

YANDRO



WOLFF '65

YANDRO #150

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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Good old midwestern US weather: All this week I've mimeoing, so both humidity and heat have bumped along at the top of the scale -- this morning, when I'm just about done, I'm sitting around shivering even while wearing a heavy sweater.

And of course hot sticky weather causes all sorts of problems with mimeoing, quite aside from the obvious discomfort of the mimeo operator. Our summers gets so humid that highly-absorbent mimeo paper like Twilltone tends to get

limp and soggy-soft, and it doesn't feed very well that way. Even the stencils seem to suffer in 80' heat and humidity -- stencils are limp enough, anyway, but they also seem to stretch excessively easy in this sort of weather -- and tear more easily.

But the biggest problem is the ink. Among other things, I think I've got static electricity in my ink. A Gestetner 120 has no automatic ink feed, and whenever I apply a new glop, particularly when I'm fairly far along in the run, the emerging sheets take off like these carnival rides which are accidenting all over the countryside.

One method of curing it is to put the tubes of ink in the refrigerator for a half hour to forty-five minutes before I start using them. Of course, in this heat, it doesn't take long for them to thaw out, so I alternate two tubes -- one chilling while one is in use. I'm toying with the idea of getting one of these small polystyrene ice buckets, make a nest of ice cubes and sticking the ink in that, right next to the mimeo, rather like champagne on ice. Buck thinks this is a dandy idea, and we can park the thing around sometime when we've got fan guests and watch the expressions when they lift the lid thirstily.

After nearly two months, this house strikes us as just as charming, and especially as B*I*G, as did our initial impression. There are a few flies in the ointment, some of them not the fault of the house -- such as the mouse trying to chew its way out through the bathroom wall at the moment (I've been hammering and thumping on it every so often, but the most effective temporary remedy seems to be to imitate an angry cat growling and preparing to pounce; this converts the chewing noses to frantic fllyflop sounds.). But on the whole it has turned out to be a lovely place, and we just hope we can keep it. See "Rumblings" this issue for details.

One sure thing, we'll never find anything else this big, this cheap.

And the joys of country air and clean horizons: we all stood out on the front walk last evening and watched immense pinkish thunderhead complexes boiling up all over eastern Indiana and western Ohio. Through a great ominous dark cleft in the center we could see a lightning display -- rather like Zeus sitting in there receiving a new shipping of thunder-

bolts. As it got darker, the lightning spread through the whole series of clouds, and each flicker resembled a gigantic lightbulb within the mass, filtering dimly through many layers of cotton candy. Rather gorgeous.

And we have a pretty clear sweep south and west, too. Great for star gazing, saucer searching and just plain enjoying the lack of pollution. And now that we have a lounge recliner (Borse threw it out when they moved, and naturally I adopted it), I'm looking forward to bundling up and going out with hot water bottles and wool blankets and doing some serious star gawking, come the prime sky season in December-February. Now I can do it without getting a sprained neck in the bargain.

Hey, mebbe I chased the mice out -- been no chewing noises for almost five minutes! Last time I went in I banged a box on the wall, angry-meowed and stomped my feet. Perhaps that's the formula -- although I think some judicious settings of D-con mouse poison may prove more effective in the long run.

This issue was run on two types of Sovereign speedoprints. When we re-ordered stencils, we were a little short and Buck ordered the old-fashioned kind -- without plio film. I'd forgotten how it used to be Before Pliofilm. I'm going to finish off this old stylus cleaning out the keys on this typer. My extra-fine speedoprint #39 styli don't last very long, but we save the slightly bent and worn ones as very handy picks for typewriter keys. So far I haven't discovered a use for them when they get too worn for that, but give me time.

Several recent comments from various British sources irked my dander. Most of these are regarding US movies and tv, and occasionally books -- to the effect that we Americans seem so obsessed with violence, and really my dear fellow, how crude. (I haven't seen the flip of the scented lace handkerchief accompanying these remarks, but it's fairly easy to imagine.)

I'm no great fan of excessive violence myself -- after all, Spillane always struck me as a parody, until I found out some people actually took his stuff seriously. But taking the long view, I fail to see that Britain has always maintained its anti-violence stand. From the landing in 1620, as a convenient date, to now is a pretty short period in human history. Working from 1066, how unvile or unviolent was British behavior in the same length of time? Of course, this refinement should have been accelerated by the more sophisticated tenor of the times -- but then, too, the methods of violence have become more sophisticated.

Every nation or complex of peoples has a bit of growing up to do, it seems. And while the rate may be accelerated, I suspect they all must go through, at some speed or another, approximately the same stages. Eventually the US will also reach the present-British approved state of polished maturity -- or decadence. Whichever term seems proper to the discussion. The US is not too far from the frontier stage, and is in the embarrassing state of the big country cousin who shot up like a weed over night and discovered oil in his back yard to boot. He'd like to behave properly in his cultured cousin's drawing room, but he still doesn't see what's wrong with enjoying himself with an occasional turkeyshoot.

See you next month, we hope...

JWC



Here we go again. At the moment, I'm out of a job, a condition which has lasted for about a month now. I lost the job I had at the time I typed my last editorial, which didn't really bother me much. I had what seemed like a pretty good job all lined up, but when I took the physical the company and I discovered to our mutual horror that my blood pressure was dangerously high. The company told me to come back when I was less likely to drop dead in their new expensive lobby, and my doctor said

to take the pills he prescribed and go to bed for 10 days. At the moment, the blood pressure is down to a reasonably safe level and I've started job hunting again. (The doctor couldn't say what caused the problem. I told him about doing 10 pages of fanzine reviews -- 6 for YANDRO and 4 for DOUBLE BILL -- shortly before the exam, but not being a fan he couldn't see what this would have to do with blood pressure.)

I had planned to make this issue entirely letters and reviews, thus catching up on all the material delayed by our move. But at the last minute Juanita reminded me that we hadn't yet run Ted White's column that he sent us some months ago, and since it concerns a book that is now on the stands, we'd better run it. So half of the letter column I had laid out is being held over until next issue.

A couple of quotes from letters we didn't use: Bob Briney passes along a quote from Sid Coleman, who for some incomprehensible reason is or was traveling in Hungary. "For 30 miles outside Budapest, the road from Beograd is paved with glazed yellow brick. Does this have a Deeper Meaning?" And Gene DeWeese points out that in the 1957 edition of the Encyclopedia Americana (which we both have), the entry under "Decoration Day" reads "See Memorial Day", and the entry under "Memorial Day" reads "See Decoration Day". I knew I should have bought the Britannica.....

If you hadn't noticed (or even if you had noticed), a new horror mag is on the stands. Title is BIZARRE MYSTERY MAGAZINE. Three of the stories (containing over 1/3 of the wordage) are reprints, but since one of the reprints is Lovecraft's "Horror At Red Hook" it will probably be as desirable to most horror fans as the new stuff. Most of the new stories are mediocre, but Avram Davidson contributes a nice little effort. There is a companion mag named INTRIGUE, but I don't need any more mediocre spy stories right now, so I didn't get it.

I just got the Ballantine edition of The Hobbit (too late for inclusion in the review column). I haven't read it completely, but it seems to be a very good job, lacking only the Tolkien illustrations of my British hard-cover edition. (Minor quibble; while the cover is more or less in keeping with the spirit of the book, it does not depict The Shire.) As for the book itself -- it is, of course, a juvenile fantasy, and as such beneath the dignity of a good many fans. However, it is one of the best juvenile fantasies ever written. I see that the London Times Literary Supplement compares it to Wind In The Willows and Alice In Wonderland, which is sheer nonsense. Alice is an adult fantasy, and The Hobbit is as much superior to Wind as the Los Angeles Dodgers are above my high school softball team. If you haven't read it, get a copy and try it. (Oh yes; the Ballantine edition does contain the maps from the hardcover; only the illustrations are missing, and they may not be in all hardcover editions.)

I have approximately 30 pages of material on the recent Kyle/Scithers/Loncon rukus which I am not about to publish, but I suppose with that much material I should at least comment. What seems to have happened is that several fans at the Lunacon asked Dave Kyle about London Committee plans. According to Dave, he told them he didn't know anything about the plans. According to several fans, Dave said that the committee didn't have any plans and was falling apart. (Two or three of them even told me this, and nobody ever tells me anything. I ignored them because /a/ what happens in London is no skin off my nose, and /b/ I believe in letting the convention be run by the Con Committee, not by whichever group of disgruntled fans happens to yell the loudest.) In any event, Dave promptly sent out a newsletter to quash the rumors. With remarkably bad timing, George Scithers sent out his newsletter -- saying the rumors were groundless and accusing Kyle of starting them -- after Kyle had distributed his (but obviously before George had seen Dave's effort.) After some yelling at each other, they seem to have made peace. (Now Ted White is yelling at both of them, but don't take that seriously.)

In case you didn't notice, due to our numbering issues instead of dating them, YANDRO skipped an issue this summer. The current Volume XIII will join Volume I in containing 11 issues instead of the 12 included in the other 11 volumes. This was not due to any single incident, but a combination of moving, job-hunting, getting settled in the new house, having some fans visit us, etc. It does not mean that we're about to fold (as long as I'm out of work, I can't afford to fold the mag; I'd have to return too much money.) However, a number of fan editors will, with this issue, receive notices that we're not trading with them any more. Coulson Publications is currently just about breaking even, and it is jolly well going to stay that way, or else. In connection with this, I think I'll huckster a bit. First; we do mimeographing for other fans. As a rule, we receive the stencils already cut, and we return the finished fanzines, ready for distribution. Basic cost is 1¢ per sheet (100 copies of a 20-page fanzine printed on both sides of the sheet would be \$10, for example.) There is a \$5 charge for any mimeographing work (if you're only running 50 copies of a one-page apazine, the cost is \$5 -- you have to use up over a ream of paper to qualify for the 1¢ rate) We will also type stencils and cut illustrations for a price, but it's probably more than you can afford. Second, Coulson Publications is an accredited Speed-O-Print dealer. To anyone in the midwest, we can furnish Sovereign stencils (for Gestetner, Roneo, and Rex-Rotary as well as standard machines) at a price which is probably lower than you're paying your friendly local dealer. (Due to shipping costs, the price will vary, depending on how far from us you live.) We can also furnish any other Speed-O-Print equipment. Third, we do accept advertising in YANDRO, tho we've never gone all out to get any. \$1.00 per page if you furnish your own pre-printed forms (send 250 copies). If we cut the stencils, it's \$2.00 per page, \$1.00 per half page, or 50¢ per quarter page (14 lines of full page width) or less. Address changes, news items, or notices that we can rewrite and cram into a couple of lines to fill in the bottom of a page somewhere will be handled free, as before. If any British fans want to advertise, contact me for rates.

Juanita has been getting a magazine titled WOMAN'S DAY, mostly for recipes and household hints on saving effort. She insists that most of the recipes are quite normal, but I was looking over a couple of issues and ran across "Lemon Snow with Ginger Custard Sauce and Kumquats" as a dessert suggestion. Well, it would finish off a meal, all right. Then there are "Coconut-Cucumber Sandwiches" and "Peanut Butter, Banana and Marshmallow Sandwiches" (You put peanut butter on the bread, cover with sliced bananas, cover that with marshmallow whip and another slice of bread.)Urk!

With Jaundiced Eye

a column from

TED WHITE

HOW I WROTE A BOOK FOR AGE AND FOUND SCHLOCK: In the fall of 1961, I was discussing with my wife the dearth of good van Vogtian-type books currently on the scene. My own definition of a van Vogtian-type book is one with a lot of razzle-dazzle to confuse the reader (the typer is faster than the eye), and what I call the Paranoid Plot. The Paranoid Plot is one in which the hero is somehow different from those around him, and is being manipulated, and persecuted, but somehow turns out to be Superior Stock and ends up coming out on top. You know -- SLAN.

Well, one thing led to another, and I decided I would try to write such a book. At that time I had not attempted to write fiction for anything beyond the fanzines, and my confidence in my abilities to write fiction was quite low.

I sat down at the portable typewriter on the kitchen table -- I no longer remember why my Underwood standard wasn't available -- and wrote the first chapter. It was three pages long.

Subsequently, both in my Village apartment and in Towner Hall, on various scraps of paper (most of them blank backs of Void covers), I wrote 25 pages, representing 5 chapters.

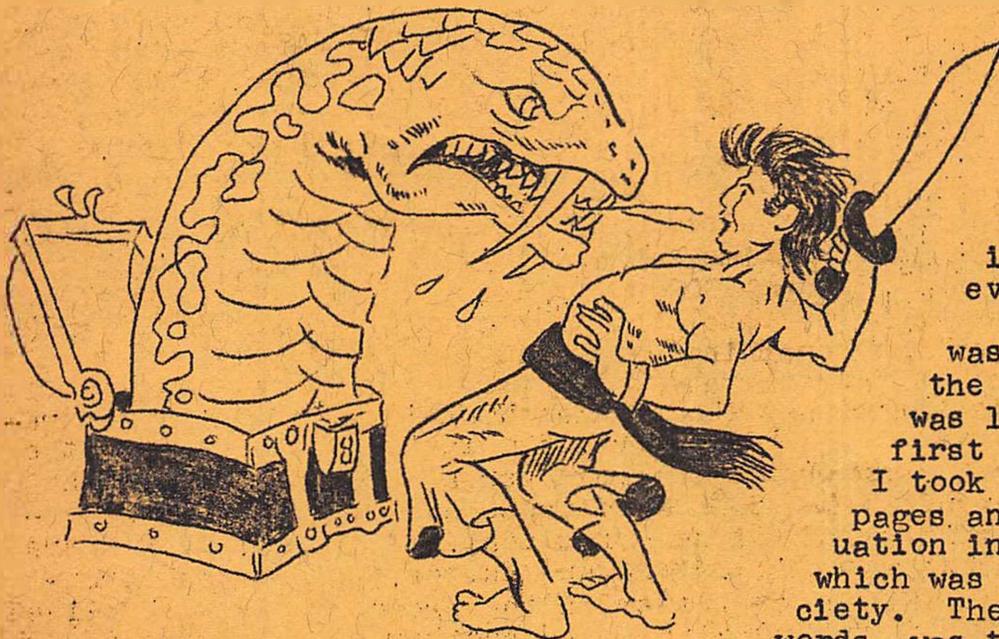
It wasn't very good, but it was a start. I had plotted a novel (I planned to sell it to Amazing), and that was the first plot I had ever come up with. The dam was broken.

Occasionally Terry Carr and I planned to collaborate on the novel;

I was too unsure of myself to want to risk doing it alone. But the novel became sidetracked, and we collaborated on several short stories, only one of which ever sold.

That short story was "I, Executioner," in the March, 1963 If. It was lifted bodily from the first chapter of my book.

I took the opening couple of pages and developed that situation into a different story which was set in the same society. The story, at some 3,000 words, was too short (today I'd



make it at least 5,000), but both of us liked it. And I noted with surprise that it achieved an Honorable mention in a recent Merrill collection, "Along with half the other stories that came out that year," as Terry pointed out in an effort to deflate my ego...

Now, in the back of my mind was a memory of something Bob Tucker did a number of years back I have no idea which was the chicken and which the egg, but in two cases he used the opening scenes from novels for dissimilar short stories. A scene from THE TIME MASTERS was used for a short story in Other Worlds, and the opening scene from LONG LOUD SILENCE became the opening scene for a story in F&SF.

This struck me then and still does as a smart economy; two stories for the price of one -- and the payment for both. It was the motivating reason for using that brief opening chapter of the novel for a short story.

Somewhere along the line, I came up with a title for what had previously been "my book," or "that van Vogtian thing I'm trying to write" The title was THE MURDER MACHINE. Remember that.

After that first spate of writing short stories without much luck, I lost interest, and as I became occupied with other time-consuming efforts, the pages for MURDER MACHINE gathered dust.

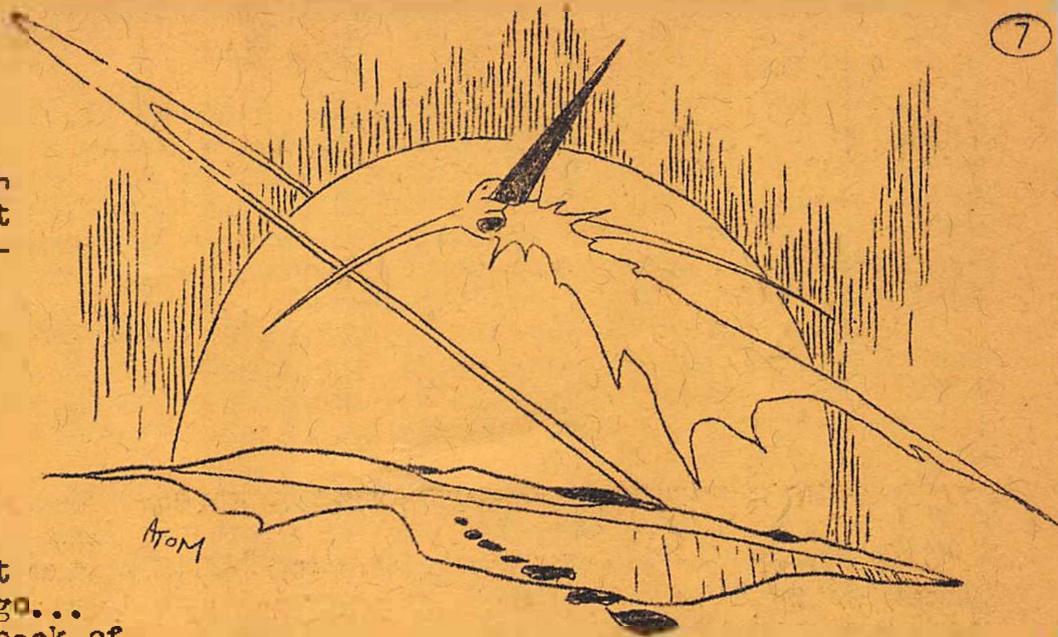
In the summer of 1963, however, Terry Carr suggested we collaborate on a novel for Monarch books, and INVASION FROM 2500 was born. That's another story, and I told it elsewhere.

I wrote the first draft, some 45,000 words, of INVASION, and it was the first time I'd ever written anything of that length. I was amazed at the way in which I'd done it, amazed at the relative ease with which I'd done it. It struck me as a form of income to be looked into. So, in early 1964, I dusted off the manuscript for MURDER MACHINE and looked it over.

It was pretty poor, as it stood. It was over two years old, and I'd learned a little in the meantime. One thing I'd learned was not to make my chapters only 750 or 1,000 words long. I rewrote those opening chapters in three chapters, totalling thirty-two pages. Then I wrote a brief synopsis of the remaining action (I cannot dignify it by calling it an outline; it ran only about two pages and did not have a chapter-by-chapter breakdown) and took the works up to Don Wollheim at Ace Books.

On February 24th, Don wrote me a letter, suggesting changes in the outline, and saying that he liked the writing.

The book revolves around the fact that the protagonist is not quite human -- the usual van Vogtian gimmick -- and in his case he appears to be of artificial construction. He discovers this fact only when an ac



cident puts him in the hospital.

The closing scene as I originally planned it, had the protagonist tying up the threads of plot and then preparing to take his own life -- or pseudo-life, as he bitterly thinks of it. But the Girl comes in, tells him she loves him. He tells her to get a real man; he's not worth the effort. She replies that she is pregnant by him, and that makes him real enough for her. The two go off arm in arm into the smoggy sunset. Finis.

This was out. "We do not want that element in our novels," said the editor of the company which published such books as Burroughs' JUNKIE, and Holmes' GO: "(it may never have occurred to you but there are some taboos we occasionally pay heed to when they are so pivotal as to be obvious)."

So I had to find a weaker, but equally satisfactory way of proving our hero could Be A Man, and end up with the Girl. I did it mostly by slight-of-hand, because aside from breeding true as a human, there is no way to prove it. *Sigh*

Well, I sent back a revised, three-page synopsis, and after a short while a contract came in the mail, and then after I'd signed that, a check: \$250 advance on my total \$1000 advance against royalties.

My contract called for delivery of the novel in June.

Unfortunately, my personal life was then undergoing a major, and unpleasant, upheaval. I not only didn't feel like writing -- I couldn't write. I don't believe I'm as subject to the whims of my muse as is Sturgeon (nor do I have his compensating talent), but there was a long period, covering most of the summer, in which I was totally Blocked, as We Writers Say...

Came fall, a change of emotional scene, and I got back to work on the book. But the lack of an actual outline hurt. I had a beginning and an end (such as that was), but no middle. I wasted over a hundred pages on a false start which depressed me unspeakably when I reread it.

Finally I decided to throw my previous and very stale ideas out the window, discarding with them the notion of a New Idea Every 800 Words a la van Vogt. I came up with a new cast of supporting characters, and striking off blindly, thinking no farther ahead than the chapter at hand, I wrote the book. I delivered it to Ace in December 1964.

That was six months or so after my deadline, and I had only Don's and Terry's kindness to thank for it. They could easily have revoked the contract; there was a clause on lateness which provided for such contingencies. In that case the money I'd already received would have been refundable.

Don read the book through, decided it was acceptable as was -- no rewrite would be required -- and I received another check from Ace.

That terminated my association with the book. In due time it would be scheduled, copyedited, a cover artist assigned, and so forth. I asked Terry to keep me posted.

"Well," Don says that a couple things have to be changed," he reported. "The name of the book, and the names of the characters."

We'll take that in order. It seems that Ace has another taboo -- you can't use "murder" in the title of an sf book. The title was very descriptive, and to my ears sounded Ace-ish. But it had to go.

So, rather recently the book was scheduled (for publication in July), and Valigursky was assigned the cover. I was happier to get him than Gaughan, but Emsh was my first choice. Oh well. The title had been changed, too, Terry told me. It had been changed to FRANKENSTEIN 2065 A.D.

"That's the second best title they came up with," Terry said. "The best was THE FRANKENSTEIN EFFECT."

"I can see it now," I wailed. "All of Forry's ~~little monster friends~~ rushing out to buy it. What a disappointment they'll have." Needless to say, the book does not take place in 2065, either... So I wrote a letter to Wollheim.

"...it's a cinch I won't be mentioning the title to my friends or family. You know; I'll just say, my other book, or 'that book over there in the corner,' or 'the one with the title I wish I could forget' ... And Terry suggested I come up with an alternate.

"I'd suggested a few other earlier, none of which seemed to provoke much reaction, but after three intensive hours of brain-cudgeling, I've come up with the following. In my opinion they're all, even the worst, better than the Frankenstein one, and I surely hope you can find one which pleases you:

"ANDROID ASSASSIN	ROBOT EXECUTIONER
CYBERNETIC ASSASSIN	ANDROID EXECUTIONER
RULE OF THE COMPUTER-COMPLEX	ANDROID AVENGER
SPAWN OF THE COMPUTER-COMPLEX	THE AVENGING ANDROID
SPAWN OF THE MACHINE	I, EXECUTIONER
BORN OF MAN AND MACHINE	WHAT DEADLY SANITY
BEWARE THE BRAIN-SCANNERS	THE SANITY MACHINE
JUDGMENT OF THE SANITY MACHINE	WORLD OF THE SANE
WHAT DARK THOUGHTS	RULE BY SANITY"

My own preferences ran to those towards the end of the list, and I, EXECUTIONER was probably the best, if not very stfish or Ace-ish.

Don replied, in an answering letter, "I don't see what so awful about calling THE MURDER MACHINE something with Frankenstein in it -- since it is a Frankenstein monster story, even if you are not aware of it. However, we talked it over and we will instead title it ANDROID AVENGER. It probably won't sell as many copies that way, but for some reason this title apparently doesn't arouse your horror. So now you can sleep nights again."

I will leave it to you, Gentle Reader, as to whether ANDROID AVENGER was the best of those eighteen suggested titles.

But that was only half the battle, and I wonder if perhaps it was not thrown to me as a sop.

The other half concerns the names of the characters.

Years and years ago, I chortled with delight over the Bob Tucker novels in which real fans' names were used. And when I began writing, I vowed that in one novel I would use Tucker himself.

THE MURDER MACHINE (or, ANDROID AVENGER, if you prefer) was to be that novel. Indeed, in the short story, "I, Executioner," the protagonist was Bob Tucker, the girl named Rosebud -- a word closely associated with one phase of Bob's fannish career.

In the book, the hero-narrator is "Bob Tucker." He meets a girl named "Hoyden" who confesses to him during one rather intimate scene (which I presume will be cut) that she followed the practice of many bookish teenaged girls and created for herself a fantasy world, a Chinese fantasy world in which she was "Hoy Ping Pong". Are you listening, Bob?

The girl's father, "Gilbert Nash," is the villain. In a hallucinatory sequence Tucker meets him for the first time, and Nash tells him he is really Gilgamesh. In an earlier dream-sequence, Tucker finds himself in another world and with the identity of "Charles Horne."

Nash and Horne are fictional creations of Tucker's. It seems to me a few other references may have slipped in, but if they did, I can no



longer recall them. It was to be the Bob Tucker novel to end all Bob Tucker novels. My dedication was "to Wilson Tucker, for a Chinese doll and -- to the other dolls who modeled for this book." Tucker's CHINESE DOLL was his first novel, and fandom -- specifically FAPA -- figured in its plot. I had based the descriptions (but not characters) of the girls in the book on various girls I'd known, among them my wife.

It upset me to think that Wollheim wanted all this changed, because in changing the names he would be tampering with the scenes built around the names. The symbolism of the Gilgamesh sequence, for instance, would be lost if another name was substituted.

In the same letter in which I protested the name of the book, I wrote--

"Terry also mentioned that you wanted to change all the names. Now, frankly, I can't understand you're wanting to do that, especially since it would require a good bit of rewriting, because some scenes allude to these names and one is built around the heroine's name.

"Terry mentioned you feared legal problems. Well, now, only one real person's name is used: Bob Tucker. He's the hero. Of the remaining names... /and here I ran through a listing of names and antecedents./

"Don, the whole book was written as a low bow to Bob Tucker, who, as you may remember, took delight in using fans' names in his books for years. The book is dedicated to him. It is written in the style of his mystery novels.

"Now I cannot imagine Bob causing or even threatening legal trouble over this, especially in view of my own friendship with him and his record for use of fan names in the past. But, if you feel the chance exists, I will be glad to get a signed affidavit from him releasing us on the names.

"If your feeling is simply against 'fanisms' in general, I plead with you to observe that to anyone who is not himself a fan, these names will mean nothing beyond their meaning in the story itself. They do not detract in the slightest. And fans will find their pleasure enhanced; several who've read the manuscript were quite pleased with it. Further, the names are integral to the structure of the story -- the brooding symbolism of the fat man who manipulates the hero draws upon the name Gilgamesh, and lends most of the power to the hallucinatory scene where Tucker kills Gilgamesh. (I presume you appreciated this scene as the symbolic killing in which Tucker vents his feelings against Nash, relieving him of the emotional need to kill him in real life.) The symbolism of Adam, Lilith and Gilgamesh in Eden is, I think, a powerful one and it would suffer if another name was substituted."

Wollheim's reply was as follows:

"My order to change the names of all characters to purely fictitious ones still stands. I think it about time you realized that if you are writing professionally, you should think like a pro and not like an amateur. Ace Books is not publishing for a little 'in' group of some hundred fans. The gag isn't worth the game. And the whole stunt of using real names or identifiable ones is peculiarly immature.

"I don't give a damn if Bob Tucker doesn't object. Maybe I object. And you are evidently unaware that his character Charles Horne is a reference to a real person, Charles Hornig. A childish bit on his part that got past Rinehart because nobody there spotted it."

And there is stands. I don't feel Don answered my points constructively; calling my use of names relating to Tucker "childish" or "peculiarly immature" is namecalling at best, and begs the question. I personally find Don's entire attitude childish and petulant. I have been wondering if perhaps this is his way of chastizing me for being late with the book. When Tucker's TO THE TOMBAUGH STATION was being published by Ace in 1960, the fan names were not cut.

The question of whether or not a writer chooses to employ in-group references in his works seems to be a relevant one only when it can be shown to interfere with the actual quality of his stories. If a book is nothing but an in-group joke, criticism is justified. But when someone adds these filips to a book which does not depend upon them, criticism strikes me as an exposure of personal bias and little else.

In my case, having decided upon the names of my characters, I used these names in the main exposition as well as for their in-group qualities. As pointed out, I exploited the symbolism attached to Gilgamesh -- a legend long before Tucker discovered him to the modern sf world in TIME MASTERS. The scene in which Hoyden reveals her adolescent fantasies is one while follows a scene of love-making, and is relevant to the plot: it is the sort of intimate confiding which often accompanies a growing love relationship.

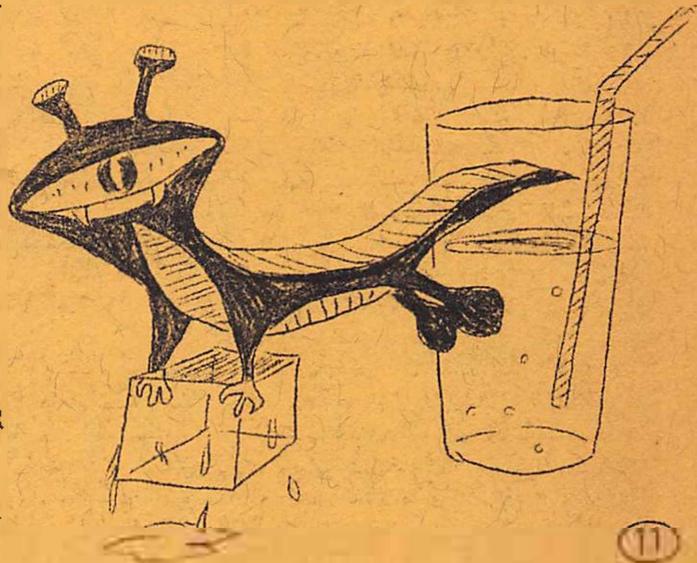
Wollheim's opinions about my professional or amateur attitudes are his own, but for better or worse, I shall continue to think pretty much like "Ted White" and without any great regard for my present status as a writer. I did not feel any magical moment of change when suddenly the mantle of "Professional" fell upon my shoulders -- and I'd be hard-put to pinpoint such a change. As I've said before, I've supported myself as a writer for five years now, and the last couple in the sf field. Am I a Pro now because it's sf and now jazz? Or because I'm selling books instead of short stories?

I don't think Wollheim reveals a "professional attitude," and I don't think he ever has. One finds a remarkable continuity of expressed attitude in his writings since the day he was a fan. He's Don Wollheim. And, for what it's worth, I am not as impressed by him today as I once was.

I am very unlikely to write anything else for Ace, and I doubt I will be missed there.

To sum it up, I wrote a book, called THE MURDER MACHINE. As books go, it was not the best. It is probably not my best. It was my first solo effort. It was written during a trying part of my life. It was written as a salute to a fan, writer, and man whom I greatly like and admire.

It was not published. In July, Ace issued John Brunner's THE ALTAR AT ASCONEL backed with Ted White's ANDROID AVENGER. It was not dedicated to Wilson Tucker (it was ded-



icated to my parents; I thought it about time to dedicate something to them), and it was written by me in unwitting collaboration with Terry Carr, the copyeditor.

Sorry, Bob. If I had it to do over again, I'd do it for Lancer, and it would be dedicated to you.

GRUMBLINGS

Andy Zerbe, P.O. Box 6206, Montgomery, Alabama, 36106

Sometime you're going to have to explain why you think Louis L'Amour is a good writer. I used to read him occasionally but gave it up after going through three of his Hopalong Cassidy novels and one of his Masked Rider novels. The stories themselves aren't too bad, it was the fact that in every one the villain could be said to be motivated by the same reason. He was insane. If the villain in the fourth Hopalong Cassidy book he wrote was also insane, it's no wonder that his career as a Hopalong Cassidy author only spanned four books. I like a little more variety in my villains that he presented. I have the impression that Max Brand's heroes are all cast from the same few molds. Don't know why since it's been years since I read one of his books. Probably due to my coming in contact with him at such an early age.

[/Sometimes I talk too much. I haven't the vaguest idea whether or not L'Amour is a good writer. RSC/

Sven Eklund, Tvisekatan 6, Borlänge 1, Sweden

Alexei Panshin's article "Lese Majesty" was indeed a strong (eminent) one and gave no sympathetic picture of the offended man, nor gives his own literature production in my opinion.

It seems to me that a discussion about an expanded liberty of the press, perhaps a complete one, is needed. Naturally sheer plagiarism mustn't be allowed, but eventually all sorts of original writing and moderate quotations. Do restrictions have any meaning and wouldn't entire freedom in writing withdraw prejudices and inhibitions?

[/Not Heinlein's. Actually, the press is very free in this country -- as long as it has enough money to defend itself in lawsuits. (And as long as it isn't dependent upon the goodwill of advertising. This advertising pressure is overdone as a Menace, however; anyone who wants to find out the truth about a particular company's products can do so. All he needs to do is subscribe to a magazine like Consumer Reports.) RSC/

Sgt. RF Smith, c/o Sgt's Mess 1 COD, Bandiana, Victoria, Australia

If Alexei Panshin is being honest and accurate in his description of what it's like to be "stepped on" by Heinlein then I must admit I'm not too surprised; Heinlein, apart from his regular appearances at conventions, has not given me the impression of particularly caring about anything the sf fan does, over the years.

"Kaspar Second" was quite readable, I thought.

On this book vs. movie business that Roy Tackett mentions: Went and saw THE CARPETBAGGERS and was intrigued enough to go plank down just over a dollar (gotta start thinking dollars and cents, y'know; we change over in '66) for the paperback edition to see what I'd missed. Boy! It came as somewhat of a shock to find the leading female character liked not only her booze, boys, and men, but was also p-r-e-t-t-y fond of females too! I screened SEVEN FACES OF DOCTOR LAO recently and thoroughly enjoyed it. The few books made from movies that I've read were not very impressive, as I recall.

Quite a few raised eye-brows the other night when a G.I. in an episode of COMBAT on tv came out with: "Just give here some hot music and a dance floor and she'll shag all night!" "Shag" is an alternative for that good old four-letter word used so often by D.H. Lawrence in this country! (According to H.L. Mencken, an ad for tobacco in an English newspaper once had: "Want a good shag?" and this would never appear in an Australian newspaper!)

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

Yandro 147 arrived today...adding to my burglary letter in the lettercol, I should mention our office has been burgled six times in the past ten years -- and never once have the thieves been caught. Last time they left a clear footprint on a book they threw out of the safe; we showed this to the detective but he said it wasn't of any help as it would have meant he would have had to take all our footprints for elimination. So he didn't do anything about it. A bit different from the sleuths in fiction, isn't it?

The ABC television here are planning to film in the next few months a series of 13 short stories by Victorian writers of the supernatural and mystery under the title MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION, and they will make one every two weeks up till December. This is the list, which might be of interest to Yandro readers, and these are the filming dates: -- June 30...NUMBER THIRTEEN, by M.R. James; July 15...THE ROOM AT THE FLYING DRAGON INN by Sheridan LeFanu; July 28...THE TRACTATE MIDDOTH by M.R. James; Aug. 11...THE PHANTOM LOVER from "Oke of Okehurst" by Vernon Lee; Aug. 26...THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER by Edgar Allan Poe; Sept. 9...THE LOST STRADIVARIUS by J. Meade Faulkner; Sept. 22...LOST HEARTS by M.R. James; Oct. 6...THE CANTERVILLE GHOST by Oscar Wilde; Oct. 21...THE BODY SNATCHER by Robert Louis Stevenson; Nov. 3...THE OPEN DOOR by Mrs. Olliphant; Nov. 18...CARMILLA by Sheridan LeFanu; Dec. 2...WHISPERING DEATH from WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE by Sir Walter Scott; and finally OLD MRS. JONES by Mrs. J.H. Riddell. Those are only the filming dates, not the showing dates; but I hope to tape record most of them if they seem worthwhile, as there are several of the classics of horror of that lot and it should make an interesting tape library of horror.

Oh, Buffy Sainte-Marie appears on ITV television here every Monday night at 11 with a group of folk singers, singing one theme per programme. It was "War" the first episode last week and is "Love" this week. I thought of getting a suitable tape and filling it for you, but I hadn't anything suitable at the time.

You don't happen to know the address of a Michael Solano in Chicago or know anyone who does? He wrote me a very nice letter on seeing one of mine published in CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, but unfortunately he completely forgot to put an address on, so I can't reply.



Bill Conner, Box 29, The Western Star, Lebanon, Ohio

I suppose you read about or viewed on tv the news of the Ku Klux Klan meeting which was held near Lebanon in Warren County. As the A*C*E R*E*P*O*R*T*E*R of the Warren County Seat Weekly News paper, The Western Star (the oldest weekly newspaper west of the Alleghenies, The Newspaper Warren County REALLY READS!), I of course, attended the affair with camera and notebook.

This was my first assignment on a story which was covered by the press and television networks coast to coast. I knew that this story would rate national press coverage and had warned some of the local yokels that they were about to be cast into the limelight. Well, some of these

clods didn't even believe it when they saw a fat little slob of a cameraman from a Cleveland tv station wandering around town. I, of course, knew that he worked for an NBC affiliate station. I knew all about the chubby little newsman -- he called me several times while he was in town and tried to pump out of me anything he could get about the KKK shinig. I told him a few things, but I regret that I did even that now.

Anyway it turned out that the funny little cameraman's interviews with some of the good burgers of Lebanon were shown on the Huntley-Brinkley Report. During this particular news show, the 6,500 population city (according to Ohio statute) was referred to as a "hamlet". Chamber of Commerce members still wince every time they hear the word.

Now we shift the scene from the vicinity of Historic Lebanon (founded in 1796 -- we welcome industry) ... after a short ride of about 8 miles, we come to the Parkie Scott farm which was only recently dismembered by Interstate Highway 71. Strange things are going on at the farmhouse, which is nestled in a grove of maple trees only a couple of hundred feet from the northbound lane of Interstate 71. There are a couple of characters wandering around in bedsheets with eyeholes cut in them. And all around the farmhouse, hundreds of people are milling. At least half of these people are carrying professional-looking press cameras and movie cameras.

Well, at least that's the way it was the first night of the KKK meeting in Warren County. That was the night when the most newsmen showed up -- it was the high point of coverage of the whole four-day Klan gathering. On succeeding nights, there were less newsmen and many more just plain white folks (mainly of the Ohio River wetback variety, hailing originally from Kentucky, West Virginia, and points deeper south.)

You probably read something of what happened during the four-day KKK meeting here. But I'll wager that you might have read or heard a shocking number of falsehoods mixed in with the facts of the Klan gathering.

Yes, my faith in the national news media has never been very great. But what an awakening I've had since the KKK meeting here! God, my confidence in the national press is now nearly nil.

Oh, I'm sure that at least 80 percent of the news copy and film produced by the national press here was accurate, but that's NOT NEARLY ENOUGH for a free society which depends upon its press for the TRUTH. How else is the average citizen to make his own decisions on the important issues of the day?

Some of the inaccuracies I know can be charged, simply enough, to sloppy reporting. I've gotten the impression since the local KKK meeting that some of the Big Time Newsboys don't bother to check their stories for factual accuracy the way we small-time, small-town reporters do. That in itself is shocking. But let's move on to a specific incident which

is something of an indictment of the Huntley-Brinkley coverage of the Klan meeting in Warren County.

The incident occurred on Monday, May 31, the evening of the last day of the KKK meeting here. On the H-B news program, NBC was showing films of a speech delivered the previous Saturday, May 29, by Imperial Wizard James Venable of Atlanta, Georgia. I watched this speech on tv just before departing for the cross-burning Monday night.

In his speech, Venable proclaimed the superiority of the white race and the inferiority of the Negro race. He expressed his disapproval of the U.S. Supreme Court and Earl Warren. He drew applause and evoked laughter from the crowd when he cracked Jim Crow jokes and called the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., "Martin Lucifer Coon." People laughed, applauded and shouted approval -- I know, I was right there.

No one laughed AT Imperial Wizard Venable. Yes, there were people in the crowd who did not show any sign of approval of what Venable said. But those who opposed the Klan or who were there merely as sight-seers or curiosity-seekers kept silent. I suppose they knew they were on Klan property and that the nearest deputy sheriff was about a half mile away at the gate of the farm (deputies came on to the farm from time to time, but didn't stay around long). And these days the Klan does have a slight reputation for violence. At any rate, there was no show of opposition to Venable's remarks.

And yet, that's not the way it came out of my tv screen!

That's not the way Chet and David had it on their news program.

The laughter was coming in the wrong places. When Venable said things such as "There was a Klan yesterday, there is a Klan today, and there will be a Klan tomorrow," laughter came out of my loudspeaker, as though people in the crowd were laughing AT Venable.

It wasn't funny, Chet. I wasn't amused, David.

The whole tone of NBC news twins in their Monday night report of the KKK rally was one of levity -- they were out to heap scorn and ridicule on the whole affair. I suppose it is a laudable thing to put down a KKK rally if you are 100 percent FOR the Negro and integration and all that, as I have come to assume Chet and David are. But if they are fighting for Negro rights and equality and fighting against the Klan, I've got news for them.

They didn't do the cause of the Negro a service by presenting a false version of the news. No cause should influence a newsman that much. When a newsman ceases to be dedicated to reporting the facts, he's no newsman -- he's a propaganda peddler. In the past I have feared that the civil rights issue and race relations were not being reported factually. Too many newsmen seemed to be allowing their emotions to twist the truth -- some things just didn't ring true to me. Now I know it's true... now I wonder what is REALLY going on in Selma, in Viet Nam, or in the Dominican Republic...

No, the Warren County Klan meeting wasn't as funny as you think it was Chet and David! I watched as the registration table for Klan prospects seemed to be kept busy throughout the whole four-day affair. The KKK rally was held to attract new members -- and they must have succeeded in signing up SEVERAL HUNDRED, at least.



Maybe tv has used so much canned laughter in its comedies that it's become addicted. I suspect that the last news reporter in the mass media was Lowell Thomas. Everyone since is a news analyst, which is not the same thing.

RSC

I consider a "city" of 6,500 (Ohio statute notwithstanding) a "hamlet"...and I imagine most people in the metropolitan east would as well. And I quite agree the Klan is nothing to be laughed at; it's something to make one sick, and to make someone from Indiana hope to God we aren't going through that horror again...the 20's aren't all that far behind us.

JWC7

Robert E. Briney, 176 E. Stadium Avenue, W. Lafayette, Indiana, 47906

A game for people with large sf magazine collections: identify the original sources of the Finlay illustrations in THE SPELL OF SEVEN. I had no trouble with the ones in the previous collection, SWORDS AND SORcery, but most of the ones in the new collection have me stumped. One difficulty is that many of them are just fragments of larger illustrations, and the identifying features that I would remember are missing.

Ruth Berman, International House 437, Piedmont and Bancroft, Berkeley, California, 94721

Roy Tackett is right in commenting that a book adapted from show business is as likely to be bad as a show adapted from a book. Or even more likely to be bad -- I can think of several good shows-from-books, but only one good book-from-a-show. Our own Theodore Sturgeon has written a couple of drearily dull adaptations from movies. MIRACLE ON 34th STREET is one of my favorite movies, but the book is dull, and the Broadway musical, HERE'S LOVE, adapted from the movie recently, was not very successful. A supplement on children's books on May 9 in the New York Times had an article "As Told and Sold By Disney", by Peter and Dorothy Bart, which described the mediocrity of the re-told versions of Disney's films. However, they did not mention that re-told books are generally not good; the main points they mentioned were that Disney himself is not interested in books, except as "exploitation items". The Barts quote the openings of Disney's re-told PETER PAN and Barrie's PETER AND WENDY:

In a quiet street in London lived the Darling family.

There were Father and Mother Darling, and Wendy, Michael, and John.

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked a flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this forever!"

The curious thing about PETER AND WENDY is that it is itself a re-told version -- and a brilliant one. It is the only good book-from-a-show I can think of. James Barrie was a skilled writer of fiction as well as of plays -- but mainly PETER AND WENDY is good because it was written by the author of PETER PAN. Barrie also wrote a silent-movie scenario of PETER, which is printed in Roger Lancelyn Green's FIFTY YEARS OF PETER PAN, and Green comments that he thinks Barrie's scenario would have made a much better silent-movie than the rather dull silent-movie which Hollywood actually put out (they filed Barrie's scenario and

and forgot it; they got one of their professional scenario-writers to make them another one.

Vern Coriell, 6657 Locust, Kansas City, Missouri

I understand that in a recent issue of Yandro one of your subscribers made mention of the program, BOOK BEAT, featuring Mr. Robert Cromie, on which I was a guest last year, and suggested that Mr. Cromie insulted me and I replied with a "sweeping statement" re ERB and his works. It is important, I feel, that your readers should know that at no time during the program, before the program, nor after the program, was Mr. Cromie anything other than a gentleman who treated me and the works of ERB with kindness and respect. At no time did Mr. Cromie, in word or deed, act the least bit insulting during my visit with him. As for the "sweeping statement"... it was something about the fact that after 50 years ERB's works are still best sellers (in almost any edition other than Canaveral Press) and in spite of the wide field his novels covered ERB never found it necessary to use blue material. I suppose that in a world of Mickey Spillane jungles, where CANDY is sweet and lies like HARLOW are accepted as fact, that does appear to be a pretty "sweeping statement"...but it happens to be true. The statement by your correspondent is not.

Re Lupoff's statement that "a lot of people think ERB is God"...well I know one heluva lot of ERB fans...but not a single one who thinks ERB is god! Perhaps Dick should ask HHH and Richardson who their god is... or Phil Farmer what his god is...or Attah Poku who his god is. They are all ERB fans. Who or what is Dick Lupoff's god? Well, I think that is nobody's biz but his own. So let's suppose ERB is god to somebody somewhere...so what! There is still freedom of worship in this country. Or is there? Is Lupoff just trying to prove that somebody's god has feet of clay? Let's not get sacrilegious...or somebody is apt to say SHAZAM and somebody's god will turn him back into Billy Batson.

Marvel Comics are also good sellers, and they also avoid blue material...Perhaps not a God, exactly; you know how people do exaggerate... RSC7

Antonio Dupla, Po Ma Augustin, 9, Zaragoza, Spain

Y 143: Time mollifies the characters. So it is said and there comes Ted White to confirm it. As a mature man he has forgotten his past aggressiveness and now uses only mild and gentle calificatives as "asinine", "nauseating old phony" and so on. Mellow every day. And, you are not a Christian nation? Don't be humble. You are, simply, God's country. Y 144: Another hit for that fast comer, Alexei Panshin. His essay on Alfred Bester is another step in his march that matches others already published. Let's hope that he doesn't disappear, as did Rog Ebert, in other fields more lucrative. The issue is the best in many a time from the cover, the art, the repro to the rest? Absolutely first rate. Y 145: Yes, there are Sharjah space stamps, a full beautiful series plus a miniature sheet. Y 147: For those who saw in many of Heinlein's books only an objective extrapolation of a more or less desirable society but not reflecting necessarily the subjective views of the author, the case exposed by A. Panshin is self-explanatory. To, in fact, forbid the publication of a review of one's own work without condescending to know the extent and deepness of the criticism, nor the degree of appreciation, is a typical case of manu militari approach to a problem. If the things are as presented, there is no doubt that the author preaches with his example. An irreproachable conduct. But pitiable. The creation of Eve is far more short, entertaining and compre-

hensible in the Bible than at Evers hands; sorry. There seems to be too much ERB literature floating everywhere in fandom today. With all my respects, and a friendly salutation, to Dick Lupoff, for so bad an author too much is explained of the whereabouts of his editions. Let's the publisher publish, the ERB addicted buy and read, but let the others rest in peace.

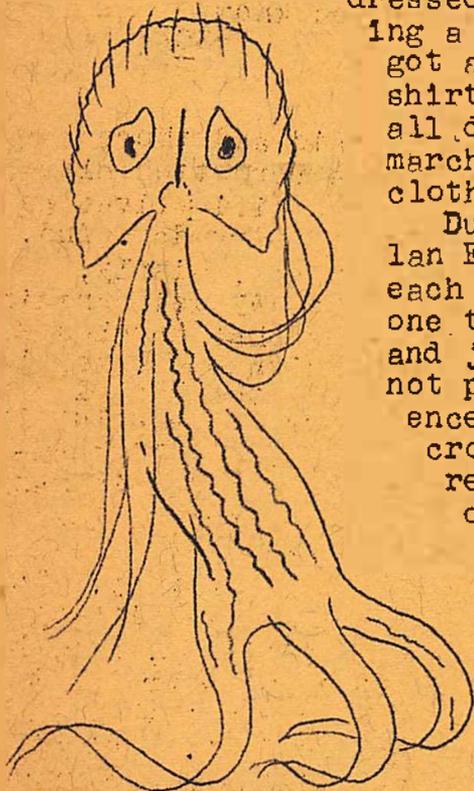
[You must admit that Burroughs is, literarily, in the American tradition; it sells, so it must be good. RSC7]

Bob Briney (address earlier)

The Westercon was a relatively quiet affair, despite the presence of Harlan Ellison. (Actually, Harlan was much subdued and controlled, and was one of the most intelligent and entertaining people present.) The organization of the con was pretty lousy; there was no book room, for which the committee received many loud complaints (but Advent, being the only publisher there with anything to sell, did a roaring business -- well over \$100 worth of sales in just two hours...); the masquerade was poorly organized, the "discotheque" was pitiful, the banquet was poorly served, overpriced, the servings were miniscule, and the affair was held in a crowded, dim, ill-ventilated room. Other than that, it was an enjoyable weekend. "Surprise" attendees included Lester del Rey and wife, Sam Moskowitz, Hal Clement, and Jack Speer. The two main speakers on the program were Fritz Leiber and Ray Bradbury, both bad. Fritz was somewhat the worse for booze, and quite disjointed; Bradbury was pompous and long-winded. The thing that made the weekend for me, as usual, were the conversations with such good people as Roy Squires, Sam and Florence Russell, Moskowitz, and Alva Rogers.

There were some impressive costumes at the masquerade. Bruce & Dian Pelz won a couple of prizes as King Gorice and his Lady (from THE WORM OUROBOROS), and Charlie and Marsha Brown ran away with the "most humorous" award, as Genie with the Light Brown Hare (Charlie was dressed as an Arabian Nights genie, and Marsha was wearing a brown Playboy bunny outfit...). Jack Harness also got a laugh; he had been wearing his usual incredible shirt -- blue, yellow, and phosphorescent pink silk -- all day, and at the masquerade he joined the line of marching contestants, announcing himself as "a plain-clothesman."

During one panel discussion at the Westercon, Harlan Ellison and Ted White were sniping and slashing at each other (very enjoyably), but they both agreed on one thing. They joined hands, put on hob-nailed boots, and jumped up and down on Don Wollheim and Ace, for not paying authors, for excessive editorial interference with manuscripts, and generally for being a crook. (Harlan mentioned that the sales report he received on his one Ace Double showed that one half of the book had sold 200,000 copies more than the other half...) The spark that set off the tirade was someone's mention of Tolkien. Through Houghton-Mifflin's goof, the Ring books are not covered by copyright in the U.S., and the Ace editions are being published without the author's permission and without paying him any royalties. Supposedly another pb house is about to issue the trilogy in an "authorized" edition, for which royalties will be paid.



Personally, I don't blame Ace for taking advantage of the public-domain status of the Tolkien (or the ERB) books. Though in Tolkien's case, it was purely the fault of the publisher, and not of Tolkien himself, that the books were not copyrighted, and it is a shame that he should lose out on the royalty payments because of this.

And that is our Westercon Report for this year. You will have to take into consideration that Ted and Harlan wouldn't be happy unless they had somebody to be mad at. (Tho I admit I'm fascinated by the vision of all these people rushing into drugstores, ripping Harlan's book in two and strolling out with the half they wanted...)



Don A. Wollheim, Ace Books Inc., 1120 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York, 10036

I must take exception to Mr. Shir-Cliff's designation of our Ace editions of THE LORD OF THE RINGS as "pirated". Dr. Tolkien, who might be excused for his ignorance of American publishing laws, may make such false charges, but Mr. Shir-Cliff knows better. Literary piracy refers to infringement of copyright, and we have not infringed any copyrights Dr. Tolkien's publishing rights in the United States were sacrificed long ago and by other hands than Ace's.

It must be remarked that the experience of Ace and Pyramid and other companies in endeavoring to contract for these books from Houghton - Mifflin shows that there would never have been any paperback editions without a pioneer publisher exercising his legal rights without consulting the hard-cover publisher. Whichever company this might have been would then have been subjected to the same sort of libelous nonsense from some follow-up pseudo-authorized Johnny-come-lately.

It should also be stated that Ace Books have written to Dr. Tolkien offering him royalties or honorariums -- and that we have put ourselves on public record in this regard. If he chooses, under the advice of others seeking to profit for themselves, not to benefit himself from our editions, that is his own loss.

Finally, an interesting little point. The difference in printing costs between Ballantine's forthcoming editions (even with a few thousand added words) cannot be more than one or two cents a copy. The author's presumed "royalty" would reasonably not come to more than four cents a copy. Yet Ballantine will charge twenty cents more per book than the Ace editions. It is a noble act indeed to announce loudly that the author is to get royalties -- and then slip four times that amount out the readers' pockets while shedding loud crocodile tears against dastardly "pirates".

Bernard Shir-Cliff, Ballantine Books, Inc., 101 Fifth Avenue, New York

Thank you for the latest Yandro, and for reprinting my letter. The amount of publicity this controversy has caused is quite astonishing. I think Professor Tolkien's readers regard him with genuine affection and are outraged by Ace's casual expropriation of his books.

Our edition should be along at any moment. It has been delayed by

Tolkien's illness, which prevented him from completing the Index as early as he had expected. In the meantime, we have rushed through a first printing of THE HOBBIT (for reasons explained in the enclosed news release) and are finding a very strong acceptance.

Nothing can restore to Professor Tolkien the loss he has already sustained by the Ace publication, but the example of his case may have some effect in provoking Congress to improve our copyright law so that such things do not occur again. Clarence Petersen's story in the Chicago Tribune (August 15) is a step in that direction.

I'd be interested in the views of your readers on this -- whether the whole matter leaves them indifferent or whether they make an effort, when competing editions are offered, to get the edition which is published with the approval of the author.

✓The reasons given in the enclosed news release boiled down to getting an edition of THE HOBBIT out before the competition does. (Which is, of course, the best possible reason.) Several readers have commented on the earlier letter. The rest of you can either make your comments directly to Ballantine or make them to Yandro and we'll try to have a special section for them next issue. RSC/

Dan L. Adkins, Box 516, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019

Some time ago I announced in Yandro that I was taking over Sata and starting a new fanzine called Outlet. Bill Pearson passed to me the subscription list but no money as far as Sata is concerned. It wasn't a big list, 36 names, so I said forget about paying me, and I'd just give them copies. That's of little importance, as I've decided not to publish Sata. I don't know if Bill intends to ever put it out again or not. I doubt it. The point is, if those 36 people want their money back, Bill has it. I don't.

Now, on the subject of Outlet, I have this to say. It will be published, but there is going to be quite a delay. Things have happened that I didn't expect, and there is no way that I could possibly publish it at this time. For one thing, my wife and I are going to be parents soon, after six years of marriage. We didn't expect the child, but we're very happy to finally be having one. As a result of this we have the usual hospital and doctor bills. That's not too bad, but the main thing is that we have to find a bigger place to live now. After thinking about it, we've decided to buy a house. That is a big step, and brings us face to face with why Outlet will have to be delayed. Outlet costs roughly \$1,500 per issue. That includes the cost of printing 3,000 copies, art supplies, and the cost of buying some of the artwork and stories. It's not exactly what you would call a fanzine. There will be art in it by Wally Wood, Jack Gaughan, Richard Bassford and others, who are professionals. A lot of work has been done already, for the first issue. But, it started out to be a 32 page magazine and I've expanded it to 52 pages, due to the fact that I dropped Sata.

I expect to get it in the mail to my subscribers early next year. I can't say exactly when, as I'm not sure when I can get it out. There may be a chance that I can publish it twice a year, but I won't promise anything more than once a year. All I can promise is that it will be published, as I've labored over the thing with a great deal of sweat and love.

I still have one more thing to say, mostly for egoboo, but also to let you know this, as it does have a direct effect on the outcome of Outlet. I quit my steady job in July to free lance full time. I

started out free lancing again, after leaving Ziff-Davis two years ago, to make some extra money. As things turned out, I got over-loaded with jobs in the comic book field, and so I quit my rather dull job in an art studio. I won't bother mentioning the titles of comic books, but just say I've done 54 pages of work in that field in 9 weeks, as well as write 3 scripts. I will mention the fact that I'm returning to the science fiction magazines and that my art will be coming up, probably early next year, in If, Galaxy, and Worlds of Tomorrow. That's when you will be seeing it, though it will be drawn this year.

That covers everything, except I might add that anyone who has subscribed to Sate will get Outlet. This doesn't include Bill Pearson's old subscribers. And anyone who doesn't want to wait for my magazine may have their money back upon request. My wife is keeping files on the fans who subscribe, so have no fear of getting left out. Thank you.

Roger Zelazny, 821 E. 250th St., Euclid, Ohio, 44132

I noticed a query amongst yr letters by some young fan named Tucker, re why undertakers carefully place eyeglasses or hearing-aids on a corpse for burial. Consider the alternative: Not placing eyeglasses or hearing-aids on live persons for burial. The thought is quite gruesome (and I think some pro did once use the notion, but I might be wrong on that) -- viz., waking up after burial and not being able to properly discern the outlines of the coffin, nor hear the dripping of moisture within the vault, nor the steady chewing sound without, etc. It would obviously be quite traumatic, and I believe it would best lend itself to that mode known as the horror story. At any rate (and I just called my local radio supply store on this) that is why two fresh batteries (costing 55¢ apiece, and having a life expectancy of three days) are installed in the hearing-aid just prior to the burial. Those few dishonest funeral directors who charge for this service but do not really render it are moral leopards, and if the practice comes to the attention of Mr. Tucker or any other decent citizen, he should communicate this knowledge to the local chapter of the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial Without Proper Accessories immediately. It has been condemned as a morbid practice for some time now.

Alan Dodd (address earlier)

If you know anyone especially interested in Sherlock Holmes perhaps you'd let them know I have a small collection of clippings I've saved on his appearance in TV, radio, stage recently, and I'd like them to go to someone who is particularly interested, if you know of anyone. Not much -- but someone might like them.

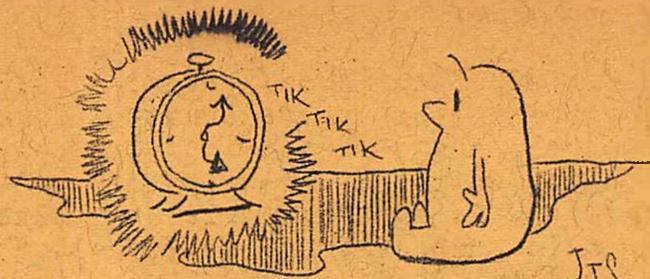
/This is an old letter and I'm not sure he still has the clippings, but if you're interested, ask. RSC/

Creath Thorne, Route 4, Savannah, Missouri, 64485

Though I am only an amateur and thus perhaps not qualified to comment on Ted White's statements, it still seems to me that plotting a story is a bit more complicated than he makes it sound. First you've got to get a good plausible idea, and then you've got to develop a way for the plot to unwind that sounds reasonable to the reader. And you must develop a conflict in the story, and show how something changes in some way. Could you really do all this one a subway in a matter of minutes?

/Oh, I don't know; ever read any of his books? (Which is nasty and not meant too seriously, but irresistable.) RSC/

GOLDEN MINUTES



NIGHT SLAVES, by Jerry Sohl (Gold Medal, 50¢) Miracles still occur --- Jerry Sohl has learned how to write. This is the "duplicate explanation" idea; the reader can decide for himself whether or not the protagonist was in contact with aliens or whether he was simply off his rocker. The background of the isolated little town is remarkably similar to Finney's Body Snatchers, and there is a totally irrelevant sub-plot involving the protagonist's wife and his psychiatrist (put in either to pad the length or satisfy the publisher) but on the whole this is a pretty good novel. It won't win any awards, but it's worth your time.

MONSTERS IN ORBIT/THE WORLD BETWEEN, by Jack Vance (Ace, 45¢) The novel half originally appeared in TWS in 1952 as two stories; "Abercrombie Station" and "Cholwell's Chickens". I don't recall that either made a great stir at the time, and I see no reason why they should now. The heroine -- tough-but-with-a-heart-of-gold -- is at least unusual in stf, tho she'd be right at home in some westerns I've read or in any of Dashiell Hammett's novels. The other half of the book contains 5 short stories; "The World Between" (original?), "The Moon Moth" (GALAXY '61), "Brain Of The Galaxy" (WORLDS BEYOND '51), "The Devil On Salvation Bluff" (Star SF '54), and "The Men Return" (INFINITY '57). The latter hardly qualifies as a story; it's more of an incident. "The World Between" is a good 15-page idea padded out to 30 pages by repetition, plus a rather odd ending. (Vance seems to delight in dropping in little bits of irrelevant information right at the end; he does the same thing in "Brain Of The Galaxy". Presumably this is to add to the final impact, but it certainly doesn't succeed.) "The Moon Moth" and "The Devil On Salvation Bluff" are both excellent stories, and the book as a whole is worthwhile if you have not encountered too many of the stories previously.

THE LORD OF DEATH AND THE QUEEN OF LIFE, by Homer Eon Flint (Ace, 40¢) The foreward implies that this is to be the first of a series of reprints of Flint's stories. I can't say I'm thrilled. This book is not, like Austin Hall's work, bad enough to be funny, and neither is it good enough to be very interesting. For anyone interested in the development of science fiction I suppose it's interesting as a historical document, but you can get better reading out of today's magazines.

MASTERS OF THE MAZE, by Avram Davidson (Pyramid, 50¢) Avram may well be the best short-story writer in stf today, but his novels usually seem to have flaws in them. Like not going any place. Here I think he's trying to mix satire with action-adventure and none of it comes off too well. Despite the plot, however, it's worth reading. The secret is not to ignore the irrelevancies; read the irrelevancies and enjoy them. What you need to ignore is the story. I couldn't care less what happened to good old Nate Gordon, Boy God, but things like editor Sherman's advice to writers, and odd quotes like "Ozzie's face resembled one of those bas-relief maps which children are sometimes encouraged to make out of papier-mache or plaster or whatever it is, and then color, instead of being taught to read and write and cypher, the little bastards;" are priceless. If you enjoy this kind of writing, by all means get the book; if you prefer your sword and sorcery straight, don't bother with it.

THE BLACK STAR PASSES, by John W. Campbell (Ace, 40¢) This is imitation-Doc Smith space opera from the days when stf authors felt obliged to take several pages to describe in great detail how each of their super-gadgets worked. Campbell, being both a better writer and a better physicist than most of his contemporaries, indulges in even more technical descriptions than do most of them. If you liked the recent Smith reprints, you should love this. As it is the first, I believe, of the Arcot-Morey-Wade series, presumably the sequels to it will be forthcoming from Ace eventually. Not being terribly interested in technical details, I wound up skimming the book (but then I've often been told that I'm a sort of half-hearted fan at best, not interested in the finer points of the field).

THE GHOUL KEEPERS, ed. by Leo Margulies (Pyramid, 50¢) I still think the poetic editorial blurb is better than the fiction. These all appeared in WEIRD TALES between 1938 and 1951, and should go well with the other Pyramid volumes taken from WEIRD, tho most of them have a touch of humor that was unusual in a WEIRD story. Of course, Bob Bloch is known for his ghoulish laughter, and "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" is typical Bloch. Sturgeon's "Martian And The Moron", Helen Kasson's "Please Go 'Way And Let Me Sleep", and "When The Night Wind Howls", by DeCamp and Pratt, also take the horrible none too seriously. Bradbury's "The Lake" is typical Bradbury, Kuttner's "Spawn Of Dagon" is sword-and-sorcery, "Claire de Lune" by Seabury Quinn and "The Isle Of The Sleeper" by Edmond Hamilton, are good weird tales, and Harry Altshuler's "The Witch In The Fog" is a mediocre weird tale.

LORD KALVAN OF OTHERWHEN, by H. Beam Piper (Ace, 40¢) This is the best stf of the month. Approximately the first third of the book appeared in ANALOG in 1964 as "Gunpowder God". It was a good novelet, and the expansion makes an excellent stf-adventure novel. It won't make you have any deep thoughts about *Life*, but it's great adventure and entertainment.

THE EXILE OF TIME, by Ray Cummings (Ace, 40¢) Another dull classic. In an introduction, Robert A. Lowndes, who should know better, compares it to the novels of H. G. Wells. (The difference is that while Wells may be dated today, his novels don't cause you to go to sleep in the middle of them.) The plot is ridiculous, the characters are caricatures, and the background description is superficial.

THE WELL OF THE WORLDS, by Henry Kuttner (Ace, 40¢) Perhaps more than any other writer, Kuttner embodies the "sense of wonder". Even in a second-rate novel like this one. You can tell yourself that the plot is idiotic and the gimmick is a magical stone that has any properties that the author happens to need at the moment (it is by no means "internally consistent") and still, the story has something. It may be Kuttner's poorest story -- I've never read a worse one by him -- but even at his worst he manages to be entertaining. Recommended to Kuttner fans like me (but if you're about to read your first Kuttner story, pick a different one).

5 UNEARTHLY VISIONS, ed. by Groff Conklin (Gold Medal, 50¢) Eric Frank Russell's "Legwork" is a detective story; how do you catch an alien who can hypnotize anyone instantly? Well done, as Russell's work almost invariably is. Walter M. Miller's "Conditionally Human" is a sentimental, maudlin, tear-jerker which has been cited as a stf classic. Gallun's "Stamped Caution" is a well-done (tho somewhat wishful) tale of contacting an alien species. Damon Knight's "Dio" attempts to say something about Time and Humanity. (Well, actually it succeeds in saying something; it just happens to be something I don't particularly agree with.) Simak's "Shadow World" is another alien-contact story -- completely unbelievable, but sort of fun.

THE ALTER ON ASCONEL, by John Brunner/ANDROID AVENGER, by Ted White (Ace, 45¢) The Brunner half appeared in AMAZING awhile back. It's sort of mediocre Brunner; no world-beater, but a perfectly good way of killing a dull afternoon. If the adventure doesn't really grip your heart, it is smooth and fast-moving and with no obvious goofs in the writing. The White half is original, and pretty good right up to the ending. I don't know if his original ending was cut, or if he wrote himself into a corner, but I don't think much of a villain who gives up that easily. (The least he could have done was take the girl with him.) Besides, it doesn't jibe with his previous villainous character. Ending and all, it's not too bad (tho the title really isn't too apt....now if it had been something like, say, Frankenstein 2065 A.D.) Minor quibble: I don't know who is responsible for the girl's name being "Hoyden", but it's a pretty damned silly name. (Even for a pun, if that's what it was supposed to be.) I've read a lot better fiction -- but I've read a lot worse, too. This month, I've read a lot worse.

THE LAST HOPE OF EARTH, by Lan Wright (Ace, 40¢) I guess this is original; I don't recall it in any US mags, and it's far too straightforwardly written to appear in the present British publications. Basically it's another British disaster book. It's better than the average in that the plot actually goes somewhere instead of stagnating with the hero for 200 pages -- and it's worse than the average in that it's one of the most unbelievable stories I have ever read in my life. (Well, now that I think of it, I guess it isn't quite as unbelievable -- or as poorly written -- as Ballard's Wind From Nowhere, but the plausibility isn't too much higher.) If you're desperate for something lightweight but readable, it's worth a try, but Wright can do better. You'll be better off re-reading Lord Kalvan.

And speaking of re-reading, now would be a good time to check up on The Day New York Went Dry, by Charles Einstein (Gold Medal, 40¢). I note that, like all prophetic science fiction, it's conservative. "The drought set in on August 3, 1967." (Einstein). "New York City will be absolutely without water by midwinter." (Drew Pearson, in his Aug. 11, 1965, column).

LO!, by Charles Fort (Ace, 50¢) Evidently Book Of The Damned sold, as here is the second of Fort's compendiums. This is not a book to read thru from front to back. It's one to dip into, here and there, read Fort's "factual" cases, and see how many of them you believe. Personally, I'm inclined to believe that a good share of them are actual occurrences that science can't explain, and the rest are pure fiction dreamed up by newspaper reporters with a column to fill. Fort's careless editing leaves very few clues as to which cases are which, however. (At least, he does give sources, which is more than imitators such as Frank Edwards do.)

A few odds and ends: Ace has published COWBOY, by Ross Santee, a western writer and artist whose work I'm crazy about. If you want the ring of authenticity in your westerns, here it is. John Brunner has branched out into a spy novel, WEAR THE BUTCHER'S MEDAL, from Pocket Books. It isn't great writing, but it's one hell of a lot better than most recent spy novels that I've read. Keith Laumer's A PLAGUE OF DEMONS has been published by Berkley -- another good stf-adventure story. Laumer has revived the old art of throwing everything but the kitchen sink into the plot and making the results entertaining. Presumably Bradbury fans know that THE MACHINERIES OF JOY is out from Bantam, and I can't imagine anyone else caring. And the best book of any sort that I've read recently is THEY FOUGHT ALONE, by John Keats (Pocket Books), an account of Phillipine guerillas.

STRANGE FRUIT

Reviewed for DOUBLE BILL: RATATOSK #16 & 17, KIPPLE #82, 83 & 84, NIEKAS 12, POT POURRI #38, 39 & 40, ALIEN WORLDS 15, VECTOR 32, S F TIMES #428, THE SCARR 8, DYNATRON 25, HAVERINGS 19, ZENITH 9 & ZENITH ARTFOLIO, AMRA 35, SKYRACK 81 and anything else that may come in between now and the time I get my review finished.

Received and noted: STRAY NOTES #2, GAMESLETTER #1 & 2, 45 AND COUNTING #3 & 4, TNFF Vol. 2⁴ #2, DINKY BIRD 15, TABOO #1, HOG JOWLS & PEANUT BRITTLE #1, COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #2 $\frac{1}{2}$, REPLIES, RESPONSES, REACTIONS #2, several dozen one-pagers from Gregg Wolford and Rich Mann (do you boys know each other? I'm starting to get you confused.), some Interapa material from Dwain Kaiser, and ALL DIGRESSION WEEKLY #15 thru 18

STUNK #10 (Dieter Braeg, Wien III - Invalidenstr. 5, c/o Bayer, West Germany) I hope that's all of the address; the mag is entirely in German. If you know German, okay; I don't.

FANTASIA Y CIENCIA FICCION #1 (Osvaldo Elliff, Calle 2 No. 270, Dto.2, La Plata (B), Argentina) As above, except this is Spanish. Publication of the La Plata Science Fiction Society.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #4, 4, 5 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Glenmont, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - monthly - sample copy free, after that see Don) A letter mentions that getting it regularly requires becoming a regular member (\$4 per year) or corresponding member (\$1 per year) of the Washington club. Available for trade, particularly for other club magazines; also available to other clubs in return for regular supply of news. Interested in receiving news of all club and fan activities in the eastern US. Primarily a mag of news and reviews; the editor requests more of both.

THE GAMESMAN #2 (Don Miller, address above - irregular - 30¢) This issue contains articles on Go, Diplomacy, and making game pieces out of paper-mache (I know that's technically an incorrect spelling, but it's the way the name is pronounced out here). About 12 years ago, when I was becoming terribly interested in chess, I would probably have been delighted with a fanzine devoted to board games. Now I'm not, but here's a good mag for those of you who are.

SENA #1 (Don Miller, address above) Primarily a N'APA zine, but Don says he has a few extras available for 10¢ each. About half mailing comments and half Indian legends. I'm interested in Indian history and archaeology but could never work up the slightest interest in native legends -- I prefer my fantasy more sophisticated, or at least more "slick".

N3F TAPE BUREAU NEWSLETTER #1 (Ann F. Ashe, R.D. 1, Freeville, N.Y.) I dunno if you have to be an N3F member to get this, or not. Ask Ann, if you're interested. Primarily devoted to news of the N3F Tape Bureau; possibly later will come articles on taping, lists of fan tapes, etc. (Or, possibly none of this will come; wait and see.)

ASTRON #3 (Dwain Kaiser, 5321 Mountain View Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada - irregular? - 25¢) Co-editor is Bob Davenport. General-type fanzine; fiction, articles, verse, letters, etc. Nothing particularly outstanding;

nothing much worse than average except the reproduction. (No, not even that; I got the impression of weak ditto, but a more careful check showed complete readability.) Rating....4

The same editor offers JACKING TOP, free on request. Worth every penny of it, too. Mostly mailing comments, tho I was fascinated by that cover.

DREADFUL FANCTUARY #2 (Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640 - monthly - 10¢) Almost entirely fanzine reviews, though he promises one item of fiction each issue. (If there is one thing I dislike more than fanzine reviews, it's fan fiction.) Oh well, Dave Bradley's book review column saves it from being a total loss. Not rated, on the grounds that I'm hopelessly prejudiced.

ROMANN #5 (Richard Mann, 249B So. Nevada Dr., Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota 58201 - quarterly? 15¢) Mailing comments and faan fiction, which is the only possible combination worse than fanzine reviews and fan fiction.

The same editor offers MANNDATE #4 for 10¢ and DREAM GIRL #4, presumably free since he didn't price it. Same comments apply. Rich usually seems to have fairly good mailing comments, but I wouldn't recommend them to outsiders and the club members are getting them anyway.

STEFANTASY #57 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. - more or less quarterly - free for comment) Or at least, if you're capable of making entertaining comment. Mainly, Bill sends it to people he wants to send it to. STEF is dedicated to the proposition that people are funnier than anybody, and generally proves it. (Note to serious types; it has nothing whatever to do with science fiction.) Rating.....9

BETA ETA ZETA #6 (Bernie Kling, 237 So. Rodeo Dr, Beverly Hills, Calif. - irregular - # for 60¢) Well, he's improving. Readers who haven't seen previous issues may doubt that, but it's so. This issue is better than any previous one. Rating...2

ZARATHUSTRA #1 (Cindy Heap and Joni Markwood, 14 Lee Garden Park, Rochester, New York 14624 - monthly? - free for comment) Somehow, this reminds me of some of the early EISFAs. It isn't really good, but it's nostalgic as all hell, so I won't rate it. I did appreciate George Heap's review of two fantasy books I'd never heard of before.

STARLING #6 (Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Station Rd, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - quarterly - 25¢) The best parts of this mag are still the ones that Hank writes himself; editorial, reviews, and general comments, plus the letter column. These are all pretty good. The other contributors don't do so well. Rating....3½

TRUMPET #2 (Tom Reamy, 6010 Victor, Dallas, Texas 75214 - quarterly - 50¢) I must say it's the prettiest fanzine I've seen for a long time; one doesn't expect to see fanzines that in appearance resemble PLAYBOY with artistic pretensions. The material is pretty good, tho it isn't any better than that in a lot of other fanzines. (There isn't any real reason why it should be, except that one usually associates professional-type format and printing with professional-type contents.) A lot of movie reviews, fiction (excellent by fan standards), articles, and a large fannish letter column. By all means get one issue; it's worth 50¢ just to see the lengths that some fans will go to in their publishing. You can then decide if you want any more. Rating....7

FANDEMONIUM #1 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont. - one-shot - price 50¢) Old fanzines never die, it seems; here's one that was (partially) printed in 1954 and distributed in 1965. Dated? Not as

much as you might think. It seems a bit odd in these times to receive a fanzine with material by Dean Grennell, Jim Harmon, Des Emery, Bob Bloch, Ray Schaffer, Bob Silverberg, Dick Gels and Bob Tucker (Bob Tucker?), but if you're nostalgic for Sixth Fandom (or if you want to know what in hell those moldy old fanzines looked like) here's one for you. (Incidentally, Harlan Ellison is still leading with his chin; he refused publishing permission for his old effort on the grounds that it was "pompous, self-important, utterly without merit, and plain silly" -- to which the appropriate rejoinder would be "but how will anyone be able to tell it from what you wrote yesterday?". Note that I do not make this rejoinder; I merely suggest it.) Possibly the most dated part of the mag is Paul's editorial, which is also more than a little pompous and self-important. He says he would hardly change a word of it if he rewrote it today, but I bet he would. All in all, I might say, a very good first issue. And just think, Paul; if you'd actually sent this out in 1954, you wouldn't have received a genuine Coulson review, tho you might have been mentioned in what was then EISFA by reviewer Dave Norman. (Wonder what ever happened to Dave Norman?)
Rating....6

FAMOUS FANTASY FILMS #1 (Phil Moshcovitz, 65 Bellingham Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167 - bi-annually - 75¢) Here's another professional-looking one. Not quite as professional as TRUMPET because the printing isn't as sharp, but still we have fancy slick paper, lots of illustrations, etc. Material is -- naturally -- devoted entirely to fantasy movies; if you're interested, it's a pretty fair mag, I suppose. (I'm not terribly interested, so I can't be positive.) It's also serious -- to the point of ridiculousness in at least one case. ("...it is not the policy of this periodical to suppress a motion picture...") Generally, however, the material is straightforward enough. I wouldn't pay 75¢ for it, but you might want to.

NO-EYED MONSTER #3 (Norman Masters, Box 79, Ortonville, Mich. 48462 - quarterly - 25¢) This is backed, Ace-double fashion, by THE UNKNOWN #2, edited by John Merkel, who doesn't know a compliment when he sees one. (He objects to Gregg Wolford calling the mags "mediocre".) The Masters half of this one might be considered mediocre, if one is inclined to be generous; the Merkel half is plain bad. Every author in it should immediately -- run, do not walk -- join Alma Hill's writing project and learn a little about the craft. (And for those who complain about "destructive criticism"; construction is fine, but there are times when you have to tear the whole thing down and start over.)
Rating....2

A trip to Wabash netted me STRAY NOTES #3 and COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #2-3/4, as well as the above two mags.

QUARK ? (Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Ave, Omaha, Nebraska 68111 - irregular - 25¢) I wasn't going to review this next, but it's night and I'm alone and something just went "quark" outside the window and I can take a hint. Lovely cover by Stiles. Material is largely Walt Willis and letters, which is a good combination. And I shouldn't disparage Gina Clarke, who also has a good column; just not as good as Willis's.
Rating....7

LUCIFER #2 (Jurgen Wolff, 1234 Johnson St, Redwood City, Calif. 94061 - irregular? - 15¢) Mostly fiction and reviews; it's hard to praise reviews that I disagree with, but these aren't badly written. (The conclusions are wrong, but the writing is okay.) Fan fiction is fan fiction; this at least attempts humor instead of being deadly serious. (It doesn't altogether succeed, but give it an award for effort.)
Rating....3

STUPEFYING STORIES #75 (Dick Eney, 6500 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22307 - irregular - "is sent to you Because.") This issue is almost

entirely devoted to an article on the present status of worldwide population control programs; an article which I consider the best single article I've read in several months. Whether you agree or not probably depends on whether you're interested in unfannish things like population control. (Best single article in a fanzine, that is; I keep forgetting these little qualifiers.) Rating.....8

TWILIGHT ZINE #13, 14 (MIT Science Fiction Society, Room W20-404A, MIT, Cambridge 39, Mass. - terribly irregular - 25¢) The MIT Society has always appeared to be one of the more cheerfully nutty groups in fandom; never more so than now. (And they're exporting their subversives to Indiana University; look out, Joe.) I'm not at all sure that the address, schedule or price listed above is correct; I merely hope for the best. (I'm not even sure which alternative is the best.) Briefly, TZ #13 is a regular publication, produced (I think) by regular editor Dave Vanderwerf. TZ #14, which came in the same envelope, is a parody publication, produced (I surmise) by Dennis Guthrie and Mike Ward. I assume that the next envelope from MIT will contain a regular issue from Guthrie and Ward and a parody from Vanderwerf. Material includes everything; fiction, articles, verse, artwork, editorials, letters; good, bad and indifferent; serious and humorous. (Even an article from me, and thanks for publishing it; I was looking over my copy some time back and wondering if it had ever been published....come to think of it, is that the one I gave up on and sent to another publisher? Naah, couldn't be; I wouldn't still have a carbon.) Issue #14, of course, is primarily humor. Together, they provide an interesting evening -- if only in an attempt to discover what's going on. I think I liked the older TZ's better, though. Rating....5

HONQUE #3 (Norm Clarke, 9 Bancroft St, Aylmer E., Quebec, Canada - bi-monthly or quarterly or something - free for comment) Norm objects in his editorial to my last review, in which I said that HONQUE was devoted to Canadian humor. And he proves his point; my review was in error. HONQUE is not devoted to Canadian humor. It is devoted to American pointless anecdotes. However, Norm does have an error in the editorial; he arrrows over the demise of crudzines. You come down and look in our mailbox some day, Norm ol' boy. I'll show you crudzines. No rating, since HONQUE is unique.

MIRAGE #7 (Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore, Maryland 21207 - irregular - 3 for \$1) He doesn't want single copy subscriptions; judging from past publication, it will only take him a bit over 2 years to fill that 3-issue sub. This issue reprints Lovecraft's "Sweet Ermen-garde", presumably to prove that Lovecraft did too have a sense of humor. (It's certainly an unusual story for Lovecraft; I was mildly amazed when Gene DeWeese pointed it out to me a couple of years ago.) There is also horror fiction (or possibly a parody of horror fiction; after reading it I'm not sure), weird verse, and an article by Gordon Dickson explaining the relationship between his novels Dorsal and Necromancer (which was quite interesting to me, since I hadn't been aware that there was a relationship. I thought I disliked Necromancer because it wasn't very well written, but maybe I disliked it because I subconsciously realized that it was part of a series.) The prime concern of the letter column seems to be religion, Jack being one of our more religious fans. I laughed at his plaintive "if I respect the right to disbelieve"....since he never has and probably never will respect that right, his attempts to get atheists to respect him are funny. (Like Ed Wood, who constantly repeats that he is willing to let "faanish" fans go their way -- usually just before making a virulent attack on them. "Some of my best friends are....") A letter

ing-fantasy'zine, and I usually enjoy it, for one reason or another.

Rating.....7

SCI-FI SHOWCASE #5 (Tom Dupree, 809 Adkins Blvd, Jackson, Miss. 39211 - monthly - 25¢) Primarily concerned with movie and television fantasy, though book reviews are also included. Seems well enough done, tho I have a minimal interest in the field.

NADIR #1 (Charles D. Winstone, 71 George Rd., Erdington, Birmingham 23, Warwickshire, Great Britain - bi-monthly? - 25¢ - USAgent, Dwain Kaiser, address noted a couple of pages back) Among all the new British fanzines devoted to serious discussions of the impact of modern science fiction on US policy in Viet Nam, NADIR is unusual in devoting most of its space to humor, with occasional serious patches. (Of course, in some cases I'm not sure of the intent -- like the beginning of the letter column, which consists entirely of replies; no letters. Considering that the letters which do appear are serious commentaries on the humor of past issues, perhaps it's just as well.) Humor, of course, is in the mind of the beholder -- most of the items didn't move me to laughter, but they might send you into spasms.

Rating.....3½

THISTLE #3 (Duncan McFarland, 1242 Grace Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio 45208 - irregular - 25¢) Banks Mebane has an article on the PLANET lettercolumn which even interested me, and I detested the PLANET lettercolumn while it was appearing. There are humorous items by Tucker and Warner, and the usual letters, editorial, con report, etc.

Rating..6

CLARGES #2 (Lon Atkins, Box 228, Chapel Hill, No. Carolina 27514 - quarterly? - free for comment?) This is a big one; over 50 pages. Reproduction is excellent, illustrations are good, written material isn't quite so good. Too many writers cover a couple of pages without really saying anything; Tom Dupree's movie article being a good example. However, there is one excellent piece of fiction by the editor, and a long letter-article on South African politics by a South African resident, which is good if you're interested in that sort of thing, and I am. And there is enough quantity of material to provide some entertainment for almost anyone.

Rating..5

KRONOS #2 (Paul Gilster, 42 Godwin Lane, St. Louis, Missouri 63124 - quarterly - 25¢) Some editing improvement is needed. One of the major articles (by Wallace West, presenting seriously a rather improbable theory of a "lost civilization" in the Matto Grosso) is divided into two parts, part 1 being in this issue. Nothing wrong with that, if the article in question is too long to run all in one issue -- but part 1 takes up less than 2 pages in a 28-page fanzine. By the time part 2 appears, part 1 will be long forgotten, which will probably ruin the effect of what might have been a good short article. Fiction ranges from extremely poor by Phil Harrell to mediocre (by fan standards) by Roger Zelazny. Jack Chalker objects violently to the publication in a previous issue of one of his old articles. It seems that it destroys his new image; he is no longer Chalker, the Fannish Rebel, he is Chalker, the Pompous Success. A moral for younger fans; sometimes when you set out to build a reputation, you're stuck with the one you build, to the amusement of bystanders.

Rating.....4

THE SOLARITE #3 (John C. Boland, 2328 47th. St., Moline, Illinois 61265 - quarterly - 25¢) John is dedicated to publishing quality fan fiction; while he may not always succeed, he at least realizes that fan fiction can use a lot of improvement. This issue, however, it doesn't make it.

Rating.....3

FIVE #5 (Rick Norwood, 111 Upperline, Franklin, Louisiana 70538 - irregular - 25¢) For comics fans, the main item of interest will be the new adventure of Doctor Midnite (done with the full approval of the professional copyright holders, according to Rick). Not being a comics fan, I can't judge it. The artwork seems rather crude when compared to something like Bill Pearson's SATA COMICS (but not much worse than most of the current professional publications). Considering that Rick -- who as far as I know is not an artist or illustrator -- stencilled 13 pages of comics for this issue, I guess they don't have to be professional quality. Rest of the mag is primarily fiction...quality isn't bad except for the problem of trying to squeeze a story into a couple of pages or less. It's possible to write acceptable vignettes, but it isn't the easiest thing in the world for amateurs. Rating....3

FANKLE #1 (Ivor Latto, 16 Merryton Ave, Glasgow W.5, Great Britain - quarterly - 1/6, or try 25¢) A typical "new wave" British fanzine. ("... and they all feature book reviews, and they all pan conventions, and they all look just the same..." I wonder if I could work up a complete parody out of that?) However, if they all look just the same, that sameness is probably a cut or two above the US average. FANKLE is neat, well reproduced, contains some interesting serious material on British stuff, and in general shows promise of being a reasonably interesting publication. The editor's conreport is the poorest part of the mag, but then con reports generally do fill that position. The editor's book reviews are probably the best thing in the issue (despite my opinion that Mike Moorcock's editing at NEW WORLDS is good only in comparison with Bonfiglioli's debacle at SCIENCE FANTASY). Carnell forever! Rating...4

MATHOM #1 (David Hall, 202 Taylor, Crystal City, Mo. - irregular - write him a nice letter) Dave seems to have licked his reproduction problem; this issue looks as good or maybe better than the VANDY Juanita is running off on our new Speed-O-Print. (New for us; it's a model L that I paid \$5 for.) Most of this issue is lettercolumn, but there is an article on "Atlantean Chess", part of an unfinished epic verse that left me pretty unmoved, and a verse by Stephen Barr that I enjoyed very much. Rating..4

KALKI #1 (James N. Hall, 202 Taylor, Crystal City, Mo. 63019 - irregular - available for "any sincere indication of interest") This is for the fans of James Branch Cabell; never having read anything by Cabell, I guess I don't really qualify. This initial issue is planned as a sort of introduction to Cabell (and my lack of knowledge isn't helped by the fact that in my copy pages 5-6 have been replaced by an extra set of pages 7-8). However, it promises to be a reasonably informed, serious fanzine, and is heartily recommended to all Cabell fans.

Along with the last two fanzines came SIRRIUSH #2, noting the formation of the Ozark Science Fiction Association, primarily for fans in the St. Louis area. Write James Hall for information.

Sirriush -- a serious drinker.

UCHUJIN #91 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - price and schedule undecipherable) As this is entirely printed in Japanese, I'm reduced to looking at the illustrations. The cover looks sort of like a Japanese cave drawing; inside are two illustrations of girls and one of a 1920ish touring car.

"When the critic of a work of art needs psychiatric training, this fact alone would serve to throw suspicion on the artistic value of his subject"
.....Hans Zinsser, Rats, Lice And History