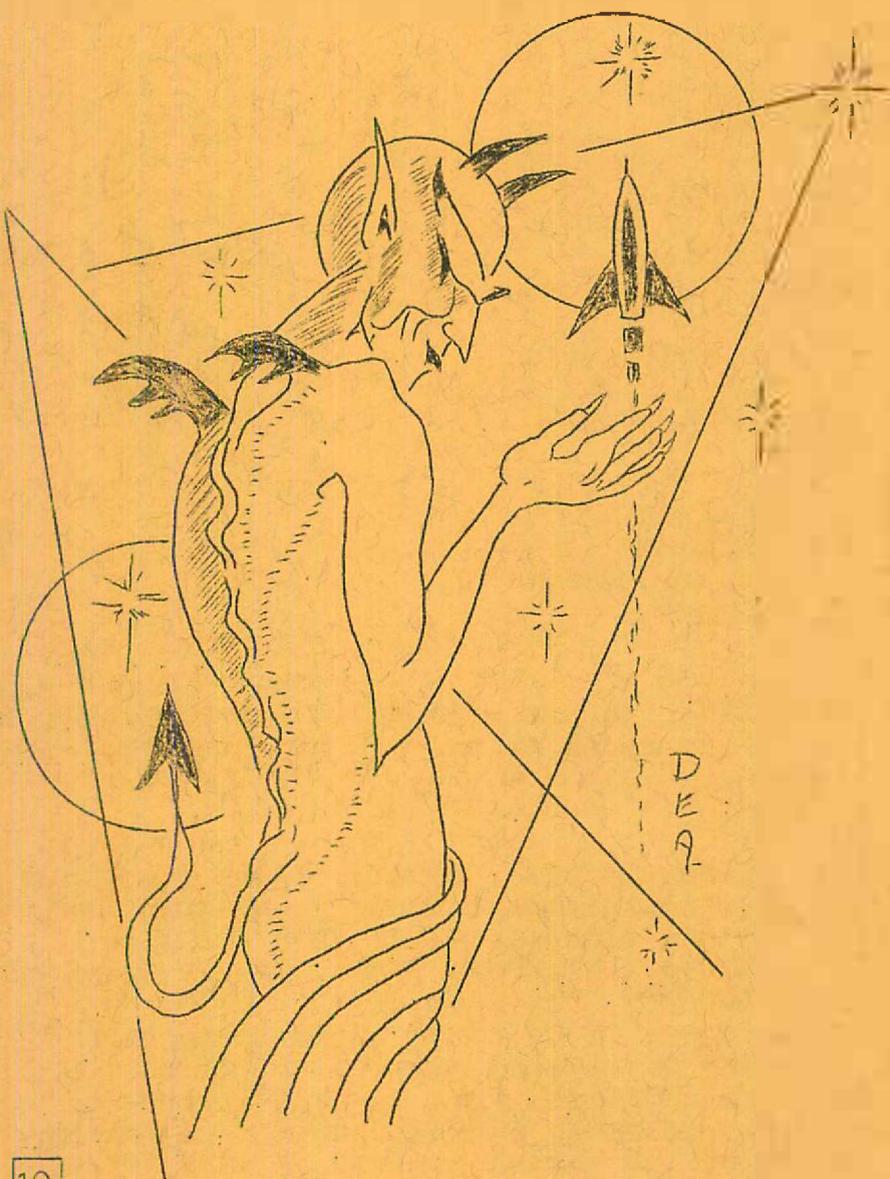
I always feel so terribly depressed after coming back from a holiday to the knowledge that there are another fifty weeks of endless drudgery before the next that I wonder at times whether the benefit of getting away from it all for two weeks isn't somehow offset by the cloud of depression that settles over me on my return.

For two weeks a year it is possible to become a rich man - by sacrificing other things the rest of the time, so that when one arrives in a different country for two weeks it seems - to the inhabitants - you are rich. Your very presence there gives credence to the fact. One cannot explain to someone who does not speak your language about the other fifty weeks. They probably wouldn't believe you anyway.

First Day: "I must have the window open," said the old lady in the funny white hat, "It affects my breathing." There were no doubt many present at Victoria Coach Station on the motor coach who would have indeed liked to have affected her breathing --

The bus sped onward in the early morning for the Dover Road, pausing only a half hour stop at a wayside restaurant which was simply jammed with coaches, cars and people. There were so many cups and saucers and so little room they were piled two high on every table, seat and window ledge you could see. No one ever seemed to collect any up but just brought more fresh ones from an apparently inexhaustible supply in the kitchen. Or they made them there in their own potteries. They must have done to have that display on show.

In the car park outside three characters were trying to do something with a motor scooter which had pieces falling off it. Searching for one apparently important part was a



fellow in a deerstalker hat like Sherlock Holmes. Eventually finding whatever it was, they put it together and hurtled up the road, rapidly pursued by Sherlock Holmes, who had fallen off the back seat during initial acceleration.

Eventually Dover and the Maritime Station were reached and we waited inside the station while I suspiciously watched a pigeon edging its way down one metal girder over the station with its tail protruding ominously over the edge. Stepping back, I avoided the attack which spent itself on a less fortunate bystander.

Entering the boat quay, one notes the first sign of segregation of passengers -- by a double doorway marked "British" and "Non-British"; proudly walking through the former, I watched gleefully as the latter filled out forms with one hand and held cases with the other.

If you have never travelled across the Channel by boat from Dover to Ostend -- don't! The boat is literally crammed to the hilt with thousands upon thousands of people, a vast undulating line that is fed by streams of buses and coaches and boat trains -- long lines of families, streams of old men with their Pentaxes and Voigtlanders slung around their necks -- more and more and more. At one time I was under the distinct impression that the entire population of the British Isles was leaving the same day I was.

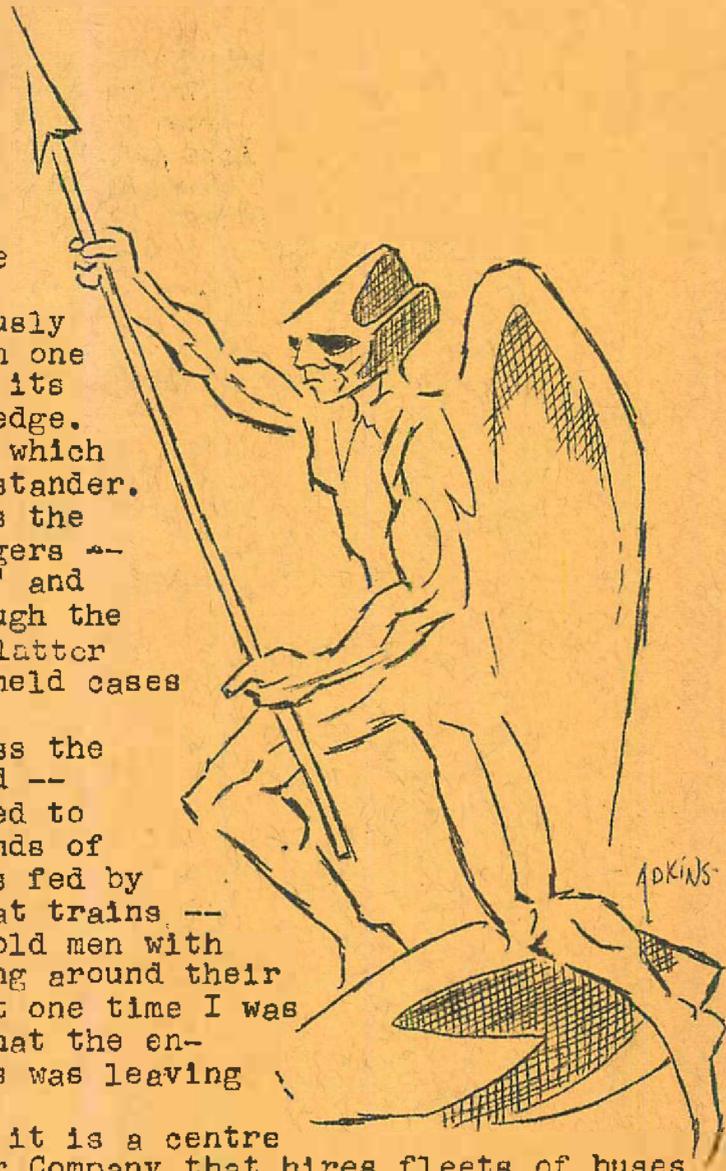
Ostend is usually chosen because it is a centre of operation for the big Belgian Car Company that hires fleets of buses for tours all over Europe and their network from Brussels starts here. One the boat deck chairs are marked "Gratis". But they are all carefully gathered up before the passengers arrive so the Belgian crew can then offer to get people deckchairs -- for which they receive a tip.

It is cold. It is crowded. And every few minutes someone stumbles over me muttering in a variety of accents ranging from, "Gee Mame this sure is crowded" to "Don't you wish we'd gone to Scotland?"

There are so many people you can't get anything to drink or eat or even get to a toilet. There is nothing to see but the backs of heads and miles and miles of grey waves and white sea mist. Time passes so slowly I thought my watch had stopped. I start reading the first of the three books I have brought with me -- Robert Bloch's **TERROR**.

Ostend -- at last we have arrived. No one had looked at my luggage, either leaving England or coming into Belgium. I could be carrying anything; but there are so many things and so many people no one can be properly checked or it would take hours and hours. Passport officials look at my passport, but so rapidly one suspects they only want to make sure a photo is stuck in. Any photo.

A loudspeaker is booming "THE LONGEST DAY", no doubt because of some kind of army exhibition nearby. As we step off the boat it changes to "ROSE MARIE", and we enter the Belgian coach. I wince -- it is a Fiat Van Hool coach, and these are notoriously cramped for tall people.



There is little luggage space and no fans, let alone air-conditioning. An elderly Scotsman nearby regales me with his account of travelling by Greyhound Express that he took from Newark, New Jersey, to Miami to visit relatives, and the benefits of such travel. During the trip he encountered many Americans with strange ideas of England. "Do you have fluoureseent light in England?" said one American. "Good heavens, no," said the Scotsman, "we still use oil lamps. Have a helluva job with the wick."

We sit down. "That's too comfortable. You'll be asleep all the time," says the Fat Woman to her diminutive husband. We pass out of Ostend, noticing the kiosks selling "Fitten Chips" -- incredible, chips in Belgium.

Surrounding Ostend are many heavy Nazi fortifications. Bunkers, pillboxes, gun emplacements. Brown and blackened skulls with eyeless sockets. Some have the sockets boarded up like a pirate with a patch; one is being destroyed by pneumatic drills. It is resisting heavily and the concrete--many feet thick, filled with reinforcing rods--is like new.

Newspapers filled with sexy photos and posters advertise "La vie scandaleuse de Christine Keeler". French and Belgium papers are having a field day.

I have finished Bloch's **TERROR** and found it an inexplicable re-titling by the publisher of his **KILL FOR KALI**. "The moonlight poured forth its phosphorescence from the great silver skull in the sky---" Beautiful, beautiful. For this I will forgive even the script of **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI**. I look to see if "By the author of **PSYCHO**" is there. It is. I always look for it now. It will one day be carved on his tombstone, I'm sure. "Here lies Robert Bloch, author of **PSYCHO**", Is only one work from a lifetime of work enough immortality?

We head south towards the French frontier, through fields of graveyards of wrecked cars. Every field, every ditch has a wrecked car. No one ever carts them away. Scrap metal may be too cheap, insurance rules different. Who knows. Each tree wears a necklace of bumpers, fenders and radiators. They have towed away the main body of the car - but the front has been left. An automobile's life is short indeed, and its graveyard is long.

Along the famous Menin Road leading to Ypres we travel, a road countless thousands died for in World War I -- more than the whole of WWII, even with its newer weapons of destruction. This is an area many old British servicemen return to for their holidays each year. Visiting the old battlefields of the Somme and Arras and Ypres. Coming home on the boat, wearing their medals -- youngsters do not realise they are the remnants of the War to End All Wars. How can they? How can they believe that such primitive weapons could have killed so many more than atom bombs and napalm did? "While we were fighting/the Germans on the Menin Road" a line from an old song passes through my mind. The border between France and Belgium turns out to be in the middle of a busy street. Unless you are driving a vehicle, it appears you can cross anywhere you like. You can enter a cafe in Belgium and leave by a toilet in France --all in the same building.

A bar advertises proudly above its windows: "SUPER REGAL LUST" -- which it seems we ought to stop and investigate. Further down the road they are advertising "Maes Pils" and "Monck's Pils" but they don't seem half so appealing. Another shop announces intriguingly: "O Sole Mio - En Colours". I wonder what that could have been? For

further entertainment a poster announces the attractions of a "Grand Festival de Rock" avec Les Comets, Les Satellites, Les Rockets and -- yes -- Les Polaris. Hmmm. Passing through Lille I see WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? is showing in dubbed French version. More posters of Christine Keeler. On a fence a white rabbit is eating a rosebush.

Finally we reached the overnight stop at a smallish French town called St. Quentin. Across the street - the Rue Dachery - is LE SPLENDID showing James Stewart in MR. HOBBS TAKES HIS VACATION; elsewhere HERCULES VERSUS THE VAMPIRES and THE BATTLE OF CARINTH are showing. The waiter writes his bill out over a Dunlop and Rankin calendar, the same as the one I have at work and the same as the one I saw last year in an obscure Yugoslavian town called Slavonski-Brod. That salesman certainly gets around.

Second Day: The travellers stagger into breakfast which is as always rolls and coffee and some form of jam; it sounds inadequate to fried and cooked breakfast-eaters like ourselves, but I have never found the need for anything extra. Different atmosphere - air perhaps. Tracing through most countries I have always found it was apricot jam - always this time it is marmalade for a change. Sugar is cubed and individually wrapped. This time I am fooled, because what I thought was the sugar wrapped up turns out to be the butter! In a tiny pat. The voices sift from the chatter, ranging from "Let's have some cafee fer gawd's sake" to "I could still do with a good night's rest".

We leave and I see the railway station for the first time, and it looks more like San Quentin than San Quentin. Nice little town though, bigger than you think once you start moving through it. Flying, one would miss these little things.

Onto Rheims for the cathedral, as impressive as that at Notre Dame. I don't see the Jackdaw of Rheims (famed in the poem) but I do see the Squirrel of Rheims. A tiny red squirrel runs from its island of trees into the street, right into the middle of the thick traffic, and then scampers back like the dickens, having thought better of it. The third lorry load of empty bottles passes us; they must be a thirsty lot. I haven't seen any full bottles yet - only empties.

Past Vitry Le Francois outside is a giant American 77th U.S. Medical Corps Depot. Or a similar title.

Lunch is at Marnaval outside St. Dizier, where I cannot operate the salt and pepper shakers. You press a button and the condiments fall out of the bottom of the shaker onto your plate.

Onward, through the countryside filled with quaint French notice boards reading CALTEX ANTI SLUDGE, through a town called Cult. Here the signs start to say "Route Deformees" and "Shaussees Deformees", and very "deformee" they are, too, as on turning to the back of the coach I see the heads at the back rising rapidly to meet the ceiling and then descending.

Bessacon for the night, in the twisting mountains near Switzerland. I have on my bed either a long pillow and no bolster or a bolster and no pillow.

Third Day: We enter Switzerland, and the first thing I notice is all the license plates have VD followed by five figures. We reach Lausanne, where fan Pierre Versins used to live; but I haven't heard from him in years and we are only stopping a scant half hour, so there is no time to establish contact. It is a noisy, traffic-laden city, hot and continuously building something or other. First cinema on a bridge I've seen. We stop at a filling station and watch a travelling salesman try to sell brushes and cleaners to a woman in the attached house. Some things are the same in any country, it seems. The method, the

approach - everything but the language.

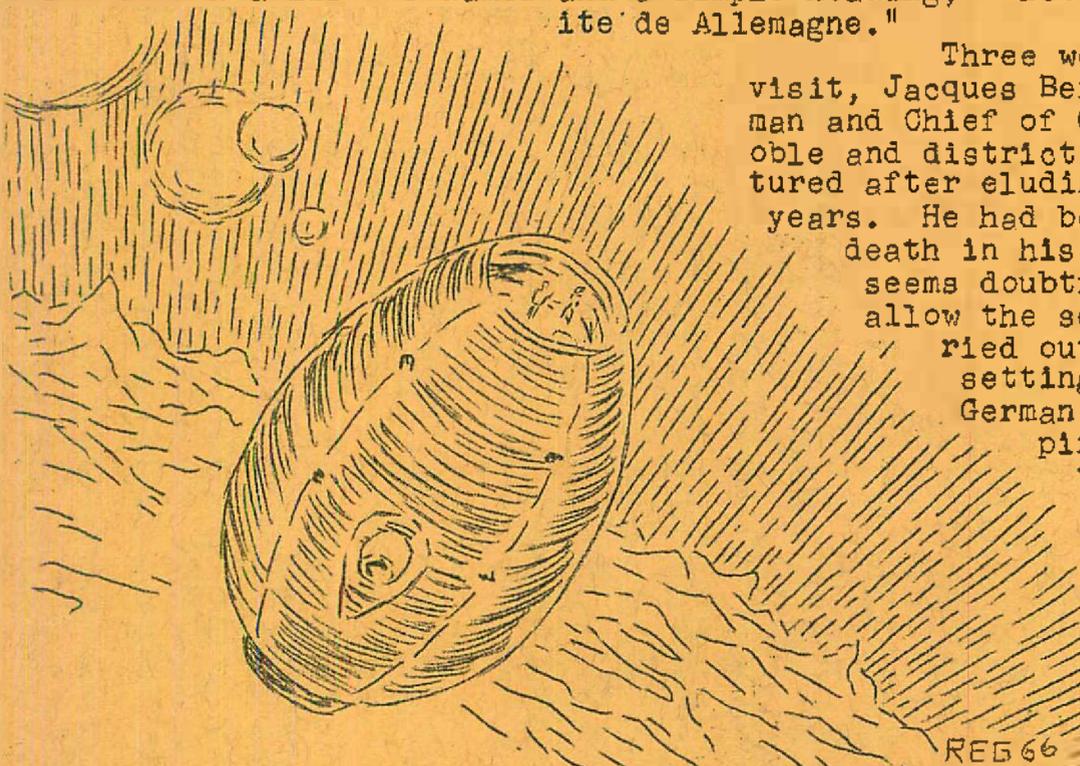
At Geneva we have time to see the park and the lake and the important buildings, headquarters of many organisations. It seems a clean place but not worthy of an annual holiday. Crossing back over the border we stop at Grenoble for the night, the second time I have visited this town. We eat the evening meal at a restaurant outside the hotel, quite a common custom in many countries in Europe. There is a TV set going, but everyone is making so much noise we can't hear what they are saying, even if we could understand it. The production is a drama, technically very crude, cutting directly from one face to another, no mobility or motion at all. There are two women who come on and talk, a couple of fellows who look like police, a Rasputin fellow in a cell, who evidently doesn't know what good mornings begin with, and finally three laughing characters who are planting a mine on the railway tracks. This they find very funny because they keep cracking jokes and slapping each other on the back, so one wonders just who must be on that train. I never did find out what happened to the train.

"Look what's coming up," said the Man with the Moustache, "hard boiled eggs and soft boiled tomatoes. Hors d'oeuvres. You're supposed to eat them with your fingers, mop up the tomato with your hard boiled egg." Turning to look at the television, he remarked succinctly, "Wells Fargo - in French," and resumed his eating.

The television was suspended from the bottom of a small balcony, on which several people sat eating their meal- those who didn't want TV, evidently. Everytime the Man with the Moustache turned around the girls up there thought he was staring at them.

He looked at the remains on his plate and muttered, "I'd better not ask her for vinegar, she might bring me a Coca-Cola," and when the casserole meat came up he prodded it doubtfully, remarking, "This is cooked in a washing machine."

Leaving Grenoble, one finds on the side of the road one of the many monuments erected by the French in tribute to Germany. An oblong cream stone with a list of names and a simple heading, "Victims de la Barbarite de Allemagne."



Three weeks prior to my visit, Jacques Bergier, a Frenchman and Chief of Gestapo of Grenoble and district, was finally captured after eluding police for 17 years. He had been sentenced to death in his absence. It seems doubtful DeGaulle would allow the sentence to be carried out for fear of upsetting the now wealthy German industrial empire he wishes to trade with. As a similar gesture some months before, he released from prison two condemned war criminals, S.S. General Karl Albrecht Oburg, the Chief of

REB 66

S.S. and Gestapo of France, the "Butcher of Paris", and his deputy, S.S. Colonel Helmuth Knocken, as a salve to Adenauer, who would not be so willing to deal with someone holding German officers in prison still. Somehow the simple stone block seems to say more than any of this can.

Fourth Day: Over the Route Napoleon, through the mountains and gorges, we stop at the Inn Napoleon, where Napoleon rested on his journey; now it's run

by a former Resistance man who was both heavily tortured and decorated in the last war, but for the chance of fate his name might be another added to that stone block.

Finished reading the second book with me, Robert Bloch's a ATOMS AND EVIL. The billing this time is: "Teller of talltales, author of PSYCHO (there it is!) and the inventor of a thousand possible tomorrows." Indeed.

Finally we reach Nice on the Cote D'Azur, the Blue Coast, The French Riviera, and by now the temperature has risen so much en route the only thing important is drink and more drink. Parched throats must be wetted with gassy lager-type beer, heady local wine, fizzy soft drink, and cafe au lait, and even tea. "Everything is more expensive in France" is a saying one really begins to notice; a bottle of lemonade that will fill one glass reaches a price four times the English equivalent. Two main companies supply the French soft drinks of orange and lemonade - the "Pschitt" company and the company that uses the brand name of "Verragoud" on its bottles. So one must remember that in France soft drinks are either "Verragoud" or "Pschitt".

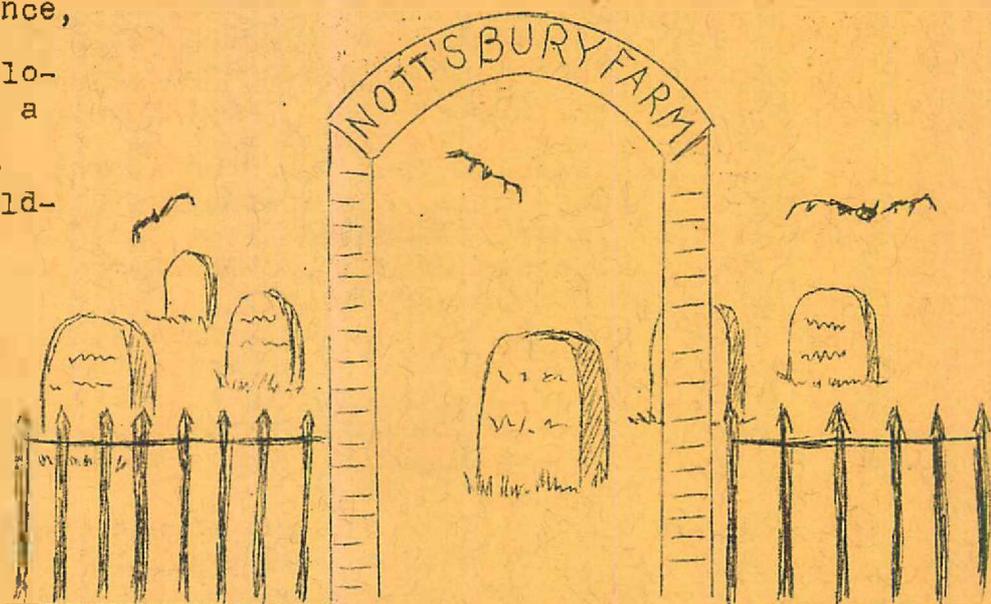
"When you stop wanting - you die," said the Fat Woman, "and there's so many things I want yet." I can't help feeling how right she is.

"Slices of camel," says the Man with the Moustache, looking at his plate of veal. "I shall have to ask what animal this comes from. I can't find any bones." The weekend would see us visiting the French perfume centre of Grasse, which prompted him to say, "We're going out to Grasse on Sunday. I don't like the sound of that. That's what they do with old horses."

The French waiter brings up the dessert, a rough doughnut object with custard. "Ah," says the Man with the Moustache, "you used these in le Maquis, non? With a long fuze?"

Around 4 o'clock in the night a couple of jets always swoop over Nice for the airport, bringing night flight passengers at a cheap rate. They boom in and wake anyone not used to the sound. "I thought we'd declared war," says one woman. "I hoped they were on our side."

Fifth Day: Exploration of the beaches - using the telephoto of my cine camera. And what a beach. All grey sharp pebbles and rocks. Yet it attracts so many of the most attractive girls you can find anywhere. I suppose it is because the heat of the sun can be relied upon. It is



there. Always. I see an elderly woman floating in the water fully dressed. Some people will do anything for a lark. Then the police arrive in their "Hee-hawing" siren ambulance and collect her. She is a would-be suicide who resists.

Sixth Day: An excursion over the Grand Corniche Road around the coast to Monaco and Monte Carlo, one of the few places in the world you never pay taxes. All income is derived from the Casino, which supports an army of 70 and Princess Grace. No frontier guards to pass through between France and Monaco surprisingly.

Onto Italy, and the most crowded pass since the Brenner; towering mountains of rocks on all sides threaten to fall onto the jammed-with-traffic road. Buses, sweltering in the heat, are given priority. A young Italian border guard anxious to practise his English enters the coach and says, "Touta Inglezi? God save the Queen," salutes and gets off the coach. "We are in Italy."

San Remo is a hot little fishing town converted to a seaside resort. It has several cool fountains, cacti and the usual dishonest stall owners and storekeepers who short-change visitors. One man ends up paying the equivalent of seven dollars for three postcards, and can do nothing about it. Satellite watches are on sale. No hands. Instead a small sphere runs around the outside of the figures to indicate the hours, and an inner sphere to indicate minutes.

Seventh Day: At the Librairie-Peteterie, L'ATLANTIDE, Location de Livres, 57 Rue De France, in Nice they are selling English and American magazines and books of all kinds: Guns and Ammo, Wrestling World, New Worlds, the British edition of Analog -- jostle for position with pocketbooks -- Charles Eric Maine's SPACEWAYS, John Wynāham's THE MID-WICH CUCKOOS, A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, Henry Miller's NEXUS, and LE VILAIN AMERICAIN -- which turns out to be a French edition of THE UGLY AMERICAN. At the local cinemas Clint Walker is in LE GEANT DU NORD and Charlton Heston is in THE PIGEON THAT TOOK ROME, and Lawrence Olivier in TERM OF TRIAL. The Harlem Globetrotters versus the Cherokee Indians are on at the local sports arena.

I start on the third book in my supply, Leon Uris' EXODUS, but like Bert Hodson I find it so full of distortions and twisted anti-British vilification of the facts I have to put it down, suffering from nausea that such a book could ever become a best seller. Later I will finish it -- but not now. I settle for a copy from L'Atlantide of Len Giovanetti's THE PRISONERS OF COMBINE D. Further down the Rue De France I notice generous selections of original American editions of Ace books; Burroughs' A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS, TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE, Philip Jose Farmer's THE CELESTIAL BLUEPRINT, THE DRAGON MASTERS by Jack Vance, and THE FUN HOUSE. There are a number of French editions of science fiction too, reprints of classic novels like Bester's THE DEMOLISHED MAN and local French author's works.

We tour around Nice, visiting the waterfalls, a church containing a number of religious persecution tortures worthy of Dave Prosser's agonized drawings, and meet a wonderful white-bearded old man outside who speak perfect English. Later that evening there is an optional excursion to two of the nightclubs, including one where a nude girl comes onto the stage and the men of the audience have to wash her in a bath provided. I cannot somehow see myself doing this, so I retire for the evening, reluctantly.

Eighth Day: We do go out to Grasse, in the mountains surrounding Nice, home of the French perfume industry. Hot Sunday afternoon -- I should

not like to be working, and neither are the actual perfumers, but there is a French girl who explains the process and shows the machinery used. It is rather like a moonshine-still establishment, and one inquires whether they can do whiskey in the same still used for jasmine? Interesting, but had no idea so much animal fat was used in making perfumes. All this for woman's vanity and man's shaving cream.

Ninth Day: The opposite way along the coast on an excursion to Cannes and the Isles of Lerin. Passing through Antibes and Juan-Les-Pins, where the shops remain open 24 hours a day for only four months a year, and thru the villa belt where Warner Brothers, Maurice Chevalier, Dubonnet and others have their villas. They are not as impressive as one imagines, and having seen them and encountered the heat I do not really think I want one. First sandy beaches we have encountered.

Cannes has the Palais des Festivals for the Film Festival, a sandy beach and expensive hotels, and from the shore can be seen the two islands of Ile Sainte Marguerite and Ile Sainte Honorat. The former holds the prison of the Man in the Iron Mask. The bars are two inches thick, and beyond that - after a foot depth - is a further set of bars, and beyond that a further set of bars. So the window space is actually more than two feet thick and has three networks of thick iron bars. If you could see through those, you could escape down to the sea. Although outside it is baking in the prison yard, and the heat scorches everything, inside it is as cool as though it were refrigerated. The whole disused prison lies there - entrance fee 24 centimes, about two or three cents - the chapels, the well, the barracks, the chains, one door even has a list of the troops stationed there, and looking out to sea is a battery of five cells. To the right the two cells are so badly in need of repair they have been boarded up. The middle cell is that of the Prisoner in the Iron Mask. Left of that is another cell with a white stone figure of a monk, and beyond that is a further cell containing the metal plate the prisoner etched his message on and threw from his cell window. The prison can be seen clearly from the mainland, and these days is floodlit at night for Son et Lumiere performances which are now held in most major cities of Europe.

St. Honorat contains mainly the Monastery where women may not enter, though one wonders what the freely-circulating monks must think of the scantily dressed tourists that often walk around the outside of the monastery. Beyond it, looking out to sea, is a splendid example of a white tower with battlements and defences gleaming, like a large pulled tooth. The harbour nearby is filled with beautiful yachts and launches, beautiful women and beautifully clear water. It is like a picture postcard.

Tenth Day: At the Nouvea Casino in Nice a British film, EXPRESSO BONGO, is showing, and near the bus station at the far end of Rue De France KRAPPEN are being sold. In brackets its says underneath, somewhat superflucously since you can see what they are, (Doughnuts). A few doors along is the USO establishment, which is rather surprisingly placed, until one realizes the American Mediterranean fleet docks at Villefrance every three weeks just along the coast.

A metal plate on a door further along Rue De France says, "Le Cabinet du Doctor Roger Beard", which seems ominous until one realizes it probably is just a doctor's surgery. On the cinema nearby the paybox says "Dogs Not Admitted", presumably not even to a Lassie picture.

Still continuing down the Rue De France, one notices a number of exceptionally attractive girls standing around doing nothing, and bearing

in mind this was only a few yards from the sea front and it was the hottest part of the day, it did not occur to me till I was back at the hotel what it was they were there for. Unlike their companions in other countries, they do not approach anyone; they wait to be approached.

In the afternoon we went back to the hills to visit two very charming towns, Vence and St. Paul, the latter being completely walled around and no parking problems because you can't get a car into the town at all. You can't even get a very fat man up some of the streets. A cannon guards the entrance, though these days it is choked with tourist paper and rubbish.

Eleventh Day: Sadly we start the return journey home. At Avignon we come to another walled town, but this you can drive in, as it is much bigger. At the Lido here Richard Vernon is starring in L'HORRIBLE DR. ORLOFF, which gives the warning: "Attention - le film n'est pas recommande aux personnes sensibles, la direction ne repond pas accidents" -- which as I vaguely recall says no one sensible ought to go and see it. And the end of the week on Vendredi there might be found two heures de Fou-Rire - "Poussez Pas Grand Pere" - Avec Les Rocks and the Twist Boys.

Onto Montelimar, where they make the famed nougat, and we encountered a type of toilet I had seen before in Spain but others had not. The floor is glazed earthenware; there is a hole in the floor and two raised foot pieces to stand on, and no seat. On pulling the chain, one should have a ready hand on the door, or one will be flushed under it by the sudden rush of water.

Hammer's HELL IS A CITY is showing nearby with a French title, and at Valence is a big factory called "Rhone - Elec". Hmm. Still further on a filling station proudly proclaims in its title, "ESSO SERVICE DIANE DE POITIERS", which I always thought was a prerogative of King Henry II of France. Hitch-hikers line the road with boards with their destinations chalked on them.

Finally to Lyon, where they are selling "Saucisses Chaudes", which turn out to be hot dogs. There are more young girls, hanging around the cinema and the hotel this time. Like many French towns there are a hopeless number of one way streets and we drive around and around in ever decreasing circles before we disappear up the Avenue Victor Hugo. Repairing the coach later that night, the driver is accosted by a 19 year old girl who wants 2,000 francs for an hour. Sounds like a lot, as most currency does in Europe, where you operate in hundreds and thousands of figures. It works out about five dollars.

Twelfth Day: We enter Chalon-Sur-Saone, which announces outside the town photography was discovered there in 1822. Kodak is present with a billboard outside all towns around here; the board lists the items of interest to a photographer before he enters each town - which is a very good idea indeed. By now the temperature has dropped and we are back to English heat almost. At Auxerre it rains and someone asks, "Anyone want to buy a bottle of sun tan oil cheap?"

And to Paris.

The living end in traffic jams. Not only is the King of Morocco visiting, but the underground railway (the Metro) is on strike for two days! "The last time I saw Paris - the street was blocked with cars,"

croons the Fat Woman. It Rains. And Rains.

At last I get to the hotel room; it is an attic overlooking Paris. What I have always wanted. Not exactly an attic, more comfortable than that, but six flights up and overlooking a panorama of the Gare du Nord station, very quiet, and the Sacre Coeur church. Like most of the rooms I have had it contains wardrobe, sink with hot and cold running water, and the inevitable bidet, which most tourists wash their feet in. One can now contemplate a vast panorama of Paris in peace.

Thirteenth Day: THE RED SHIEK is showing here, starring the handsome American magician, Channing Pollock, who used to produce live doves on television. Now he is an actor.

In a shop on the boulevards is a decorative set of jars for the man who has everything. They are labelled respectively: "Opium", "Cocaine", and "Morphine"!

The rest of Paris has been described by lovers in so many songs: "April in Paris", "The Last Time I Saw Paris" ... but to anyone not in love it seems like any other big city - in many ways it is identical to London. Even the maps of the two cities have very much in common.

In the evening there is a further optional excursion to the night - clubs, including Le Petite Balcon, where the apache dancers perform, and where the girls get the men from the audience up to dance with them, and then the men have to take the girls' clothes off. Again I retired for the evening instead of going.

Fourteenth Day: The last grey day. More rain and through the grave - yards and the battlefields containing so many of the dead of World War I, through Lille and Menin. We stop at Arras for coffee at the station buffet, and there is a monument but no other sign of the terrible devastation of that war. It is a solemn journey with the beautifully kept International War Graves commission taking care of the graves that choke the cementaries around. The mind cannot grasp the fields of crosses are all people that were once alive and might even be alive today if...

The cattle boat at Ostend is finally boarded, and worse than last time I have only room on top. And the wind blows and blows and I have no coat, coming from the sun, and I am chilled. The rest of the journey back is filled only with thoughts of those fifty weeks to come. What else is there? Just 5 magazines, 1 package, 6 circulars, 1 fanzine, 1 parcel, two book club books and the bills, 2 postcards, and 24 letters exactly. A deep depression, a handful of memories, a few reels of film - and fifty more weeks of work.

And then again those gates will start to open.

ON SCHEDULE

Time and tide will never wait
Nor the rolling sweep of the stars.
Ready your craft and start the motors
And blast away for Mars.

- Raymond L. Clancy



GOLDEN MINUTES

BOOK REVIEWS by RSC

SKYLARK THREE, by E.E. Smith, Ph.D. (Pyramid, 40¢) This is the sequel to The Skylark of Space -- for comments on which, see Gene DeWeese's article. I think it's best to read this series in order (if you're going to read it at all) so get the Pyramid edition of The Skylark of Space and read it before starting this one. Unlike Gene, I don't care much for Smith, though I'm beginning to get used to him. He's noted as an imaginative writer, but it doesn't show up here; all the inventions are the same as those in the first book only more so. After building a ship with a super-hard "arenak" hull in the first book, Seaton finds a super-super-hard material, "Dagal", and then a super-super-super-hard one, "inoson", and keeps on getting better and better ships. In real life it would be practical enough, but as fiction it's meaningless. (He needs the super-super-super hulls because the villains keep getting higher and higher powered armaments, and the whole arms race starts getting funny after awhile.) Everything else gets improved in a similar manner; there are no new concepts, just bigger ones. In the end, he wipes out the villainous race which is bent on conquering the galaxy -- which doesn't seem to leave him anyplace to go in the third book but to mop up some villains in another galaxy. We'll see, if it comes out in pb. Duwesne is in the book for a couple of chapters, but he might as well not be; all he accomplishes is to get himself killed by the villainous aliens -- I assume somebody resurrects him in time for the final book of the series.

THE FURY FROM EARTH, by Dean McLaughlin (Pyramid, 40¢) This seems to be an original paperback, and a reasonably good stf-adventure novel. It reads a bit like a souped-up Heinlein juvenile -- say a rewrite of Between Planets with somewhat more adult characters and a more "realistic" approach. (This is not an insult; I like Heinlein's juveniles.) McLaughlin's main philosophic pitch seems to be that there is no nice clear demarcation between good and evil, that any advance in knowledge can and will be used for both purposes, and that if we're going to advance at all we'll have to put up with the fact. (Also, that noble causes do not automatically produce noble leaders.) Obvious, perhaps, but a welcome relief from stf's pure utopias and anti-utopias, nevertheless. The action seems a bit strained at times, but it's at least average for stf-adventure, and there are none of the glaring errors in science and/or characterization that mar so many stf novels. All in all, a pretty good book. McLaughlin has adopted the Tucker Syndrome and named several of his characters after fans; I got a kick out of having a dictatorial ruler of Venus named Sidney Coleman and the proprietor of a big gambling layout known as Big-Hearted Howard. (There's even a Coulson mentioned -- he's the private who doesn't show up for the battle. Dean knows his fans, all right.)

BAD NEWS DEPARTMENT: The latest SKYRACK arrived, with a notice that Nova Publications will cease operations in March. The two best fantasy and science-fiction magazines in the world, NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY, will be discontinued. It's a sad day for stf readers.

STRANGE FRUIT

.....fanzines reviewed BY rsc

Received and noted: HE-X (Wells), TRE FANDOMS - OCH EN FJÄRDE (Stenfors), S F Forum (Stenfors), and a batch of interlingua pamphlets from Lewis Grant.

AN AUTHOR INDEX TO GALAXY (Don Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif., 91606 - free) Just what the title indicates. If you're a collector, you may want it; if you're not you probably won't.

DIE WIS #10 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich., 48234 - no price or schedule listed). This is for SAPS, but since it consists entirely of an article by Dick about his misspent childhood it should be of equal interest to non-members. As a large share of it concerns his sandlot baseball days, I'm sure Dick would be interested in the following quote from today's Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette: "This could be a busy trading year because owners and managers finally have accepted the conclusion that there's no use keeping anybody who doesn't fit into the organization." The Great American Sport has been turned over to Organization Men; no wonder pro football is booming.

MENACE OF THE LASFS #77 & 78 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024 - bi-weekly - 10¢) All about how the LASFS spends its time, with talks by R.S. Richardson and reviews of sex novels. Since Richardson talked about what to read on the way to Mars, I suppose there is a subtle connection there...

DIFFERENTIAL #14 & 15 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada - monthly - 2¢) Quite a variety of material to get on two pages, even if that is about the fourth time I've seen that joke about the hydromicrobiogeochemist, etc. The mag seems to be well-liked, and at least it doesn't take long to read. Rating.....4

THE MARTIAN TRAVELER #1 & 2 (Raymond Clancy, 1086 President St., Brooklyn 25, N.Y.) DIFFERENTIAL can no longer boast of being the "smallest fanzine", however; this one is only one page. Since it appears to be published on an office photocopier and he lists "Eirculation 4", I'm not at all sure whether he'll accept more readers, but you can always ask; I'm sure he can say "No" if necessary. He does request short contributions; these issues are all editor-written, and seem to consist largely of running jokes (remember what Adkins and Pearson did with "Henry Fonda plays the bull fiddle"?) Rating.....3

SKYRACK #58 (Ron Bennett, 17 Newcastle Road, Wavertree, Liverpool 15, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢ - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md.) British fan and pro news; little items like Brian Aldiss being commissioned to write a travel book on Yugoslavia and the possibility of Jim Cawthorn doing the artwork for a comic strip based on Mike Moorcock's "Elric" series. Rating.....6

FANTASY NEWS #14 (Ken Beale, 115 E. Mosholu Parkway, Bronx 67, N.Y. - weekly - 3 for 25¢) small and frequent news items.

Rating.....4

SCIENCE - FICTION TIMES #407 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th Avenue, College Point 54, N.Y. - monthly - 15¢) Somewhat longer and considerably more infrequent and misspelled news. Still has the most coverage of the pro field of any of the newsletters.

Rating.....5

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #17 & 18 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio, 44044 - bi-weekly - 10¢) The best layout and writing of any of

the newsletters, but the smallest amount of news. There are book, Fanzine, and magazine reviews; Harvey might do well to turn it into a review mag, with occasional news items.

Rating.....6

MINAC #6 & 7 (Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220 - bi-weekly - two 4¢ stamps or one unused, legal length, 4-hole stencil - co-editor, Les Gerber) All sorts of extras are included; #6 has riders of GRUNT, from Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, and EGO #2 from Bill Meyers. #7 has GRUNT, EGO, and FANAC 94, edited by White and Demmon. To date, not one of the riders with any Ted White fanzine has been worth reading; unlike some of his associates, he generally knows when to be funny and fannish and insurgent and when to stop being funny and fannish and insurgent before getting sickening about it. And I like the way he threatens the Post Office on the mailing label.

Rating.....6

GYRE #1 (P. Charles Peterson, 2245 E. Ashlan Ave., Fresno, Calif. - irregular - no price listed because he mostly wants to trade) He says the mag will be oriented more to artwork than to text. I hope he gets some artwork to orient it to; the chicken-scratchings in this issue aren't exactly the sort of thing to devote a magazine to. The writing is somewhat better; about average for a first issue.

Rating.....1

GALAXY REPORTER #5 (Dwain Kaiser, 2349 Canehill, Long Beach 15, Calif. - bi-monthly - 10¢) I don't object to reprinting material from other fanzines, But I can't quite see reprinting something that is (a) less than a year old and (b) originally appeared in a better-known fanzine than the one doing the circulating. Maybe Dwain has a large non-fan circulation; otherwise there is no point at all in his reprinting John Boardman's article (or John Kueske's story, for that matter).

There seems to be a sudden flood of neo-zines from California, most of them bad. However, most new fanzine are bad. In the past years, with not so many newcomers entering fandom and the "new" mags often being published by old-time fans returning to the field, we've been a bit spoiled as to quality. If you want to support fandom and encourage new fans, by all means buy GYRE and GALAXY REPORTER. If you just want entertaining reading, stay well away from both of them.

Rating.....2

UNIT ORDERS #3 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Dr., Highland Park, Ill. 60035 - irregular - 20¢) High point here is George Price's account of his participation in a Chicago Peace March (carrying a sign saying "Destroy Communism"). Of course, I'd heard it in person earlier, and George



tells it better than he writes it, but it's still good. There are also movie reviews, fanzine reviews, and a con report. Rating.....3

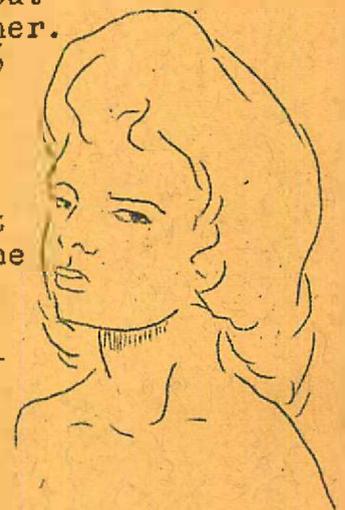
XERO INDEX (Dick and Pat Lupoff, 210 E. 73rd St. New York, N.Y. 10021 - final - 35¢) The general summing up; 19 pages of letters of comment on the last issue, 6 pages of index, and a couple of left-over illos. As far as I know, an innovation in fanzine-publishing; not only do editors usually fail to publish a final index but all too often they don't even announce the cessation of publication or refund subscriber's money.

POINTING VECTOR #18 - KNOWABLE #5 (John Boardman, 592 16th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218 - irregular - 25¢ each) PV is strictly a political journal; a lot of this issue is concerned with New York politics and with quotes from Barry Goldwater and other conservatives. John is a fanatic Socialist, as far as political ideals go -- he seems to believe in providing everyone with a living, whether they earn it or not, and then in wondering why our juvenile delinquency is going up and the quality of our manufactured products is going down. Along with it came a pamphlet reviewing Herman Kahn's ON THERMONUCLEAR WAR. I haven't read Kahn, but judging from the review he comes out a lot more sensible than the reviewer, who is simply throwing up his hands in horror at all those millions dead and hoping piously that war is too terrible and we simply can't have one and it's all too too emotionally exhausting. The one solid fact that has emerged from human history is that it is impossible to frighten mankind by anything which doesn't immediately affect them. Highway slaughter has taken more lives than World War II, but name me five people who have quit driving because of this. The horror of atomic war is no more a deterrent than a fleabite. It would be, if people were reasonable, but people aren't reasonable, they're emotional. We're going to have an atomic war, whether the liberals believe it or not, and we'd better have some plans on (a) how to make sure this country doesn't start it and (b) how to make sure that this country does finish it. Wringing your hands and whining "you mustn't" is a damned poor way to accomplish anything. Boardman's own idea of shooting all conservatives out of hand might be more practical if I thought that his liberal friends were any more able to prevent war, but I don't think they are. Certainly the pack which seems to make up Reciprocal Disarmament doesn't seem to contain anyone that I'd trust my life and wellbeing to.

Still, anyone who dislikes Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon can't be all bad.

KNOWABLE is the stf fanzine and is reasonably good but I'm not going to waste an entire page on one publisher. Rating.....6

KIPPLE #46 & 47 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212 - more or less monthly - 20¢) Ted is a much less emotional liberal, and I agree with him far more than I do with Boardman, but he hasn't been putting out as entertaining a magazine lately. Possibly the fault is that I do agree with him pretty much, and so don't find much of interest in long monographs attempting to prove philosophical tenets which I adopted years ago and now find "obvious". Probably people who disagree find the mag much more stimulating (I was certainly stimulated by that little pamphlet Boardman sent along up there). More likely, however, it's because I never



JTB

had much interest in philosophy. I don't worry about proving my point; as other people don't bother me I don't care what their opinions of my actions are. Rating.....5

G² Vol 2 #12 & Vol 3 #1 (J & R Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Avenue, El Sobrante, Calif., 94803 - monthly - 3 for 25¢) Dammit, I am going to write a letter of comment on these; I am, I am, I am! I've been muttering my comments under my breath too long. For review, it's a good fanzine devoted to Joe Gibson's wild ideas and letters of comment on same. When I have any idea what he's talking about, and/or any interest in it, the mag is fun. Rating.....5

LOGORRHEA #4 (Tom Peery, P.O. Box 1284, Omaha, Nebraska - irregular - no price listed) This is a fanish, rather than a serious, humorous, political, or any other type of fanzine, but it's a fanishness that I like. (Besides, he says that one must have a "steely cold mind" to resist Joe Gibson's "appeal to cliquishness" and I automatically like anyone who implies that I have a steely cold mind.) Besides, he has a column by Joe Pilati. Rating.....5

ISCARIOT Vol 2 #9 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 16, Alabama - quarterly - 15¢) I already reviewed this for DOUBLE BILL, so I'll just note that it's available, since Al sent me an extra copy. Reasonably good general-interest material. Rating.....5

ENCLAVE #4 (Joe Pilati, 111 So. Highland Avenue, Pearl River, N.Y. 10965, - bi-monthly - 35¢) For 66 pages, that's not a bad price, especially for a fanzine that will be on the Hugo ballot next year and might even win. This really has everything; material on politics, jazz, folk music, movies, religion, fandom, and considerable serious commentary on science fiction. And letters from all sorts of people, from Norm Clarke to Poul Anderson. Rating.....8

VOX #3 (Brent Phillips, Welches House, St. Michael, Barbados, The West Indies - irregular - no price listed) Personally I prefer the material on West Indian history and literature; subjects not normally covered in fanzines. But there are reviews, verses, fiction, and scoffing at flying saucers for the more pure-minded fans. Sarge Smith even comes up with a new (to me, at least) theory about Atlantis which is as plausible as most and more believable than some. It's a pretty fair fanzine. Rating.....5

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #66 (Ron Elik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90025 - bi-monthly - 25¢) SHAGGY seems to be joining several other fanzines in boosting Tevis' THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH for a Hugo. Come on fellas; it was a good novel, but it wasn't that good. The best thing in the issue was Roy Tackett's letter, but probably the conservatives of fandom will prefer Fritz Leiber's article on the science-fictional content of Lovecraft's works. (Which is interesting; I didn't realize that Lovecraft had any science-fictional content, but Leiber has convinced me.) Rating.....7

HYPHEN #34 (Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - more or less bi-monthly - 15¢) This one is entirely devoted to a report of the Chicon -- 22 pages of it. Since Walt is one of the few people in fandom who can write an acceptable con report, maybe we

should have him over every year. Then after awhile the lesser talents would be ashamed to dirty up perfectly good paper with pallid imitations and fandom would enter a new Golden Age. (And don't ask me when the last Golden Age was; I'm only assuming that fandom has had one because everything has already had one Golden Age. Rating.....6

CRY #170 (Box 92, 507 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington - bi-monthly - 25¢) Here's a report on the Discon. Wally Weber does a good job of telling what went on during the program (instead of the usual fan chatter of what he ate for breakfast and who with -- or vice versa). Now I know what went on in the parts I didn't see and I can revert to my usual position of ignoring con reports. Thanks, Wally; you produced a quite painless solution to my problem. The rest is typical CRY stuff, which is typically good. Rating.....6

SMOKE Vol 2 #1 (George Locke, 86 Chelsea Gardens, London SW1, England - irregular - 1/-) Still another fannish game. After scorning one proposed game as "a simplified version of Monopoly" he presents the rules for one that is a complicated version of Uncle Wiggily. Oh well. There is some quite good material by the editor, Arthur Sellings, and various British fans. A mixture of fannish and serious items. Rating.....6

SCOTTISHE #33 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain - quarterly - 50¢ a year - USAgent, Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.) Judging from the rider concerning "The Trabsatlantic Fan Fund" I guess Ethel had a cold while typing this. Hope she's feeling better now. I've quit reading the Willis column because it's supremely uninteresting, but Brian Varley and the editor are doing fine (even if I do think Ethel is awfully narrow-minded about fantasy. After all, fantasy is the parent of s-f and children should respect their elders.) Rating.....6

SPELEOBEM #21 (Bruce Pelz, same address as before - quarterly - no price listed) Consists of mailing comments on EAPS and Madelaine Willis' trip report. Maybe we should bring Madelaine over as Official Con Reporter, instead of Walt, now that I think about it. Rating.....5

OUTPOST #5 (Fred Hunter, 13 Freefield Road, Lerwick, Shetland Islands, Great Britain - quarterly - 1/-) Fred writes the sort of light humor that I appreciate; he's seldom mentioned in the same category as John Berry, Colin Freeman and Walt Willis, but I think he's just as funny. (And if you don't, then Berry and Freeman are both included in this issue, so get it anyway.) I can't quite understand why anyone with a sense of humor can enthuse over Ian Fleming's novels, which are perfect examples of unintentional humor, but otherwise I feel quite in agreement with him. Rating.....7

IEKAS #6 (Ed Meskys, c/o Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley, Calif., 94701 - for trade or comment only) Surprisingly for an apazine, NIEKAS is oriented strongly to science fiction rather than fandom. (Well, so is its editor, so it isn't all that surprising, but apazines are mostly chitter-chatter and it's unexpected to find serious sf articles in one.) Then there are letters, apa comments, and a couple of attacks on Judi Beatty, which seem mildly justified but as over-emotional as Judi's remarks that brought on the assault. This is what comes of taking fandom seriously. Rating.....5

GRUMBLINGS

Mike Deckinger, 14 Salem Court, Metuchen, New Jersey

I almost feel justified in accusing you of forsaking your unnaturally strong dislike of con-reports, by the content of the two editorials, both of which lean very much towards presenting an abridged selection of convention incidents. Could it be that the increased pressures of publishing YANDRO have forced you to renounce your former stand? Will the flavor of Y be debased by the appearance of con-reports in the near future? I'm all for con-reports myself, but not in a fanzine like YANDRO which traditionally ignores them, except for some miniscule accounts by Tucker and T. Stratton, if I recall correctly.

The bagpiper was New York fan Carl Fredericks.

The Hugo awards haven't been "cheapened" yet to the extent that they would be were Burroughs' SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR to be given the statue in the best novel category next year, as Lupoff calls for. To give ERB a Hugo, solely on the basis of his failure to win one in the past is absurd. I understood the Hugo awards for books to be awarded on the basis of the book alone, with no preferential treatment to a second-rate hack who may be popular with a segment of the reading audience. If SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR is the best book nominated then let it get the award, but only on that condition. And since there are several strong contenders--Tevis' THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH is far more deserving--it will be interesting to observe the results. You'll agree, no?

One condescension has already been granted Burroughs fandom by the Hugo to Roy Krenkel, who specializes in ERB artwork, and is as stylistically retarded as Galaxy's worsts. Let's keep it at this.

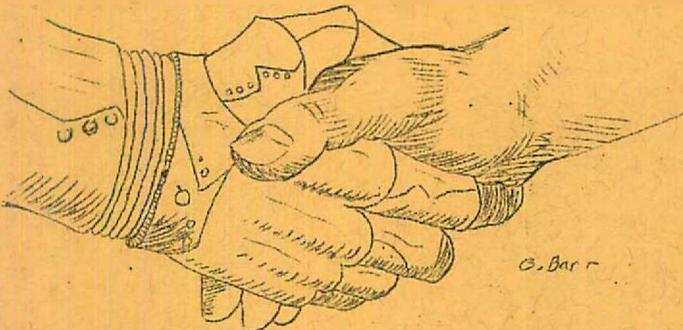
Agreed that the masquerade was superlatively handled. What increased the enjoyment even more was the presence of the policeman (who remained at the door throughout the entire evening) straining out those who weren't connected with the con. It's always better when a fleet of slack-jawed juveniles and whiskey be-numbered elders aren't shoving their obnoxious selves into what is essentially an sf program.

I find myself pretty much in agreement with Dave Jenrette over GLORY ROAD. I suppose that tradition will insure its Hugo nomination, but it no more deserves the little spaceship than SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR does.

Dennis Lien's little parody on ERB had enough chuckles to justify its inclusion. But judging from some of the Tarzan books I've encountered, the events therein can't be too far removed from some of the absurdities depicted in the "Barfly" books.

Katherine MacLean's article was extremely well written and thought out. She meanders a bit radically in the content, but what she does say

is said with force and coherence. It's one of the tragedies of modern religion that the present practices have little comparison with their origins.

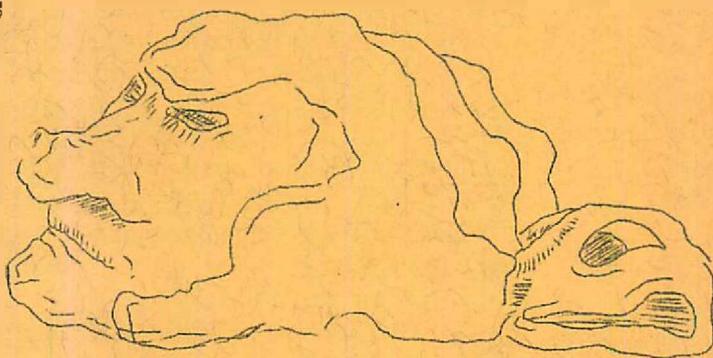


[I've always said that con reports are easy to write and a good way to meet obligations (like editorials) when I feel

uninspired. But I like Krenkel's style, retarded or not. (Even if I did vote for Shhoenherr I'm not terribly disappointed by the results.

RSC

Regarding the uniformed policeman at the door... there have been some complaints of course that this was high-handed, snobbery, etc., because some friends of the writers were turned away at the door - unable to prove they were registered. Well, our best friends, the DeWeeses, arrived too late Saturday night to register; but being sensible people, they read the progress reports warning about the cop, and they had to hand their little membership cards, and got past the door without any problem -- we certainly didn't pull any strings because we first saw them when they were already in the hall. In our opinion, it's about time fandom realized that some people mean what they say. There was plenty of advance warning.



JWC/

E.E. Evers, 118 W. 83rd St., New York, NY, 10024.

I like both of your con reports. About having to read other people's account of the con to find out what went on, I have an idea that those people who go to cons with no more intention than to have a good time or accomplish something like your art-show work are the ones who really make the atmosphere and personality of the con. But these people don't really get the impression of the con as a whole; they're too busy enjoying themselves. (And of course those who work at a con must enjoy it; after all they're volunteers and could have backed out if they'd wanted to.) Then a bunch of others who do nothing but wander around waiting for something fabulous to happen at cons write reports summing up all the hearsay they could gather and tell whether it was a good or a bad con. And of course they generally come to the conclusion it was a bad con unless you were a pro or BNF or member of some other elite minority. Of course they missed all the action because they failed to realize a con is only people, not fabulous events, and all you have to do to have a good con is find the type of people you like. So I'm ignoring all the reports that Discon was a horrible mess of a con and skipping most of the nostalgic, "why can't we have a con like..." reports. I suspect those who bewailed the lack of action at Discon actually helped make whatever con they're nostalgic for a success, but have forgotten it.

There's another subway poster I remember seeing briefly that caught my sense of outrage. It was only up a few days and then disappeared. Guess even Mad. Ave. has a sense of taste, somewhere. The caption is "Four out of five hunters drink..." Below there's a picture of four fox hunters and a horse turned hind-end-fore. I mean you either drink their rotgut or you're a horse's ass. Nice to know. Now they've got the same ad with four white-hunter types and a lion. Come to think of it, they probably dumped the other ad not because of taste but because most people don't know a horse trained for the hunt is called a hunter. Much more likely, when you consider the only alternative is that Mad Ave. has a conscience.

[I dunno; the whiskey ad sounds pretty funny to me, though I'm a bit surprised that a professional firm would do it.

Too many liquor customers are Good Citizens who are staunchly opposed to that sort of innuendo. (After someone explains it to them). Reminds me of the cover I designed for a Honeywell "Flame Safe-Guard" manual. I drew up an arm holding a shield in front of a flame -- and I put a bar sinister on the shield, along with the Honeywell emblem. (They didn't use it; probably because the color work was too expensive, though someone might have recognized the insinuation.)

RSC7

Gene DeWeese, 2584 N. Oakland Avenue, Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin

Last nite a quadruple feature was being shown at no less than four drive-in's. The first two--HAUNTED PALACE and MIND BENDERS--we skipped as we had already seen them. We should have skipped the other two also. THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T (or COULDN'T, I forget which) DIE. Which was a misnomer to begin with, since it kicked off at the conclusion of the movie.

Actually, it could've been more accurately called "The Horror In The Closet".

This doctor, you see, was experimenting with grafting (the medical kind). He worked in a hospital during the week--with his father, who was a well-known surgeon, and with his girl friend, a run-of-the-mill nurse. But on weekends, he goes up to a country place with whatever body parts he's been able to snatch from the hospital's amputation cases during the week. And he puts them together and locks the result in the laboratory closet.

On one weekend, he's driving up to the country place with his girl friend and has an accident. He's thrown clear, but the girl is trapped. He runs back to the burning car, reaches in thru the shattered glass and pulls back something he hurriedly wraps in his coat. Her head, naturally, tho there's no explanation of how he detached it in about three seconds with no tools...

Anyway, he stumbles all the way to his lab and is greeted by his scroungey-armed and talky assistant who keeps insisting that he look and see what's in the closet. (Scroungey-armed because the arm was grafted on in an early, unsuccessful operation.) The doctor, tho, mounts the girl's head in some sort of gadget to keep it alive and then heads back to town to look for a body for her. He looks first, logically enuf, I suppose, in a strip-establishment; and practically gets arrested and in a wreck by giving every girl he drives past in the street a long stare.

Meanwhile, the assistant carries on long, philosophical discussions with the girl's head, which manages to talk somehow with no lungs. And when not talking with the assistant, she establishes communication with the critter in the closet. "You, in the closet! You have strength; I have mind; between us we can wreak revenge on the one who made us the horrors that we are." Or: "You, behind that door! Can your horror match mine? I must see your horror to see if it matches mine." (Oh, see the horror. The horror is in the closet. Another horror is on a table. These horrors talk. And talk. And talk. And talk....)

The doctor finds a body, with a slightly botched-up head attached and brings it back. But in the meantime, the closet horror has managed to snag the assistant and rip his other arm out by the roots. This doesn't seem to perturb the doctor very much; when he finds the body (or what's left of it) he just covers it with a sheet and pro-

ceeds to his planned head-graft.

Needless to say, the doctor gets grabbed by the closet-horror, which looks like an ugly Rondo Hatten. The lab catches fire and the closet-horror picks up the girl (the complete one, that is) and carries her out.

End. No one explains what happens once the horror gets out of the closet.

The other feature was INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES. It was, I think, an amateur production. Has to be seen to be believed.

[The lack of explanation is probably because they're already working on THE SON OF THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE. RSC/

Jim Cawthorn, 4 Wolseley Street, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England.

It was mercifully done to put those three puns into one issue, 126, and so get them over and done with quickly. Namely the 'British um - pire', "Aardvark", and "Edifice wrecks". They remind me of a little-known incident in the Barsoomian chronicles, when John Carter the Warlord, upon discovering yet another hidden nation somewhere among the dead sea bottoms, decided to try diplomacy to win the friendship of the rather hostile ruler. Having only recently returned from a trip to Earth, where he was deeply impressed by the new electronic computers, Carter felt that the gift of a calculator would be a sure way of cementing relationships. Unfortunately there were no technicians versed in electronics anywhere on Barsoom. The Warlord, however, was undeterred, for it chanced that within the Royal Stables of Helium there dwelt a thot which, like certain of its Earthly counterparts, could both add and subtract. Since the ruler's own mathematical knowledge was pretty rudimentary, Carter felt that the thot could handle any questions likely to be asked. A huge box was constructed from the hull-plates of old fliers and ornamented with numerous switches, dials and lights, which actually registered nothing. The Barsoomian beast was placed within, well hidden, and when questioned via external microphone, pressed a buzzer the requisite number of times to give the correct answer. All went well at first; the ruler was highly impressed by the infallible 'machine' which listened to his voice. Soon, however, he became intoxicated with the device, and demanded endless answers to ridiculous problems. The beast, never sweet-tempered at the best of times, went berserk and kicked the whole device to pieces, revealing itself, at which the Barsoomian chief rose in wrath at the deception and threatened war.

Swords clinked and things looked ugly, but at this moment Kantos Kan, friend of the Warlord, crossed to the irate ruler and whispered in his ear. Grumbling, but mollified, the man subsided, and Kantos returned to the Warlord's side. Amazed, Carter asked him what he had said.

"An old Barsoomian proverb," Kantos answered modestly. "It's not the gift that counts, it's the thot behind it."

Liked REG's mask, or head, illo on P. 10; the Adkins illo on P. 14 of No. 127 and that rare bird, the Atom female, on P. 10 same issue; the Scott cover on No. 128, reminding me of the Castles of the Assassins The Atomillo on P. 6, and the way in which my bem on P. 18 seems about to get involved in a punch-up with REG's robot on P. 19.

And many thanks for the listing of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, which has already proved itself of considerable use in my magazine-hunting, in addition to its interest as a piece of reminiscence.

Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio, 44203

The third installment of "The Outer Limits" made Mallardi madder



than that place Down There, and I can't say that I blame him. It wasn't the program, but the local station. You see, I can pick up 2 ABC stations, one of three channels in Cleveland and the (only) one in Akron. However, the one in Akron is UHF and BEM can't pick it up at home. Anyway, the Cleveland channel began cutting when the "monster" appeared, and "disintegrated" the car and hunters. I switched to the Akron station which had the good sense not to cut any of it. But Mallardi never got to see the "monster". Censorship or not, I think this is a bit assinine. Either they should cut the whole program or leave the whole thing in... not do a lousy butcher job. I wonder if any others had the same trouble, or only Cleveland is loaded with the blasted "protectors of the kiddies' dreams" or some-such?

Dennis Lien, Lake Park, Minnesota, 56554

Grumblings - Praise Azathoth, the blind idiot god (Hire the Handi-capped - anybody need an apprentice god?).

George Wells' letter - chuckle chuckle. Much the best letter of the ish. Man, where you dig up those weird record stores? Numbers & marijuana (I can't spell it right either)! Howsabout a report on Riverhead book stores next ish? I can't wait to see what they sell (heroin, white slave traffic...?)

Sharon Towle - hey Buck, that reminds me. One of us boo-booed on my last pubbed LOC. I either said or meant to say "I hope THE HUMANOIDS is not the best robotics story we will have..." & it came out "the last robotics story" - which don't make no sense nohow.

As to how I knew a NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS/TWO SOUGHT ADVENTURE review appeared in YANDRO - you sent me an Ego-Boo Poll Ballot with it listed. Being a Fafhrd/Grey Mouser nut, I'll pay 35¢ to borrow a copy of #116 (or just the review excerpted), so if you know any YANDRO subber with a Big Heart and a flat wallet, you might suggest....

CRY has a knack for publishing the parts of my letters that I like best and would most like to see published, and culling out the comment-for-the-sake-of-commenting chaff; judging from the letter of mine you pubbed in the current YANDRO it's just the opposite. The "God-damn it" controversy and Re Sharon Towle bit both look a bit silly to me as I re-read my letter. But then the only part of my last letter that I did much like myself was "Do ardvarks eat ants also, as anteaters do? How about that!" This, in your editorial wisdom, you deleted. (Keep talking, Dennis, and he'll never print any of your letters again. Would you care to explore the psychological ramifications of this in further correspondence; or could it be because Wally Weber thinks more like me than you do (is that a compliment? an insult? for whom?)

[A week or so ago, Wells sent us a clipping from the Riverhead Sunday Review -- "POLICE SMASH POLICY RING: Record Shop Was A Front", etc. Just remember, you read it first in YANDRO. We just have the knack of publishing only the comments that writers would prefer to for-

get. (Then after you get rich and famous we'll see how much it's worth to you to have them forgotten)RSC7

Bob Smith, c/- 1 COD Sgts' Mess, Bandiana, Victoria, Australia
This nostalgic reminiscence of non-sf reading in one's youth: To be honest, I cannot remember too much about what I read when I was around 9-10, which almost frightens me! I know I did have a childhood, because one does not easily forget 1939-40 when one lived in London, but reading ... I have mentioned elsewhere the DR. DOOLITTLE books, of which I had almost a complete set in those days, Kipling's JUNGLE BOOK, and an awareness of science fiction and fantasy. Later I began dipping into my Dad's large Edgar Wallace collection, especially the "Sanders" books. And then...well, according to vague memory science fiction and fantasy just took over!

I'm sure it was very nice of Enid Jacobs to go to all that trouble of attempting to analyse fans, but such semi-scholarly works on Fandom always tend to irritate me, for some vague reason. However, I imagine there are fans around who, after reading her "theory", will not hesitate to jump in with both feet and argue, motivated either by self-defense or the fact that she's wrong...ho hum.

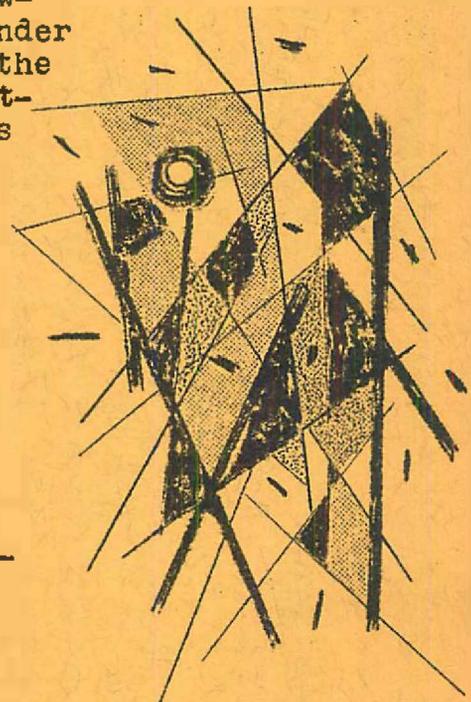
Enjoyed Earl's "On the Theory and Practise..." It deals with a facet of the motion picture industry that I'm fairly familiar with, having just spent two years buying, hiring, and booking 16 and 35mm film programmes for the army in Sydney. To the best of my knowledge Universal never tacked "The Birds is coming" on the end of the receptionists' greeting here (at least, not in Sydney's branch, they didn't), although they sure spread it everywhere else.

Dennis Lien: I would definitely add Harry Harrison to that list after reading his "The Ethical Engineer" in Analog -- not only is it decent adventure fare, but Jason diAlt has a sense of humor!

GRUE was thoroughly enjoyed. Dean, the cops in Melbourne recently grabbed some toy crossbows which they considered quite lethal.

Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio, 44044

Your fanzine reviews are good, as usual. However, by your remarks in the Kipple review I wonder if you are not becoming a little worried about the letter column. Perhaps you wish to inject a little controversy. OK, but are you really serious about your statements about a public accommodations law? What makes you believe the act of being forced to buy a license to operate a business constitutes signing an agreement to serve the public without discrimination? In the case of a franchise, where you are protected from competition by the government, I can agree. I have bought a few city licenses to operate a business, and the only thing I agreed to was to pay the fee. When the time comes when you have to sign such an agreement to operate a competitive business, there will be one more freedom destroyed by those supposedly seeking more freedom. When "every two-bit storekeeper" is denied the right to choose his customers, how safe is your private property? Let's go censor some movies and magazines, if you see the connection.



No, I don't see the connection, especially since you seem to be opposed to censoring movies and in favor of censoring customers. When you invite the public into or onto any section of your property, that section ceases to be strictly private. (If I wander into your living room, uninvited, I can be arrested for trespass. That is privacy, and I'd like to see you enforce it if I walk into your store -- even if I have no intention of buying anything and am therefore not a "customer".)

RSC/

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada

I work in a bank and it's interesting to note that we'll change pesetas, francs, or most any West European currency, and probably East European as well, though I'm not positive of that. However, for anything except US money, sterling, and francs (sometimes in the latter case) we have to phone Head Office for rates and such.

It seems that only small-town US banks are too provincial to change furrin' currency. I finally got that Spanish note changed in Chicago (tho the clerk looked a bit apprehensive, as though he expected an explosion when he told me that 500 pesetas was worth only \$8.40.)

RSC/

Pat Lupoff, 210 E. 73rd St., New York 21, New York

My Ghod! Not one person who likes Frank Spearman, but two! I'm beside myself as you will see from my typos. The strange and wonderful thing is that just this afternoon I sat down and started to read LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE. I'm enjoying it but I haven't gotten very far into it yet. The first Spearman that I ever read was WHISPERING SMITH. This is one of my favorites, but I don't know whether I like it so much on its own merits or whether it's because Harvey du Sang is the prototype of Harvey Logan alias Kid Curry who has always fascinated me. My other favorite is NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN, which I think is delightful. As for Spearman's writing, no, it is not great literature with a capital L, but it is good clean adventure writing. Things happen quickly and the characters are rather believable, especially when compared to other books of this type, i.e. Zane Grey. ICK! Other writers I enjoy in the western field are Max Brand - certainly not all of his books (some are very bad, but SINGING GUNS is one of the best novels I have ever read, and SLOW JOE is great for an afternoon of laughs) - and I like Le May, Overholser, and Frank O'Rourke.

I trust you've finished LARAMIE by now. I suppose it's one of my favorites because it's the first Spearman book I read -- it was only recently that I learned it was based on the Johnson County War. Sometime I'd like to learn just how much of his writing is factual. I thought the Falling Wall was fictional until Bob Leman mentioned living near it.

RSC/

George Barr, 2480 South 5th East St., Salt Lake City, Utah, 84106

Nostalgia for old non-sf books? You bet there is. I spend a few hours every week in the local second-hand book stores, looking for some of the things that thrilled me so much as a child. Kipling's JUNGLE BOOKS for instance, I read and re-read four or five times before I was

in the sixth grade. I finally located the edition I'd been looking for. It isn't a particularly spectacular volume, but it's the same one I read before, and it gives me a kind of thrill every time I leaf through it. Several others I'm looking for are "Og, Son Of Fire", "The Story Of Roland", "East Of The Sun And West Of The Moon", and "Call It Courage". Whether or not I'll ever find them, in the editions I want, I have no idea, but I'll keep looking.

/Gee, we used to have a copy of "East Of The Sun And West Of The Moon." I never read it, but I was fascinated by the title. It's long gone now, or I'd send it to you. RSC/

Jay Kay Klein, 219 Sabine St., Syracuse, N.Y., 13204

Yes, there was a published Supplement to the first Annual. This year, for the CHICON III EDITION Supplement, we have had lists submitted by Don Ford, Dirce Archer, Sandy Cuttrell, Betty Kujawa, and Buz Buzby (So far...) The Supplement is now being worked on and will eventually be available to all Chicon III Edition subscribers.

Incidentally, I took a trip a couple of weeks ago to visit the Dave Kyle's. Dave is working on a list of fans appearing in the first two Annuals, to which will be added the third Annual. Then, fans and professionals could be located in the pages of the Annuals. I am told by informed people that Annual photos are just right for Voodoo purposes, old-fashioned pin-sticking, and devil worship. The list will eventually be published by Dave Kyle, most likely in conjunction with a future issue of the Annual.

One comment you made in Yandro really deserves a word here. I have been carefully going over the Amazings of several years ago -- the (ugh!) Fairman issues. I've had them for years and couldn't read them. I've been trying again (after all, I read virtually all science fiction published, as nearly as I can) -- but those damn things are still unreadable! I have also come to the conclusion that the recent stories in Amazing have been the best ever printed in Amazing Stories. And Fantastic is also eminently worthwhile, nowadays.

Dave Jenrette's exegesis of Glory Road is good, though differing from what I would have said if I had ever written the review I promised Science-Fiction Times. (I think you can't hardly say too much about Glory Road -- it has everything in, including the kitchen sinkhole. The upsetting thing about it is that it is not science fiction, but fantasy (unheard of, practically, for Heinlein). What makes it worse, is that it may fairly be termed Sexual Fantasy. (I think Bob Heinlein's daydreams may have run away with him.)

/As I've mentioned in letters, while I don't think that Glory Road is particularly good for Heinlein, I think that even bad Heinlein is superior to almost anything else in the field. And I did get a lot of laughs out of the novel. RSC/

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

Happy to see the Barr/Nott combination back on the contents page. These are really quite good. Whimsical as it were. I hope you have a steady supply of them coming in.

The Hugo Awards. They do seem, unfortunately, to be getting rather "formalized" or somesuch. I understand that a set of convention rules and all was adopted officially at Discon (but only, according to my visiting informant, after they received the official blessing of Kyle; is he the official ghod?) I should think that rather than setting forth any formal categories to be carried over from conto con the Hugo committee, if such exists, would serve a more useful purpose by setting forth some definitions of what is acceptable as a novel and the like. As you point out,

there is always a great deal of yak on this point. So OK, when the con committee announces the categories this time around they should set the limits, too. A novel consists of a yarn of more than umpty-ump words. Anything below umpty-ump words is a short.

Jenrette's analysis of Heinlein and GLORY ROAD is rather weak. Oh, not that I think that it is Heinlein at his best or even a good story. Be that as it may, however, I object to Jenrette's statement: "Heinlein is busy pushing the arch-conservative far-right line." I object, mainly, because I disagree. /Does anyone ever object because he agrees? RSC/ Heinlein takes as many pokes at the sacred cows of conservatism as he does at those of the liberals. What Heinlein is pushing is individualism. There is a great deal in this philosophy that I find agreeable -- and some, of course, that I find disagreeable -- but RAH is pushing the case of the individual over government and business and conformity.

Sure, RAH says he is against income tax. This is a point the arch-conservatives constantly harp on. It is also a point that rankles a lot of non-conservatives, too. I pay taxes on my property, real and personal; I pay a sales tax on everything I buy (fact is this "sales" tax also applies to services in New Mexico); I pay taxes on my tobacco and my booze and on the gas that runs my car and on everything else; I object like mad to being taxed just for earning a salary.

Noooo, Buck, the quality of the "reviews" in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW is not mediocre. Mediocre is defined as "average" and these aren't average ...they are way below that.

Kay MacLean has an interesting item there. I'm not going to comment on the religious portion of it other than to say that her definition of atheism as a religious belief is delicious. However, her political comments call for some, well, comment.

A dedication to the ideals of Hamiltonian capitalism is all well and good, one supposes, but a trifle outdated. Say about 75 years or so outdated. The current structure of American society is such that Hamiltonian capitalism is pretty well out of the picture. Free competition does not exist, except on a relatively low level; price fixing is commonplace and the laws against monopoly are not enforced. Despite all the protests to the contrary from business interests, big business is still in the saddle in this country.

There is, for example, currently under study in the Congress a bill called the "Quality Stabilization Act" which is nothing more than a price-fixing measure. It would permit manufacturers of so-called name brands to establish binding minimum prices for their products which the local merchant would have to charge or else be hauled into court.

Miss MacLean says that the Welfare State is what we have here and that she approves. Hmmm. As my great and good friend Lee Hammer, of whom there will be more in DYNATRON, points out, any nation which permits the adulteration of foodstuffs, the use of inferior material in its hard goods to promote built-in obsolescence, and usurious interest charges, cannot be considered a Welfare State.

I most certainly do agree with Miss MacLean that the First Amendment should be enforced and that the tendency of the less educated masses to spread their own ignorance should be actively resisted. We have a small situation here at the present time. One of the drive-in theaters in the South Valley recently began showing ~~skin shows~~ art movies and a group of residents of that portion of the county, actively encouraged by the Catholic Church, has managed to get a resolution before the County Commission to outlaw "obscene books and movies", whatever they may be. A few county residents, myself included, have succeeded in getting the Commissioners to postpone action for further study, but I really have little hope of seeing the proposition defeated.

/Sounds like you read CONSUMER REPORTS, too. If they pass "Quality Stabilization", I wonder how soon we'll get "name brand" caskets?/

YANDRO SUPPLEMENT TO THE KLEIN-PRIETO Chicon III Convention Annual

Additions & Corrections by R & J Coulson and Don Franson

There are still a lot of fans that we don't know, but at least these identifications will be some help in attaching names to faces, and vice versa. A question mark indicates either (a) only one of us made the identification and wasn't too sure about it, or (b) one of us was sure that his identification is correct and another of us is equally sure that it's wrong.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Photo 1, #3 - Tandy Sturgeon | Photo 91, #5 - Lee Tremper Lavell |
| " 6, #4 - Tandy Sturgeon | " 91, #6 - Jim Lavell |
| " 7, #9 - Fred Arnold (facing camera) | " 93, 1st row, #2 - Lou Ann Price, not
Doreen Webbert (not even Doreen could
be in two places in one photo) |
| " 12, #3 - Paul Zimmer | " 93, 1st row, #3 - Wally Gonser |
| " 12, #5 - Steve Bradley | " 93, 2nd row, #3 - Owen Hannifen |
| " 12, #7 - Marion Bradley | " 99, #1 - Curtis Fuller (ed. of FATE) |
| " 13, 1st table, #4 - Jack Harness | " 102, 2nd row, #5 - John R. Isaac |
| " 13, standing, #12 - Bob Briney | " 105 - Poul Anderson, not Pohl Anderson |
| " 14, #1 - Mrs. Mills | " 106, #3 - Elliott Shorter |
| " 14, #2 - Eleanor Turner | " 108 - Poul, not Pohl |
| " 15, #4 - Steve Bradley | " 109, #9 - Pat Oswald |
| " 16, #4 - Rick Brooks (?) | " 109, #10 - Jon Stopa |
| " 20, #1 - Durk Pearson | " 112 - Poul, not Pohl (twice) |
| " 26, #2 - George Price | " 118, front row, #1 - John Boardman |
| " 26, #4 - Vic Ryan | " 119 - Poul, not...oh, the hell with it |
| " 30, #5 - Gregg Trend | " 126, front, #2 - Fred Patton |
| " 31, #1 - Fred Patten | " 126, front, #3 - Jack Harness |
| " 31, #4 - Bill Thailing | " 126, front, #5 - Ted Johnstone |
| " 33, #1 - Dale Tarr (?) | " 127, #3 - Betsy Curtis |
| " 39, #6 - John Boardman | " 134, #1 - Beresford Smith |
| " 39, #7 - Ben Keifer | " 138, #2 - Bill Thailing |
| " 39, #9 - Chuck Hansen | " 143, #1 - Susie Beam (?) |
| " 39, #10 - John Jackson | " 143, #2 - Sandy Cuttrell |
| " 40, floor, #1 - Fred Jackson (?) | " 143, #8 - Fred Jackson |
| " 42 - Fred Patten is #3, not #4 | " 148, #3 - Jerry Page |
| " 44, #6 - Larry McCombs | " 148, #6 - Tom Seidman, not Al haLevy |
| " 46, #1 - Derek Nelson | " 150, #1 - John Boardman |
| " 46, #2 - David Vanderwerf | " 150, #4 - Owen Hannifen |
| " 46, #4 - Rick Norwood | " 152, #2 - Dan Curran |
| " 48, #1 - Fred Saberhagen | " 152, #6 - Bob Tucker (?) |
| " 50, #1 - Steve Bradley | " 152, #7 - Betty Kujawa |
| " 51, #2 - Paul Turner | " 152 - Fekete, not Frekete |
| " 52, #2 - Al Kracalik | " 153, #5 - Ann Dinkelman |
| " 52, #3 - Bill Bowers | " 158, #1 - Martin Helgesen |
| " 55, #1 - Steve Bradley | " 158, #2 - Rick Norwood |
| " 56 - Forry Ackerman is #2, not #1 | " 159, #1 - Margaret Thompson, if you must
be formal; not Marjorie |
| " 57, #5 - Steve Bradley | " 159, #3 - Joe Lee Sanders |
| " 59, #1 - Elliott Shorter (who wore a
"Carl Brandon" nametag) | " 160, #2 - Paul Zimmer (?) |
| " 59, #2 - Adrienne Martine | " 164, #5 - Dale Tarr |
| " 59, #4 - Kevin Langdon | " 170, #1 - Dian Gerard |
| " 61, #1 - Dave Kyle | " 173, left, #1 - John R. Isaac |
| " 66, #2 - Ardis Waters | " 173, right, #8 - Joe L. Hensley |
| " 74 - Fekete, not Frekete | " 175, #1 - Sue Sanderson |
| " 79, extreme right - Fred Galvin | " 175, #2 - Fred Jackson (?) |
| " 84, 2nd row, #3 - Martin Alger | |
| " 90, #4 - Lloyd Biggle, not Dan Galouye | |

Photo 175, #8 - Sandy Cuttrell
 " 176, #2 - Ann Dinkelman
 " 177, #5 - Dave Kyle
 " 177, #6 - John Trimble
 " 181, #3 - Ruth Berman
 " 181, #4 - Dirce Archer
 " 187, #1 - Don Thompson
 " 188, #1 - Fran Schroeder
 " 188, #2 - Fred Schroeder
 " 193, back, #1 - Lee Lavell, not Tremper
 (it was Tremper when the photo was
 taken, but you waited too long to
 publish)
 " 197, #2 - Gail Daniels
 " 198, #3 - Lee Lavell
 " 198, #4 - Jim Lavell
 " 199, #2 - Gail Daniels
 " 203, #2 - Margaret Ford
 " 205, #2 - Ardis Waters
 " 205, #4 - Steve Stiles
 " 206, #2 - Joe Sanders
 " 207, #4 - Ted White
 " 208, front, #1 - Martin Helgesen
 " 210, #1 - Joe Sanders
 " 210, #3 - Gene Kujawa
 " 212, front, #3 - Eleanor Turner
 " 214, #1 - Jim Lavell
 " 214, #2 - Lee Lavell
 " 216, front, #1 - Jim Lavell
 " 216, front, #2 - Lee Lavell
 " 216, middle, #2 - Mike McQuown
 " 216, back, #1 - Martin Helgesen
 " 216, back, #2 - Joe Sarno
 " 217, #1 - Bill Bowers
 " 218, #2 - Sandy Cuttrell
 " 219, #4 - Gregg Trend
 " 220, #3 - Paul Turner, not Bob Silver-
 berg (all those beards are con-
 fusing)

Photo 223, seated, #3 - Eleanor Turner
 " 225, #1 - Larry McCombs
 " 225, #2 - Juanita Coulson
 " 225, #5 - Larry Kafka
 " 225, #7 - Tom Seidman, not Al haLevy
 " 225, #9 - John R. Isaac
 " 226, #6 - Mike Deckinger
 " 227, #1 - Tom Paley
 " 227, #4 - Bev DeWeese
 " 227, #9 - Seidman, not haLevy
 " 227, right foreground - Jock Root and
 Rosemary Hickey
 " 228, #1 - not Sid Coleman; we don't
 know who it is but we all agree
 that it isn't Sid.
 " 228, #4 - John Boardman
 " 229, backs, #2 - Maggie Thompson
 " 229, backs, #3 - Don Thompson, not
 Charles Wells
 " 229, backs, #4 - Joe Sanders
 " 230, #2 - Dian Gerard
 " 230, #5 - Ernie Wheatley
 " 231, #2 - Derek Nelson
 " 231, #5 - Dave Locke
 " 232, #2 - John R. Isaac
 " 232 - Fekete, not Frekete
 " 239 - Coriell, not Corielli
 " 239, standing, #3 - Ben Keifer
 " 240, lower left, #2 - Bea Taylor (?)
 " 240, lower right, #4 - Fran Kreuger
 " 244, #3 - Paul Zimmer
 " 246, back, #6 - Lee Lavell
 " 248, #7 - Ted Sturgeon
 " 251, #6 - Joe Hensley, not Charles V.
 DeVet (that's what happens when
 you don't diet, Joe)
 " 258, #5 - Steve Stiles
 " 263, #1 - Seidman, not haLevy

Aargh! And after I get all the above typed, Bob Briney sends in his corrections. (Mike Deckinger sent some, too, but nothing that one of the rest of us hadn't caught.) Here we go again.....

Photo 7, #2 - Norbert Laus
 " 7, #6 - Albert Kuhfeld
 " 8, #2 - Jack Thomsen
 " 12, #4 - Lin Olsen
 " 12, #6 - Ken Kreuger
 " 15, #3 - Mike Domina
 " 18, #4 - Jim Newberry
 " 18, #5 - Ann Newberry
 " 26, #2 - Jim O'Meara (so why is he
 wearing George Price's shirt?)
 " 48, chairs, #2 - Larry Kafka
 " 49, #4 - Scott Kutina
 " 69, 1st row, #3 - Bill Osten
 " 75, #1 - Bess Benjamin
 " 80, #6 - Frank Dietz

Photo 102, first row, #1 - Al Lewis
 " 126, standing, #4 - Clifford Simak,
 not Jack Williamson
 " 152, #9 - Bob Greenberg
 " 166, #1 - Bess Benjamin
 " 180, #6 - Henry Beck
 " 184, 2nd row, #2 - Bill Osten
 " 184, 2nd row, #3 - Albert Kuhfeld
 " 190, #1 - John Below
 " 202, #4 - Marvin Mindes
 " 230, #4 - Fred Saberhagen
 " 234, #6 - Marvin Mindes
 " 234, #7 - Avram Davidson
 " 236, #8 - Ed Bielfeldt
 " 239, seated, #5 - Rita Coriell
 " 239, seated, #7 - Lewis Grant