

Y A N D R O



SENSE OF
WONDER

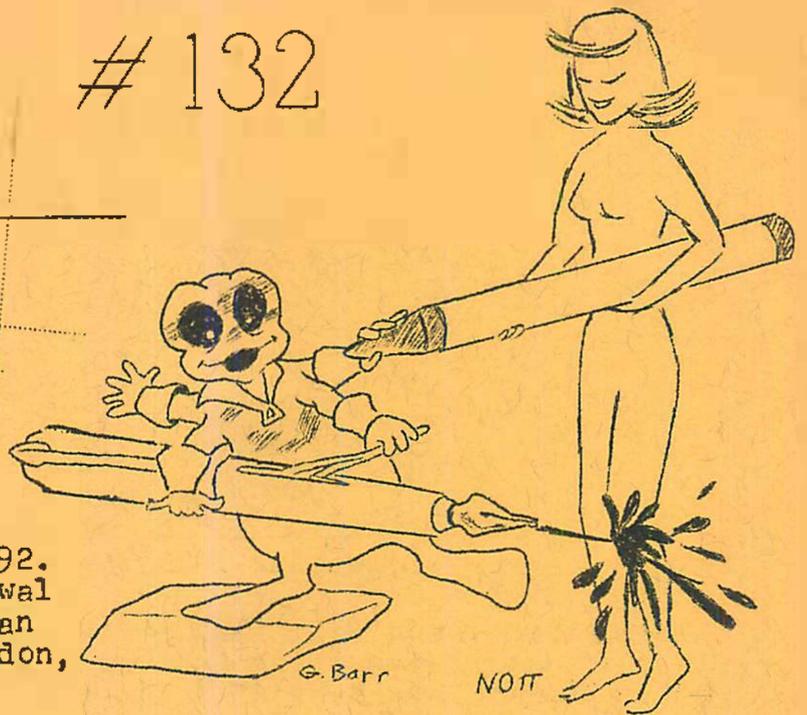


YANDRO #132

—eleventh—annish—

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Heh, Heh (to paraphrase Dr. Huer) we're a little late folks. Actually, if Marion Bradley hadn't lovingly timed a sending to us of a quire of ABDick Gestencils, this would be still later -- our shipment-on-order of Sovereigns came through a little later than we'd expected and I'd have been sitting there with plenty of material and no stencils to put it on. I think holiday hangover and publishing someone else's large economy size fanzine -- and failure to get the lead out -- were the contributing causes. The annish is

usually late, anyway...mustn't spoil fannish tradition.

In the lettercol you will find a double mention of a forthcoming book from Pyramid (quick! everybody quit reading this and jump back to the Grumblings pages to discover what I'm talking about)....this is the inevitable eventual result when two people take turns editing, stenciling, and whatnot. But our informants can't say we don't fall over ourselves to publicize their projects.

Sometime back Buck mentioned our fascination for spare fannish items: two typers, two mimeos, two tape recorders, two beatup cars...etc. Add another -- two guitars. Christmas made me the stupefiedly delighted owner of a Hauser classic-style guitar to accompany my tinkly little Kay. Gifters were the DeWeeses and my mother, and I think they all have exaggerated ideas of my ability -- but I'm not going to take it back! One fascinating followup to the gift developed when I broke a string several weeks ago (it seems to be a policy in American musical instrument shops to supply good instruments with crummy accessories); I ordered a set of strings from our ever-faithful record and guitar supplier, Joe's Music Shop; expecting it to be the usual Gibson nylons I've purchased for years. Instead, I received something called "La Bella" flamenco type strings -- more flattery. But the real surprise came when I opened the package. I assume you're all familiar with the pictures of football and baseball players on the boxes of cereal -- presumably for collecting and trading purposes among the sandlot set? Well, this brand of guitar strings presents the guitar player's answer: collect pictures of your favorite classical guitarists. I now have a picture of Rey de la Torre fingering some elaborate seventh and quoted as "using La Bella strings exclusively".

Probably the most inspired testimonial since I heard a radio commercial of Nellie Fox plugging some brand of chewing tobacco.

As his current bedtime story, Bruce is being read (in installments) the first in C.S. Lewis' "Narnia" series, The Magician's Nephew. It was new to me, and I must admit it's quite entertaining -- Bruce enjoys it too. It's enough to make me get out the paints and start illustrating. But someone beat me to it -- Pauline Baynes. Do any of you other scribblers and dabblers out there have this problem? You're interested in a subject and would like to try, but you feel overawed and timid about contributing your attempts because a famous artist has already covered the territory. I keep feeling there is a hidden criticism in the desire to illustrate something that's already been illustrated well (but I do think

I could draw better horses than Baynes).

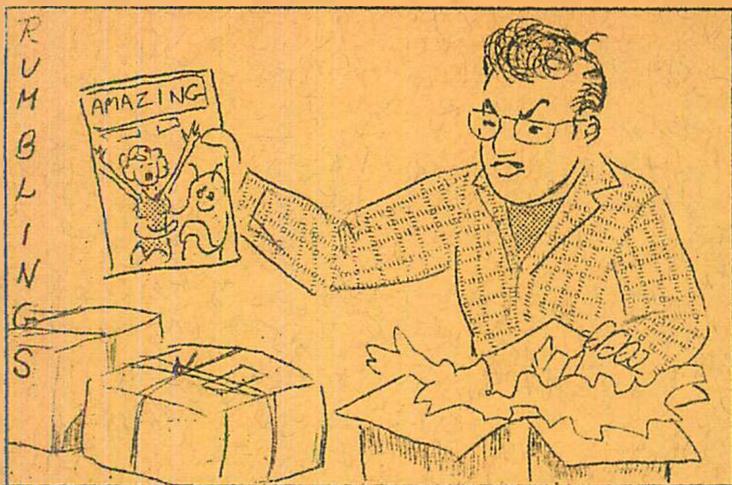
About the time Buck took his recent trip to Minneapolis (see Rumbings) Honeywell started plugging its new tv show, Science All-Stars. This was a mistake. They should be as quiet as possible and hope no one notices until they've had a chance to (hopefully) iron out some of the overwhelming bugs and faults. Everything used (with the exceptions of the exhibiting youngsters) is leftover from "The \$64,000 Question", or whatever the name of the thing was -- including the announcer, I suspect. Bruce thinks the show is fascinating, but somehow I imagine the program is supposed to be aimed at an older audience. It's too superficial to appeal to any bright youngster beyond the fifth grade, and possibly not that old. Bruce may be delighted with erratic robots and white mice mazes, but I doubt that many brilliant future scientists of the grammar school level are going to be encouraged to go into a career on that basis. As a showcase, it's far too shabby for the efforts and abilities of the young people who constitute the show; they deserve considerably more thought and creative energy on the part of the so-called adults producing the farce -- I hope they get it before the thing collapses from pernicious anemia of the ratings.

For some reason we seem to be on a comic book sale catalog mailing list. I'm not sure why -- maybe my deep, dark secret somehow got abroad, but I'm positive I never purchased comics from a dealer. And looking at this catalog is enough to guarantee I never will. This is ridiculous! According to his prices, I have about two or three hundred dollars worth of crumbly pulp paper in boxes in the back room. And I certainly didn't pay that much for them. Catch me paying more than face price for a comic book! Gifts, I don't count. Some very nice people have discovered my horrible disease, and gave me old comics, which I treasure with the proper nostalgia of a war baby who grew up on this stuff. I've found a place that sells current comics at half face price (and no, I'm not going to tell anyone where it is) and going on the basis of these catalogs and projecting into the future, I've been picking up the ones that promise to have the greatest eventual resale value, although I may find myself nostalgic over those, too. The most successful current comics seem to tap as much of the old formula plots as the comics code will allow -- which makes for a strangely scrambled sense of bloodless adventure and almost-but-not-quite-suspense. Food for a rather low grade of thought.

Letter today from Our Man In Europe, George Scithers -- as might be expected from a sword-and-sorcery buff, he reports on a tour of Elsinore, and the defensive construction of same: "...Kronberg, the real castle, isn't the Norman war-castle sort of place the paly Hamlet is laid in. Instead, Kronberg is more a palace with rather forbidding walls. For example: no proper war-castle would have exterior windows, and Kronberg has 'em. Oddly, in the 1700's, a then-modern set of outer walls, of great mounds of earth, encircled the castle. The result was a fortification which would have been very difficult to take with the cannon and muskets of the day, surrounding a palace that would have been battered to pieces in short order if the Swedes had had a mind to...the whole affair is underlain with a lovely lot of vaulted tunnels and basements -- in the middle of one broods the great white statue of Holger Danske."

Now don't say we don't aim to inform as well as indulge in giddy frivolity.

This has been a Hugo for Amra issue. Another one realsoonnow. JWC



We're late again, a point which E.E. Evers will doubtless note gleefully. (His comments on the delay of the last issue were quite forceful -- naturally I didn't print them.) We also have a lot of letters left over, but 48 pages is enough. Maybe next issue will be all letters.

If any curious readers want to see what Al Rudis looks like, tune in the "G.E. College Bowl" tv show on March 1. Al is a member of the Univ. of Arizona team. (I'm not sure

that he wanted this information broadcast, but it's fan news, so....) Incidentally, you will notice in the lettercolumn that Charles Finney's address is omitted. This is quite deliberate; Finney didn't say that he would object to having his address published, but some authors do object, so I don't publish them without checking. And I didn't have time to check, in this case. If you simply have to write him, write in care of Rudis.

Last month we circulated Hugo ballots. I filled mine out the other night, and in the interests of garnering a few more votes for my favorites I'll let you in on how I voted. BEST NOVEL: Witch World, by Andre Norton. I enjoyed this far more than I did any other novel of 1963; there really isn't any comparison. BEST SHORT FICTION: "Old Devlins Was A-Waiting", by Manly Wade Wellman, from Who Fears The Devil? (I'd have liked to vote for "Desrick On Yandro", but unfortunately that particular story isn't one of the better ones in the collection, despite the amount of authentic material on the legendary zoology of the mountains. "Old Devlins" combines a folksong which I hadn't previously encountered -- and which I suspect Wellman of writing -- authentic folklore, and an excellent fantasy story.) BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: "The Raven". BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: John Schoenherr. I worried a bit over this, since there wasn't any really outstanding artwork in '63. Krenkel's Ace covers were good, but I still suspect that he won last year on the basis of those, and I don't think he deserves two awards for the same thing. So I'll stick with Schoenherr, who is competent and fairly versatile. BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE: Science Fantasy. I want to emphasize this one. Science Fantasy was the best stf magazine in 1963. It was also the best stf mag in 1962, 1961, 1960 and probably 1959. It has never won an award because it is published in England and not enough U.S. fans read it. If it doesn't win this year, it never will, because it is folding with the March issue. I wouldn't plead for it just because this is its last chance, but I don't think fandom should let the best stfantasy magazine since UNKNOWN disappear without giving it a tribute. F&SF won last year; compared to Science Fantasy, F&SF is puerile. BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: Amra. BEST SCIENCE FICTION BOOK PUBLISHER: Pyramid. This is a close one. Ace has put out a lot of good stf in the past year, including the novel that I'm voting for as best of the year. I picked Pyramid because I think that its average quality is slightly higher, and because it hasn't reprinted any Burroughs books. I can't see that any other publisher has a chance. Ballantine has done nothing but Burroughs, reprints of its own earlier publications, and a few cruddy originals. Doubleday hasn't come up with anything exciting, the editors of Avalon have abysmal taste, and nobody else has done enough to merit much attention. I rather suspect that Ace will win, but I'll stick to boosting Pyramid anyway.

Thanks to Rob Williams' craving for old fanzines, and some exceedingly

small favors I did for the Science Fiction Circulating Library, I have suddenly expanded my collection of science fiction pulps by about 60 or 70 issues (I collected more than that, but some were duplicates). So I've been more interested in reading stf than in publishing a fanzine, lately. Some of those old stories are good; others are unintentionally quite funny. A few of the funnier items will be quoted in YANDRO; at least one is in this issue. The good ones I shall simply enjoy quietly. I don't suppose that many of you out there are vitally interested in my stf collection, but I've been burbling about my acquisitions ever since I got them, and I can't just quit now. By next month I'll be back to normal. (But getting 1930 WEIRD TALES and 1933 STRANGE STORIES in moderately good condition is enough to temporarily unbalance any collector of stfmags.)

I was in Minneapolis last week -- on company business, or so the company thought. (Actually, the enjoyable part of my trip was the visit to Ruth Berman's home. Even though it's a hard place to get to; visiting fans take warning. It's the first time I've ever given a taxi driver an address and had him haul out a street map -- after asking me if I knew where the place was -- and peruse it for a good five minutes. At that, he didn't check carefully enough, because he got lost before reaching Berman's house. One has a particularly helpless feeling when one's cab driver admits to being lost....) This was the first time I've flown at night, and I was fascinated by the view, especially when we came into Chicago. The multi-colored twinkling lights spread out to the horizon, the yellow flares from the Gary blast furnaces, the flickering blue flames spurting from the left inboard engine -- it's a marvelous sight. Unfortunately I was on a jet going out of Chicago, so I didn't get to see much. I like the bigger prop planes better; they go thundering and vibrating down the runway, and go, and go, and go, and you always wonder if they're ever going to get up in the air.

Coulson Publications (it's amazing the amount of free material one can pick up if one has a business-like looking letterhead) is now an accredited representative of the Speed-O-Print Corporation -- we've become a sort of Midwestern version of Ted White. If you need any mimeograph supplies, we can probably supply them; Speed-O-Print makes stencils and ink for Gestetner and Roneo machines, as well as standard mimeographs, and we can probably order the stuff, pay the postage from us to you, and still beat your local prices on a lot of items. (Unless you're getting stuff at a discount; some places do sell mimeo supplies cheap, but the more prevalent attitude here in the midwest is to over-charge for them. The "suggested list price" of Sovereign stencils is \$3.75 a quire, but I've seen them sold for as high as \$6.00 a quire.) We also do mimeographing -- for a price. (Look at that "we"; Juanita does mimeographing; I just collect the money.)

An interesting addition to our collection has been a set of Mexican mags, sent by Hector Pessina. These magazines, ULTRA CIENCIA and COSMOS AVENTURAS, are wonderful for devotees of stf movies. Each issue presents one movie in familiar "comic book" format, except that instead of drawings the illustrations are still photos from the movie. 50 or 60 pages of them, with 3 to 6 photos per page. Since I can't read Spanish I don't know how accurate the text is, but after being translated from English or Japanese into Spanish -- and then back to English by American readers -- I doubt if it's word-perfect. So far we have 4 issues of each mag; the movies represented being "Conquest Of Mars", "This Island Earth", "Attack of the Flying Saucers" (or whatever the exact title was), "The 27th Day", "Rodan!", "Caltiki", the Hammer "Mummy" film (forget the exact title) and a Japanese epic titled "El Hombre H" in Spanish. I'm sure Pessina would be glad to send up a few more, to pay for US mags.

RSC

SILVER SECONDS

— A COLUMN FROM gene deweese

One Saturday afternoon recently, I decided to buy a couple sets of metal bookshelves. This should have been a simple undertaking--simply a matter of going downtown to the store, pointing to the bookshelves I wanted, paying the clerk, and taking the shelves home.

But no--not this time. Unfortunately, the only place these shelves were available was a large department store, and large department stores are like nothing else on earth (I sincerely hope!). The purchase (or battle) took approximately two hours, three miles, and great persistence; and before it was over, there was a distinctly nightmarish tinge to the whole day.

First, I couldn't immediately locate the exact type of shelves I wanted, even though this store had had them on display just a week before. I asked a clerk about them. After some evasive tactics, she admitted that they did still have the type I wanted in stock.

I took the next logical step and asked to buy a couple. "Very well," she said, "we can deliver them by next Thursday."

"Never mind," I said, "I want to put them up tomorrow; I'll take them with me."

"I'm sorry, but we don't have them here at the store," she said. "We would have to get them from the warehouse."

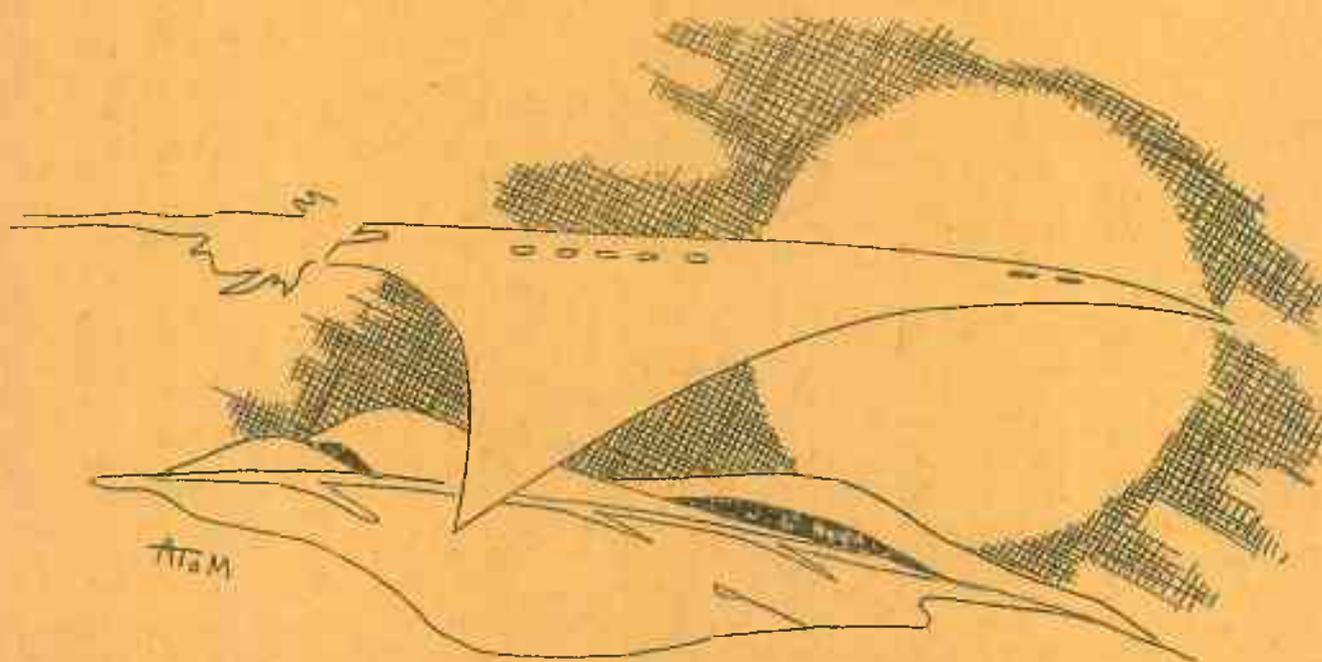
"Okay, could the warehouse have them sent over here to the store today?"

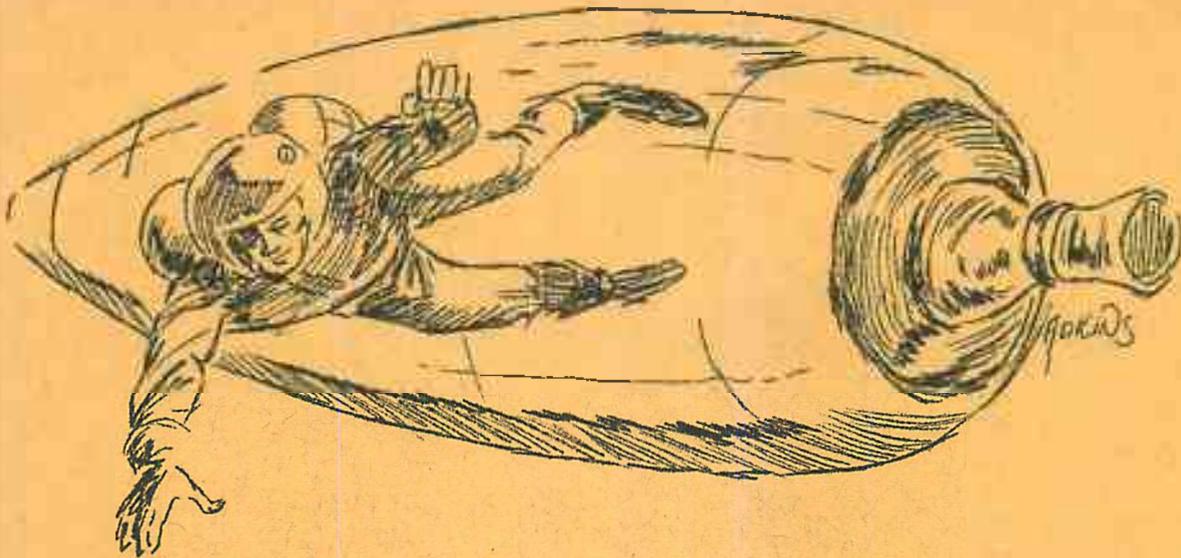
"No, they wouldn't have time today."

"Could I go over to the warehouse and pick them up myself?"

"No."

"Why not?" (A logical question, you agree?)





"Well, you have to have a sales slip to get anything out of the warehouse."

"Can't you give me a sales slip if I pay for the shelves here, now?"

"Well, yes, but you need a 'release', too."

"Couldn't you give me a 'release', too, along with the sales slip?"

"No, I don't make those out."

"Why not?"

"I don't have the authority."

"Who does have the authority?"

"The girls in the office make out the releases."

"Okay, you make out the sales slip, and I'll take it down to the office to get the release. Okay? Now, where's the office?"

"I don't know."

"Who would know?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't there a floor manager around, anyone who would know?"

"No."

"In the whole store?"

"No."

At this point, desperation was beginning to break out on me, and I backtracked. "Are you sure I need a 'release'? Maybe I could take the sales slip to the warehouse and they would let me have the shelves."

"I doubt it."

"Could you telephone the warehouse and find out?" (There was a company telephone within two feet of her at this point.)

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't have the authority."

"How much authority do you need to make a telephone call and ask a question?"

She didn't answer, but she seemed to be getting a little nervous. I don't think she was used to coming up against even the slightest bit of logic.

"Okay," I went on, "just give me a sales slip, and I'll take a chance."

"Very well, what model number is it?"

"How should I know? I bought some here less than a month ago--they were black-painted metal, 72 inches high, 30 inches wide and 12 inches deep. They cost \$6.95 each, and \$1.49 for extra shelves. How much more

do you need if I'm going over to the warehouse and pick them up myself?"

"I need the model number before I can make out a sales slip."

To cut this inane exchange short, I didn't even get a sales slip.

In final desperation, I asked "Where is the warehouse?", fully expecting her to tell me that she didn't have the authority to divulge that information. But she actually gave me the address, and even some directions as to how to get there.

As it turned out, the warehouse was on the other side of several railroad tracks, under a couple bridges, and right next to the river. And to get into the place, I had to sneak in with a delivery boy.

The warehouse crew consisted, so far as I could see, of about three people. One of them said, "You need a sales slip to get anything out of the warehouse." (Great news! And in person, not on the phone, it has greater impact.) Another said, "Unless you have the model number, you can't get a sales slip. And you have to get a sales slip at the store."

By this time, I was getting very stubborn, especially since they freely admitted that they had all possible models right there in the warehouse, only a couple floors away. By practically refusing to leave the premises, I finally badgered them into having someone take me into the storage area.

In searching for the particular type of shelves I wanted, there were discovered about three additional type, the existence of which nobody had previously suspected. No one was more surprised than the person showing me around.

From here on, though, things were downhill, comparatively speaking: I found the shelves, got the model number, drove to a nearby branch of the store, got a proper sales slip, and went back to the warehouse to get the shelves.

On the way from the warehouse to home, I was held up by a train and then by a parade.

* * * *

ADDENDA ON FANNISH HOUSING: Some months ago, we decorated the "Guest room"; that is, we covered the more obvious cracks in the walls with what hangable odds and ends we could locate, such as Histomaps of religion and evolution, reproductions of 16th century maps, an Alfred-E.-Neuman-for-President poster, etc.

Then, just last week, I had occasion to take a close look at some of the "decorations", and I noticed something strange: The maps were all bulging out from the walls. When we put them up, with a thumbtack at each corner, they were stretched tightly, so that they all lay smoothly against the walls

And now they were slack and bulging.

Of little consequence, you say? Perhaps, but stop and think: How had they become slack? The tacks had not been removed; nor was the paper around the tacks torn at all. To my mind, this admits of only two possibilities: 1) The maps have stretched, or 2) the walls have shrunk. (And looking down at the rug in front on my desk just now--it was tacked down tightly just last week--I notice that it is rather loose...)

To anyone planning to stay overnite with us, I can only suggest, for your own safety, leave your bedroom door ajar, and sleep light.

Story blurb for "Children of the Great Magma", AMAZING STORIES, Aug. '33: "The author gives us a picture of a wonderful oasis sunk into the Antarctic regions. The impression which the hero of the story produced upon the inhabitants of the oasis is described along with his adventures there, which toward the end increase in excitement and peril, until his own people rescue him from the abyss, for the oasis was the floor of a great depression far below the level of ice." And you complain about Campbell giving away his plots? What would you call this one?

LORD OF THE FLIES

A COMMENTARY ON THE NOVEL BY

ROSEMARY HICKEY

William Golding, in LORD OF THE FLIES, expresses a rather sad opinion of human nature which seems based on a combination of two early views of the child: the child as a miniature adult, and, the child as innately depraved--two attitudes which apparently influence thought today.

With Mr. Golding's declared purpose of presenting a symbolic story, he is protected from criticism of the vagueness and lack of detail. Passage of time is marked only by a few references to hair growing and the tree trunk "bench" which becomes polished. None of the children nor their "every-day" acts and interactions merit any specific description by Mr. Golding. The dialogue is so symbolic as to be characterless. In many stretches, it is quite doubtful as to who says what.

Piggy is an unacceptable member of the group because he's fat and asthmatic. He could only paddle in the water and his fat body presumably kept him awkward and physically useless. But, if the boys were on the island long enough for hair to grow long and tree trunks to get polished from use, and they only had fruit and seafood to eat, wouldn't it seem likely that Piggy would have lost some weight?

The story is so vaguely written that each incident or interaction could be interpreted in the framework of anyone's philosophy of psychology. Mr. Epstein's appended commentary to the Capricorn edition is typical of commentaries designed to give great value and status to a work using Freudian terminology to prove its "symbolic virtue". He identifies the killing of the sow as "a horrid parody of an Oedipal wedding night." Sure, Ralph's special enjoyment of the warm water of the swimming pool is easily labeled as a pleasurable return-to-the-womb act, but how does this provide for reader insight? How the other boys felt when they were swimming in the warm water was never mentioned. Piggy's inability to establish positive relationships with the boys was "obviously" a result of a deprivation of the proper Oedipal experiences: he lived with an auntie who was apparently somewhat indifferent, his father was dead and his mother off somewhere.

However, Golding felt the need of a scapegoat and insured Piggy as IT by ascribing to him an insightful intelligence. To use a perceptive personality as the butt of derisive comments and actions is a rather trite plot crutch.

What positive relationship was established between Piggy and Ralph did not serve to provide Piggy with a significantly higher status in the group. Usually the secondary partner in such a relationship acquires a borrowed patina of importance and authority. In the beginning, Ralph had the highest status and was the authority figure - the leader. Piggy acted as his brain trust. Golding apparently would have it that because Ralph didn't rebuff Piggy and his intellect, Ralph lost his leader status...and thus why, later, Jack and his tribe refused to help Ralph or Piggy or to accept them into the tribe. Golding's reasoning is open to much question.

Ralph is introduced in the opening scenes as a dreamy, dependent,



over-sized 12-year old given to fantasizing and socially inept, presumably because he was an only child and his early social isolation plus the loss of his mother and being sent to a highly structured school environment. (From the British point of view, this last factor might not be considered so traumatic.) He is not capable of making immediate decisions (of "thinking fast on his feet"). Although Ralph's quiet manner was accepted, at first, as one of the symbols of authority, it was not enough to counteract the dramatic leadership of Jack and his paint and his hunting and his sadism.

In various speeches to others and to himself, Ralph is supposed to be revealing the mechanisms by which a youngster reaches some sort of understanding of himself and others. Unfortunately Mr. Golding mixes his own philosophical language with that thought process which supposedly comes from a 12-year old. Ralph's vocabulary is frequently uncharacteristic, e.g. ".....practical business that fundamental statements....."

Ralph's symptoms of pubertal changes are manifested only in his strange dreams about a lamp standard and an oddly shaped bus emerging from a bus station. It's left there for the reader to interpret however he may choose.

Jack Merridew, who demonstrates the hostilities inherent in the Oedipal situation, also epitomizes that type of personality produced by an aggressive environment. His first appearance is as a rigid controller of his fellow choir members. He maintains the same dictatorial manner when he and his committee go hunting and later when he formalizes his own tribe of painted hunters.

Ralph learned too late what was expected of him as a leader. He had made too many errors in meeting the needs of the group. He introduced a scary subject at dusk (the possible existence of beasties and snakes,) then attempted to talk the beasties and snakes out of existence, or to shout the others down with... "There are no beasties!"

Jack, at this point, begins to assume the role of the leader. First he agrees with Ralph that they (the beasties and snakes) don't exist, and then reassures the littluns that he (Jack) will kill them (the beasties) if he can find them. When Ralph announced the need of a signal fire, it was Jack who acted. In fact, Jack took the whole crowd along with him...and Ralph is left at the assembly place with the conch and Piggy.

With stronger leadership from Jack, better membership symbols (like the facepainting), and with the assistance of a physical threat or two, all of the younger children quickly joined Jack's tribe.

Objectively, one simple interpretation would be that Jack exhibited more of the skills and symbols of leadership and therefore took over; OR that Jack, as a symbol of evil, had to have power and used every means to be the leader and to maintain control; OR that Ralph was socially inept and unprepared to assume the responsibilities of leadership; OR that Ralph, as a symbol of Good, is a weak-livered creature unable to stand up for right, unable to withstand the forces of evil and that's why society is doomed. ???

Because of Mr. Golding's desire to equate innate evil with insanity, situations are frequently loaded with symbolic material. One such:

Ralph, who is supposed to represent the super-imposed ethical society on an innately depraved miniature adult, now suffers emotional conflicts which interfere with his mental functions. These conflicts are symbolized by bat's wings and fluttering curtains.

Ralph then suddenly became concerned about personal cleanliness; the dirt and decay about himself and his friends. His manner and language was as though he were reminding the boys of slicking-up preparations to appease some authority figure as at home or school. Since the boys had nothing with which to accomplish this personal toilet, the appeal was foredoomed - or so the implication.

What is meant by this symbolic situation? That ethical people are so concerned with self (or irrelevant matters) that they can't recognize real situational needs? OR was this appeal doomed to failure because there was no adult to appease? OR was this an attempt by Ralph to pattern himself on his home and school authority figures - that is, recoup the leadership position because he issued the injunctions for personal cleanliness? This belated attempt to direct group behavior held no strength or meaning for the boys so they ignored him.

The story does become alive and exciting in each of the mob acts. Feelings are communicated most effectively in these scenes...whether it be a small group of boys who pit their strength to dislodge a huge boulder on the side of a cliff - or the hunt for a pig. The hunting dance which ends in murder and the panic flight of Ralph are described in high emotional key.

In the narration of the gang hunting Ralph, Golding uses several sexual symbols, one of which is a double-ended stick.....but these "symbols" don't detract from the cumulative effect of a finely-drawn picture full of the intensity of a human being fleeing from a mob. This mood and the tempo of the chase (and the expected finale of Ralph's murder) is abruptly broken with the sudden appearance of a naval officer.

Mr. Golding states that this story is symbolic of an ethical society and the "shape of the society must not depend on any political system". Yet Jack's highly structured control of his choir and the manner in which he successfully organized his tribe with rigid controls and "I am the chief" is highly reminiscent of a militaristic society.

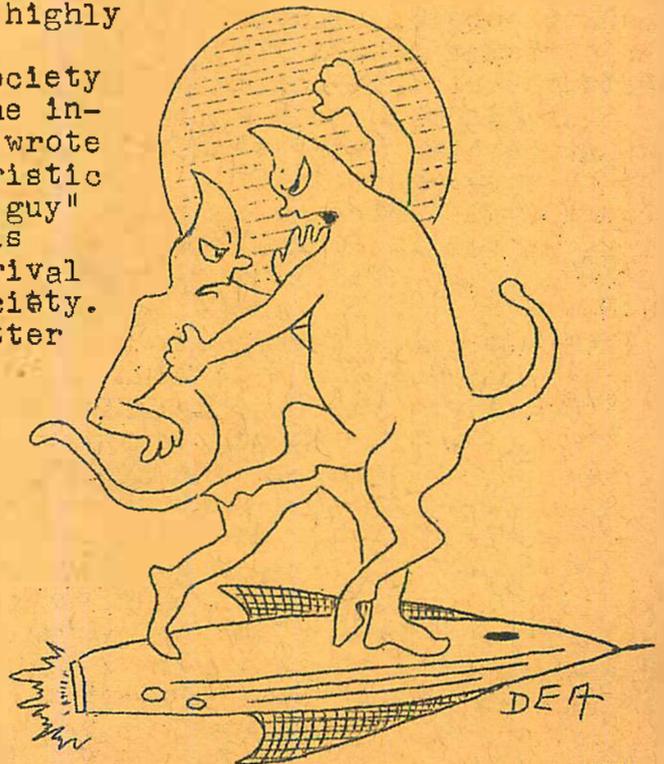
"The moral is that the shape of a society must depend on the ethical nature of the individual and not any political system" wrote Mr. Golding...But he has Jack's militaristic tribe winning in the end and our "good guy" Ralph, the symbol of ethical society, is saved from being killed only by the arrival of a uniformed member of a military society. Mr. Golding's point might have been better made if, instead, some burly fisherman had landed there.

To me, the LORD OF THE FLIES is a whopping good horror story inter-laced with a pathetic tale of a boy who was forced into a leader role for which he was not prepared.

"What's the use of being a folklorist if you can't fix up weak texts?"

.....John Greenway

We do commercial mimeographing; rates on request. RSC



THE AGENCY

FICTION BY JOE PILATI

Plots, \$1.00 -- Unpublished short stories,
\$2.50. Roland Flaherty, 3 Kingsland Parade,
SCRD, Dublin, Ireland.

-- classified ad from Writers Digest,
December, 1962

"The thing that annoys me," said Dr. Finster, "is that so little has happened. It's as if everyone is half-asleep or half-drunk." He poured another drink.

The clubroom was a bit too small and a bit too warm, but still, twelve affluent-looking middle-aged Englishmen sat around talking, drinking, or sleeping. Dr. Finster didn't like the place very much, but then he didn't like anyplace very much.

Her Majesty's Secret Agent Fred Fink sat in the chair opposite Dr. Finster. Fred Fink was a tall, thin, dark-haired man of about 35, with a black patch over his left eye. As Dr. Finster poured another drink, Fred Fink mumbled something about Schweppervescence.

There was silence for a few moments, and then anger flared in Dr. Finster's face. "Damn!" he shouted to no one in particular. "I'd have thought the Agency would have started something by this time!"

"Well," said Fred Fink, "you must admit they've been trying. Last night they sent over that chap named...ah...Robert Jordan, wasn't it? The one from the Spanish Civil War."

"He was a crashing bore. All those idiotic anecdotes!" Dr. Finster grimaced and took another drink.

"The Agency hasn't had an easy time of it, you know," mused Fred Fink. "At least they've provided you with a magnificent setting. Why, look out that window there." Fred Fink pointed at a monstrous pane of glass. "There's that strange character who sits next to his pond all day. He might be a help to you. And how about that lovely road over there?"

"Oh, that. Yes, what a road, oh what a road. For the last four days that damned little turtle has been crossing back and forth and falling on his fool shell. The Agency must be playing a practical joke on me. At two hundred dollars a day!" Dr. Finster winced, then covered his eyes.

"What about the flashbacks they've given you?" inquired Fred Fink.

Dr. Finster exploded. His face flushed, and he shook his gnarled fist at the Secret Agent. "Who are you, anyway? An apologist for that incompetent Agency, that's what you are!"

"Please, Doctor! You know we've been friends for twelve years -- long before either of us even heard of the Agency. I'm only trying to calm you. Personally, I think they're doing the best they can. As I was saying." He coughed. "Those flashbacks have been pretty good. The first one, remember? Where you're a little kid, painting the fence, acting like a good little capitalist!"

"I'm sorry, Fred," said Dr. Finster. "All right, that wasn't bad, although personally I preferred the one where I'm sixteen and get thrown

out of prep school. Too many 'fa crissakes' but otherwise it was quite imaginative." Dr. Finster paused and poured. "But where is the cohesion? Where do these incidents connect? Take that Scarlett girl they sent over on Tuesday. What was the point of her?"

"Don't you understand, Doctor?" Fred Fink chose his words carefully. "They know you could write well once. They're trying to give you impetus; a shot in the writing arm, so to speak."

"I know, I know," Dr. Finster sighed. "Maybe I ought to resign myself to it. I'm written out."

"Will you please be quiet over there?" The voice emanated from across the room.

"Don't mind Old Gatsby," said Fred Fink, "I rather think the Agency sent him as an irritating factor. Sometimes that can help, you know."

"Perhaps I should live with my son," murmured Dr. Finster. "He runs an underground hotel, you know, with a sort of Grand Guignol motif. Seven levels, one below another, but I understand the steam heat is unbearable."

Fred Fink looked worried. "It's strange you never mentioned your son's underground hotel before. Are you sure it's not one of the Agency's memory plants?"

Dr. Finster lowered his head, looking very sad and much older than his 58 years. "I don't know, I don't even know."

"Don't cry, Doctor," pleaded Fred Fink, but the old man was weeping already. "I'm sure the Agency will inspire you yet! It takes a lot to make the Agency give up! It takes a...."

Suddenly, the door burst open, and two soldiers marched in. They did not wear the uniform of the British army, or of any modern army in the world. They were in the costumes of ancient Rome.

Every man in the room gasped and stared incredulously at them. A glass shattered on the floor.

One soldier grabbed Dr. Finster. The other took the hand of Fred Fink. The two soldiers took the two men outdoors.

The first soldier dropped Dr. Finster on the grass outside the club, but gestured that he was to follow him. The second soldier grasped Fred Fink's hand firmly and marched on.

"I'm so happy they took me along this time," whispered Fred Fink to Dr. Finster. "This could be the incident. It certainly looks good so far." Fred Fink patted Finster on the shoulder as they walked across the countryside. "You'll write another best-seller! The Agency never fails!"

The four climbed over the hill, and then one of the soldiers caught Fred Fink by the neck. Fred Fink struggled as the soldier attached a plank to his back, then another plank to his right arm, and another to his left.

Dr. Finster stood with his soldier and watched. The soldier reached into a bag slung over his shoulder and handed three things to Dr. Finster: a pad of paper, a ball point pen, and a bag of popcorn.

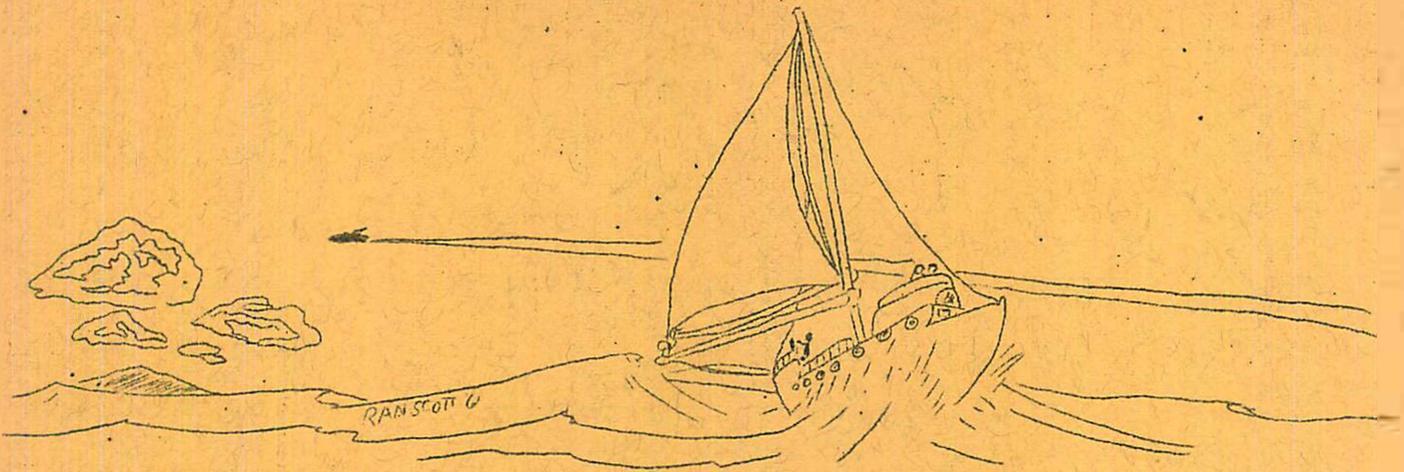
Fred Fink's soldier was almost finished now. He picked off the ground a hammer and a handful of long nails.

Fred Fink's plank was upright in a few minutes, driven into the ground with Fred Fink attached. He was about a foot above the grass.

Dr. Finster choked on his popcorn, but continued watching.

Fred Fink felt something sharp, piercing, going through his foot. The soldier took another handful of nails.

Dr. Finster beamed and spoke to his soldier. "I've said some nasty things about the Agency, but you fellows do know literature." He scribbled furiously on the pad, chomping popcorn. "I knew you people would inspire me yet. This will be a great novel -- a really great novel!"



The soldier didn't seem to understand Dr. Finster's carefully enun -
ciated words, but he nodded his head and smiled blankly.

Fred Fink screamed.

Dr. Finster then noticed lettering at the top of the plank pro -
truding above Fred Fink's head. He saw three neat letters in Olde
English script, carved in the wood. He didn't understand. All at
once, he did understand.

"Of course," he said, beaming at the soldier by his side, "Thank
God for Inspirational Helpers of Scriptwriters!"

"...even though Grinnell's career had been smeared by sin and misdeeds,
brought on by his own cruelty and selfishness, he did not deserve the
horrible punishment he received." (From "Curse of the Violated Virgin"
in TRUE TWILIGHT TALES -- sent in by Gene DeWeese, who commented: "Yes,
I noticed him being cornered by Ray Beam at the Chicon....")

IN THE NATIONAL NEWS:

Roy Tackett sent in this newspaper headline, describing the ulti -
mate in literary censorship: TWO SENT TO JAIL FOR SELLING BOOK TO
N.Y. TEENAGER.

Al Borse pointed out to me a short article in the Jan. 8 issue of
DESIGN NEWS (a reasonably respectable industrial magazine). This was
titled "Scientific Dowsing" and mentioned that one Norman Evans re -
cently ran a series of tests to determine the amount of torque gener -
erated by a dowsing rod."He used two Type No. 783 dynamic torquemeters
produced by Power Instruments, Inc., Skokie, Ill. Both whalebone and
nylon dowsing rods were used. Torque measurements ranged from 24 oz -
in to 37 oz-in in different locations. The area covered was later
found to be over an underground spring of about 1000-gpm capacity. A
copy of Mr. Evan's (sic) report on the experiment may be obtained
from the American Society of Dowsers, Inc., Westerly Rd., Watch Hill,
R.I., by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope and \$1."
I'm surprised we havent heard anything about this in ANALOG.

"I store my back issues on the top floor," said Tom fanatically.
"It's a matter of trial and error, trying to govern the Galaxy," said
Hari empirically.

.....Jim Greenfield

A DODDERING COLUMN

from

alan dodd

King Alfred was escaping from his enemies. He was not quite sure who his enemies were, since at the time England had quite a few of them. When his palace guards called out warning of the approaching enemies he had hastily donned his new suit of brass-plated armour and beat a strategic retreat into the marshes without bothering to find out WHO the enemies were this time. It could have been those crooked allies, the Angles, or the Saxons, or the Vikings, or the Picts, or the Normans -- well, almost any of them except the one Alfred himself was, which he had also forgotten.

As his brass-covered legs squelched along the mire of the marshes he heard in the distance behind him cries of the invading enemy. He could not understand a word of what they were shouting and was glad his enemies were foreigners; it was so much more difficult fighting one's allies.

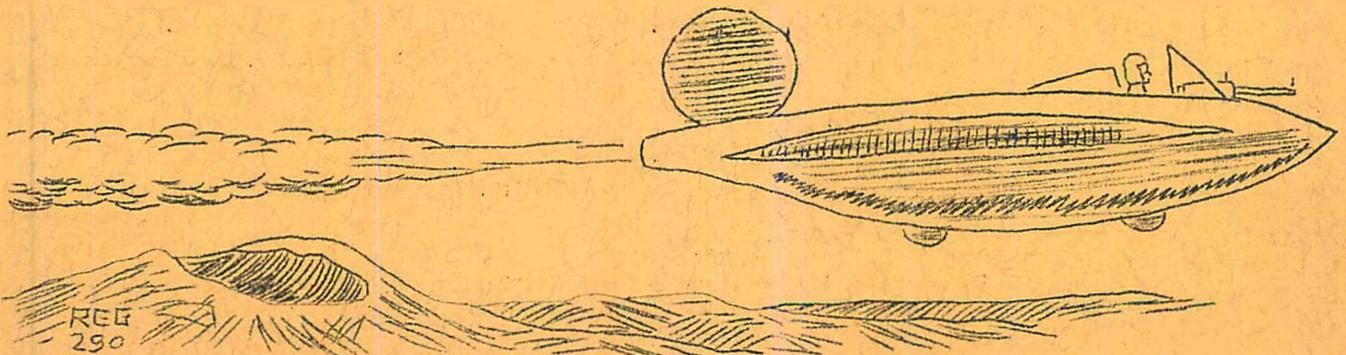
Entering the thickets buried in the marches, King Alfred noted after some distance a tiny hut of straw and reeds, and from within came the fresh baking smell of new bread. Since by now Alfred in his heavy armour was feeling a little brassed-off with all this walking and running, he cautiously drew close to the rough hut and observed within a little old lady, kneeling before a griddle and stoking a very inadequate fire of sticks beneath the baking cakes.

Seeing the King, and not realising his identity in his mud-spattered and tired condition, she bade him enter and sit by the fire while she went out to search for more wood for the fire, which was growing lower and lower with each moment's passing.

As she left, she cautioned the armoured King that whatever else happened, under no circumstances was he to allow the fire to go out. If he did so, not only would the baking be ruined, but with the primitive equipment at her disposal it might take a long long time to restart the fire. Indeed, it might be possible the fire would never start again without proper kindling and flints. Informing him of this, she then left for the thicket to gather more wood.

Alfred, hopelessly tired with his exertions in the heavy suit of brass-plated armour, collapsed in front of the fire and fell asleep. Although it was a short time he was asleep, these few moments were enough for the fire to grow still lower.

Awaking suddenly and remembering the old woman's admonition, he saw the feebly flickering fire. Unable (because of his stiff trousers) to



REG
290

bend over properly and stoke the fire, he picked off the wall an aged pair of bellows. Putting the nozzle against the griddle, he started to pump feverishly. Soon the charred embers ignited again and the re-kindled fire burst forth.

Continuous bellowing caused it to burst forth a little too much, and under Alfred's guidance the flames from the fire streamed across the room and caught fire to the wall. Then the cakes caught fire. And the other walls caught fire. And the crude furniture caught fire. And the roof caught fire.

And by the time the little old lady returned, there was only the smoking hulk of the little hut, burned cakes, and a crestfallen Alfred, bellows in hand -- standing in the midst of it and looking in amazement at the destruction.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, as the little old lady arrived, "It seems as though people in brass trousers shouldn't blow scones..."

UNTITLED VERSE

by Sharon Towle

There is nothing for it
But to write the Doctor, saying
Maddened behemoths do not flourish in this town!

So I wrote him, saying
There are no behemoths to be found---

But what if he charges up
Mounted on Rumpelstilskin
Demanding to know why?

CONJUGATING IRREGULAR VERBS

by Phil Harrell (assisted by RSC)

I am firmly muscular.
You're starting to go to pot.
Boy, is he ever fat!

I am respected for my intelligence.
You are getting a bit fresh.
He's a smart-alec.

I am pleasantly firm.
You are a trifle obstinate.
He is a pigheaded fool.

I speak forcefully but quietly.
You have a very soft voice.
He mumbles.

I'm renowned in fandom for my writing.
You've written a couple of good articles.
He gets rejection slips from Jack
Cascio.

AN OPEN LETTER TO AVRAM D.



Dear Mister Davidson,

This is a LOC on #153 of your most excellent fanzine, otherwise known as the February issue of F&SF.

The Gaughan cover was good Gaughan; if you use covers much better than this I might even be ready to believe the rumor that you actually Pay Money for your art. I do think, though, that you might give a greater variety of fanartists, especially the neos, a chance. It's just Not Fannish to let a Small Ingroup like Emsch, Gaughan, et al dominate your zine artwise. This might also eliminate your Typical Fanpubbing Problem of Not Enough Art and possibly even allow you to use interior illos.

Your layouts and repro are excellent, though you've let a few typos slip through in the True Insurgent Manner. The hand-drawn title on the contents page is a trifle sloppy around the edges; just a suggestion, but a lot of faneds use lettering guides.

S.S. Johnson's story is Good Fan Fiction. If you would like to get more good morbid fan fiction, Jack Cascio would probably be glad to give you the addresses of some of the more macabre writers for his Realm of Fantasy.

The Hubbard fantasy is slight, but who can blame you for an attempt to improve transatlantic fan relations. You aren't by any chance thinking of running for TAFF, are you?

The "Fuzzy Moon" article is mildly interesting, but out of place in a primarily fannish zine. Dr. Asimov's article is perhaps the best non-fiction in this. Which proves a good fanwriter can produce a good article in almost anything. Sometimes Dr. A's articles are almost sercon, but in #153 he's at his fannish best. Wilson Tucker is always good, and "Why Are Fen?" is a bottomless and Very Fannish topic.

The fan fiction by Mrs. Buck, Goulart, McLaughan, and Smith are out of place. They are almost pro-caliber SF or Fantasy and remember, Serious Fiction is OUT in fanzines these days.

Larry Janifer's story, on the other hand, is a beautiful piece of work. It's just the right length, written with true fannish humor, and based on an ingroup joke. Harry Harrison's verse is also very good and extremely fannish. What fanzine could get along without a piece of verse about a time traveller shooting his grandfather? Even the rhythm and rhymes are written with True Fannish Ineptness.

I see Kit Denton Reads Mythology. But this story missed a good opportunity - where is the poetically phrased mood-piece in #153? This would have been a good subject for such a treatment, and your readers have come to expect a goodly quantity of, pardon the expression, Purple Prose in eachish. Your readers have come to expect, also, that your fiction be more concerned with words than with trivialities like ideas, characterization and story flow. Please don't disappoint us nextish.

Opening your book review column to other fans is a good idea. Your editorial, letter-col, and material intros are Very Fannishly Done and contribute greatly to the Fannish character of your zine. All told you have an excellent fanzine here. Just a couple of beefs, though, before I close. I think you run a little too much fiction, which is Not Good, especially since it seems to conflict with the overall personality of your zine. Also, it's customary for fanzines to be printed on 8 1/2 x 11 sheets. When are you going to realize that Unusual Sized Fanzines are only Neoish Passing Fads?

I've heard an Ugly Rumor lately that you intent to turn F&SF into a pro-zine. Ghod forbid! But I'm discounting it, because #153 doesn't contain the slightest indication that you intend to do so.

Fannishly,

EEEVERS

THE HUNTER

fiction by

PAUL GILSTER

Cold, darkness, fear. These combined to form one nameless terror. Fear in the night. It moved.

Fleet looked back. The snow was lessening a bit, but it still limited vision in the frozen tundra of the northern continent. He pulled the collar of his windbreaker up tightly around his thick neck and shivered. The air had a bite that it had never had before, making it difficult even to breathe. Snow fell and piled itself around his heavy duty boots as he stood without moving for a moment. Fleet had lost feeling in his feet long ago. He

shivered again, checked his compass. He stood looking down at the grotesque tracks, and then started walking. It was moving south by south-east, onto the plain area, heading toward the not too distant mountains. He followed, warily.

He had found the ruins of its ship years ago, and he'd been hunting it ever since. The outlaw thing was the only one of its race left, and the only telepath in the cluster that could literally kill a man with its thought impulses. It had to be killed.

SHOCK! A jolt that seemed to pass right through him. He fell to the snow, writhing in agony. The snow fell relentlessly, and he began to be covered with it. He felt something hard under his hand. A tree! CONCENTRATE! He focused dimly on the tree, his eyes narrow slits in the rough face. His teeth clenched together heavily and he fought for consciousness.

Anything, the branches, the frozen trunk, the icy feel of it through his gloves. Thought mounted. The tree became clearer in his mind. It was the spoke around which he revolved for that terrible moment. It became centralized, and his unconscious pushed the attack from him. His brain became one mental block, refusing all intruders.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he felt its mind leaving. He concentrated still harder, but his mind abandoned the tree and brought only one thought into focus. DIE DIE DIE!

The attack broke, and it retreated hastily. Out into the plains with all the speed it could muster, drained for the moment of its energy. Again he followed, and as he went he caught snatches of the thoughts it was beaming at him. They were hard to read now; undoubtedly it was totally disorganized.

"Really, Fleet, why don't we quit this. I'm bec.....quite bored. Let's settle on a compromise now s.....this fighting."

Not on your life, thought Fleet. There was a job to be done, and he was going to do it. He fingered the smooth metal of the blaster, careful not to hold it too long lest it become stuck to his gloves. There were more thought waves now, and they were closer. He flicked off the safety on the blaster and readied it for attack. Then he put it back in his pocket, where it was immediately available.

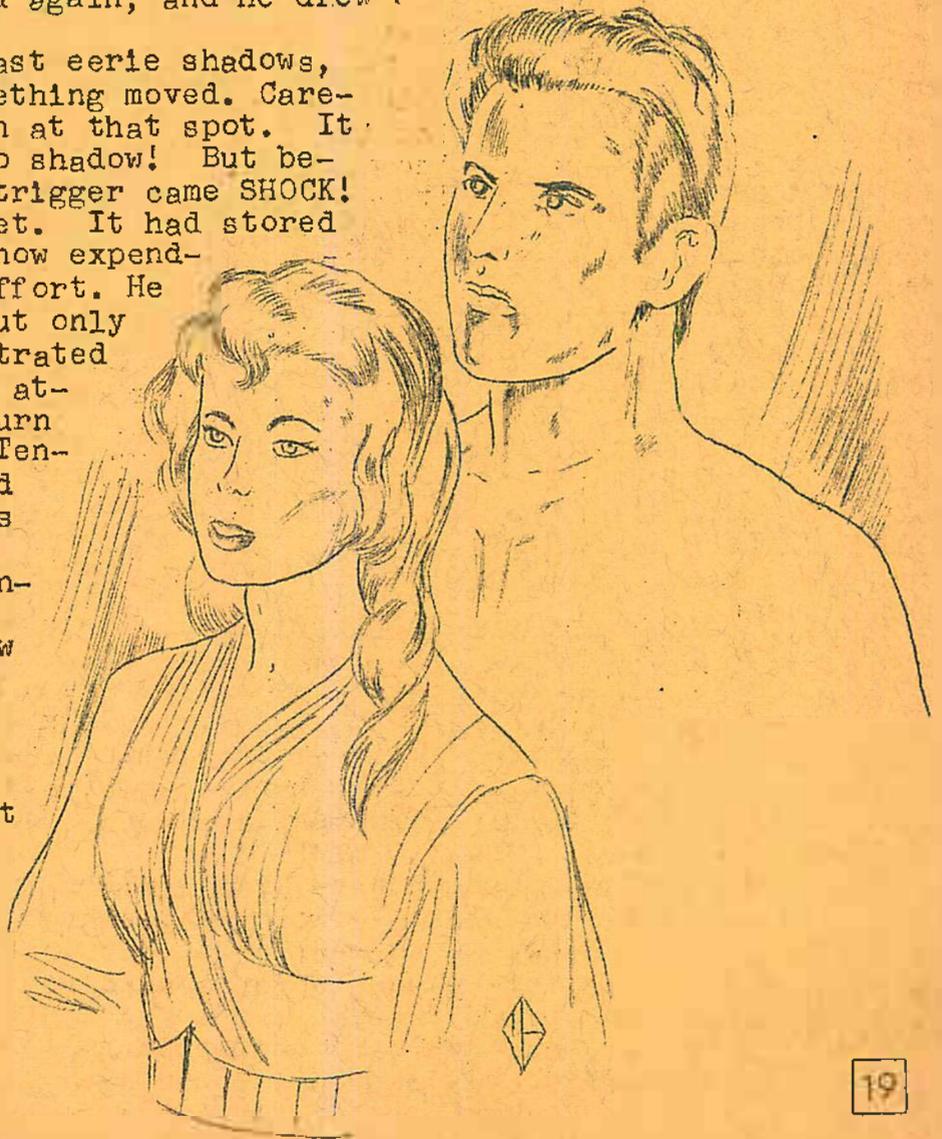
He picked up the thoughts. There was a twinge of anxiety, and an overall feeling of exhaustion pervaded its entire being. It was being pushed, and pushed hard. For the first time, Fleet saw a chance.

The snow began to fall harder. Tiny white flakes cascaded down upon him. He turned the heating unit of his windbreaker up as high as it would go. The eastern sky was beginning to take on a greyish glow, and he guessed dawn to be but an hour away.

There was nothing ahead of the creature now but open plain, yet it had stopped. This wasn't like it, not at all. At least, thought Fleet, not unless it was a trap. He was careful not to concentrate too hard on his future plans, for while he was not much of a telepath, he could tell where the thing was, and he was sure it could tell the same about him.

Minutes passed. He took shelter behind a small rock and lay flat in the snow. His body began an uncontrollable shivering, but he did not move voluntarily. Thirty minutes passed. Dawn was creeping up fast, and Fleet could begin to see the mountains through the snow in the dim light. He sent out a probe. There was frustration. It had been a trap. Suddenly, it moved again, and he drew out the blaster.

The gray half-light cast eerie shadows, and confusing ones. Something moved. Carefully he levelled the gun at that spot. It moved again. That was no shadow! But before he could press the trigger came SHOCK! A shock as their minds met. It had stored up more energy, and was now expending it in a last ditch effort. He threw back the attack, but only for a minute. He concentrated on the sun, and felt the attack recede, only to return renewed moments later. Tentacles of thought pounded on the closed door of his mind. Sweat rolled down his cheeks despite the intense cold. He dropped the blaster into the snow and clenched his head in sheer and total agony. Turbulent thoughts began to form, and yet they were shadow thoughts that were there for a moment and then were gone, replaced by others. Over all was a gray and black mist, in which distant shapes moved. Ancient and slithering horrors. from the dawn of time



fought to penetrate the mist and reach him. Hoarse laughter peeled from them, and they swelled in magnitude.

Suddenly the attack wore off. He grabbed a handful of snow and rubbed it fiercely into his face. It helped to wear off the shock a bit. He knew it was tiring rapidly, and that it had paused to catch a mental breath.

Another attack rolled down upon him. A huge one. It would be so easy. Just drop all defenses and let the enemy hold you. Let the shadowy shapes come through. It would be over in a second.

"No!" he screamed. He extended a shaking hand and felt along the ground for the blaster. It was by his right knee. With renewed energy he picked it up. FIRE! Concentrate, live to pull that trigger! His knuckles became white. He levelled it as best he could at the point from which the thought waves emanated. His fingers tightened. Now it was more of a subconscious effort, it was a root imbedded deep in the recesses of his mind. The fingers tightened more still. And then -

A whir, and it was done. Relief was a flood that poured over him in a deluge. The attack had stopped. There was only one thought from it now, and that thought he picked up low on the end of the mental spectrum, - fear. Shakily, he stood. He knew he had to go on, get it before it could build up its defenses once more. The tables, at long last, had been turned.

He tracked. On through that day and on into the next night, never pausing for a rest. He knew he was exhausted, both physically and mentally, but he also knew that the thing he followed was even more tired. This was the chance he had been waiting for.

The tracks led on. On into a region of craggy peaks and lofty mountains. He was right behind it--this he knew. He felt its thoughts getting more organized as time went by.

And then he had it. It could go no further. There is only one way out now - box canyon. From ahead he caught a whiff of smoke, and he could see the glow of a campfire about a hundred yards ahead. It had taken shelter in a small cave. He walked on quietly, and when he was almost there paused behind a rock.

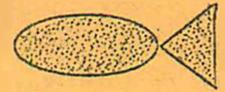
It was there, right by the campfire. Its ugly form was prone, and it was highlighted by the fire. Its four arms were spread out at its sides. Fleet felt a feeling of revulsion. The creature was drained of everything except the most rudimentary survival instinct, but even that was bad, because its intelligence was building up. He knew that one more blast from the gun would kill it. Two shots with a blaster would put even one of these mutated telepaths out of commission.

There was no reason to delay. He aimed the gun at what served for the thing's head and pressed the trigger. The head was blown clear off. He had switched it from 'stun' to 'blast', and the job was done well. But, suddenly, once more there was a terrible sense of SHOCK! PAIN! His face twisted with pain. He was living the creature's death agonies! That he hadn't realized. This colossal mind was unconsciously broadcasting its suffering on the broadest mental band! It had not done so before to avoid betraying its position, but now it was not consciously controlled.

Fleet tumbled down, convulsed with every pain it felt. The brain of the creature was not located solely in the head, apparently, but centered somewhere else. This was so much worse than the other attacks. Gasping, he brought the blaster up to his face and fired.

Then he lay quiet and became as cold as the Arctic night itself. The snow covered the two forms, and smothered the campfire. All was quiet at last in the bitter night.

STRANGE FRUIT



Received and noted: A NEW YEAR'S TALE (Plachta & Schultz - one-shot), THE DINKY BIRD #8 (Berman - SAPS), COGNATE (Hickey - OMPA), GRANSTON (Pilati), TAFF PROGRESS REPORT #5 (Ellik) HAMPTON ROADS REVIEW (Rod Frye). If I start "noting" a fanzine that you particularly want reviewed, let me know; otherwise I assume that most of these apa mags are not available except as trades which their editors personally pick out and so there is no point in reviewing them.

Harvey Inman also sent out an announcement that FANTASY FICTION FIELD has been suspended for an indefinite period, and subscribers would receive refunds as soon as he acquires enough cash to send out refunds (for those who hadn't heard, he's been in the hospital, having various things extracted -- but mostly money).

AARDVARK Vol.2#4 (Aardvark Publications Inc., 740 No. Rush St., Chicago 11, Illinois - quarterly - 35¢ or 6 for \$1.80) This isn't a fanzine; it's an independent college humor mag. (That is, it isn't associated with any particular college, but the humor is typical of the collegiate brand.) I didn't think it was very funny; Juanita did. Probably most of the college-age fans in the audience, particularly the followers of our recent crop of satirical-humor fanzines, would think it was great stuff. Especially since that particular type of fanzine seems mercifully defunct and there isn't much of any other place to get this type of humor. It seems popular, in any event; a circular which I got with the mag says that it's now sold at "over 150 schools" and current circulation is 30,000 copies. If this is the sort of thing you like, here's a chance to get 30-odd printed pages of it for a quite reasonable price. (I wouldn't give you a nickel for it myself, but then I'm notoriously ill-natured.)

And that reminds me; in the past month or so 3 or 4 fans have written me letters, warning me in advance that they are going to send me a fanzine and hoping that I won't be too harsh with it. What am I, some sort of ogre? (If so, what kind?)

STEFANTASY #53 (William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa., 16043 - irregular - 25 schillings) And Bill wrote me a letter stating that I should be sure to say that the price is exactly what he says it is. For this single issue, you pay 25 schillings, and if you can't find them you're out of luck; he will not accept the dollar equivalent. Once you're on STEF's mailing list, you can stay on by showing an interest in the mag, writing reasonable-lengthed comments, contributing, etc. But to get on, you get out and dig up those schillings. (I wonder what Joe Gibson thinks about this cash-only policy?) STEF is well worth going to some trouble to get. Fancy printing, colored covers -- of course, being leftovers from an antique auto mag, they aren't science-fiction covers, but they are colored; no denying that. The material -- humor -- is great; Danner's fake ads are much funnier than the fake ads in such lesser publications as MAD and HELP! Get a copy if possible (and British fans note; he doesn't want shillings, he wants schillings)

Rating.....9

MINAC #10 and riders (Ted White, 339 49th. St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220 - more or less bi-weekly - three 4¢ stamps per issue - associates, Les Gerber, Calvin Demmon, Terry Carr and Bill Meyers) Originally this glop was a fanzine devoted to fan news. Now it seems to have pretty well given up on news and presents a showcase for fan personalities. Most of this mailing is taken up by 3 issues of Meyers' EGO, which I didn't bother to read. In fact, about all I do read of these things is the part that Ted White does, plus Terry Carr's fanzine reviews when any are included. So I can't very well rate what I haven't read, though it's obvious that I wouldn't give it a high number. There isn't enough White and Carr writings.

N3F Material (Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee, 37754 - membership \$2 per year) Most of this stuff arrived in response to my \$2; Franson, Lamb, and Curiosity

finally got the better of me and I joined the club. Lessee, I got a copy of the club constitution, the latest TNFF (which I'd already received from Franson, but no matter), an old TNFF which I assume Janie had lying around the house and wanted to get rid of, a TIGHTBEAM not more than 2 issues old, a standard club welcoming bulletin, and the N3F Fandbook #3. And a membership card and 8 sheets of club stationery. The Fandbook is very well done and a handy reference book for any fan, new or old. The welcoming bulletin isn't of much use to me, but seems pretty well done and is probably a benefit to the newcomers it's aimed at. The TNFF, while strictly a club organ, does now contain Franson's information column, which is currently one of the best columns in fandom. Apart from this bundle, I received Franson's AUTHOR INDEX TO F&SF. I'm sure this is valuable to collectors, but I'm not at all sure why, since F&SF publishes a very nice index of its own, bound in with the final issue of each volume. Of course, this index covers all the volumes; I suppose that's important. (Yes, I collect science fiction magazines, if you were wondering. I do not collect science fiction bibliographic material, however.)

THE GRAPEVINE, Vol.9#10 (Cook County Jail, Chicago 8, Illinois - price and schedule not listed) When I first got this I thought it must be a joke, but I guess it isn't; it's a mimeographed publication from the inmates of the Cook County Jail. Also -- are you listening, Pelz, Metcalf? -- it is a member of the Penal Press Exchange. Let's see you completists get into that one. The whole thing is rather interesting (except for the crossword puzzle; does everybody put crossword puzzles in their magazines these days?), but I keep wondering how come I got it. I've never even been arrested in Cook County. One of the reasons I thought it was a joke was that the "Classified" column I read first was a joke, in typical fannish parody style. Pretty good, too.

THE MARTIAN TRAVELER #3 and 4 (Raymond Clancy, 1086 President St., Brooklyn 25, N.Y. - circulated to qualified applicants only) One page of humor; this is far enough out that I'm not even sure that I get all of it, but it's fun. It's short, too.

DIFFERENTIAL #17 (Paul Wyszowski, P.O. Box 3372, Postal Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada - monthly - 2¢) Another short one. Normally two pages, but this one had an "extra" to announce the birth of Wanda Burnice Santorelle Wyszowski (which seems an awfully long name to load down an infant with). Main part of this issue is devoted to an account of a fan meeting described in Victorian English -- Wyszowski has a rather odd sense of humor, too. Rating.....4

BAYTA #1 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio, 44203 - quarterly? - free for comment) DOUBLE BILL isn't enough for him, he has to start publishing another mag, this time all his own. Mostly editor-written, but with a rather confusing story by Mike Deckinger and some haiku by e e evers in which I admire the sentiments but don't think much of the verse form. Rating.....4

EXCALIBUR #5 (Arnold Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, New York 11043 - bi-monthly - 25¢ - co-editor, Len Bailes) Here is a vehicle for some of that mediocre fan fiction that various people have been asking for. There are also some good editorials and fair reviews, but most of it is fiction. I've read worse, I'm sure. (Of course, I've also read a lot better.) Reproduction, unfortunately, is terrible. Rating.....3

MICKEY #3 ...Hmmm. I'm not sure of the availability outside the N3F, so I won't comment.

THE BAUM BUGLE, Vol.7#3 (Fred Meyer, 1620 First Avenue South, Escanaba, Michigan - quadrimestrial - \$2.00 per year) This is the official publication of the International Wizard Of Oz Club; the \$2 gets you club membership as well as the fanzine. This is a good multilithed mag, with colored covers and all, and is probably fascinating to Oz fans. Even I enjoy it more than I do a lot of fanzines, and I'm not an Oz fan, by any stretch of the imagination. Never read the stories and never intend to. In this case, however, the writing about the stories is good enough, in some cases, to stand by itself.

"This laser gun will stop the villains," beamed Tom.

----- Jim Greenfield

GALACTIC OUTPOST #1 (Richard Benyo, 118 South Street, Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania 18229 - quarterly - 25¢ - assistant, Russ Palkendo) This shows what a couple of neofans with imagination can do with a first issue. From the looks of this issue, Rich and Russ know no more about fanzine publishing than the average producers of first issues, BUT: the reproduction is good, the fiction, if based on a highly improbable gimmick, is above average, and one of the editors had the sense to contact a professional writer -- Andre Norton, as it happens, but almost any writer would do -- and ask some questions about how to write professional fiction. The answers don't contain any magic new ingredient, but after seeing the respect with which some fans regard writing truisms that I thought everybody knew, I've concluded that one can't overstress basic writing instructions. In short, here are two fans who put out a worthwhile fanzine with no prior experience at all. (In the future, I'm going to be even less patient with neofans who complain because the veterans don't spend all their time leading neos around by the hand.) Don't misunderstand me; this isn't a great fanzine; but for a first effort it's exceptional. Rating...4

STRANGER THAN FACT #3 (Jim Harkness, 112 West Harding, Greenwood, Mississippi - quarterly - 25¢) Here is one which didn't start out exceptionally in any way, but it's showing improvement. There's a long lead article on semantics by Leland Sapiro, who is quite well regarded in some fan circles as a factual writer. (I regard him as a crashing bore, but I could be wrong -- I'm not, but I could be.) Fiction is average; one story reminded me tremendously of a story Juanita wrote for EISFA lo these many years ago. (Juanita says she stole her plot from one of Felix Salten's animal books; I wonder if Wilton Beggs did, too?) Rating...3

SQUEAK #1 (Tony Glynn, 144 Beresford St., Manchester 14, England - no price or schedule listed) This may be a one-shot, and there may not be any copies left, but Tony said give him a good review or he'd haunt me, so I'd better say something about it. This is a 30-plus-page fanzine, stiff covers, excellent reproduction, entirely editor-written and illustrated. Of course, Tony has an advantage in being a somewhat-professional writer and well-known fan illustrator. (All of his stories that I've read have been positively awful, but then they were in the John Spencer magazines and everything in those magazines was bloody awful. I'm sure that Tony has written some good professional stories for somebody.) Material here is both humorous and serious, and all of it is good. "The Night Nobody Got No Sleep", a Berryish account of army life, is my own favorite. Rating...7

INTERIM #1 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Drive, Highland Park, Illinois 60035 - quarterly - 20¢) This isn't a new fanzine, it's just a new title for Mark's old UNIT ORDERS. To date, I have seen Hugo Gernsback's "Prophets Of Doom" speech reprinted in four different publications; this is one of them. There is also a column by e e evers, some letters, and the rest is editor-written. (In a note sent with the mag, Mark said that he would appreciate more outside material if he could get more.) The material doesn't really affect me much in any way; it isn't good enough to cheer over, but it certainly isn't bad enough to pan, either. Which makes reviewing it rather hard. Rating...5

SAM #10 (Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028 - irregular - free for comment) I'm a little afraid to say anything about this one; my review of his last issue seems to have started him worrying about his fannish image (the notion of a fannish image was originated by either Ted White or Terry Carr, I think, and when I find out which one it was I'm going to Get Him for it). Here he's worried about the fan attitude towards "fannishness" implying conformity. Of course it does. There is nothing quite as conformist as the faanish-type fan; the term is quite properly descriptive. There is a convention report here; I hate to tell you, Steve, but writing convention reports is also terribly conformist. Everyone who is anyone writes convention reports, plus a lot of people who aren't anyone but would like to be. There is a long serious article on love; I know several people who could benefit from it. I don't agree with all his conclusions, but they seem saner than the average. (Some people might say that I could benefit from it, but I doubt that. Who wants to love fanzine editors?) Rating...6

OUTRE #2 (Al Kracalik, 1660 Ash St., Des Plaines, Illinois 60018 - irregular - 25¢)
I hate to say this, but this issue of OUTRE is a very good fanzine. The fiction by e e
evers (he's in all the rooms this month) is good, the articles are good, the reviews
are good, the artwork and reproduction is good. Not great, but good. (Incidentally, the
reason I hate to say it's good is not because I hate saying anything nice about fanzines
but because I don't like Kracalik. However, all that is beside the point, which is that
OUTRE is worth your quarter.) Rating....6½

ALEPH & OMEGA #1 (Bill Osten, Box 7133, Apex Station, Washington, D.C. 20004 - irregular
- free for comment - coed, Enid Jacobs) Another fanzine devoted to serious science fic-
tion, or devoted seriously to science fiction, or scientifically devoted to serious fic-
tion, or something of the sort. It's reasonably good. I'm beginning to suspect that I've
called too much fiction "above average"; I do believe that the average level of fan fic-
tion has risen in the past several months. Not much, maybe, but I haven't seen any writ-
ing of the caliber of PROBE or REALM OF FANTASY for quite some time, and I'm grateful
for small favors. Enid Jacobs has a good fantasy; I'd have enjoyed publishing that my-
self. Durk Pearson comes up with science fiction that should delight people like Lew
Grant, emphasizing as it does the present wonders of science. (It's remarkable what
Honeywell manages to put out without informing me.) e e evers is present again, but not
with any particularly memorable material this time. Rating....5

ISCARIOT #10 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 16, Alabama - quarterly - no
price listed - publisher, Richard Ambrose) Are you fellows still distributing this to
general fandom? Aside from a long article on Chinese mythology -- well, 3½ pages, to be
exact -- by Ambrose, this is entirely concerned with the Southern Fandom Press Alliance.
Mailing comments and the like. Since by an odd coincidence I received the last mailing,
they are meaningful to me, but I doubt if they would be to the average outsider.

POT FOURRI #31, 32 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern
Ireland - no price listed) This is mainly for SAPS members, with occasional trades. I
really don't know if the average fan -- that mythical creature -- can get a copy, but
it's worth trying. Both issues contain articles on that new branch of philately; col-
lecting "space" stamps. Thanks to Hector Pessina, I have most of the stamps that Berry
mentions and some that he doesn't, so I know what he's talking about. (I don't know
where John gets his stamps, but it seems particularly appropriate to fandom that I
should be getting my copies of Russian, French, Nigerian, etc. stamps from a friend in
Argentina. What other group gives you this kind of contacts?) These are all editor-
written, by one of the most entertaining writers in fandom. He can't make old English
architecture very entertaining, but he does pretty well on everything else. (And even
in architecture he does better than the guide books.....) Rating..7

KIPPLE #50, 51 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212 - monthly
or oftener - 20¢) Just happened to think; Meridene is probably the only 'dene drive
that is actually producing anything..... Juanita was quite pleased with the comments
on the Churchill history in #51; she got the set for Christmas and agrees thoroughly
with Ted's comments. The paperbacks, at \$5 for the set, are a real bargain. Ted is
still attacking Heinlein for advocating the "success is its own justification" school
of morality. I can agree with him that there must be a better system, but -- this is
the system that is and always has been used by humanity. Forms of it are used by the
same liberals who denounce its implications. Heinlein may be morally wrong in advocating
it, but don't lose sight of the fact that he is prophetically right in predicting it as
the basis for his future society. If it's horrible -- and it is, to any lover of abstract
justice -- then human society is horrible, always has been and probably always will be.
In #50, Walt Willis says that while a corporate entity like an ant colony is incapable
of progress, humanity's individualists will do better by faithfully cooperating and
thus imitating a corporate entity. (Of course, he didn't say it in those words, but
that's what it boils down to. Idealistic liberal philosophy is a wonderful thing.)

Rating....7

The Novel That

Was Not Written

JOHN BOARDMAN

During the latter part of the tenth century, King Harald Fairhair united the previously independent jarls and landholders of Norway under his rule. Many of the proud-spirited Norwegian gentry objected to this unification and, gathering their retainers together, sailed off to settle in Ireland or Iceland, or to plunder the southern realms. One of these Vikings was a nephew of the King, a headstrong psychotic who had fruitlessly wooed a jarl's daughter of great beauty. Frustrated almost to madness, this nephew crashed her wedding, killed her, severely wounded her bridegroom, stole a ship, and went off raiding in the Hebrides and Ireland.

The grieved widower, a jarl who supported Harald's rule, sailed off on a voyage of revenge as soon as he was recovered. With an experienced veteran Viking as his right-hand man, this young jarl seized a bay in Ireland as a raiding base after bringing under his command two less skillful captains who had already settled there. The local peasantry submitted to his relatively mild rule, and he proceeded to build up his strength with raids while awaiting an attack from his arch-enemy.

By adroit generalship and diplomacy, this jarl was able to raid coastal cities which had previously been secure from Viking attack. This eventually led to an open break with King Harald, and he attracted to his command others of the King's disillusioned supporters. By this time the jarl comes to the realization that he is no longer a plundering Viking pirate, taking no thought for the morrow, but a responsible ruler of his own kingdom. He refuses to become involved in the struggles of King Harald against the jarls of Norway, and instead allies himself with a powerful European monarch. When he finally catches up with his bride's murderer, and splits his skull with an ax, the act of revenge is anticlimactic. The Viking jarl finally marries into a noble house of his ally's kingdom, and settles down to be a European king.

This plot could have made a rattling good historical novel. Instead, H. Beam Piper set it several thousand years in the future and called it Space Viking. More and more, science-fiction is becoming the lazy man's historical novel. A novel placed in the time of King Harald Fairhair would have required painstaking research, so that it might be historically accurate and convincing. Piper instead invents his own cosmos, with planets instead of Hebridian islands, places his Vikings in faster-than-light space ships operating through the hackneyed "subspace", and arms them with fusion weapons. Instead of historical anachronisms we now have scientific and sociological impossibilities, but science-fiction readers are notoriously uncritical of discrepancies of this sort.

Piper seizes the opportunity to argue most of his pet positions on politics and sociology. The idea that a democracy can never function, but must inevitably give way to a vulgar socialistic demagogue, is endemic in the thoughts of apologists for tyranny from Plato to Rand. Piper dresses up this argument and, instead of applying it to real historical instances where it might not be completely irrelevant, invents his own examples. Space Viking, like his paratime series, declares the ideal government to be an aristocracy where the rulers rule the inferior classes rather than fussing about their material well-being. At the end of the book, his

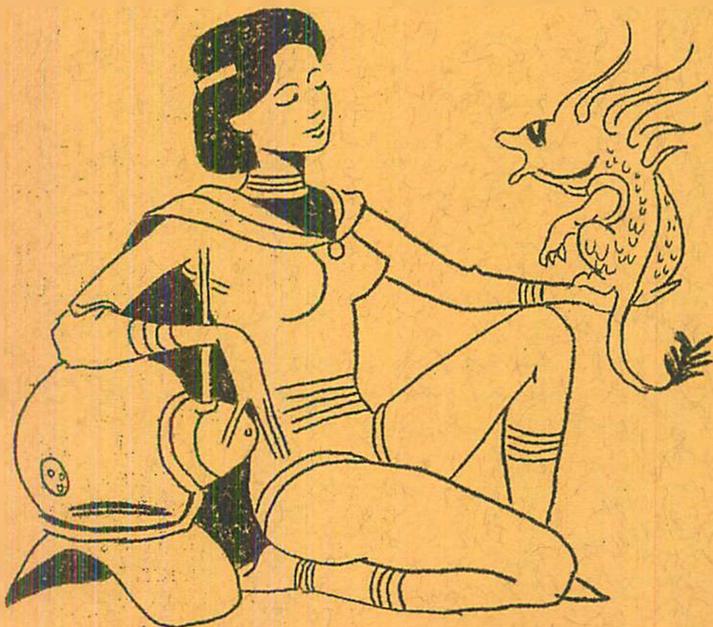
bloody-handed Viking hero expresses Piper's cynical and autocratic judgment. "A ruler must be willing to use force and shed blood to enforce his rule...a ruler cannot afford to be guided by his fears of what people will say about him. Not even what history will say about him. A ruler's only judge is himself."

Piper proposes, as a check on potential tyranny, an armed populace which can instigate an assassination or insurrection at any sign of a ruler's exceeding his authority. This argument was refuted last November in Dallas. Long before, it was refuted in the Iceland whose Vikings Piper so admires. These refugees from the "tyranny" of Harald Fairhair set up a society so loose and anarchic that it finally collapsed in a welter of blood feuds in the thirteenth century. Snorre Sturlason, the greatest poet and lawyer of his time, finally betrayed the whole mess into the rule of the King of Norway, who imposed law and order at last.

Piper is so convinced that the historical patterns of the past will be repeated after mankind goes into space, that he has reconstituted recognizable nations and cultures in this novel. The British Empire becomes the "Kingdom of Marduk" until it is overthrown by a patent imitation of Adolf Hitler, who gains power because the Mardukian aristocracy starts worrying about serving the people instead of ruling them. The "Gilgameshites" are clannish interplanetary traders who wear long beards and coats, observe numerous dietary laws, and are persecuted by the Mardukian demagogue. (Piper even resuscitates the old joke about the three Jews on a desert island, a sort of humor which one might hope would not get a foothold in science-fiction.)

Piper's approach to adventure fiction might be contrasted with that of his fellow-Philadelphian, L. Sprague de Camp. When de Camp turned to the writing of historical fiction a few years ago, he did it the hard way. His works (An Elephant for Aristotle, The Bronze God of Rhodes, and The Dragon of the Ishtar Gate) are genuine historical novels which show the effect of much diligent research into the times and lands through which his heroes move. When a Persian cavalry trooper rides on stage in a de Camp novel, he is not only clad and armed correctly, but he also has the opinions and outlook on life that might be expected of a Persian cavalry trooper of the time of the story. Nor do these novels become didactic tracts on the nature of Man and Society. They are simply good adventure stories, in

which the attention of the reader is not distracted by societies which simply could not co-exist with the technology of the times.



"Coulson, you are abrupt, blunt, blustering, bold, brusque, coarse, uncivil, discourteous, flippant, impolite, frank, inconsiderate, open, plain-spoken, rough, rude, and unmannerly. What's more, you're what-the-hell, sarcastic, biting, and you wouldn't give a damn if the world blew away in a puff of smoke, as long as you weren't on it."

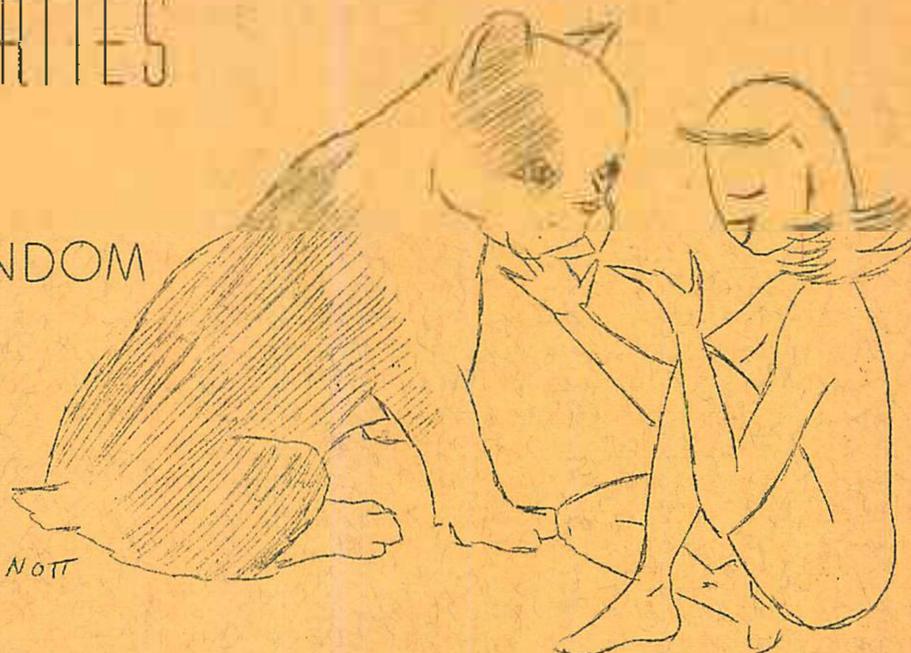
I also have a thick hide. But don't misunderstand, people; the above was written by a friend; (What my enemies say isn't malleable.....) And it does seem accurate..... RSC

FUN IN THE FORTIES

— or —

WHEN THIRD FANDOM WAS IN FLOWER

bob
tucker



Al Ashley and E.E. Evans are remembered for the wrong things. When Al is remembered at all today, or is reprinted in some prehistoric anthology, the remembrance is built around one of two catch phrases which were attributed to him in his heyday--catch-phrases which have since been carefully built into a legend by Al, his friends and enemies. "AA-194" is supposed to refer to his superior IQ. "You bastard, said Al Ashley", is supposed to reflect the man's sparkling conversation. Yet he was the co-author of Lez-ettes. Who remembers that?

E.E. Evans is remembered for a host of things, most of them less than complimentary. He was a sparkplug of the N3F during its first two or three years, and kept it from dying in the cradle; he handed out money by the fistful to insolvent editors to keep their fanzines going; and he did not deserve all the smears that later tarred him. He, too, was a co-author of Lez-ettes, but who remembers that?

Lez-ettes were six line jokes, or puns, or stinkers--depending on where you sat. They told a complete short story (and sometimes a novel) in three lines of plot. They began appearing in the Jun 1941 issue of Le Zombie and continued erratically for two years, ending with a set contributed by Art Widner. Perhaps he wanted to end them. Ashley and Evans originated the idea and contributed the vast bulk of them; a few others were the work of Jack Wiedenbeck, Walt Liebscher, and myself. Mine can be identified by the poor quality.

Sometimes a Lez-ette would be set in a box by itself:

| |
|---------------------|
| chapter 1: Ooze |
| chapter 2: Years |
| chapter 3: Youse |

But most often they would be set in a long rectangle running across the bottom of the page:

| | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| chapter 1: Vampire | chapter 1: Jupiter | chapter 1: Dragon |
| chapter 2: Mirror | chapter 2: Red Spot | chapter 2: Long tail |
| chapter 3: Longtime no see | chapter 3: Measle | chapter 3: Draggin |

They made excellent space fillers, irritated a few readers and prompted letters, and some of them were funny as well. The following is a collection from fifteen issues of LeZ. They have been compressed to save space and the poor typist.

(Read across:)

| <u>Chapter 1.</u> | <u>Chapter 2.</u> | <u>Chapter 3.</u> |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Jupiter | Gravity | Grease spot |
| Scientist | Experiment | Bang! |
| ESP | "Ah!" | Slap! |
| Explorer | Moon | No crackers |
| Spacehound | Sun | Hot dog. |
| Sun | None | All done |
| Prison | Nitrous-oxide | Silicon |
| Constellation | Constipation | Nova |
| Space Man | Space Warp | Stiff Neck |
| Barsoom | Bar room | Four moons |
| Pong | Pun | Zombie |
| Teleportation | Venus | Glug |
| Fan club | Feud | New fan club |
| Meteor | Law of chance | !!! |
| Yngvi | Sirius | Scratch! |
| Ghouls | Corpse | Core |
| Proton | Cyclotron | Wheeee! |
| Spacesuit | Itch | !*%\$! |
| Elixir | Immortality | Ho-hum |

(and finally, those contributed by Widner:)

| | | |
|------------|---------------|--------------|
| Moon | Meteor Shower | Swiss Cheese |
| Rocket Sub | Kraken | Hamburger |
| Koenig | Spacesuit | Ssssssss! |

That last will probably be lost on almost everyone by Harry Warner. Let him explain it--it will give him the necessary excuse to write his semi-annual letter to this sterling publication.

Meanwhile, who will revive the fine art and submit a Yandro-ette?

EMULATING

MICKEY SPILLANE

article byALEXEI PANSHIN

I

My thesis for today is that most science fiction readers don't like science fiction very much, or at least the bulk of the sf published today, and with pretty good reason: and I'm convinced the answer is to emulate Mickey Spillane.

We all know there is a very high turnover rate among sf readers, and those who stay with the field just don't read as much sf as they used to. The reason is simple enough. Averaging fat periods and lean periods, and being generous about it, let us say there are five good science fiction novels and twenty good short stories published each year.

If I had to define "good" for you I might reduce my figures, so ask for no definitions.

When a youngster gets hooked on sf, he has a twenty-year backlog of perhaps 100 sf novels and 400 sf shorts that are worth reading. He starts buying two or three of the magazines and most of the paperbacks that hit the stands. And if he's really hooked he becomes a fan.

Now 90% of the new pieces he reads are bad by any standard, but for two or three years that 90% figure is diluted by this backlog of twenty years. What it means is that perhaps only 25% of what he reads is bad, 40% is worth reading once, and 35% is worth keeping and reading again.

But in a short time, that twenty-year backlog is exhausted and sf loses another reader. It is just too much effort to sort through the junk to find the 25 good sf pieces published each year, not to mention mind-rotting.

II

By Sturgeon's rule, 90% of everything is bad, but this ought not to be so about science fiction. And believe me, it's not wishful thinking that makes me say this.

There isn't a person with the brains to write a saleable science fiction story who believes that he is going to make an amount of money that could not be made twice as easily elsewhere. If a writer wants to write trash for money, there are markets that want trash and pay well for it.

The truth is that anybody writing sf these days writes it because he wants to write science fiction. An sf writer whom I like personally, but whose stories usually leave me unmoved told me that he writes only science fiction because for him it is the only game in town.

A girl I know tells me that if you do it for money, you don't have to do it well, but if you do it for love, you damned well ought to.

I wish the run of sf writers felt the same way.

III

Sf is in poor shape, but it ought not to be. Why is it in the shape it's in?

One reason, near to my heart, was given by James Blish in the September 1962 issue of F&SF. He said, "This fits nicely with my hypothesis that most s-f authors cling to the genre because it doesn't require them to reveal themselves."

He was talking about sex in science fiction. Limiting his statement to that, he is completely dead wrong. Sex in itself is no sign of mature thinking or writing, as witness bedroom historical novels (George Washington slept here) and the run of paperback detective novels. Impurgation didn't improve any of the Galaxy-Beacon paperbacks that I saw.

Taking his statement out of context, however, he is right. What is needed in science fiction, as in any fiction, is some depth of emotional relationships. If you want to hurt someone in the ordinary sf story, you kick him in the gut. How many sf stories have you read where a character was deeply and genuinely hurt by a simple word?

Sf writers, by and large, haven't shown a great deal of interest in stretching themselves, though the harder it is for a writer to get something down, the more reason he has for putting it on paper. When a writer feels pain, it means he is probing at a basic nerve. If he can communicate his universal, he can carry a lot of ideas and a lot of truth with it.

Theodore Sturgeon is one who writes almost entirely about basics, or tries to. In recent years he has been wildly wrong a good deal of the time, but even at his worst he has never been dull. And when he's been right, he's been turning out stories like "And Now the News" and "The Graveyard Reader".

Beyond the simple fact that writing deeply is difficult, we've been getting a lot of bad science fiction because the editors in the field have not been demanding anything better.

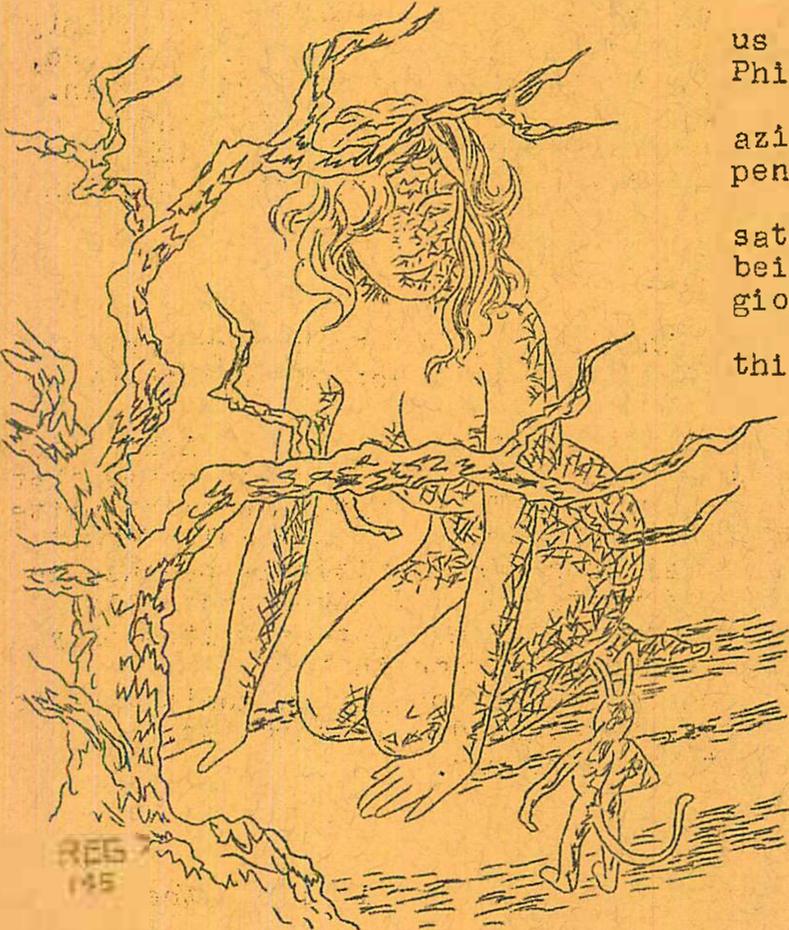
Campbell has been giving us the two-headed halfwit, Mark Phillips.

Mills gave us little-magazine fragments, most of them impenetrable.

Gold gave us blunt-needed satire and loaded cigars, like being at an endless American Legion convention.

These are the sort of things that these editors like themselves, and because this sort of thing is easier to do than honest writing, this is the sludge sf authors have been turning out. In spite of this, however, I doubt that there is an sf editor anywhere - with the possible exception of Cele Goldsmith - who would not buy a good story if it was submitted to them. They may not ask for them, but they won't turn them down.

I don't like Fred Pohl's stories, but I do believe he is a good editor. It's too



soon to judge Avram Davidson, but he may well be a good editor, too. I don't believe either of them would turn down a good story if they could find one.

IV

So, by-and-large, sf writers are giving us junk because, by-and-large, the editors aren't demanding anything better. And, of course, having to get magazines out on a regular schedule, the editors can't always pick and choose. The result is interest lost in sf.

What can be done?

No help is likely to come from outside the field. Sf does not pay well enough to attract good outside writers, for one thing. For another, the sort of science fiction that is popular with the general public is far worse than the very worst trash produced within the field.

THE JETSONS manages to be more stupid than Robert Silverberg ever dreamed of being. The second and third best-selling novels on Time's Best Seller List now, Knebel and Bailey's SEVEN DAYS IN MAY and Burdick and Wheeler's FAIL-SAFE, are both only one step less cautious than TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC MARTINI-MIXER. They serve merely to confirm the deep suspicions that the general public already has, that the military is no damn good and that one of these days somebody may make a mistake and blow us all apart.

The best-selling novel today happens to be sf too--Drury's A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE--and it is not content with being simply stupid or simply cautious, but manages to combine both in one great ill-written economy package.

So we can't expect outsiders to set our house in order.

Now, deny it though you may, every true sf fan sits at home scribbling sf stories with Number Two pencils on yellow legal length notepads. Every sf fan desires earnestly to be a dirty pro. But then, what sort of stories do they turn out?

Fred Pohl says, "I swear, I don't know what goes on in some people's heads. I must get fifty imitation Pohl stories a month."

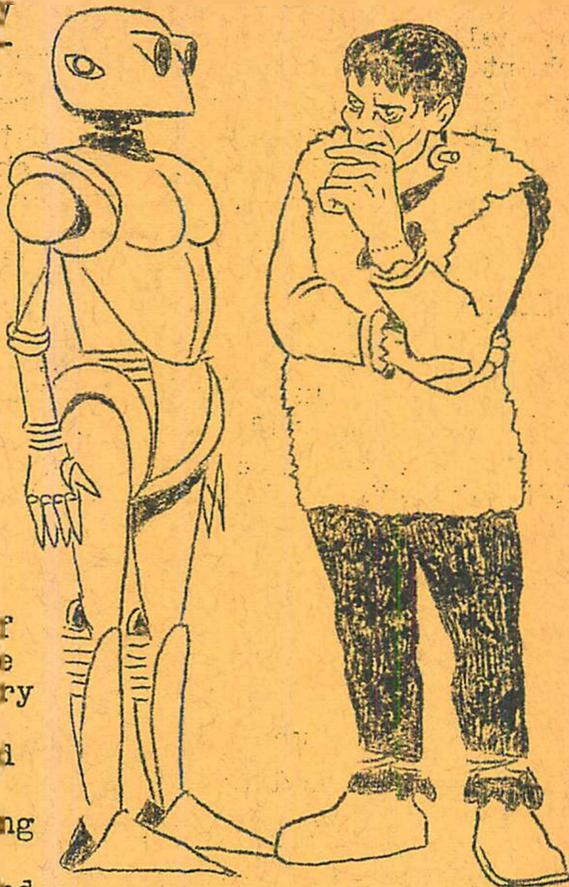
Avram Davidson gets Avram Davidson stories.

John Campbell gets Robert Silverberg stories (the pen is the pen of Silverberg, but the mind is the mind of Campbell, Jr.)

Now if this is the junk you like to read, which I do sincerely doubt, continue to try to write it, but if it isn't, what the hell are you doing?

I admire Mickey Spillane. Somebody once asked him why he wrote. He said, "I write the sort of story I like to read and can't find." I can't admire him for his taste in reading material, but I can admire him for getting off his duff and doing something about supplying it.

Anybody who likes science fiction and tries to write it, couldn't do any worse than emulate Mickey Spillane. It may take a year to write a short story you can take pride in, but that's a lot better than trying to do an imitation of Fred Pohl simply because you think



it may sell.

Robert Heinlein once wrote, "Once I am through with a story I can forget it so completely that I can read it for pleasure at a later time." For me, the important part of that statement is the fact that he can read his stories for pleasure. That should be the aim of anybody who tries to write science fiction, or any sort of fiction for that matter.

And, who knows, you may make a lot of people happy in the process.

As for me, well, I have this little yarn I've been nursing along. It's different.

You see, there's this guy and he's got this giant brain growing in his basement, and it's a girl brain. That's the basic situation--now all I have to do is figure out an ending.

Maybe Campbell will buy it.

SONNET TO ALL THE BRAVE FAN WRITERS

by Raymond L. Clancy

Much have I wandered in the realm of 'zines
And pondered on the things I saw therein,
Some were, to tell the truth, a bloody sin;
And other things not worth a hill of beans.
But each had labored well within his means,
I saw, who would some poem or tale begin
And somehow crawl away without his skin,
And leave a tangled mess of words and scenes.

But once I saw within a fanzine's words
Some words of mine that coyly therein shrunk
Like little bees at flowers with the birds,
And much I fear that then my spirits sunk,
To think I turned them out in such great herds,
And confidently. How the darn things stunk!

SENSE OF WONDER

by E. E. Evers

It fades, this inner eye of intellect,
Like love, not of age but of neglect.

For the name-collectors: A Miss Orpha Book has been appointed reference librarian at Manchester College.

GOLDEN MINUTES X

SKYLARK OF VALERON, by Edward E. Smith, Ph.D. (Pyramid, 40¢) This is the third volume in the "Skylark" series, and the final one, at least until and if a proposed Skylark DuQuesne is published. It is also probably the best of the series. After muddling along in Skylark Three, rehashing old ideas under new names, Smith shows up with some of his famed inventiveness in this one, with a voyage into hyperspace and some aliens with really different powers, not just more powerful versions of human abilities. The writing and particularly the conversation creaks at times -- judging from the more recent Galaxy Primes Smith has never learned how to write believable conversation -- but at least here the plot and the grandiose concepts help make up for the defects. If you want a good example of the writing of the Thirties, when today's Grand Old Fans were young and their Sense of Wonder hadn't atrophied, here's a good example of it.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS, by Raymond F. Jones (Pyramid, 40¢) Bob Briney mentioned in a letter that Pyramid should be congratulated on bringing out a complete version of a 260-page novel without raising the price; for what it's worth, here are my congratulations and his. This was originally published in ASTOUNDING in 1944 as Renaissance, and reprinted by Gnome Press in 1951 under the same title. Surprisingly, this is the first time I'd read the story, and it surprised me by being a good example of the stf-adventure writing that I'm particularly fond of. (Surprised me because I'd never considered Jones as anything more than a capable, middle-class writer of the "Golden Age"; better than most of today's crop but dwarfed by the people around him like Heinlein, De Camp, Del Rey, Sturgeon, etc.) The plot is the well-worn one (well-worn now, that is; not when it was first written) of The New Civilization After A Catastrophe, and Jones gets the most out of the possibilities of varied inventions. The mingling of plot elements is reminiscent of Van Vogt, but unlike Van Vogt, Jones didn't leave any loose ends dangling at the end of the book -- or at least none that I saw. This is the best book of the month, and since it came out in December '63 it belongs on the next Hugo ballot. (I'm not sure that it deserves to win, but it definitely belongs on the ballot.) At the price, it's the best bargain I've seen for a long time.

THE WONDER WAR, by Laurence M. Janifer (Pyramid, 40¢) None of the above statements can be made for this one, which is a pretty poor excuse for a novel, both in length and quality. The length is 128 pages of fairly large print. The quality -- well, if you thought that "Mark Phillips" was a bad writer, just imagine the poorer half of that writing team is like. It's supposed to be humorous; I counted two places where it succeeded. In the main, it is absolutely the worst imitation of an Eric Frank Russell novel that I have ever read. It does have possibilities; if it had been polished a bit more -- say two more rewrites -- and condensed a little, it might have made a mediocre novelet. Or a fair-to-middling short story. As a novel, it smells.

RAIDERS FROM THE RINGS, by Alan E. Nourse (Pyramid, 40¢) Nothing is said about this being a juvenile, but it is. As such, it's a pretty good adventure novel, and appears to fill a niche in Nourse's future history outline. Veteran stf readers may find it a bit trite, but younger fans and newcomers to the field should like it. It isn't Heinlein or Norton, but it's a pretty fair example of the sort of juvenile novel that they write so well. (Also, it was originally published as a hardcover, so this will be its first appearance in the average fan's price-range.)

SWORDS & SORCERY, edited by L. Sprague De Camp (Pyramid, 50¢) The extra dime is for the illustrations, possibly. They're worth it; I think they're all reprints, but they are also all Finlay, which means they're good. (Some of them, in fact, are better than the stories they illustrate.) There are 8 stories: "The Valor of Cappen Varra", by Poul Anderson, from FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, "Distressing Tale of Thangobrind The Jeweler", by Lord

Dunsany, from The Book Of Wonder; "Shadows In The Moonlight", by Robert E. Howard, from WEIRD TALES; "The Citadel of Darkness", by Henry Kuttner, from STRANGE STORIES; "When The Sea King's Away", by Fritz Leiber, from FANTASTIC; "The Doom That Came To Sarnath", by H. P. Lovecraft, from MARVEL TALES; "Hellsgarde", by C. L. Moore, from WEIRD TALES; and "The Testament of Athammaus", by Clark Ashton Smith, from WEIRD TALES. None of them are really prime examples of swords-and-sorcery. The Anderson and the Moore come closest; the Kuttner is still good, and only the Smith epic is well below average. (Juanita read this to the accompaniment of occasional outburst of laughter, steady snickering, and remarks of "Oh, no!" She read it first; when I got around to it I saw why the unseemly merriment. Smith is not one to use a simple word when a complex one will serve, even if he has to stretch the meaning of the complex one to make it fit.) Other than this one stinker, however, all the stories are good enough to warrant reading. If you haven't already read them, grab the book. There is an added bonus in an introduction by De Camp.

THE UNKNOWN 5, edited by Don Bensen (Pyramid, 50¢) Maybe I won't have to complete my collection of UNKNOWN after all; I can just wait until Pyramid reprints all the stories. In this second collection from the magazine, Bensen has restricted himself to stories which have never before seen book publication. (One of them has never seen any publication before, being the Asimov story which was bought but never published by UNKNOWN. There's 50¢ worth right there; it isn't every day you get a brand new UNKNOWN story -- it isn't every day you get a new Asimov story, for that matter.) The other stories are "The Bargain", by Cleve Cartmill; "The Hag Séleen", by Theodore Sturgeon; "The Crest Of The Wave", by Jane Rice; and the novelet (or short novel; 80 pages) "Hell Is Forever", by Alfred Bester. These are not outstanding examples of UNKNOWN's fiction; all the best stories have been printed and reprinted for years. But they're still pretty good, and they will be new to a large number of fans. (And with copies of UNKNOWN selling at \$2 apiece, they are an unquestioned bargain.) There are illustrations by Cartier and Schoenherr; another thing Pyramid should be congratulated for is bringing back illustrations in books. Even reprint illustrations are better than nothing.

Dep't. of Second Thoughts: In my review of SKYLARK THREE a couple of months back, I mentioned that DuQuesne got killed off but would presumably be revived in the next book. The first part of SKYLARK OF VALERON is devoted to an explanation of how DuQuesne wasn't really killed after all; it was only a clever plastic disguise. He's still hale, hearty, and villainous at the end of this one.

THE SEARCH FOR ZEI/THE HAND OF ZEI, by L. Sprague De Camp (Ace, 40¢) Despite the double title, this is only one novel and was presented as such by ASTOUNDING back in 1950. (In them days, we had novels.) Avalon broke it in half for hardcover publication and Ace, while putting the halves back together (albeit leaving one of them abridged) has kept the double title. Anyway, under one title or two, it's a good story and I'm glad to have it in book form. Here is sword and sorcery as it should be swashbuckled.

News Notes: Paperback Library has reprinted THE OLD CHINA HANDS, by Charles G. Finney, at 50¢. (How about that; was Rudis' article in our last issue timely, or was it ever timely?) Not fantasy, but of interest -- at least, it was of interest to me. If you don't share my interests, that's your hard luck. Airmont has published LORDS OF ATLANTIS, by Wallace West, at 40¢, and with Airmont's distribution you may have to look hard to find it. (Providing you want to find it; it's a pretty outrageous plot, but sort of fun if you anesthetize part of your critical faculty.) Monarch seems to be putting out a new series of stf novels at 35¢; last couple have been DOOMSDAY WING by George H. Smith and THE HAMELIN PLAGUE by A. Bertram Chandler. I haven't read them yet; frankly, I keep looking at the titles and blurbs and shuddering. (THE HAMELIN PLAGUE, for example, seems to feature giant rats and contains a wise old scientist named Dr. Piper, and my stomach has been upset enough lately without my willfully absorbing this sort of thing.) The success of FAIL-SAFE has brought on a rash of atomic-tension novels. The latest effort is PURPLE 6, by British author Henry Brinton. Avon will sell you a copy for 60¢, if you're that desperate. I got mine second-hand for half price, which seems more reasonable. Avon is also offering PILGRIMAGE, Zenna Henderson's "People" series, for 50¢, which is a better bargain.

TRIUMPH, by Philip Wylie (Crest, 60¢) Wylie is slipping. His earlier propaganda novel, Tomorrow, was rather overloaded with Civil Defense propaganda, as several critics noted, but it also had some remarkably fine passages. His description of an atomic attack may not have been entirely correct and up-to-date, but it gave the horror of a modern air raid better than any other book that I've read. TRIUMPH, on the other hand, has all the propaganda and none of the good writing. (Although maybe it isn't propaganda, since I've never been able to figure out just what he's pushing; the obvious moral is the Heinleinesque Victory at any price, but he gives altogether too graphic a description of the price for his theme to be very palatable to most people. Possibly he's just being prophetic.) In any event, his characters are totally uninteresting -- an odd fault for Wylie -- and I'd have been just as happy if his entire group, clean-cut UN symbolism and all, had perished in the first blast. I suppose their tortured emotions are intended to evoke sympathy, but my only reaction was that they were all a pack of imbeciles.

WHITE AUGUST, by John Boland (Mayflower, 3/6) This is another one that you'll have to get from a British dealer, if you want it. It's not bad -- I read it while a junior grade blizzard was raging outside, which did serve to heighten the effect. It's another in the long series of British disaster books; this time the carefully unspecified Enemy causes a radioactive snowfall in England in August. The climax is well done; the story would have made a splendid novelet. Boland has padded it to novel length by adding a myriad of supposedly thrilling episodes which fail to advance the plot one iota. Aside from this rather tiresome feature, it's a moderately well-written book.

I took time out from book reading to peruse Jack Vance's THE STAR KING in the December and February GALAXYS. Vance is generally either very good or very bad; this is one of the first things I recall by him that is mediocre. It's not helped by very sloppy proofreading and a few cases of sloppy writing/editing. Example: our hero is after a specific villain, whose current alias he doesn't know. All he has deduced is that the villain must be one of three individuals, and he has set up interviews with each of the three. Going off to meet them, on page 81 of the Dec. issue: "He left to prepare for his encounter with the Star King." Now at this time, our hero hasn't got the foggiest notion that the villain is a Star King (a human-seeming alien). The reader knows it, but the hero is stupid, as usual. This lack of knowledge is emphasized on page 132 of the Feb. issue: "...then Grendel and the Star King must be one." Evidently Pohl and Vance both slipped up on that one. Our hero either has a prophetic subconscious, awfully slow reflexes, or both; at any rate he doesn't consciously figure out the implied relationship until at least 1/3 of the book past the place where it's first stated. (The rest of the story is better than this example, but not much.)

WATCH THE NORTHWIND RISE, by Robert Graves (Avon, 75¢) I bought this some time ago, when it first came out in paperback, but didn't get around to reading it until recently. (And if I hadn't been on an airplane with nothing else to do, I'd never have finished it when I did start it.) This is another of the old fantasy/stf classics, and a remarkably dull one. I don't so much mind Graves' habit of stopping the story to inject large chunks of philosophy; I mind because it's such damned stupid philosophy. Graves knocks down more straw men and fewer real ideas than the last John Birch Society pamphlet that I read. If you really want to become an expert on science-fiction and stf history, you'll have to read this -- but becoming a stf expert isn't really worth all that trouble.

WHO FEARS THE DEVIL?, by Manly Wade Wellman (Arkham House, \$4.00) Of course, I had to buy this one. It is the collected "John The Minstrel" series from F&SF, and I'd have to get "The Desrick On Yandro" in hardcovers. However, in addition to the name-relationship, it's a remarkably good book. The blend of folk-music, witchcraft, and mountain people is well done, and authentic. I've known quite a few people from the Kentucky and Tennessee hills, and they talk, act, and think like the characters Wellman describes. Some of the wilder animals -- the Behinder, and the Flat, and others -- are genuine mountain legends; I heard them originally from a friend in high school. The folk music seems somewhat less authentic; I suspect that Wellman changed a few lines here and there to make them fit his plot. But it's still good.

(snatched off the memo pad by NETTIE OTT)

Telephone Message FOR

Mr. _____

WHILE YOU WERE

- | | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Asleep | <input type="checkbox"/> Tight | <input type="checkbox"/> In conference |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Playing golf | <input type="checkbox"/> Coffeeing | <input type="checkbox"/> Helling around |
| <input type="checkbox"/> In the tap room | <input type="checkbox"/> On the can | <input type="checkbox"/> Sobering up |

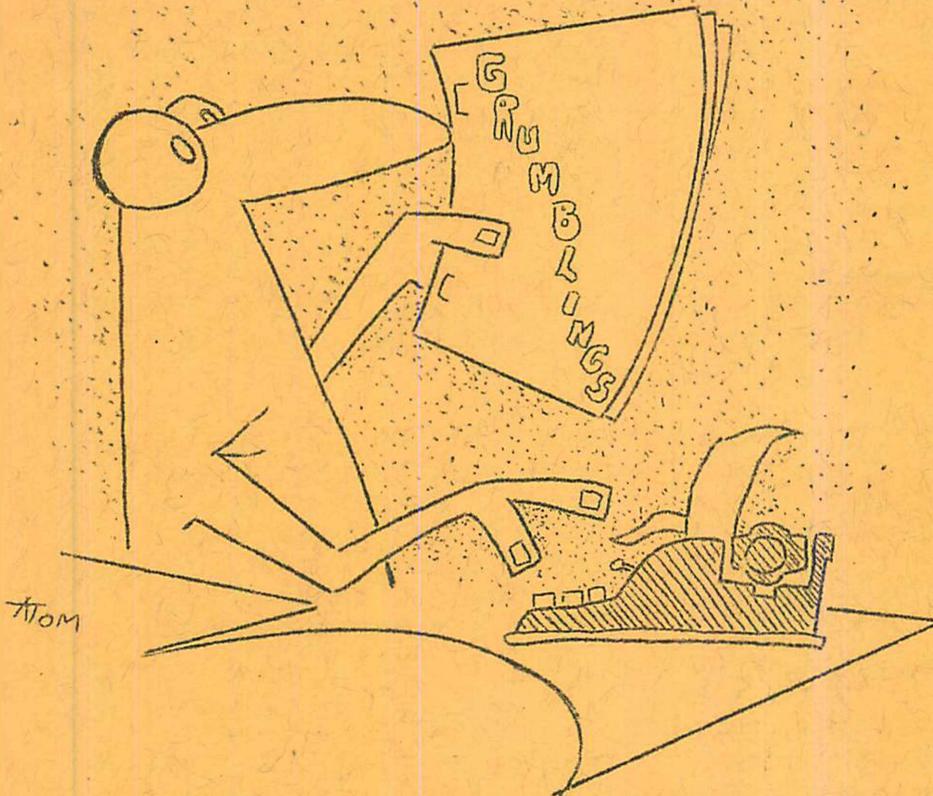
YOUR

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|-----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wife | <input type="checkbox"/> Mother-in-law | <input type="checkbox"/> Lawyer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Red Head | <input type="checkbox"/> Brunette |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Finance Co. | <input type="checkbox"/> Banker | <input type="checkbox"/> Broker |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookie | <input type="checkbox"/> Agent | <input type="checkbox"/> Big Boss |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Publisher | <input type="checkbox"/> Doctor | <input type="checkbox"/> Son |

CALLED AND LEFT WORD FOR YOU TO

- Telephone immediately
- Bring home some
- Get Rid of the girl -----
- Return, the coast is clear
- Marry the girl
- Pay
- Send check P.D.Q. -----
- Cover that overdraft
- Furnish additional margin
- Gettthe hell out of town
- Pay your bets
- Come by the apartment
- Drop dead
- Stop by the office
- Lend 'em \$ -----
- Hurry Home
- Don't forget to -----
- I need -----

ODDS AND ENDS DEPARTMENT: A number of fans have recommended enthusiastically the new (reasonably) Crest pb reprint of MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS FROM THE EARTH. I concur, but wonder why all these fans chortle as tho this was the first such irreverant discussion in this form cheaply available. Charles Eskine Scott Wood's HEAVENLY DISCOURSE covers a lot of the same material ("JESUS: Father, were you and mother ever married?"), and I bought a pb edition in the early fifties, priced at something like 35¢ (we have since acquired a hardcover edition, so I can't recite any particulars on publisher, etc). In short, Twain is quite entertaining, but this has been done a few times before. JWC



Charles Platt, 8 Soller-
shot West, Letchworth,
Herts., England

I can't quite make out how healthy the sf field is at present, I've had so many conflicting points of view forced upon me. John Carnell, editor of our New Worlds magazine, is convinced the digest-sized magazine we know of old is doomed; in 5 years, he says, there will be none left. As I expect you know, New Worlds and Science Fan-tasy, the last of the home-produced magazines, are closing next March, due to steadily decreasing sales. Carnell says the picture is universal.

But then we have an editorial in Amazing stressing how healthy the

mag field is at present; and we have paperback books selling like never before, more good sf titles being issued each month.

And we also have a 'dead' feel to the field of amateur work over here. There are one or two live spots around the country, where enthusiastic groups have been formed, but in general apathy is the rule. Membership of the British SF Association is only a little over 160 or 170. And this is composed at least 50% of people who absorb and don't give a thing.

If you know of any enthusiastic would-be authors, or even more important, artists, who would like to see their work in a spirit duplicated English fanzine, let me know! Either that, or perhaps you could mention my name and address to them. Contributions to PoV are sparse and few and far between, and I'm getting fed up with doing all the art myself. The trouble is, there is no group of fans behind my mag -- just me; so I have no one to fall back on for help.

✓Okay, you contributors, another market opens. He likes fiction, too. Since Amazing's circulation dropped several thousand between Jan. '63 and Jan. '64, I suspect that editorial was a bit of whistling in the dark. RSC7

Rick Brooks, R.R. #1, Fremont, Indiana

Kennedy is a prime example of a man who almost fifty per cent of the nation were vilifying -- then he is shot, and overnight he is a saint, another Lincoln, even another Christ. People think they can shake any guilt by long, loud, and - in view of the foregoing - virtually meaningless praise. It renews my faith in the human race.

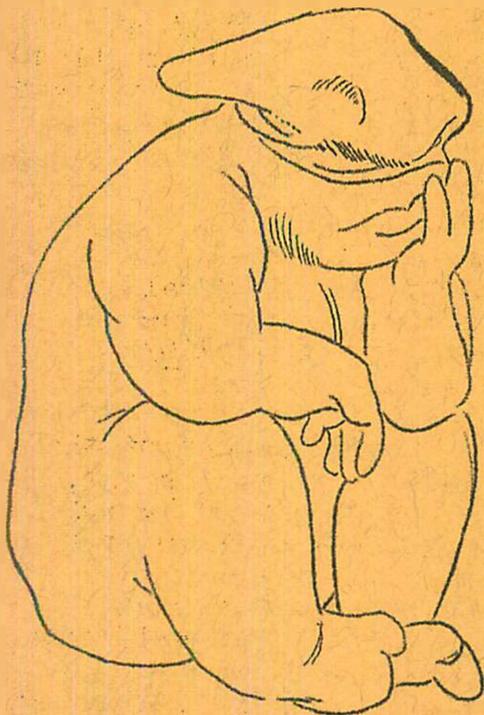
The hue and cry on religion rather amuses me. I decided long ago that there wasn't enough data for one to get an answer. After all, proving the existence or non-existence of God is like trying to plot a curve from two points. You pays your money and you takes your choice, to mangle an old quotation.

A pat on the back to Len Bailes for the line in his letter that reads: "I want to believe, but I'm not quite sure what I want to believe in." This sums up my position better than I could. Re the remark on authors after the last letter: I find the stories of Heinlein/deCamp/Kuttner era pleasing. The earlier era of DocSmith/Campbell/Don Stuart had a small handful of writers that stood out head and shoulders above their contemporaries. Maybe it was this fact that made them seem so good. Now days it's pretty hard to get a badly written story. It's also very hard to get hold of a story that moves me like some of the old favorites. Andre Norton, Clifford Simak, Eric Frank Russell and occasionally Chris Anvil impress me. Poul Anderson and John Brunner are very competent at space opera. It rarely moves me, but they never let me down. Howard, Merritt, and Lovecraft are dead, C.L. Moore writes for (echh) TV. Oh well, we still got Fritz Leiber, Jr. and JRR Tolkien.

/Rick also said something about not objecting to gun registration although he is a gun owner, but the ink smeared and it isn't all decipherable. (Remember people, we get rain and snow in these rural mailboxes sometimes.) As far as their work goes, I couldn't care less whether Howard, Merritt and Lovecraft are dead or alive (and if he doesn't improve over his last couple of efforts I'll feel the same about Simak). Leiber is a nice man, but he writes awfully dull fiction. RSC/

Peter Alderson Smith, Jettyfields, Braunston, Nr. Rugby, England

Thanks for Yandro 130, which arrived yesterday morning. A good ish this time. As far as steam radio goes you--by which I mean Americans in general--have certainly got us licked SFwise, but, despite TWILIGHT ZONE, I think we've got the edge on you when it comes to TV. Thinking back about as far as I've been interested in SF, there were the Quatermass serials, QUATERMASS, QUATERMASS II, and QUATERMASS AND THE PIT. I think they've all been shown over there in one form or another. One of them was stuck together as a film and renamed THE CREEPING HORROR or something like that, but I can't remember which one it was. Then we had an interesting and uncorny play called 2000-60, about a crank who'd sent a missile at London sixty minutes from the year 2000, when no one could stop it. In the end they knocked it off with one of the old fool's own weather stations. Then there was the play NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT, which started off, without any warning at all, with a "message" from an actor disguised as MacMillan, to the effect that a satellite of unknown origin was hovering over London, thereby throwing the country into panic, in exactly the same way as WAR OF THE WORLDS threw the U.S.A. into panic. Then there were the two Andromeda serials, A FOR ANDROMEDA and THE ANDROMEDA something. I believe it was MYSTERY, which were both written by Fred Hoyle and very good. After that came the excellent, really excellent, OUT OF THIS WORLD series, which was a series of hour-long plays adapted pretty closely from good short stories by authors like Damon Knight and John Wyndham, introduced by Boris Karloff. At



present there is a children's serial running called DR WHO--AN ADVENTURE IN SPACE AND TIME. I have only seen one episode so far, but that was by no means so badly acted or even so juvenile as children's serials usually are. I have been told to expect a series of dramatisations of H.G.Wells' short stories, But I'm beginning to wonder where it's got to.

We do pretty well as far as fantasy's concerned also, but for one reason or another I usually seem to miss those. There was a really great play last term, called THE RING STONES, I think, but as I said, it was in the term and so I missed it.

Brak the Barbarian, the central character of "Witch of the Four Winds", was in another John Jakes story, "Devils in the Walls", in the May '63 Fantastic, by the way. Due my perpetual enormous backlog of books and prozines I've only recently read that ish, so I remember that supremely unforgettable story while you've done the natural thing.

"A Doddering Column", much as I hate to say it about a good friend of mine, or, rather, his article, is much too long. He's not frightfully funny, and though one or two pages of this would make nice, light reading, but ten is just plain boring. His remark about the woman who thought war had been declared reminds me of the time I let a very good weed-killer-and-sugar bomb off in my backyard. One old man in the village went belting off into the country because he thought a real live missile had landed.

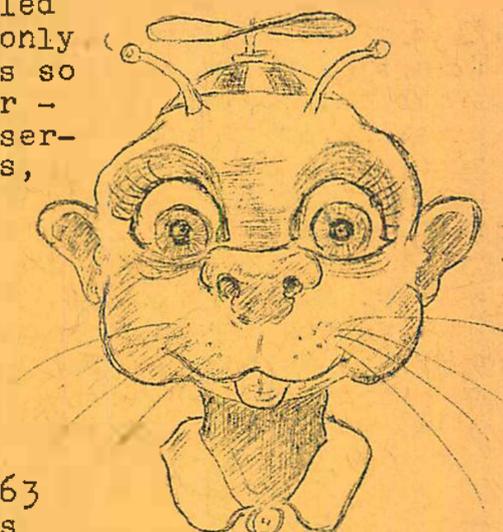
Both the first two Quatermass plays were made into movies. (Refilmed, with Brian Donlevy as Quatermass, not just "stuck together" from the tv series.) The first was THE CREEPING UNKNOWN and the second ENEMY FROM SPACE. Both well worth seeing, especially since both movies chopped out Kneale's rather heavy-handed treatment of religion.

RSC/

George Wells, P.O. Box 486, Riverhead, N.Y. 11902

I've come to the conclusion and principle of living that it really doesn't matter much whether or why on liking Bob Dylan so I shant bother worrying about it or be defensive to myself. (Oh writing these letters to you is such good therapy.) I think I'll go out and buy all kinds of terrible stuff and LIKE them -- just to practise. But then--I guess I'd start worrying again on whether I like them or not, and why and stuff like that. No. Anyway, I shant force myself on or off anything! Now to face the conflict when I see the next ERB ace book and question myself on buying it!) Well, actually I guess I enjoy buying ERB books. Why do they have to be so woozy? (I couldn't think of what it is they are, so woozy it is.) I'm talking about their content. They're awfully woozy or slunkum or whatever you call it. (Does speed reading help--I mean it'd be over sooner speed reading a Burroughs book -- but then, oof, I'd be able to read MORE or them and that-ud be worse maybe. But then soon I'd have read them all and have gotten the whole sickening prospect over with. (Then I'd start on Sax Rohmer or Otis Kline or someone possibly as bad.) It looks like I'm the eternal pessimist or something--every possible way out looks like a quick detour back to where I started.

Why would a Fort fan join Burroughs Bibliophiles? Are you inferring that both groups are wacko? (That was my first interpretation.) Some



of those Burroughs Bibliophiles members seem a bit far gone on Burroughs. It was reading them reminisce about Burroughs books that made me wish I could buy them. I couldn't buy them for so long that now I simply HAVE to buy them cause I've got this fixation that they're rare little treasures of literature cause I've heard it so long. And those titles. For years I've been hearing of THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, THE MOON MAID, THE ETERNAL LOVER, THE MAD KING, THE MONSTER MEN, THE SWORDS OF MARS, AT THE EARTH'S CORE, etc., and have had my imagination tinkled and famplazitized with the wondrous fancies these titles have inspired in my deep, swampy, juvenile mind. These books must be great--I thought. Now I find just the titles are great. (Great means imaginative.) (Well, some of what ERB writes is pretty greatly imaginative, but they fall far short of my fertile expectations.)

Now to tackle Yandro 130. RAMBLINGS: Ah - "grandiose announcements by neos" strikes home deeply. Today I re-read the early SICK ELEPHANT in which I asked for contributions to buy a ditto and pu a 20 to 40 page zine, and at the other end of the spectrum, my letter from CRY in which I bitterly lashed out at fandom for my lack of glory. Actually, I find them both such great examples of their kind that I'm almost proud that I could've produced such perfect, perfectly funny, and perfectly balanced serious-tongue-in-cheek examples of this famous form. When I say "serious-tongue-in-cheek" I mean that actually I wasn't sure what I was doing at the time and kept switching back and forth between words.

Speaking of that emotional non-sequitir business, I used to have a hell of a time. I'd heard somebody on tv say that whenever somebody says "It takes all kinds" actually they're saying the opposite--that there's something really wrong with being different in whatever the way is that is under discussion. So I started saying "It takes all kinds" when friends said something that couldn't make any important difference by any stretch of the imagination. Like if someone said: "I had eggs for breakfast", I'd say "It takes all kinds". It was a bad habit. I was in a small group of people only half of which I knew and this girl close to me and one of my best friends were talking about ice skating. She said "I love to ice skate." and I said "Well, it takes all kinds." I can't describe the look she had. She was really stunned --she obviously had started hating me furiously and started wondering frightenedly what was wrong with ice skating. She was pretty worried. I haven't done it since, though I still think it's pretty funny. But I did prove that when you say "It takes all kinds" it does not make people think you are tolerant, but just the opposite. Especially when the different kinds of people you are talking about are ice skaters and non-ice skaters.

Mike Deckinger: I'm pleasantly surprised at Krenkel winning. (This was the first I knew of it.) Seeing his works on covers at a newsstand really seems strange and wonderful. His covers might even be worth the price of the book alone--but then they might have to be. As for awards, they should go to whoever wins, it seems to me--but then I'm terribly simple minded. Whether a book wins or not should reflect on the book, not on the award. This seems so evident to me I must put all glorification of awards in the same place as other vain things like monuments etc.--the Kennedy memorials popping up around the country leave me completely cold (cept that my funny bone is glowing red and white). I suppose to some people's minds a work gains something when it wins an award, but to me it remains the same.

Gene DeWeese: Go see VAMPIRE AND THE BALLERINA. It was so bad I couldn't even understand it. Would you please explain it to me? (It's about ballerina students who dance around sticking out their rear ends

and get caught going into a vampire's castle to escape the rain and getting into love triangles with the vampire and his vampire wife, who constantly quarrel about who has power over whom by sucking each other's blood, which makes them younger and their mate older but more'n that I don't understand.) It played with THE ROAD TO HONG KONG with Crosby and Hope, which was sort of a takeoff on James Bond before DOCTOR NO was made; I think it's full of stuff that's funny 'cause it can be taken dirtily and I don't think it was good either but it might've been. It came after VAMPIRE AND THE BALLERINA and my mind was still trying to figure out THAT one.

Bob Smith: I read Dr. Doolittle while in high school. I had always wanted to read it before and never had the chance and felt like shocking my English teacher with her darned book reading lists we had to turn in. So I alternated Dr. Doolittle and Mickey Spillane books among other things with weird titles. Later I started on Edgar Wallace too, 'cause my mother and French teacher used to reminisce about old mystery books and I got Wallace, Oppenheim, etc. and read them for a year or so. (The things I read 'cause of other people's reminiscences! Maybe you should all cut out of the reminiscing and I'd stop buying and reading so much junk!)

Pat Lupoff: Will you people stop. It's all a plot to get me reading westerns again...and I hate westerns! (You know I'm going to have to read them now or at least buy them, don't you?)

/Well, it takes all kinds.....RSC/

Don & Maggie Thompson, 29 College Place, Berlin, Ohio, 44674

Juanita: FACT, that \$7.50-for-6-issues newsmag is a Ralph Ginzburg production, same as EROS, which accounts for the similarity of the ad campaign. I think, from the titles listed, that he plans to use some leftover EROS material.

Dodd's travel diary -- a most difficult form of writing to do well -- is done very well. I relished all of it: personal observations of books he read, snatches of conversations, etc. Good-o.

He does bring something to mind that keeps troubling me days after reading it (two days after, anyway): "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."

This could supply a theme, a background, for a suspense novel or film. You want to smuggle an atom bomb into London or atomic secrets out? Do it at the height of the tourist season. To me, with this viewpoint, Alan's crowded boat of vacationers with their banal talk seems more sinister than the Orient Express.

A footnote to Bill Bowers' letter, though I suppose he'll tell you the same things: the censorship of "Outer Limits" monsters by Cleveland TV station WEWS has caused quite a storm in the Square City. First time out, they rescheduled the show (set for 7:30 p.m.) to 10 p.m., on the theory that the kiddies would be abed (undoubtedly bawling their heads off at having to miss a show which is definitely aimed at the kiddies). Then, a couple of weeks after, they blacked out the screen when the monster appeared, as Bill reported. Nearly everyone literate in the area wrote indignant letters to the papers (the rest phoned) and The Press printed many of them together with a picture of the "monster" -- a pitiful creation made of plastic cement and pipe cleaners, then

left too long in the sun.

Wellsir, the station still dithers about, worrying and pre-screening every show to see if (1) it should be delayed until all the Ackerman acolytes are bedded down with their cuddly Bela Lugosi Bleeding Dolls in their arms, or (2) be run intact, or (3) be blacked out when this week's B movie reject appears.

Meanwhile, The Press has instituted as a regular feature of its "Showtime" supplement, a photo of each week's monster under the caption "Monster of the Week." Nobody seems to pale in horror when they see it, though many have been observed to laugh.

/Has James Bond ever had to cope with a boatload of vacationers? The theme has been used in stf at least once, but there the background was the rather restricted area of the Luna City dome. RSC

Re tv censorship, I'm beginning to have my suspicions about one of the Fort Wayne stations -- the bone of contention, of all things, is a children's puppet show, FIREBALL XL5. This is a juvenile sf thing, in which no one is killed, but for six and seven year-olds, plenty of suspense is provided. My suspicions are aroused because the station signal is strong and clear prior to this show, weakens to unreceptivity during the show with disgusting frequency, then comes back strong again when it's through. Bruce is getting annoyed, and so am I -- I don't watch it, but I think he has a right to see it, even if it seems frightening for some station executive. He should take his nitro pill and let the kids have their fun. JWC/

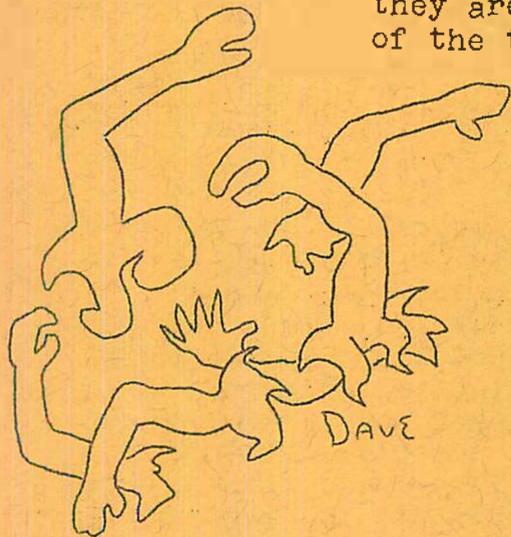
Raymond L. Clancy, 1086 President St., Brooklyn 25, New York

Thank you very much for my copy of Yandro. The cover picture thrilled me. Man, that's art! I am ashamed to say that I couldn't get the meaning of it although it fairly reeks with meaning.

The only bad things about 130 are my "poem" and the fact that it has more will power than I have. It's supposed to go into a china closet full of such stuff but it won't do it until I read it over.

I particularly liked the poem by Dave Jenrette, although I have abandoned the viewpoint glorified therein. What's the use of insisting that a tree have no roots. Trees without roots fall down. It is merely necessary to keep the darn things underground and to realize clearly that they are not the trunk and they are not the leaves of the tree.

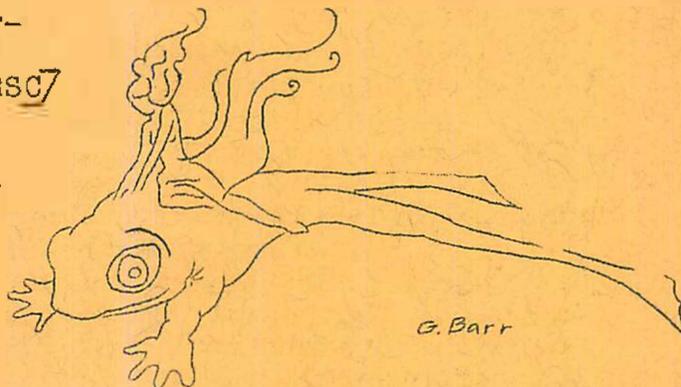
I'll send you a Martian Traveler as soon as I earn the dollar to have it "docustated."



/There must be simpler reproduction processes. At work we have a new thermofax machine which will chonk out perfectly legible copies from almost any original for 5¢ a sheet. Plus a photocopier which will copy any original (anything small enough to go into the machine, that is) for about 15¢ a copy. (Or at least, it will when it's

working properly. This morning it was busily going "rat-tat-tat-tat" and tripping circuit breakers. Last I heard, nobody had figured out why.)RSC7

/I wish to apologize in advance for the probably sloppy alignment of names and addresses on these last few pages -- Buck has the address book at work, cutting mailing stickers during coffee breaks.....JWC7



Bob Briney, 176 E. Stadium Avenue, West Lafayette, Indiana, 47906

Sign noticed in a window here in Lafayette: "The Law prohibits minors." It was a bar, of course.

Enjoyed the article on Charles Finney in Y131. Now, while I wait more or less impatiently to see what THE SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO (all worn by Tony Randall) turns out like, I can also be hoping that THE GHOSTS OF MANACLE gets snapped up by some book publisher.

If Lupdf wants reactions from people who have read SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR, here is one: it is, at best, mediocre hack adventure stuff. Fantastic Adventures consistently published better stuff by its regular stable of writers (which isn't saying much). The sole virtue of the book is to provide an excuse and a setting for reprinting St. John's fine illustrations from the original Amazings. It is as close to being deserving of a Hugo as the average Jerry Sohl or Robert Moore Williams novel. (It is perhaps a little better than Roger Lee Vernon...)

Last night I read Frank Herbert's DUNE WORLD in analog. After starting it I found that I had to finish it at one sitting. I think it is tremendous, and fully expect to re-read it many times. It is certainly the best story that Campbell has published in five years or more, and one of the best novels of recent years from any source.

Also read Dean McLaughlin's novelet in the current issue. While it is not very well written, the idea is so cute that it makes the story worth reading.

Notice that in the two latest Pyramid releases, they have abandoned their standard colored-stripe-and-small-illustration format on the cover. This is a step in the wrong direction. (Another is publishing Lawrence Janifer in any format at all. I conscientiously tried to read THE WONDER WAR, but found myself consumed with aggravation at the style, and gave up after a dozen pages or so.)

/I must admit that while I liked Dune World, it didn't strike me as the best thing ANALOG has published in five years. (Although, come to think of it, that really isn't saying too much.....I liked the Reynolds African series better, though.) RSC

GHOSTS OF MANACLE has been "snapped up" by Pyramid, says Don Bensen, and you can look for its publication "in the next few months". Your wish is our command, sir. JWC7

Hank Luttrell, Route #13, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd., Kirkwood 22, Mo., 63122

Just in case anyone should be interested, Finney's "The Life and Death of a Western Gladiator" also appeared in the February 24, 1959, issue of Science World, a "Magazine For High School Students."

in '59 it was being published by Street and Smith, That same year, however, it was taken over by Scholastic Magazine. There was a complete shake up of staff, and from then to date, it has never published another fiction story.

/I wonder if anyone has ever published a bibliography which was absolutely complete and accurate? Additions to this one already. RSC/

John Boston, 816 South First Street, Mayfield, Kentucky, 42066

I haven't seen "Creature from the Haunted Sea", but I know whereof you speak. Remember "The Phantom Planet"?

Re the anti-gun fanatics: my English teacher (sophomore, high school) has an even better suggestion. Her idea is that Hate killed President Kennedy, a conclusion with which I will not argue. Further, she says, Hate Generates (?), and Oswald (if it was he) picked up all this Hate, and it made such a great impression on this Unbalanced Mind that he proceeded to go out and shoot the President. Therefore, we should try to eliminate all this Hate by refraining from criticising the Government. She seemed surprised when I threw a crimp into that.

I wonder, though...do you think he picked up all that hate on his fillings?

"Record of a Human" suffered from the two most common faults of fan fiction. First, it was too compressed; second, the characters made statements which are completely out of place because in the situation it would be restating the obvious. Thus the reader becomes aware that the statements are aimed at him, which doesn't aid the story any. Add to that the "surprise ending" which is all too common and in this case made all too little sense, and you have a typically asinine story.

Derek Nelson's "Memorial" is maudlin and verbose almost to the point of unreadability. He ought to have his poetic license revoked. His premise makes sense, but oh! what awful writing.

I dislike Burroughs myself, but if Mike Deckinger said what Dick Lupoff said he said, I will join in my righteous indignation (also my best Sunday vest) to crush these fuggheaded statements.

However, a point that wasn't hammered home (as the vampire said in describing his narrow escape) is that the Hugo is given to the entry that is believed by the majority of fans (voting, that is) to be the best. If Savage Pellucidar, book or short story, takes the Hugo, it will be because a great number of the voting fans disagree violently with Mike Deckinger--not because the award has been cheapened, or any similar gobbledegook.

On this question of organized religion: since I haven't read the article under discussion, all I can say is for everybody to go read Philip Wylie's An Essay On Morals. This has been an unpaid unpolitical announcement.

Rob Williams, 420 So 4th St., Elkhart, Indiana, 46514

The other evening I was reading in a book, when I came across one of the most useless pieces of information I ever hope to encounter.

"...a single drop of an extract of rennin, one of the enzymes of rennet, will curdle four tons of milk in ten minutes..."

This quote is on page 7⁴ of the book Wines and Spirits by L.W. Marri-son, and it's a Pelican Book, you betcha.

I just had to share that with someone...

/We'll share it with the world (or that portion thereof which counts, namely YANDRO readers). I wonder how ren-

nin does on curdling blood? Maybe that was Love-
craft's secret. RSc7

Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan, 48234

I noticed in your review of DETROIT IRON that you're not totally sure as to my policy on non-APA copies of DETROIT IRON and DIE WIS. It's very simple. And it holds true for all my publications.

Simply request a copy. Comments of some kind will usually keep you on the mailing list. At the moment my non-APA copies go mostly to friendly types, folks who have sent me their own genzine or FAPAZine lately, those I owe a letter to, and that sort of thing. Very informal. And my list of those who are to get copies is practically non-existent.

Still, it's supposed to be informal and fannish and all that, if you're completely unorganized.....

You might notice in DIE WIS #11 that I've reprinted that eulogy of mine for Kennedy. And, by God, they were all sent out on the same day. I had to get more stamps the next day, Saturday, but they were all gone by the next day after Kennedy's assassination.

Speaking of the Assassination, Juanita, I've done a lot of talking and listening since then, and one idea keeps coming into my mind. That the death of Kennedy came to us as such a shock because we are able in this nation to legally vote out a leader, if we don't like him.

In other nations, it is an unfortunate habit that once in power a leader will create a niche for himself as a permanent leader of that nation. The old story about power corrupting, etc., I suppose. But here, thanks not to our glorious democratic heritage but rather to a most practical and prosaic checks and balances system, such has not occurred.

Therefore, when a system and leader must go, the people can change it. Then someone shoots the President. And it's such a shock because the majority of us are not used to thinking of changing the administration and leadership through this violently irrevocable method. We are not in any way used to thinking of it as a usable method of changing the "guard" in our nation.

Since we do not see the leadership as something impossible to remove by legal means, we do not automatically consider illegal means. This is, why, I think, the nation has hardened its attitude towards the Birchers and the right-wingers so much.

For they are the ones who have been preaching in our generation that it is right and moral for a minority to decide what is best for the majority, no matter what the view of the majority is.. This is exactly the attitude of the ENAS communist guerillas in Greece in '48, where a few thousand armed men decided to change the government by force. And so on and so forth.

Oh, the rich and powerful are a minority, of course. And they do decide what is best for us all the time. But this is the Establishment, something we are used to, and which is much too smart to go around bragging about its power. Must keep the masses happy, you know.

Buck, now that you've given some space to the Cleveland bid for '66, it is only fair to request equal space for our bid.

As you by now probably guess, Detroit is honestly and truly bidding for the '66 Worldcon. Yes indeed. The Chairmanship isn't settled yet, nor is any of the other posts. Right now we're figuring out angles upon angles upon angles. Dannie Plachta can be blamed for the revival of Detroit fandom, by the way. Each and every month lately we've been flopping off to somewhere to eat up Dannie's potato chips and tell each other lies about our latest projects.

It's a world of fun and isn't much different from any other undisciplined fan meeting. Anyways, yho humble and obedient servant, Big Hearted



Howard and Dannie will probably settle into the top three spots on the Worldcon Committee. Not necessarily in that order! I'm too chicken to actually take the Chairman's slot. I'll let the bricks get thrown at somebody else.

We're quite serious about this, by the way. It's too early for planning any of the program, of course. But Howard and the rest of the old Detention I mob are happily destroying our illusions about what you can and can't do in a Worldcon program. Right now we're working our little nits off for the bid.

I don't much care whether or not Heinlein meant GLORY ROAD to be satire or not. For it will probably cop the Hugo for '63, whether or not it is satire or maybe even burlesque. Dean McLaughlin seems to fear that GLORY ROAD will get the Hugo too. Our combined comments are relatively unprintable but boil down to the fact that only a collection of fans could possibly vote GLORY ROAD for anything.

His politics, luckily for us, have nothing to do with it this time. Heinlein just simply wrote a crappy story. Maybe what was wrong was the fact that the Hero came in as a schnook and ended the same way. I mean, after all, what sort of twitch would go off like that idjit did without even knowing which side he was fighting for? For all he knew, she might

have been The Blond Bitch of Buchenwald or Eva Koch or somebody equally horrendous. Of course Heinlein's hero knew intuitively that his gal sal wasn't any such nogodnik. Yeah, that's how come phony stock salesmen can never find a sucker. People can tell right off if somebody is a no-count type. And Heinlein's Hero was obviously such a brainy character in the first place.....

Someone described him as a pair of gonads with muscles. And it fits. Bailes is wrong on one point. By all accounts Avram Davidson reads all the stuff that gets by his first (and if he still has one) and second reader. Avram writes his blurbs the way he does probably because he got tired of Campbellisms. You know what a Campbellistic blurb is, don't you? It's one that tells you the whole dinged story before you read it.

▮Campbell's blurbs at least have something to do with the story. I've given up reading Avram's; I can get that sort of cheerful natterings in any fanzine. Better ones, in some cases. Okay; it's now known that Detroit is seriously interested in '66. I wasn't too sure when I received that thing you and Plachta sent out; it sounded like an overdose of New Year's Eve festivities. Good luck and all, but my support goes to Cleveland. With all the old-time fans worrying about the seeming lack of idiots willing to take a worldcon, it's nice to know that two separate clubs are working for the one that's two years off. RSC/

Sharon Towle, 1704 19th St NW, Washington, DC

Incidentally, I suppose I owe fandom an explanation of my recent gaffoi. First of all, I'm working now and am BUSY! . Secondly, I have been quite depressed of late due to personal affairs and in no mood for even the most interesting chit chat.

Apologies to WSFA but I am tied up on Friday nights at the moment. Would like them to know I'm still in Washington and may get back out there in April, if you wouldn't mind printing this, Buck---

In reply to George Barr, it is my opinion that EE Evers---when he bothers to finish things---is writing the finest verse I have seen in fandom; and that the best of it is good enough for F&SF. Which zine, though it is dying fictionally, prints very fine fantastic verse when it prints any. Now if only they could apply the same severe judgment to their stories as they did a few years ago---

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 West Main St., Jonesboro, Tennessee, 37659

"Flash Gordon must die," said Ming mercilessly.

Did you see THE LOST WORLD on "Monday Night at the Movies?" I didn't like it much. They inhumanely glued some fins and horns on some iguanas and alligators and said they were dinosaurs. I recall that when I was in high school, they showed us an ancient silent version of THE LOST WORLD, and it had real dinosaurs, none of these petty imitations.

On a book counter, I saw a condensed version of TREASURE ISLAND. Has the intelligence level really fallen so low that even TREASURE ISLAND must be condensed?

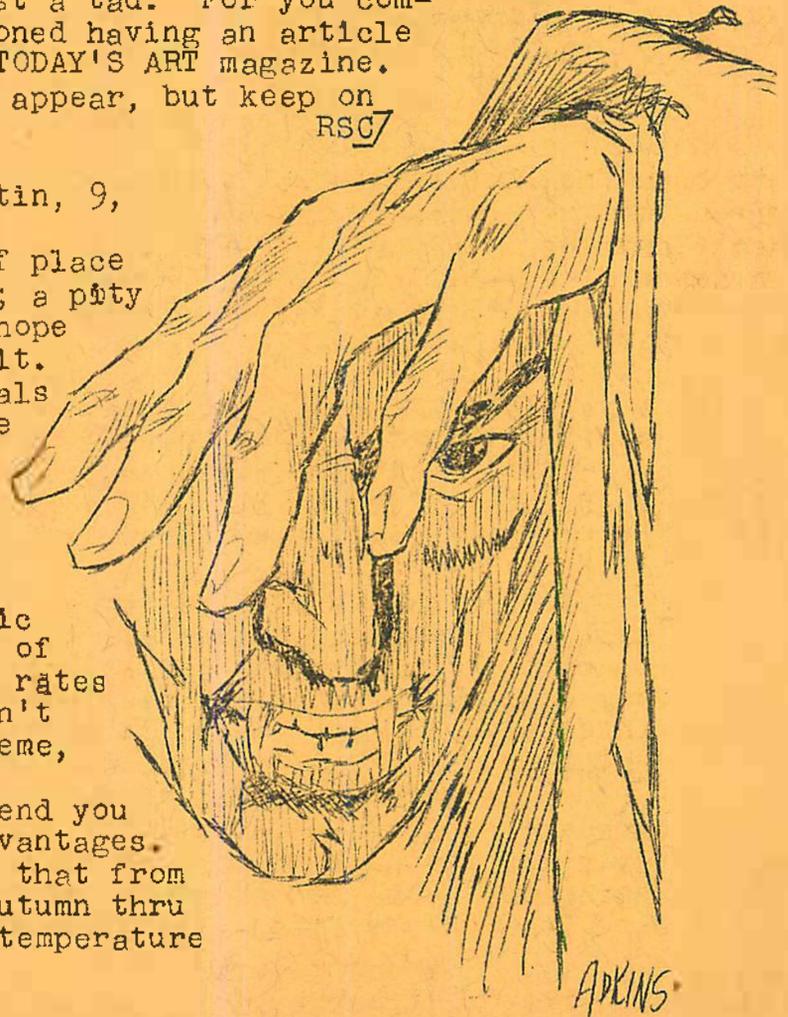
Real dinosaurs, eh? That must have been back in the days when even Tucker was just a tad. For you completists, Gilbert mentioned having an article on stf art accepted by TODAY'S ART magazine. Don't know when it will appear, but keep on the lookout for it.

RSC/

Dr. Antonio Dupla, Po. Ma. Agustin, 9, Zaragoza, Spain

Your DNA has some link out of place and poor Bruce has picked it up; a pity he has asthma but you have the hope that in puberty he can outgrow it. And then with both your editorials book and fanzine reviews and the grumblings of the readers you have one issue of YANDRO out; this is to master the craft of editor as the issue is not bad, not in the least. And with the extra of the second Bibliographic supplement you have exactly one of the best. YBS 1 was good but 2 rates far better. Well, if Wood doesn't make a good work of a sercon theme, who could?

Rain you need? If I could send you some it would be to both our advantages. This is the third year in a row that from the end of summer and all the autumn thru it rains day in, day out. The temperature



is mild but there is so much water that in some susceptible subjects an interdigital membrane begins to grow. Dennis Lien has a hit but, after this blatant exhibition of advertising, beware of Bill Danner and his SAS-CORT campaign. Very instructive Kat MacLean. Her views on religion now combined with her views on sex in VORPAL GLASS gives a rather complete profile of her fundamentals; I don't compart any but I found them highly interesting.

Charles G. Finney

I thought it a very good profile; that you included the entire bibliography caresses my vanity. I am happy to note that one of the items in it parenthesized by that beastly word "unpublished" has at last tottered into print; this is a good omen, I assure you.

In self-defense, I am compelled to tell you that my existence has not been quite as bleakly dull as Mr. Rudis makes it out to be. I assure you that every day presents a fresh challenge, be it economic, spiritual, or physical. The economic challenge, of course, is constant, varying only in the format of the bills the mailman brings. When the mailman brings the final bill . . . ah, me.

Don Bensen, Pyramid Publications, Inc., 4000 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Many thanks for #131 -- the usual good stuff, plus the Finney piece, which has special interest for us since we are publishing the GHOSTS OF MANACLE collection in the next few months, and are hoping for great things from it.

/We'll never again publish quite as timely an article as that one, I suppose, but I'm glad we did it once. Maybe it will sell a few extra copies of GHOST. It sold at least one copy of The Old China Hands -- mine. RSC/

Charles Wells, 200 Atlas St. #1, Durham, No. Carolina, 27705

Charles Grandison Finney is a descendent -- grandson, I believe -- of a famous nineteenth-century president of Oberlin College. That Charles Finney was a theologian of high standing in his profession. The Oberlin School was one of the more controversial theological schools of the day (by "school" I mean "school of thought" -- the proper name of the portion of the college concerned is the Oberlin Graduate School of Theology, or some such). And in those days theology was much more of an immediate controversy than it is now.

I read The Circus Of Dr. Lao while I was at Oberlin -- I was tickled one day (fine Southern expression, "tickled") to realize that from where I was sitting in the student snack bar I could look up from that book and see Finney Chapel. I wonder if the grandfather, who by our lights was rather puritanical, would have approved of what his grandson wrote?

Tony Glynn, 144 Beresford St., Manchester 14, England

Glad to note that you liked also Alan Garner's Weirdstone of Brisingamen. You realize (or do you?) that Alderley and all the places mentioned in it are just down the road a piece from here and are all very much my territory. As a youngster, I used to ride on a bicycle down the treacherous road snaking down "The Wizard", the big hill at Alderley; the most breathtaking bike ride I know. I used to work on the local paper at Congleton and you'll see the road out of Manchester, through Alderley village while I've travelled a few hundred times - with a change of buses at Monk's Heath crossroads, which you'll also see marked. I'm tickled pink at the way Garner has written a fantasy around such familiar places.

/Actually, I thought Garner made the whole thing up. I'm amazed. "Tickled" -- Alderley is in southern England, I presume?/

(FIN)