

YANDRO



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YANDRO

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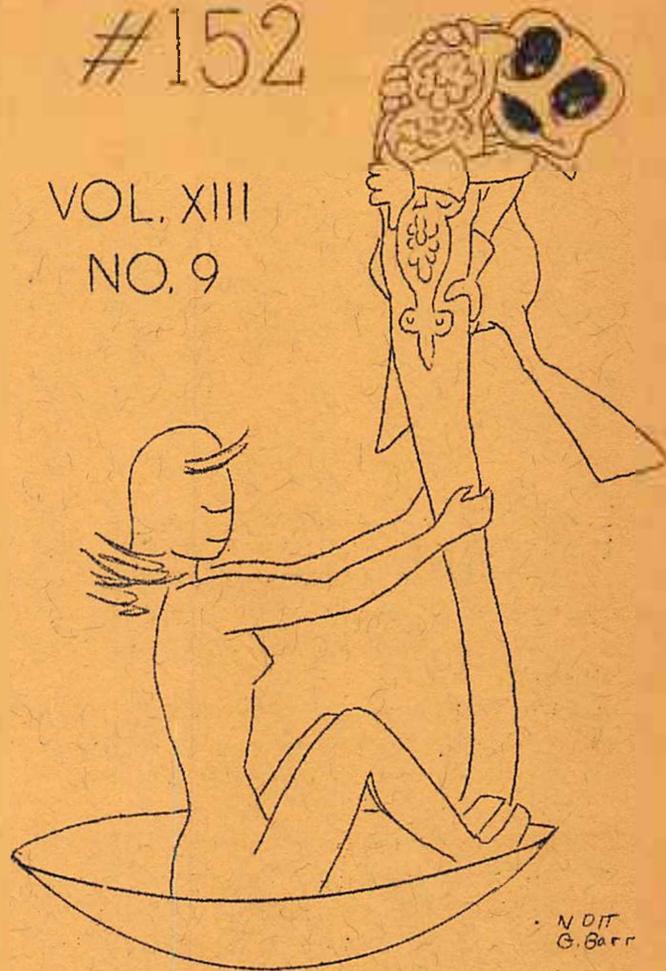
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I know that's an outrageous price,
but either we break even on this
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this price we can just about break
even.

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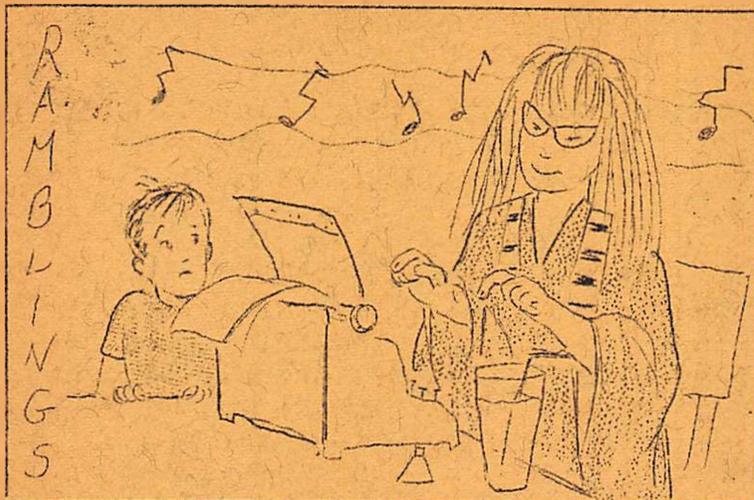
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Dian Pelz' illustration stencilled by Dian; other stencilling by JWC
Cover lettering by James R. Adams



Well, perhaps now I can whomp up enough enthusiasm to blather off something that might qualify as an editorial. Most of today I have been feeling rather blug -- coming down with a cold, Friday doldrums, autumn depression or a barometric low pressure area; but now I've taken one of my fancy new untried anti-sinus attack pills (loz @ - oog), am working thru a glass of local dairy milk (so rich it's almost half and half and probably loaded with cholesterol as well as energy) and on the record player -- Kabuki. Nagare, instrumental festival music according to the bi-lingual record jacket, has become one of my very favorite bits of music since I received the album for Christmas several years ago.

Which seems a good a topic as any for discussion. I usually feel more musical in the fall and winter months -- since I'm unable to get outside much. And doubly so right now, since my radio's on the blink.

Invariably my favorite records are instrumentals. I have some very favorite singers, of course, and 99% of our folk records are mutual favorites of Buck and I. But when I'm feeling depressed, or simply listless, I nearly always select one of my instrumental recordings -- I say my, because while Buck doesn't object to them, I can't imagine him selecting them for his own listening. When I hear a vocal recording, I tend to sing along with it, mentally if no other way -- but sometimes I just want to listen.

Some offshoots of clinical testing make claims that clues to one's character show up in the sort of music and art one likes. I suspect under that sort of analysis I not only come out a disassociated personality, but absolutely splintered. Kabuki music; Les Baxter's bits of B-Movie jungle froth (full of rhythm and stereotypes and signifying nothing -- but pleasing my ear extremely), The Beethoven Symphonies, and almost any Russian composer's work.

But of all the bits and snatches of classical music I care for, the one that stands on an emotional shelf by itself is Weinberger's Polka and Fugue from Schwanda. Apart from liking the polka theme immensely, I have very vivid memories associated with the composition; the first time I heard it was during my high school years when I was visiting the home of a school mate. That family was composed of five geniuses: parents and three daughters. And I use "genius" advisedly -- the entire membership was academically brilliant, physically superb -- homo superior.

The oldest girl, my schoolmate, became a professional chemist, a field I rather imagine is not all that easy for a female. It was my understanding her future was brilliant, but she died in one of those inexplicable rare commercial airliner crashes several years ago. It was my first brush with death of someone my own age, someone with whom I had felt some close mental kinship. She was not a warm person, but we communicated, we

shared opinions.

I often think of that family of three brilliant girls, listening for the first time to the Schwanda Polka in their company. The music itself is so gay and frothy, and my memories tinged with sadness -- the result is a very odd emotion.

I often wonder if the younger girls ever married (I've long since lost touch with them). The oldest daughter never did. In our bitter high school age feminist way, we commiserated with one another on the obtuseness of males, on our annoyance with the faked-stupidity of other bright girls, on our resolve never to sell our brains short. I was convinced there were, somewhere, men secure enough in their own abilities they did not require the false flattery of a sham-stupidity on the part of women to satisfy their ego. I was right, but I wonder if my brilliant friend ever discovered the same pleasant fact before her untimely death. I hope she did...

More than ever, after the events of the past week, I insist that while I very much admire the Quakers, I could never emulate them. And I'm not sure a number of Quakers would care to emulate their most current prominent former member. And a method of drawing attention to an assumed moral wrong which leaves three children fatherless is not my personal idea of a moral method. Dramatic, but hurting others in the process. It does not gibe with my own knowledge of Quaker morality. But, as they say, each must choose his own way...and that's not mine.

My own is rather a tangled reverse, and rather than being inwardly-destructive, tends to go outward. For instance, if Flaming Spear or some younger militant African leader were to launch a successful invasion of this country, I would go down fighting for my own personal piece of sanctuary. I would feel as I did so that as a descendant of whites who have dominated and exploited the non-white world for centuries I, as a living representative, would only be getting what my ancestors deserved. But I would fight it to the last with all the violence at my fingertips in defense of my family and my heir.

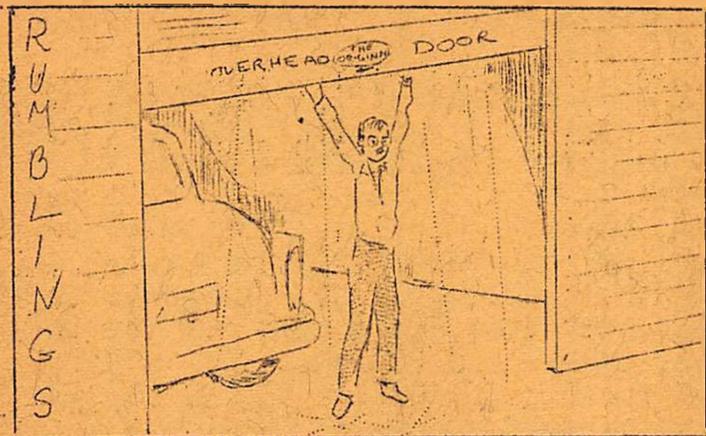
Whatever my ancestors were, I doubt they were Christian martyrs. I suspect I come from a long line of Huns and Vandals, riding for themselves and devil take the laggards.

On the lighter side, we have the cut-off-your-nose protest of the fellow who burned his library card in objection to the raising of library fines on overdue books. Somehow that appeals to my morbid sense of humor.

And it is morbid, according to a humor test I took in some class vague years ago. But then I suspect this is because the "normal" jokes on the test were all ones I had read numerous times before, and they no longer struck me as funny. But I did like the one of the drunk in the (before-dials) telephone booth, pounding on the machine and roaring: "Number, please, Hell! Give me my peanuts!"

In our case it's walnuts - black ones, two bushels full, hulled, in the cellar of this marvelous house. And three quarts of pear wine (which tastes rather like alcoholic vinegar, but Buck says it's pear cider and that's fine with me because I want to make some raisin wine next).

JWC



The major news here is that I'm once again among the ranks of the employed. At the moment, however, I am not at all certain as to what my precise job will be by the time you read this. On Oct. 18 I started work at the Overhead Door Co. in Hartford city as a factory hand. Today is Oct. 27, and tomorrow morning I start work for the same company as a draftsman. (Fast promotion, eh? Too bad the pay doesn't go up -- in fact, it goes down a little to start with. But the

work is a lot easier.) After my first week's work on the production line following a bit over 8 years as an office worker, I am reeking with liniment and as sore as if I'd been working out with Rocky Marciano. (To any young fans in the audience; get that education!) Of course, the change in status means that I will no longer be working with people like Davy Crockett and Jack Spratt, but.... (Honest.... I didn't know Spratt very well, but Crockett is a nice guy who puts in his days for Overhead Door and his nights as a part-time bartender somewhere. Probably a direct descendent of the original Davy.)

I see that Sol Cohen has not only turned AMAZING and FANTASTIC into reprint mags, but has added another reprint mag to his stable; GREAT SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. (And I see that not one of the copyrights of the original publications is older than 1959; the least he could do is reprint the old stuff. But then, I suppose if he went back before the days when AMAZING went digest-size, he'd have to use new plates, and that would cost money.) The second issue of BIZARRE! MYSTERY MAGAZINE is out, with some fair short horror stories and one extremely bad novel (Pierre Boulle's Planet Of The Apes).

Other reading matter recently has included the latest AMERICAN HERITAGE book, The Great West. This was one I had ordered from a pre-publication offer back in April or May, when my future looked rosy. Predictably, it arrived when my bank account was at its lowest ebb -- oh well, it's worth the \$10, I guess. Anyway, one of the interesting items in it was the name of an Indian chief. I guess I've read too many western novels, but it strikes me as a trifle bizarre to have an Indian chief named Peopeo Moxmox. Especially when he is chief of the WallaWalla tribe -- do you suppose the entire tribe had a speech defect? (He gets a mention in the current issue of HERITAGE, also.)

 NOTE: We still have copies of JACK VANCE: SCIENCE FICTION STYLIST for sale at 25¢ each. Recommended to people who like critical studies of authors and bibliographies and stuff like that there.

Had a nice letter (too late for publication) from Stan Skirvin, mentioning that the October-Con is not being held in Cincinnati, but in Sandusky. I doubt that this issue gets out in time to correct anyone who might have been misled by our last notice, and for that I'm sorry. But honest, fellas, Lou didn't mention the town, and since the Cincy group is sponsoring it, it seemed like a logical conclusion. In any event, we won't be there, since that's the weekend we're going to be in Milwaukee helping the DeWeeses move. The con would be more fun, but I owe Gene a sprained back to pay him back for the one he got helping us move here.

Bruce brought home his first report card of the year; the envelope it came in featured an ad for the Rural Loan & Savings Association. I suppose it helps defray expenses, but it seems to me to be carrying free enterprise just a wee bit far.

Note to correspondents: Due to the job, I've been too tired to write letters for the past week or so and will be too busy for another week. By that time I should have 30 or 40 to answer, and this will take me a while. So be patient; I'll answer you some day. (Letters referring to ads in YANDRO, questions about fandom and other more or less urgent matters will probably get replies before I get around to ordinary chitchat. Probably.)

I don't think we mentioned it in YANDRO last time, but we have a cat now. Named Juanda (the juitch). Calico female that someone abandoned. She is an "indoor" cat since we got her -- more for the protection of the dogs than for her safety. They have a healthy respect for her, especially since she missed one of Boondoggle's eyeballs by a quarter of an inch in their first encounter. (The second time we brought them together -- carefully held to avoid unpleasantness -- Boon hid his head in the crook of my arm so that terrible beast couldn't get him.) Bat has taken the stand that she's above all this rowdy brawling, and anyway she hasn't lost any cats. Shortly after we acquired the cat, Gene DeWeese was down, bringing with him about half a loaf of home-made bread. We set the bread on the table and thought no more about it until the next time we went out to the kitchen and it wasn't there. Juanda had eaten about 2/3 of the amount he brought. (She's a little less omnivorous now that she's getting fed regularly.) While we were canning pears, the dogs developed an appetite for pear scraps -- Boon did away with an entire panful of cores, peelings, etc. I thought dogs were carnivorous (and there weren't that many worms in the pears....)

Got an ad this month for "The Best In Children's Books". I decided not to accept it.....

Ben Jason sent a flyer on the Tricon, mentioning that he knew it contained more information than I would want to print, but to excerpt what I could from it. So, with half a stencil and my brain equally blank, I'll see what seems pertinent. I gave the address and membership fee last issue. The hotel is the Sheraton-Cleveland, and it seems to be a pretty good one. At least, it has promised free 24-hour parking, with unlimited in-and-out privileges for guests, a banquet that is expected to be no more than \$5.00 (exact details not settled yet), and a bit under \$14.00 for a double room. Ben mentions 5 up-to-date specialty restaurants, but since I patronize cheap hamburger joints at conventions, I'll ignore that. (Who wants to pay for food when Howard Devore and Ken Kreuger and Bill Thalling will be inside selling old magazines? For that matter, I might be inside selling old magazines myself; Ben mentions that anyone can reserve one display table free of charge. The second one you have to pay for, but one -- or even half a one -- should do me.) The convention opens officially on Friday, Sept. 2, but the registration desk will be open at 6:00 PM on Sept. 1, and there will be a "Warm-Up Party" for early arrivals that night. Ben also promises four other more or less "open" parties during the con, and of course there will be numerous little groups getting off by themselves. Ben also promises a donation of free beer for any recognized bidder who applies to the Con Committee for party materials (up to a point, he promises it). Virgin Islands, anyone? Milwaukee? Hartford City? Too bad the next one has to be in the eastern region. Copy deadline for ads in the first Progress Report is Nov. 30, 1965. And I don't have room for the ad rates.

ENGLAND'S

BANKS
MEBANE

DEADLY

LADIES

article by

American detective fiction of the "Blood, sex and booze" type has been under discussion lately, and Ted White, a fan of the "tough" school, took a swipe (in Yandro #149) at the classic British puzzle yarns. The true mystery fan, however, must remain an Anglophile. The Hammett-derived stories are not really mysteries: they are action-suspense stories, and while their endings may come as a surprise they are not written with the idea of furnishing enough clues to enable the reader to outguess the author and his detective. Although there are some good American writers in the field, the reader who is interested in a puzzle as well as an entertaining story will find his happiest hunting ground among the British writers who came into prominence between the

two World Wars. When it comes to creating murder, the female of the species is the deadlier of the genders in England. Good male writers can be named, of course -- John Dickson Carr, Michael Innes, and John Creasey (J.J. Marris) to mention a few -- but in no other place and in no other literary form have women been so important.

Agatha Christie is the doyenne of the field. She has been shedding blood from ancient Egypt to the quietest English hamlet for well nigh fifty years. Everyone knows her major fictional detective, the Belgian Hercule Poirot, he of the egg-shaped head, the enormous moustachios and the "little grey cells". Another delightful creation, the ineluctable Miss Marple, appears to be a bumbling elderly spinster but can out-detect Scotland Yard's finest. Christie has approached the fantasy field occasionally in some psychic stories and in the tales about the enigmatic Mr. Harley Quinn, her strangest detective.

As Heinlein did with science fiction in his early years of writing it, so Christie has taken one by one the standard ideas of mystery fiction and produced definitive versions. AND THEN THERE



WERE NONE (TEN LITTLE INDIANS) carries to its ultimate extreme the story of an isolated group of people with an unknown murderer among them. The gimmick of the least likely suspect will never be done better than in THE MURDER OF ROGER AKROYD, and I defy anyone to reach the solution of that book before its startling denouement. Christie's writing is adequate to her needs. Her best years were the 1930's, but she can still sketch in believable characters with a few deft strokes and manipulate her complex plots masterfully. Her settings have ranged widely, from Iraq to the Caribbean (and don't forget that tour de force set in dynastic Egypt), but time and again she has returned to the sleepy English village. Even when she treats something contemporary, like a school for juvenile delinquents, she concentrates on whatever vestiges of the "county" still survive from Edwardian days.

Margery Allingham is a prolific writer who stands close to Miss Christie in length of service. Like most of the British ladies who write mysteries, she is interested mainly in the Establishment, and is probably a Tory: her detective, Mr. Albert Campion, is related to one of England's noblest houses. Allingham's stories unfold in a tight web of interpersonal relationships. Her ability to control them has grown through the years, and some of her post-World-War-II novels, such as THE BECKONING LADY, are her best.

The late Dorothy Sayers created the amateur detective Lord Peter Wimsey, younger brother of the Duke of Denver. Her stories are long and leisurely. They often include a great deal of abstruse knowledge: thus in THE NINE TAILORS the reader learns rather more than he cares to know about the ancient art of bell-changing.

The unpronounceable Ngaio March came from New Zealand but soon made herself at home in Old Blighty. She was a leader in the fictional rehabilitation of Scotland Yard during the Thirties, and is still writing her competent books. Earlier the Sherlockian idea held sway, and the brilliant amateur and private detectives succeeded when the ineffectual authorities had failed. Gradually the emphasis shifted until the official sleuths were the successful ones. March's detective is Inspector Roderick Alleyn, a "gentleman" of the Eton-Oxford type who behaves as a gentleman ought to behave, or rather, to use Marion Mainwaring's words (in MURDER IN PASTISCHE, a hilarious spoof of nine mystery writers), as "a lady consider(s) that a gentleman ought to behave..."

The late Josephine Tey created another old-school-tie Inspector in Allan Grant. It can be seen that even when the ladies are kind to Scotland Yard, they insist on giving it a leg or two up the social scale. Miss Tey was a better writer than is usual in the mystery field, but unfortunately I find her books to be slow-paced and her viewpoint to be so intensely feminine that it makes for heavy sledging. She has quite a following, though.

Patricia Wentworth's Miss Silver, a strait-laced old maid who is



a private detective, is somewhat reminiscent of Christie's Miss Marple. She has appeared in a number of well-wrought mysteries, and always gets her man, if not for the usual purposes.

A school of romantic suspense stories with a Gothic aura stems from the Brönte sisters through Daphne du Maurier. Mary Stewart is currently the most popular exemplar of this form. These books are written primarily for women as well as by women, and I find them unreadable. Caveat lector.

The "Good Old Days" were the Twenties and Thirties, but many of the writers of that era, like the indestructible Miss Christie, are still at work. The tradition of the classic puzzler is waning, even in England, but ladies like E.X. Ferrars and Josephine Bell are ably preserving it from extinction. If you have a free evening, and want a good mystery, you can hardly go wrong by choosing one of England's deadly ladies for your companion.

ADVERTISING SECTION

FOR SALE: Vari-Color Model F-50 Spirit Duplicator. Almost-new (untouched by mundane hands) machine. Regular \$100 list price. My price: \$50 (shipped Railway Express Collect). Also included, no extra charge: machine cover, 5 gallons fluid, ream of paper (over \$10 value). Need money for college! 150 copies or more can be obtained from each master. Don't be a half-sane fan merely reading fanzines. -- have instand, complete insanity by publishing your own! This is The Very Same Ditto that ran off FARRAGO, gang! Remember the lovely colors in that? Remember the spectacular artwork? No? That's understandable. I haven't published an issue in almost two years. Buy now! Suffer later when you need the money for something worthwhile!

Larry Crilly, 170 Reid Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey 10201

If I had \$50 I'd be tempted to buy it myself. RSC

FOR SALE: Hardcover books. \$1.25 each, or 10 for \$10.00. Bonus book (seller's choice) with every order of 5 books. Postpaid.
ASIMOV - Pebble In The Sky, The Stars Like Dust, The End Of Eternity, Earth Is Room Enough./BARR - The Man With Only One Head/BECHDOLT - The Torch (rc)/ BOND - Exile Of Time / Boucher - Best From F&SF, 7th Series, Best From F&SF, 8th Series, Treasury Of Great SF (2 vols)/ BURKE - Pursuit Through Time / BERGAUST & BELLER - Satellite (nf)/ BLISH - Earthman Come Home, Duplicated Man / BRACKETT - The Long Tomorrow/ BROWN - Martians Go Home/ BIGGLE - All The Colors Of Darkness./BRUNNER - No Future In It / BLISH & LOWNDES - The Duplicated Man / BUTLER - Erewhon BURROUGHS - The Mad King (rc), A Princess of Mars (rc)/ CARSON - The Pawn Of Time/ CARR - The Devil That Failed / CASTLE - Vanguard To Venus, Satellite E One / CHARBONNEAU - No Place On Earth/ CRANE - Hero's Walk CRISPIN - Best SF #3/ CLARKE - Sands Of Mars / CLEMENT - Mission of Gravity // Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey 07088

That's only part of the lot; we'll be into the "D"s next issue. Seth says \$200 plus shipping takes the lot; I count about 150 books. RSC

FOR SALE: "Jack Vance: Science Fiction Stylist". Written by Dick Tiedman, with bibliography by Bob Briney. 25¢ per copy, from your arrogant editor. British fans may obtain copies from Fantast (Medway) Limited.

FARCE CONTACT

fiction by *lewis grant*

Seeking the source of the noise, which sounded like a succession of steel wires breaking, Kilroy slid into the cave, his blaster out. The noise stopped.

Hanging from the ceiling was a giant insect-like creature, its oval body and spherical head a fuzzy, striped brown. It was clothed in a red garment decorated with colorful lines. Wires led from its carapace to a small instrument on wheels.

Dropping a strangely-shaped wooden object, the creature pointed with one leg to the cart. Draped over it was another set of wires which ended in a metallic band. The creature, faceted eyes gleaming, tapped a metallic band on its own head. Kilroy placed the other around his.

A strange humming voice filled his brain. "Greetings: I am Shearth, a warrior of the Eso, of the caste which wears small, round head coverings, and once master of the planetary assemblage of imagery lovers. I varish the vehicle in which you came to this empty world, and therefore I varish that you are a sentient being, the first ever found by our race. Hell, sentient being!"

"Pleezameecha," Kilroy replied, his blaster at the ready.

"Tell, O sentient being, of your way of travel upon your own world. Doubtless you leap from place to place by mental energy, much as your ship travels the cosmos."

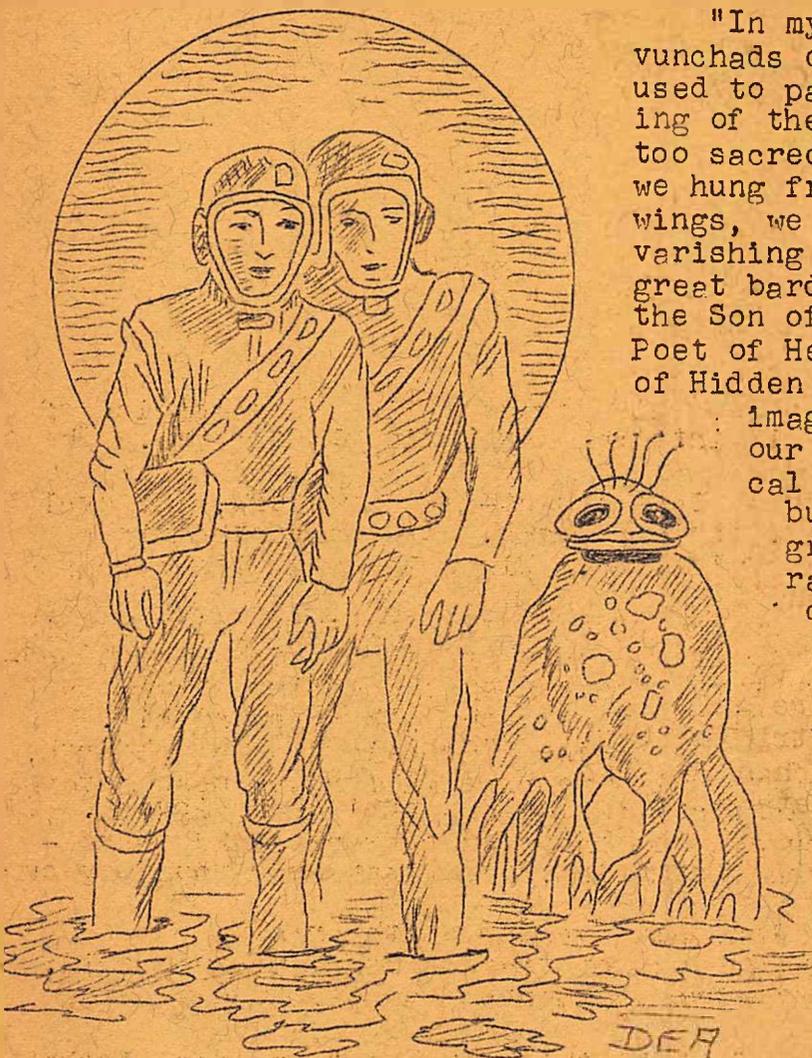
"Hell, no!" Kilroy snorted. "Whacha think the feet are for, looks? These boots are killing me!"

A strange sound, much like steam escaping, filled his brain. The voice continued, somewhat hesitantly. "Your cities, are they not gleaming jewels which have stood for many great grosses of vunchads, and tinkle slightly as the scented wind sweeps across them?"

Kilroy made an ugly noise. "Lissen, I'm from Tampamiami. What a crummy dump! The roof leaks, the place smells, and the politicos are robbing the people blind!" Again the strange hissing pervaded his brain. There was an air of desperation as the creature cried: "Are you not from a planet with three sexes, and are you not engaged in a glorious search through the galaxy to find a pleasing partner for your chosen mate?" "I don't know what screwy ideas you bugs have," Kilroy sneered, "But the only reason they can shove me in that stinking tin can out there is so I can get away from the old lady for half a year!"

There was a long silence. Then, with a convulsive movement, the creature plunged its center leg into a slit in its garment, and thrust something between its mandibles. It screamed in agony: "Absorb carefully my final thought, I implore, O sentient being. I have just swallowed a poisonous compound of carbon, chlorine, and fluourine, and will expire within a few wingbeats."

"Unfortunately, sentient being, I am of a race which is not totally sentient and logical. We are given to producing imagery of unhappenings for our own pleasure."



"In my imago period, only a few vunchads out of the pupal case, I used to participate in the ventilating of the Queen's chamber, a task too sacred for a mere machine. As we hung from the roof, beating our wings, we would occupy our minds by varishing imageries collected by the great bardmasters, like those named the Son of the Crooked Mandibles, the Poet of Heavy Metal, and the Holder of Hidden Energy. They wrought great images of times long past, when our race was young; of illogical but beautiful happenings; but most especially of the great days to come, when our race was to master the secrets of the cosmos, and plunge outward into space.

"But I found that as each of these imageries became reality, the actual happenings had none of the poetry, none of the beauty of our imageries. They were like infantile grubs compared to the wild swarming flight of the Queen and her courtiers. When I was transformed into a warrior, and placed in command of a cosmos-spanner, I resolved that I would never participate in the conversion

of our beautiful thought into ugly reality. The reality must be more beautiful than the imagery, or I would destroy myself.

"Therefore, farewell, sentient being. I feel the poison working. In a few wingbeats the convulsions will start..." The humming voice faded out in a blast of static.

Kilroy watched in horror as the great wings unfolded, fluttered, buzzed slightly, and then buzzed in ever-increasing crescendo. The wind from their thrashings raised dust from the floor of the cave on the uninhabited world.

Reverently, Kilroy removed the metallic band from his head and placed it over his heart. "A real fan!" he said.

 NEW ADDRESS

Pvt. Steve Stiles, US51554738, Co. B, Special Troops, U.S.A.T.C. & Ft. Wood, Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri (all that and no zip code.....)

 NOTICE: We have an illustration signed "D. Britton". We don't know where it came from, and we would like to return it to the artist if we can find out who D. Britton is and what his address is. (As far as I know, it appeared one day on top of my desk, but somebody must have sent it to us.)

RSC

TO THE EAST!

REVIEW BY ----- RICHIE BENYO

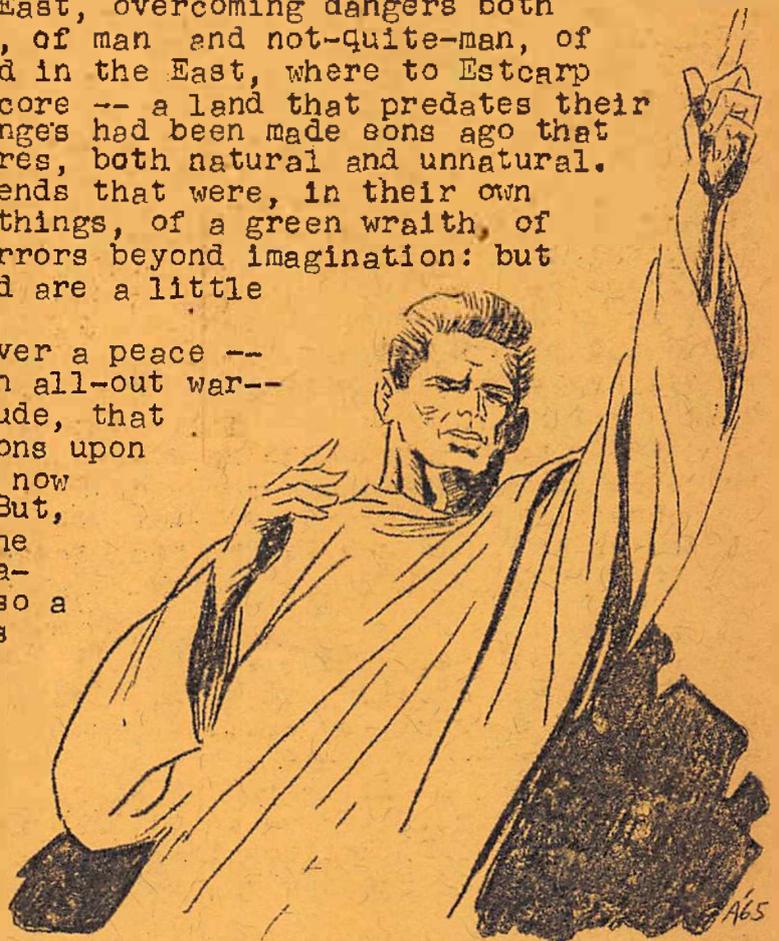
A review of: THREE AGAINST THE WITCH WORLD -- Andre Norton, Ace Books, #E-332, 40¢ -- Estcarp Series: #3 -- Fantasy.

There is a mental block when anyone thinks of the East. To the peoples of Estcarp;--the Sulcarmen, the Falconers, the ones of the Old Race, the Borderers--the East is a hazy memory more than half forgotten. But, to one who is different, to one who is mutated by a strange, unworldly union of species, there are certain gates which are not completely unpassable. And the triple-born of Simon Tregarth --Kyllan, Kemoc and Kaththea -- are so changed, so different, that to them, in an hour of need, to save a completeness between the three, the East is a refuge from a world that would outlaw them.

In flight from their changed, altered, and hostile homelands, they they scale the barrier to the East, overcoming dangers both wrought by wizardry and nature, of man and not-quite-man, of beast and more than beast. And in the East, where to Estcarp there is nothing, they find Escore -- a land that predates their own homeland, a land where changes had been made eons ago that had upset the balances of natures, both natural and unnatural. And in that land they meet legends that were, in their own world, only that: stories of things, of a green wraith, of intelligent horned-ones, of horrors beyond imagination: but that in the new-discovered land are a little too much more than imaginings!

And in that land they discover a peace -- for price! And the price is an all-out war-- against evils of untold magnitude, that have smouldered and bred for eons upon eons of time and change, until now they are beyond recognition. But, to even begin such a battle, the forces of good, of the green Da-haun, must be reinforced, and so a geas is set upon Kyllan, who is sent, as a pawn, back into the land of Estcarp for such recruits.

Such, in essence, is the third book of Andre Norton's history of Estcarp -- of the Witch World, where magic is not too uncommon, nor is bared and clashing steel, nor the men and women to



wield both, or a mixture of the two.

This book, from my own point of view, is the best of the three to date, which is strange, when comparing this series with the Time Trader series, in which the books seemed to get progressively inferior as the series wore on.

The book, for some reason, begs one to wonder at the time and effort that Miss Norton put into detail, especially so the culture and civilization of the world in question. This is, I would guess, a result of the fact that she has had quite a bit of experience writing the historical novel, where detail to the period being used is a must. But, no matter what the case, the fact remains that she has created a world, complete with geography, history, culture, etc., that is, in all respects, highly credible, if one allows himself to accept the hypothesis that magic is a working and integral part of that world. Truly, these books are a must for every fan of the fantasy or sword and sorcery genre, as well as the fan of good, reliable, resourceful, and well-crafted novels.

Especially evident in this novel is the mastery that Miss Norton has gained in regards to the human element -- the all-important characters. In "Three" the personages of Kyllan, Kemoc, and Kaththea come alive of their own accord, each a separate person, yet each united. For myself, I especially enjoyed the person of Dahaun, the ever-changing wraith, and unquestioned queen of the good-doers of Escore. Especially well presented is the relationship that forms between her and Kyllan -- an almost unspoken relationship, yet one that is presented so that it cannot be misunderstood: truly the mark of a master-craftsman in her trade. Even the sub-characters, the secondary characters, as far down as minor animals, possess personalities and traits all their own, when they come from the typewriter of Andre Norton.

If one word could be selected to describe this book, in all honesty I think that it would be - eloquent. The author ties words and phrases together in a way that creates a pattern of beauty, and ever-moving pattern of a world: of things beautiful, of things horrible made more-so by brilliant description and vivid imagery, of thing moving and un-moving, of things nature and things of hell, and of courage.

It would perhaps seem that this would be too much praise for one book, but I do not think so at all. I think that the only words than can truly express the beauty, the craftsmanship of this book, are the words of the book itself--from one cover to the other. All I can advise, and I hesitate to do this, as it seems to be a trite characteristic of amateur reviewers, but that -- read it. I give warning, though, that if you have not read the first two books, WITCH WORLD and WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD, you will be missing half the enjoyment when you do read "THREE".

To the Andre Norton fan, or to the casual reader, it might be well to note that she plans a fourth book in this series, sometime in 1966, after she has filled two contracts that are waiting. From the opening left at the end of "THREE" it is quite evident that the fourth book will be taken up with the job of telling of the winning of the golden land of Escore from the evil-doers that have been spurned forth, centuries before, into it. It is sure to be a tale of blackened hearths, bloody swords, and strange and unearthly beauties, as the saga of the Witch World goes on -- to what?

NEW ADDRESS

Mike Deckinger, Apt. 12-J, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, N.J. 07106 (after Nov. 15)

GOLDEN MINUTES

THE MAGIC MAN, by Charles Beaumont (Gold Medal, 50¢) This new collection includes 18 stories -- all of which have already appeared in Beaumont's previous pb collections, Yonder, Night Ride and Other Journeys, and The Hunger and Other Stories. If you don't have these earlier books, the present volume is a bargain; it includes some of his best work, and Beaumont's best is the equal of anyone's. But I dislike the habit of short story publishers of printing "new" collections which largely duplicate older collections.

YEAR OF THE UNICORN, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) Technically, this might be Miss Norton's best book. Personally, I didn't like it as well as most of her others. In the first place, it's always harder for me to empathise with a feminine central character (this book is really more in Juanita's line than it is mine, but she hasn't read it yet.) Second, there is too much description of purely mental contests for my taste -- too much sorcery and not enough swords, you might say. I'm reminded too much of some of Merritt's descriptive passages. (And then, as a materialist, I tend to get bored easily by contests between the naked power of opposed wills; I just can't suspend my disbelief.) Even so, it was an interesting book, and the Were-Riders are the most interesting set of characters to appear in a Norton book since the original Witch World. (This book tells the adventures of one of the Witches, captured as a child and carried to a different continent and a different set of battles from those detailed in the earlier books of the series.)

GRAY LENS MAN, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 60¢) The fourth in the Lensman series, with two to go. I'm beginning to have more respect for Smith's writing after reading this series; aside from an idiotic love scene near the end of the book and a tendency to Rover Boys type dialogue all the way through, he does very well. The dialogue is kept to a minimum, as it has been through the entire series (in marked contrast to his earlier "Skylark" books), and Smith's descriptions of action and background come across very well. Even the dialogue isn't too painful, except for the aforementioned love scene. If you like space opera, here's a good slice of it.

THE SKULL OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE, by Robert Bloch (Pyramid, 50¢) A collection of 7 of Bloch's short stories, only one of which has been in any of Bloch's seven previous short-story collections. (Oddly enough, that one is the title story, and it was previously published by Pyramid....) Of the other six, "A Quiet Funeral" appears to be original -- and is the poorest story in the book; "The Weird Tailor", "The Devil's Ticket", "The Bogey Man Will Get You" and "Lizzie Borden Took An Axe..." are from WEIRD TALES; while "The Man Who Knew Women" originally appeared in SAINT MYSTERY MAGAZINE. (It and "A Quiet Funeral" are strictly mystery stories; the remaining 5 are fantasy.) They're all well-done examples of horror-fantasy, though with less of the sardonic humor which marks Bloch's best work.

THE DEVOLUTIONIST AND THE EMANCIPATRIX, by Homer Eon Flint (Ace, 40¢) Two more adventures of the group from The Lord Of Death And The Queen Of Life. I suppose if you liked the last book you'll like this one too -- in fact, you'll probably like almost anything. Flint isn't a terribly bad

writer for his time (which was 1921), but he wasn't a terribly good one, either. His science is at least unusual; one story hinges on the "fact" that human beings are the only animals who have no instinctive fear of fire and can thus control it. It works even on another planet; the human slaves defeat the intelligent bees simply by the use of fire. (Of course, the way it's handled is actually no proof of Flint's theory; the fire is simply used as a "secret weapon" and the bees aren't given any chance to understand it. But Flint seemed to think that he'd proved a point.)

RULERS OF MEN, ed. by Hans Stefan Santesson (Pyramid, 50¢) A fairly average anthology. Fans should enjoy Bob Bloch's "A Way Of Life", in which the world is taken over by fandom. Leiber's "Be Of Good Cheer" parlays an old joke into a short story, not too successfully. "This Earth Of Majesty", by Arthur C. Clarke, has a new twist on the old stowaway-on-a-spaceship plot, but it's done so well that you hardly notice the creaky underpinnings. De Camp's "A Thing Of Custom" is an hilarious potshot at US society; possibly the best story in the book. Miriam de Ford's "Prison Break" depends on a "surprise" ending which anyone can guess and which isn't very effective even if you don't guess it; undoubtedly the worst story in the book, and the worst I've read for some time. Randy Garrett's "The Eyes Have It" is, I believe, the first of his alternate-world detective stories from ANALOG; among the best of current stf. "Murderer's Chain", by Wenzell Brown, is a not very good future detective story. A Bertram Chandler's "Fall Of Knight" is an elaboration of another old joke; the story is better than Leiber's, but the joke is worse. "The K-Factor", by Harry Harrison, is a good old-fashioned stf-adventure tale, rousingly told. And Edward Hoch's "The Wolfram Hunters" is another future detective story, this time exceedingly well done. All in all, a pretty fair collection.

THE TIME AXIS, by Henry Kuttner (Ace, 40¢) From the Jan. 1949 STARTLING, this is one of Kuttner's lesser -- but still good -- stories. It has the stock characters of the period (a thing Kuttner usually avoided), and some rather thin superscientific gobbledegook borrowed from the more engineering-minded writers such as Doc Smith. But it also has touches of Kuttner's marvelous background description (not the usual amount, just touches), and enough action-adventure to satisfy most readers. Even at his poorest, Kuttner wrote pretty entertaining stf, and this isn't his poorest -- quite.

THE ALTERNATE MARTIANS/EMPRESS OF OUTER SPACE, by A. Bertram Chandler (Ace, 45¢) I don't know what Burroughs fans will make of this (I suspect loud cries of "Sacrilege!") but I enjoyed it to the hilt -- partly, I think, because I think Chandler enjoyed writing it. In The Alternate Martians we have Burroughs' sword-wavers holding out grimly against Wells' scientific octopoids (and speaking Cockney...." 'Ere's ol' Tars Tarkas. ... Woddyer s'y, Tusky?" "Cor lumme, this ain't 'arf a rum go! replied the Green Martian. ") In Empress, there is an even wilder mixture: "But Zinderneuf is besieged by Kars Karkovitch, the Red Jeddak of Smersh." Without even trying I spotted references to Burroughs, Fleming, P.C. Wren, Dumas, Baum and one spy-novel writer of a generation ago whose name I can't recall. Nothing is taken seriously, and a rousing good time is had by all. (But I don't know what the sword-and-sorcery fans will think of humorous references to their heroes.)

The latest publications in Pyramid's Worlds Of Science series are, according to their forewords, aimed at interesting young people in modern science. Possibly it's the change in approach, but I feel that the quality has also dropped, in some cases. (It could be, of course, that the elem-

entary approach allows me to realize what the author is talking about, and thus find more errors.) None of these books seems equal to earlier books in the series such as Maya, Nine Planets, Man and Dolphin, or Living Earth. However.....

NEW WORLDS OF OCEANOGRAPHY, by Capt. E. John Long (Pyramid, 75¢) Possibly the biggest flaw here is unavoidable; one can't adequately discuss all the new developments in a 200-page book. Long packs in as much information as possible; the book makes almost as dry reading as a textbook, but it's a good reference work. To a reader who got his ideas of ocean currents and the like from textbooks 20 years ago, the amount of recent information on the subject is amazing (as is the amount of errors contained in the books I read back then). Recommended if you're at all interested in this sort of thing.

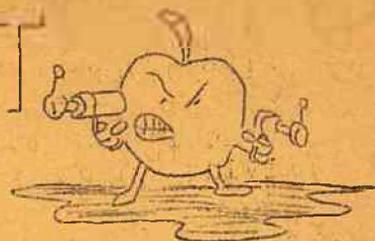
NEW FRONTIERS IN MEDICINE, by Stanley Englehardt (Pyramid, 75¢) I lost most of my enthusiasm for this book on page 52, where Stanley says: "Notable among the plant-derived drugs found within the last 40 years are quinine, atropine, morphine, and cocaine." According to my American, morphine was isolated in 1805, cocaine in 1860, and while no date was given for the actual isolation of quinine, cinchona was first mentioned in a European chronicle in 1643 and I doubt very much if it took them 300 years to isolate the active ingredient. In general, the book reads rather like a cross between an American Medical Association handout and a tv commercial for a new detergent. Not recommended to anybody.

THE HUMAN MACHINE, by Harry Moody (Pyramid, 75¢) This is also a pretty fair reference book; an index and glossary help. (All three of these books contain an index, for that matter; helpful for reference.) But the writing is terribly unorganized. On page 33, the author says "Now let's turn to ... the kidneys". This is followed by 3 paragraphs concerning body cells, and we don't actually turn to the kidneys until page 35. Then we have the following, which are the first two sentences of a paragraph: "The food and oxygen transported to the cells do not change into pure energy. Just as an automobile is provided with an exhaust pipe, the human mechanism has outlets for those waste products which accumulate." Maybe I'm dense, but I consider that awkward construction. The material itself seems up-to-date (more so than I am, at any rate) and again the book is recommended if you're interested in this sort of thing. Not for casual reading, however.

WORLD'S BEST CONTEMPORARY SHORT STORIES, ed. by the editors of SHORT STORY INTERNATIONAL (Ace, 75¢) One thing about Ace; they never stint on their superlatives. However, since this is an anthology of - presumably - the best stories from a magazine which reprints the best -- again presumably -- stories from other magazines, this triply-distilled art might actually be the world's best. Certainly it is an exceptionally readable volume; the editors have avoided "experimental" and ultra-modern work to present stories with recognizable plots and characters (a welcome relief from a lot of modern stf, especially the British variety). Two of the stories, "The Wallaby Track" and "The Island", are fantasy. There are 24 stories in the book. I found only one (the first one) poor, at least half a dozen are remarkably fine.

LIVING TREASURE, by Ivan T. Sanderson (Pyramid, 75¢) I don't know why this isn't in their Worlds Of Science series. It's a quite interesting book of natural history. Sanderson doesn't make his animals come to life in the way that Willy Ley does (but then, who can?) There are all sorts of descriptions of animals, animal hunts, and life in the bush of the West Indies and Central America. Recommended, even to casual readers.

STRANGE FRUIT



MUTANT #5 (Conrad C. Schaefer, 871 Kitzingen, Liegnitzerstr. 10, West Germany - price and schedule unknown) This is a big, 95-page mag with good reproduction, good illustrations, and the text entirely in German. I can't read German any better than I could last month, so.....

ZINGARO #5 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Dr., Highland Park, Ill. 60035 - quarterly - 35¢ for this issue, 25¢ for others) This is the 2nd Annish. A feature item is a good set of photos from the Midwestcon. The mag is mostly concerned with reviews; books, fanzines and movies in this issue. There isn't much one can say about reviews (unless they're as good as Damon Knight's or as bad as the ones in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW); if they do the reader any good, they're worth while. There is also a pretty fair letter column and another chapter of Ben Solon's s&s novel. Rating...5

BENTMOOT #2 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif. - irregular - free sample on request) This is a Tolkien fanzine; material in this issue is mostly on various elvish lettering and how to write with same. Personally I think fans have a hard enough time making themselves understood in English, but if you enjoy playing around with this sort of thing, I expect you'll enjoy this issue. Next issue of the mag is being published by Dave Hall, whose address is probably in this column somewhere.

DYNATRON #26 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - quarterly - 25¢) This issue is 20¢, but he says the price goes up with the next one -- and he prefers stamps, preferably easy-to-use denominations like 4¢ and 5¢. This issue is interesting in that it starts off with a misspelled spell; you don't hardly get that kind no more. (It doesn't even look like a spell to me, but that's what Roy called it, and he should know.) This is one of the declining breed of genzines; this issue includes an article on humanistic psychology, whatever that is (yes, I read the article, but not very thoroughly), an article on ideas for science fiction stories, a faan fiction story, and a short Westercon report, which is the best kind. Not precisely my cup of tea this round, but that's the point of a genzine; you never know what they will print next. DYNATRON's stuff is usually well-written, whether the subject matter gasses me or not. Rating...6

NIEKAS #13 (Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301 - quarterly - 35¢ - co-editor, Ed Meskys; British Agent, Graham Hall) A small issue for NIEK; only 42 pages plus front and back covers (and quite good ones). Material on Tolkien, Danish science fiction, book reviews, an excellent letter column, and various other odds and ends. Nothing seemed particularly outstanding this time; everything seemed reasonably well done. Rating...7

THE COLLECTOR'S ADVOCATE #1 (Owen C. Girley, 3404 Chippewa, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 70805 - quarterly - 5 for \$2.00) This is an offset, AMRA-sized mag. Feature item is a long article and bibliography on Andre Norton. I couldn't see that it was any better than any of the other recent articles on Norton (and there must have been 7 or 8 in the last couple of years), but it does include the first photo of her that I have

seen. There is also a reprint of Roger Cox's Arkham House checklist which originally appeared in ONE OF Richie Benyo's mags, book reviews, an article on book care, etc. Layout and reproduction are outstanding; material is good. Rating.....6

DOUBLE BILL #13 (Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio 44313 - irregular - 30¢) Another fat one; 50 pages plus covers. This is a "special fiction issue"; it contains two stories. There is also a "poet's corner", conducted by Lloyd Biggle and aimed at improving fan poetry, reviews, and a long letter column. D:B was one of the Hugo nominees this year; it's a good general-type fanzine. Rating....7

ENCLAVE #8 (Joe Pilati, 111 So. Highland Ave, Pearl River, N.Y. 10965 - irregular - 50¢) No subscriptions accepted; there may or may not be another issue. (In fact, this issue may or may not have been distributed; I have a copy because we mimeographed it.) An exceedingly general-type fanzine; this issue contains fiction, columns on folk music and jazz, movie reviews and John Boardman on political attitudes in addition to the usual letters and stuff. 44 pages plus cover; are all of today's fanzines either enormously thick or newsletters? The letter column is usually entertaining; this time we have Harlan Ellison accusing Harry Warner (a practising newspaper man) of having a "limited acquaintance" with writing. Rating....7

THE BAUM BUGLE, Vol.9#2 (International Wizard of Oz Club, Inc., Box 95, Kinderhook, Illinois - quadrimestrial - \$2 per year to Fred Meyer, 1620 First Ave. South, Escanaba, Mich.) A full-size lithographed mag, with colored front and back covers. Most issues I've seen have been devoted to the writings of L. Frank Baum; this one covers Baum's successor in the Oz series, Ruth Plumly Thompson. Recommended to Oz fanz (that was a typo, but I like it) and to any would-be specialist fanzine editors (to see what a really good example of the breed looks like).

THE SCARR #9 (George Charters - dammit, George, put your address on the mag somewhere! - lessee, that would be 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - quarterly - no price listed) Ireland's leading humor mag (mainly because all the others seem to have disappeared). I'd love to know where he got that imitation-Kipling version of "The Shooting Of Dan McGrew"; if he thought it up by himself, he's my kind of poet. There are articles on Irish peasant life, and letters, but my favorite item is as always George's comments on the bad British stf that he reads. (He never seems to read any good British stf, and I know there is some -- or at least there was before Nova Publications went broke.) Rating....7

THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER #7 (Ron Wilson, N. 3107 Normandie St., Spokane, Wash. - irregular - free) Major items are a critique of "Metropolis" and a review of Elmer Gantry, both by "assisting" editor Bill Warren and both quite well done. Since I've been sitting here for 5 minutes without thinking of anything else to say about it, I guess it has rendered me speechless. A blessing, no doubt. Rating....6

NO-EYED MONSTER #4 (Norman Masters, Box 79, Ortonville, Michigan 48462 - quarterly - 25¢) This is again backed, Ace-double fashion, by John Merkel's THE UNKNOWN MYSTERY #3. Norm spends most of his editorial in justifying the publication. Actually, it isn't needed; he is obviously receiving contributions and presumably pleasing his readers, which is certainly enough justification for any fanzine. He isn't pleasing me, but nothing in the rules says that he has to. Most of the publication is devoted to average quality fan fiction. Merkel's ha has also improved to mediocrity this time. Rating....3

THE GRYPHON #17 (John Foyster, P.O. Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia - irregular - for trade or comment) Primarily this issue is a running battle between editor and letter-writers, on the usual wild sort of subjects that show up in fanzine letter columns. There is also a column by Mervyn Barrett, concerning Hong Kong movies and such. (Since I know nothing about Australian film schedules, I don't know whether he's being serious or ironic when he comments that the turnover of films is "fast" because an "A" production will only run a couple of weeks.) There's a lovely copy of a handbill given away at such movies, to explain the plot to the viewers. It reads a bit like the stf that George Charters reports on. Rating.....5

YE FAERIE CHESSMAN #2 (Donald L. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Glenmont, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - irregular? - 30¢) An introduction to various "fairy" games of chess, with board layouts, descriptions, and reasons why some rules will work in chess problems but not in chess games. (The I don't see why a maximum-move game wouldn't be possible; it seems obvious that each player has a maximum legal move at his disposal for each play. I wouldn't think it would be very interesting, but it would be possible.) Recommended for chess nuts.

SENA #2 (Don Miller, address above - quarterly - 25¢) An Indian legend, plus comments on the last N'APA mailing. Quite good comments, too, but hardly to be recommended to outsiders, even so. The legend is fine for people who like that sort of thing.

THE WSFA JOURNAL, #9 and 10 (Don Miller, address above - bi-weekly - \$1 per year to non-members of WSFA, or \$1.50 if you want first class mail) These issues seem mostly devoted to short con reports; the best kind, if one has to have any. There are also book reviews, club news, and a few general news items. More of the latter, particularly those concerning east coast fan events, are desired.

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #3 (John Boston, 816 South First St, Mayfield, Ky. 42066 - irregular - 4 for 25¢, no free copies except to contributors) Devoted entirely to forthcoming book publication, and the best place to get such information (unless one is lucky enough to be a librarian, with nothing to do but read publisher's ads -- that's aimed at Jim Goodrich, by the way, not John). Rating..6

RATATOSK #20 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) A one-sheet publication (as is SPEC BULL above), containing the latest in fan news. Rating..6

SKYRACK #84 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢, or 70¢ if you want airmail - USAgent, me) The latest in British fan and professional news. Rating..6

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #430, 431 (James V. Taurasi, Sr, 119-46 27th Ave, College Point, N.Y. 11354 - somewhat monthly - 15¢) More or less the latest in US pro news (tho I don't see the point in headlining an announcement about a new mag -- TREASURY OF GREAT SCIENCE FICTION STORIES -- which I bought off the crummy newsstand here in Hartford City two weeks before I got S F TIMES telling me about it). There also seems to be more fan news than usual in these issues. Rating...5

NOTED: RATATOSK 21, STAMP 2, SIRRUISH 5 (with apologies for misspelling it last time -- but it still sounds drunken), some N3F mags, INVADER 8, TABOO 3, SIMULACRUD 1, HOUSE OF GAMES, DEATH THE BNF #10, CAMPING AT OLD MIZZOU #1. And I don't know anything about RAINY DAYS #4 and 5, and the Thompsons say they don't have anything to do with it. So there.

GRUMBLINGS

Jim Cawthorn, 4 Wolseley St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, ENGLAND

Thank you for Yandro 149, which I found awaiting me upon my delayed return from the World Con. Was amused to see one of my Yandro fillers among the stuff on the sketch table; I hope it made a little profit after the round trip of 5,000 miles or so. The turnout of USA artists was disappointingly small, though I understand that Bjo and others sent artwork which got forgotten, and wasn't unpacked in time to be exhibited. Unless this was simply one more Convention rumour.

Chandler being one of the very few thriller-writers I've read, and the only one I can frequently re-read, I'm naturally in agreement with practically everything said about him by White and Gorman. While the standard of the average SF writer may fall far short of Chandler, I would still prefer this to the average murder-mystery with its manipulation of character and circumstance to fit some preconceived mechanical puzzle. It is the attempt to convince the reader that all this is happening in his own, contemporary world which annoys, for the events are often about as solidly based on reality as the adventures of Superman.

Which seems a good point at which to mention the enclosed cuttings, a sample of reactions to THE MAN FROM UNCLE. I'm a little late with these, and quite possibly the ubiquitous Dodd has already passed them on. However... Do you think, maybe, that our tv critics have been under the impression that UNCLE is to be taken in deadly earnest?

[Judging from the clippings sent, British newspaper reviewers have no sense of humor whatsoever. Of course, they aren't much worse than the US variety. (Possibly they just ignore lines like: "I'd like to save your life, dear, but let's face it; I'm a heel." Or the entire show in which Vincent Price appeared, which was their best of this season. Price is an endearing sort of ham.)

RSC/7

John Boland, 2328 47th Street, Moline, Illinois, 61265

I'm kind of surprised at several of your judgments. THE WELL OF THE WORLDS was a second-rate novel? Lord, I read it and thought it was great. I never have been able to get much past the second chapter in THE DARK WORLD, though I've attempted it twice in only the last couple of weeks. The hero is something of a clod. I liked WELL right from the start. I enjoyed Brain of the Galaxy quite a bit, too. I can't think of any other author just offhand who's quite so adept at creating moods of strangeness and alienness as Vance. The difficulty, it seems to me, is getting a logical story going in some of these fabulous settings; not only with Vance, but any number of other writers, too. Yeah, Davidson has been doing a lot of that "Ozzie's face..." kind of writing lately; I'm getting sick of it. The thing that's so hilarious is that when even a literary nose gets turned out (stfish) way, it's these writers (?) like Davidson that get proclaimed as the best in the field. I bought another of his books last night, RORK. Haven't had a chance to read it yet, but it sounds as if it might be interesting.

THE ALTAR AT ASCONEL appeared in If, not Amazing.

Ted White's article was good, but I wonder if he isn't overlooking something when he says he'd do it for Lancer if he had it to do over again. Would Lancer take an ANDROID AVENGER? I dunno; but I can't quite imagine myself reading the book White wrote in one of those tall, regal-looking Lancer paperbacks. Is Wollheim really the bum White makes him sound like?

Nevertheless, WELL OF THE WORLDS is an idiot plot and uses "science" which is internally inconsistent. Lots of people liked it; I did myself, and said so. But that doesn't make it a well-written book. And the alleged punch-line of "Brain of the Galaxy" is completely irrelevant. I think Wollheim defended himself pretty well in our last issue. RSC/

GH Scithers, USA R&D Group, APO, New York, NY, 09757

"...what de Camp's acid commentary can do with a really meaty subject like this one." Have you heard that de Camp is also doing a book on dinosaurs?

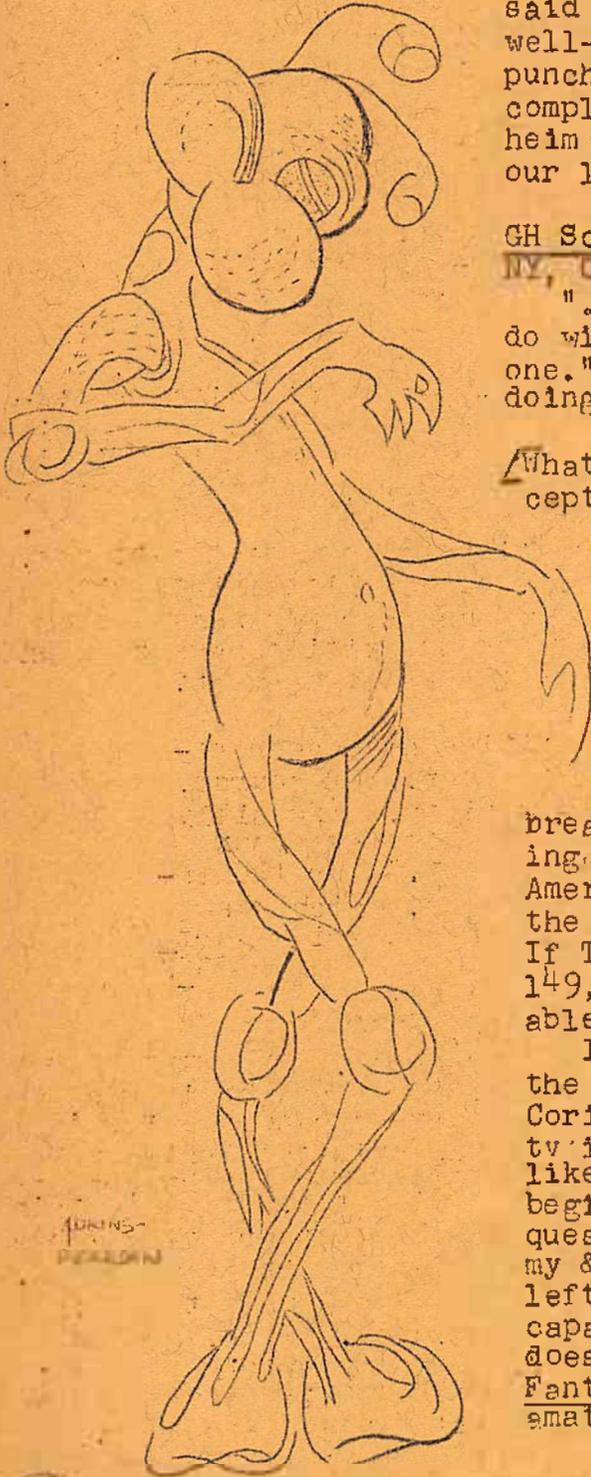
What do you do after a gag like that. ex-
cept gag? RSC/

James Goodrich, 5 Brewster Drive, Middletown, NY, 10940

Lamentation by Zelazny is xcilent. The Gorman & White articles on mysteries were also quite readable. Merci for being a genzine pubber. REG in #149 shows again that he can draw yummy gals; but must their

breasts be pendulous? Matter of taste, being a solid ~~38~~ fan myself/ Stick to your Americana - overall it is better rated than the over-rated (by the public) Brittanica/ If Ted White continues to write ala #150 & 149, he might change my mind about his lovable character.

I heartily second Juanita's comments on the Klan. Pleased to see my defense of Coriell is justified by his version of the tv interview. Didn't realize he could write like that./ Am glad Adkins wrote to u; was beginning to wonder what had happened? Next question is: what is Sata Bill doing with my & others' money?/ THE WELL OF THE WORLDS left me groggy; thanks for reassuring my capabilities./ My buddy Phil Moshcovitz does take things too serious; but Famous Fantasy Films is the best 1st effort of any amateur monster-loving pubber.



/But should amateur monster-loving publishers be encouraged? I suppose they should; free press and all that. RSC7

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Ill.

Unless you want to see your name in the fanpapers as the poor man's Wrong Way Corrigan, don't go dashing off to Cincinnati late this month for Tabakow's October-Con. Go northeast, lad. The con will be held near Sandusky, on Lake Erie. What in the world do you suppose they want to go way up there for, with cozy spots like Indianapolis and Hartford City readily available?

I've just finished a splendid book which you would have a lot of fun with, if you had it in your clutches and were preparing a Golden Minutes column; but I intend to keep it in my clutches until I have my fun with it. It isn't every day that you can find a science fiction novel in which the hero is "Byrome, the captain and chief pilot, an eminent physicist and also a great surgeon and physician." Byrome is about to launch the first interstellar spaceship and the remainder of his crew are as follows: "His loving and beloved wife Sylvia, the co-pilot who was also the biologist of the expedition; Rhoda, the finest astronomer of the four, the navigator and engineer; and finally, her husband Andre, the chemist of the group and Rhoda's assistant engineer. There would be two other occupants, Jocko and Jolla, two young Martian pet apes. It would be their dangerous honor to test the air or the edibility of any vegetation should a landing be made on an astral body."

You just can't hardly go wrong with a splendid crew like that.

The book is THE GENESIS OF NAM, by Charles Goodrich. It was published by Dorrance, Philadelphia, in 1956, and I'll bet Ed Wood is already faunching for it. The hero is one hell of a brainy character, who gives birth to an entire new solar system by dropping an H-bomb on a dark star that very nearly crashed into his space ship. He is both pleased and surprised to find the dark star flaming into life, and further surprised to find dark planets (which had been in the star's train) also blossoming into life. As the frozen worlds are revealed as lovely things with placid seas and inviting continents, so our hero takes some seeds and...



/That's okay; we're dashing off to Milwaukee late this

month to help the DeWeeses move. I heartily approve of an October convention (even one near Lake Erie), but we have, like, prior commitments. Ed Wood probably already has three copies of that book. (But it does, as you say, sound delightful; almost as good as the British stf George Charters comments on.) RSC/

Don & Margaret Thompson, 3518 Prospect Avenue, Apartment #15, Cleveland, Ohio, 44115

The Australian use of "shag" to mean sexual intercourse, as reported by Bob Smith, is fascinating. In my part of Pennsylvania, at least, it was common to use "to shag" as a verb meaning "to fetch", most commonly as in sports, where one person would bat a ball while the other shagged them. A gold driving range near my highschool employed students to shag balls, too, and I recall one kid stating that he'd earned \$10 one week shagging on the golf course. Look at that statement from Bob's view - point. Nice work if you can get it.

It kind of evens things out, since "knocked up" is, I gather, common Australian slang for "tired". It jars me to read about some respectable British girl who loudly proclaims that she's knocked up. Due to a hard day of shagging, no doubt.

In regard to Bill Conner's criticism of Huntley-Brinkley's coverage of the KKK meeting in Lebanon, Ohio, I think blame for biased reporting should go to WKYC-TV in Cleveland, the NBC affiliate covering the event.

(I find it hard, even as a more-or-less dedicated reporter (mostly less) to object to biased reporting of KKK rallies. I have nothing but Kontempt for the Kreeps in the Klan.)

WKYC-TV prepared and broadcast the report; NBC merely put it on the network. Film editing and doctoring (if any) was done in Cleveland.

Why? Not because of H-B's liberalism, but because WKYC-TV didn't want Ohio to get a national reputation as being hospitable to the sheet-heads.

And large segments of Ohio, at least, are distinctly inhospitable. I speak as one overweight segment whose inhospitality to the Klan is enormous.

By the way, ever notice that the yahoos in the Klan are never able to pronounce Ku Klux Klan? It comes out Klu Klux Klan every time. Or does Conner contend that that's edited in, too?

Your newspaper intrigues me, as you know. I can't remember the name of it; it seems to me you usually call it simply "The Hartford City paper."

(Now, there's a great name for a paper, The Paper. Newspapers have dopey names like Times, Post, Tribune, Repository and Plain Dealer, but they're always called "the paper". So what not "The Hartford City Paper"?

(In fact, I envision such titles as "The Hartford City Morning Paper" or "The Hartford City Evening Paper." This could lead to such fascinating conversations as "I was reading in the Hartford City morning Paper, The Hartford City Morning Paper..." Charming.)

Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md., 20015

ANDROID AVENGER struck me as the best title in Ted White's list for his book. If a FRANKENSTEIN title would sell more copies, I don't see why Ted objected to it -- after all sf publishing is a commercial field, and the object is to sell as much as possible. Also the ingroup references don't seem important enough to get into that much of a stew about: I'd say Wollheim and White came off about even in the interchange Ted quotes -- even at a rather low level. Some of Ace's other taboos, like

the word "murder" and the unprintability of the fact of pregnancy, are more ridiculous. Also, Ted seems unprofessional in cutting himself off from a major market for reasons of personal pique.

I read ANDROID AVENGER before. I saw Ted's article, and thought I detected Van Vogtianism in it, which Ted confirmed. Also was glad to learn the reason for the weak ending -- the one Ted outlined sounds much better.

Ed Meskys, c/o Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California, 94301
Phil Dick's title for DR BLOODYMONEY was EARTH'S DIURNAL COURSE. Met William F. Temple at London, and he remarked that a new novel was on the way to his agent with instructions that it not be submitted to Ace. He is disgusted with Ace's policy of awful titles. (I have a lousy memory for names...I think it is WFT I am thinking about...the author of FOUR SIDED TRIANGLE many years ago, anyhow.)

/I go with Mebane; it seems pretty amateurish to cut one's self off from a commercial market just because of a dislike of their titles. (A vanity press will publish your work just the way you want it..) RSC7

Don R. Bensen, Pyramid Publications, 404 Madison Avenue, NY, NY, 10022
You might be pleased to hear that we have bought English-language rights to a Kirst novel, DIE LETZTE KARTE SPIELT DER TOD, a high-type spy story about Richard Sorge; probably we'll work it so that a hard-cover publisher does it first.

/Great - but I'm still waiting for the fourth Gunner Asch book. (I know; you can't publish a book 5 days after you acquire right to it. But surely it won't be much longer before you get it out?) RSC7

John A. McCallum, P&M Sect., SES, Ralston, Alberta, CANADA
Re Charles Wells' letter, no #149, page 26. Many British books can be bought at most Canadian bookstores. Including the Allen and Unwin edition of the Ring trilogy. Also Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey, handles all British books which may be legally sold in the USA. Inasmuch as the whole point of the previous discussion is that the Ring Trilogy is NOT copyrighted in the U.S., it would certainly include the Ring. I have fairly frequent correspondence with Charles Wells and will mention these facts to him directly, although it is probably too late now to interest him as far as this particular set of books is concerned. However, the information may be of use to you in a more general way.

/Most of the British books I buy are marked "not for sale in the US" (I keep wondering if I'm smuggling, but I guess as long as I don't actually buy them here it's all right). However, the Transbooks address may aid some of our readers. RSC7

Gene DeWeese, Milwaukee (address due to change abruptly)
Another sleeper. I saw DARK INTRUDER today, and was, for a change, pleasantly surprised. It stars Leslie Nielsen and a snippy Mandrake plant. A weak story, but well handled, good acting, and not taken too seriously by anyone. The best comparison, I think, would be a cross between CURSE OF THE DEMON and BUCKET OF BLOOD.



Started my physics class this evening. Looks pretty bad. I got the impression every so often that I was listening to a Newhart routine, only he was serious. One verbatim quote may give you some small idea: "The resultant vector is, uh, this thing here."

Or an approximation: "In this experiment, we work with balanced concurrent forces... Now, for the "object" of the experiment, you can write 'To study laws of concurrent forces'... (Writes this on board.) "No, it's really more than that... What I really want to say is..." (Ponders, goes back to look in book) "...the laws of balanced concurrent forces."

I really shudder to think what will happen if he ever gets around to trying to explain something I don't already understand.

Rick Norwood, 111 Upperline, Franklin, La., 70538

My "Hobbit" is the 1938 Houghton Mifflin, with four color illustrations and a number of black and whites. I don't know if the British edition had more than this, but recent American editions have left out the color plates and put on a new dust jacket, maybe by Tolkien, maybe not. There is also a beautiful, deluxe boxed edition of LORD OF THE RINGS. All the Tolkien fans at Luncon were running around telling one another how near or far the "Cimarillion" was from publication. Apparently Tolkien has written it. And rewritten it. And rewritten it. And...

Much as I love Tolkien, I hate to see a Tolkien fan knocking WIND IN THE WILLOWS. When a Burroughs fan says that Bradbury is Just Awful, it hurts Burroughs' reputation, not Bradbury's. The same holds true for Grahame's classic. It can be criticized, but not insulted. An insult only hurts someone whose position is insecure.

The Farie tale, the beast fable and the wonder stroy are all lumped under the misleading heading "Children's Fantasy." The main standard seems to be a lack of overt sex. This is a hell of a way to run a literature, but if you are going to use labels, you might as well use them as they are generally understood. ALICE IN WONDERLAND falls into the "Children's Fantasy" category, and was after all written for a child, which is more than can be said about some "Children's Fantasy". Granted only a bright child can enjoy it. Still, the wonder elements, such as the door within doors, the croquet game, and the Caterpillar, and the playing with words, have lasted better than the political satire that I am told is in there somewhere. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS is a real example of adult literature being mistaken for "Children's Fantasy" but "Alice" isn't.

"With Jaundiced Eye" is fascinating, not so much for what it says about ANDROID AVENGER as for the picture it gives of a fan turning pro. For that it is one of the best articles I've read in a fanzine in recent months.

WIND IN THE WILLOWS remains the dullest juvenile fantasy that I've read in years. I don't know if it's been given a going-over by modern critics or not; ALICE has, and the ones I've read say it's an adult book. It's still a "children's classic" in the Sunday Supplements and publishers blurbs.

You sound a bit as if you've been brainwashed by an unre-

RSC

constructed librarian. As late as six years ago, the librarians in teachers' colleges were finally admitting that WIND IN THE WILLOWS was suitable for children "only if read to them by an adult." This was the result of years of screaming by teachers in the field that despite the librarians' designation of the work as a "Children's Classic", the kids wouldn't read it -- couldn't. By the time their vocabularies are wide enough to manage it, they're long past the age when they are interested in that "baby" stuff. The enthusiasms of fan-type children are not at all those of the vast army of ordinary kids. JWC/

George Wells, 24 River Avenue, Riverhead, New York, 11901

I'm reading THE MAN now after waiting for a year to get a chance. Why doesn't something like this get on the Hugo nomination list? I suppose it may be too realistically written to be of considerable sense of wonder as far as fandom is concerned but certainly is science fiction and is an important effort in the field. Kurt Vonnegut just recently wrote in the NY Times Books Review that fandom itself wants to keep sf separate from mainstream literature, rather than the general literary world barring sf from itself. Probably sf should be specialized to some degree, but if anyone wants to push the field in to the mainstream it would be necessary to take such novels as THE MAN, SIEGE OF HARLEM, SEVEN DAYS IN MAY into the genre and consider them when Hugo time comes around as possible contenders. I don't imagine anyone at present would remember to admit such mainstream novels into their thoughts at nominating time. While I myself would not particularly like to see some mediocre best seller win a Hugo, I think things would be very interesting if we remember to keep such works in the running. Eventually they'll be something in this area worthy of winning and it would be a shame to overlook it. And by considering these works as equal in possible quality, we may help the more specialized sf to achieve equal consideration out of the field. I fully realize the above paragraph sounds like a bunch of impractical neoish hogwash, but I think there's a good point in there behind it all somehow. One point to remember is that fandom should decide for itself what it wants to consider in its realm and that reacting against the best sellers which avoid the sf label is putting the decision in the other guy's hands. And there's something that tells me that somehow the boundaries of the sf field could be more imaginatively placed. I recently found a book while looking thru the children's section at a hobby store. In among the Grosset Hardy Boys and Zane Greys was an old dog novel named BEAUTIFUL JOE'S PARADISE. Always fascinated by the twists and turns that series novels take as sequels follow one another I picked up the book and sure enough it was a sequel to BEAUTIFUL JOE, which I had read as a boy. But the dog named Beautiful Joe had died at the end of that single novel. How was a sequel written? Seems the author decided to write a book on Joe's adventures after his death! Actually she decided first to write a novel about dog heaven and putting in Beautiful Joe was a consequent idea. A week later the book was dwelling on my mind so much I came back and bought the book for \$1.25 with dj, etc. It's made from the original plates, and all, and I'm a sucker for reprints using the original



plates. I got thru chapter one and put the book aside. Two or three pages of the poor little boy crying "Where's my puppy gone? He's was here a minute ago and now there's only an empty lifeless body..." was all I could take. But it was a GENUINE SF or fantasy NOVEL AND CAN A FANTASY COLLECTION REALLY BE COMPLETE WITHOUT ALL THE NOVELS ABOUT DOGGY HEAVEN? (Or any other kind of afterlife story as far as that goes?) I wonder if James Bond had died in a book, if Fleming would have written next what he after life was like? The idea opens up all kinds of possible continuations to fantasy series previously thought to be finished with the hero's death.

/I've always considered SEVEN DAYS IN MAY as at least "borderline" stf; my copy is filed with the stf paperbacks. I don't know anything about THE MAN. As far as I know, all afterlife stories are considered fantasy, tho the only readable doggy one that I know of is Walter D. Edmonds' "Moses". Possibly they aren't given enough attention at Hugo time -- tho DAVY was not published as a stf novel and it came in second this year -- but if I read one worth voting for, I'll vote for it.

RSC/

Derek Nelson, 409 Timothy Street, Newmarket, Ontario, CANADA

Anyway, I've finally read a book before everyone else has torn it to pieces or ignored it. The title ANDROID AVENGER was a fair title for a fair story, that started off great and ended poorly, and which depressed me somewhat to see all those good-looking dolls knocked off so quickly. I was always under the impression that an editor's job was to set titles and chop parts he didn't like (for any number of reasons), and so on. Ergo I think White is a wee-bit overwrought by it all, but correct me if I'm wrong. My knowledge of the publishing field comes mainly from fanzines, and that's the most confusing way to learn anything.

As of now I'll tend to agree with White when he says ideas divert the stf fan from the poor writing (Howard was a pathetic writer but I'll read Conan again and again... my hero, you know), whether it's just the sense of wonder or some deep social novel. But I'd like to hear the arguments from the Loyal Opposition...and there's bound to be some. Has fandom ever agreed on anything?

The comparison with the mystery field leaves me cold though, since that type of literature generally bores me to tears. I've never heard of Chandler, Hammett, or Westlake. (I've led a sheltered life, haven't I?) And while I think of it, read THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD, which is a spy-mystery, and probably how espionage is really carried out, in comparison to James Bond style. Speaking of the latter, I remember buying MOONRAKER because it looked like stf, found I enjoyed it, and read one or two of the other Bond books before they became popular. In those days it was hard to find a copy.

This seems to be my time for remembering things I've meant to pass on before. The best writer (from a reading rather than literary point of view) of war histories I've ever read is Robert Leckie. His books on the Marines in Korea and the Pacific have got to be the greatest. Try the sometime.

/I read GOLDFINGER after Dodd recommended it, and it gave me a phobia against Fleming that I still haven't recovered from. Al Borse gave me several other Fleming books which

I've dipped into, but they aren't bad enough to be funny, so I've never bothered with them much. Leckie is a writer I like, but for military history I'll take Fletcher Pratt first, followed by Alan Moorehead, Bruce Catton, Bruce Lancaster, Peter Gibbs, Richard Hough, and then Leckie and several others. RSC7

D. West, 49 Park Road, Bingley, Yorkshire, ENGLAND

Talking of stiff upper lips and receding chins, etc., I smiled and flipped my scented lace handkerchief of reading Juanita's comments. I thought you'd got used to the British superiority complex by now. After all, we've had it long enough. The reason why Britons smile so often and so indulgently (or resignedly) at the doings of their transatlantic cousins is simple. Britain is the land of the understatement, and USA the land of the boast. That your boasts may be justified, while we have little left to be so smug about does not concern us. Being so damned conceited we feel we have no need to boast, and your own natural pride in your achievements seems, to British eyes, a nervous betrayal of consciousness of inferiority and a clumsy attempt to compensate for your deficiencies. The Boast factor, or something, it should be called. But then it should be remembered that though we speak the same language -- or almost (a piece of British superiority for you there) - we are in fact as foreign to each other as to a country speaking some other language.

Actually, (I feel the Imperial blood stirring in my veins) the Brits are to a certain extent afraid of the Americans. Although Goths and Vandals in matters of CULTURE (we lead the world in cultural development) you present us with a more insidious threat than Barbarian conquest by force: slow infiltration. Shaw portrayed the situation well enough in THE APPLE CART when he envisaged the USA politely proposing to "return to the fold" - in fact to annex the UK and make it the fifty whatever it is state of the Union. If THAT happens I shall pack my lace handkerchiefs and head for the hills. Really, the only thing for you to do, Juanita, is to ignore us. We won't go away (after all we were stuck pretty solidly whilst your lot was still fighting redskins) but you won't notice us so much.

The length of Britain's anti-violence stand is largely irrelevant. We don't make claims to being a nation with a non-violent past; we're rather proud of our Imperialism, our colonies and our reputation as "Perfidious Albion". Too often Americans seem ashamed of their own Imperial adventures. The British reputation for skullduggery is one of the things we prize most highly, though few people admit to it readily. There is nobody sneakier than a true blue Englishman.

If all this appears to be unlikely, unnatural or perverse, just remember that you're only an American anyway, and these things are bound to be a little beyond you.

A last word on SHAG: readers of Sherlock Holmes are occasionally known to make heavy jokes about it, but in general, being a very literary people, we mostly use Lawrence's word instead.

I suppose, she being your wife and all, I shouldn't really talk at Juanita in the distant third person, but after all, she did speak out against Queen and country (concerning which there is another joke not known to readers of Sherlock H) and leave me mortally offended. Even now, a gunboat is on its way to bombard New York.

/You've been reading too much Leonard Wibberly; I don't

think one gunboat is enough for New York. Send half a dozen. We'll get around to granting statehood to Britain after we have talked Puerto Rico out of its desire to be a Commonwealth and taken care of Canada. (But Quebec and Eire will have to wait until they can talk English like civilized people, and Viet Nam can jolly well stay a territory.) RSC7

Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640

You mean you actually MISSED a month? Good lord, what is this world coming to? A fine thing -- you pub consistently for years, but the one time you slip up occurs the same time you finally get a *Hugo*.

Ted White's column was the best part of YAN 150 -- cause it was the ONLY part, really. Of course the 6 pp of fmz reviews were nice....

/Dick Lupoff told us a couple of years ago that the only sure way to win a Hugo was to fold....Now that we have one, of course, we can resume publishing until the next ballot. RSC7

Lewis Grant, 5333 So. Dorchester Ave, #1A, Chicago, Illinois 60615

Just got a new book from the library called Our Habitable Earth. It is the latest poop from the geology group. One thing I thought was interesting is that they think they have a theory to explain the long periods of quietescence in the earth's history, followed by short periods of revolution, when all hell breaks loose. It seems that the metal (?) core of the earth was much smaller in days of yore. As time went on, iron was melted from the mantle and carried down to the core. The heat given off by radioactivity and gravitational potential was carried up by smooth convection cells. At first there were two, then the core got so big it was too big for two cells, since there is only a certain amount of room between the core and the crust. Circulation broke down until it re-established itself in a three-cell system. During this period you had a revolution, which may have produced the first continent. When the core got too big for a three-cell system, you had another revolution as hot spots occurred, until a four-cell system got going. This eventually broke down, causing another revolution, and we got to the five-cell system. However, about now, the mantle is running out of old iron, and we are not likely to have another revolution, geologically speaking; just human revolutions. Earth should start to simmer down.

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St, Vaux Hall, New Jersey 07088

Juanita's remarks on violence in Britain lead me to wonder just what percentage of the British populace participated in all that violence. Possibly only a small percentage of those who made violence their profession, such as the lords and knights and their hangers-on and some gangsters or their equivalent. I just wonder though if the average Englishman of yore might have lived out his days without violence tilling his farm and raising his families.

And if you were to believe the papers you'd think the average American got mugged at least once a week while his wife and daughter were periodically raped and his younger children were inveigled into the heroin habit. Not to mention riots and burnings such as Los Angeles and Rochester. Yet many L.A. fen mention all they noticed of the riots was the newspaper headlines.

/Only the New York City and Washington, D.C. residents get mugged and raped. Out here we get run over by automobiles. I had a letter from Jim Sieger, but no more room; he won't mind. RSC7

ANOTHER ROUND OF CARDS AND ALE.....

JAMES GOODRICH: Wollheim seems to be campaigning for Bastard of the Year honors. If Uncle Don had asked Tolkien for help in getting Houghton to bless an Ace edition before putting one out, I wouldn't object to what has occurred. The important factor is that the good prof. makes money from both editions.

BOB TUCKER: If you happen to have the Chicago Daily News for Sat. Oct. 9, see the letter columns in the "Panorama" magazine section for latest word on the Tolkien hassle. I sent the clippings to someone else, but as I recall there were two letters commenting on the Ace publication. The first was from a Chicago bookseller who regretted placing his order for the Ace edition, and said that he would try to make amends by setting aside 10% from each sale to forward to the author as a form of royalty. The second letter from a British publisher (I suppose Tolkien's original publisher) said that despite published reports and assurances, neither he nor Tolkien had received a farthing from Ace in any form under any name. He sounded bitter.

A lot of this sort of thing appears to have happened this year. A few months ago there were windy diatribes published in trade papers and some newspaper book reviews about our boy Bill Hamling, in Evanston, publishing "pirate" editions of Candy and, I think, the Henry Miller Tropics. Or was it some other sex book? Well, what the hell, old Bill was charged with piracy on the high seas and all, and in retrospect it is surprising that he didn't come out with a Tolkien or two.

BANKS WEBBANE: I don't see why everyone should attack Ace for publishing The Lord Of The Rings, something they had a perfect legal right to do. As Don Wollheim points out, if Ace hadn't done it, someone else would have eventually. It is regrettable that Dr. Tolkien will lose by this, but the blame lies not with Ace but with whatever fugghead at the hardback publishers neglected to secure the copyright.

DON BENSON: I suggested to Ballantine that, while they were waiting for their own Tolkiens, they distribute a poster to bookstores showing JRRT looking pathetic (maybe smoking a pipe mended with tape), with a big caption: CAN'T YOU WAIT? They didn't do it, though.

RICK NORWOOD: It is hard not to buy the Ace Tolkien books when I have all of the other Ace s-f. I will probably compromise by picking the Ace editions second-hand. I'm not mad at Ace, but that seems to be the way Tolkien wants it, so I'll go along. On the other hand we do finally have a paperback edition of the Ring and we probably have Ace to thank for it. After all, they didn't exactly pounce on the copyright error. The books have been around for almost a decade. Ace took a chance on them. When Ballantine brought them out, they knew that the Ace books were selling profitably. Besides, I much prefer Ace's line of paperbacks with their colorful (all right, gaudy) covers to Ballantine's "arty" approach.

D. EST: The issue seemed devoted to persuading readers that Ace Books, in the person of Don Wollheim, was a black hearted villain. The view over here /Britain/ is that probably all American publishers are blackhearted villains. Aside from the name-calling, Houghton-Mifflin seems the mob

most worthy of blame. They ought to know their own copyright laws at least. The question of who gets to publish Tolkien in the US is pretty academic over here, since neither edition will be available. All we're left with is the three guinea set or the special luxury edition at six guineas. Though what that's got apart from a bit of gold round the edges I don't know.

JAMES SIEGER: Wollheim has made it a matter of public record in the New York Times Book Review and no doubt elsewhere, that he did initially offer a royalty or honorarium, but no reply. Apparently Tolkien heinleined him, as the latter's loud noises about being "robbed" would suggest. I have no sympathy for stuffed shirts who are too noble to write to editors who have not a single hyphen in their name; and would advise Wollheim to spit in Tolkien's eye if he persists.

JOE SARNO: The Lord Of The Rings controversy is interesting -- mostly because I'm sure that all the people who were represented in the last "Round Of Cards And Ale" column (Berman, Briney, Tackett, and RSC) have copies of the Houghton-Mifflin hard-bound edition.

RSC: Not me; I have copies of the George Allen & Unwin hardbound edition. It was cheaper.

HERB BEACH: As for the Tolkien-Ace-Ballantine fuss, I've purchased the Ace volumes because they were there first. I'll probably purchase the Ballantine Hobbit, unless Ace shows up with one first. And, I feel that Wollheim has answered the criticism fairly well in his letter.

MORE GRUMBLINGS

(Or: it looks like we have room for Sieger after all)

James R. Sieger, S74-W20660 Field Dr, Route 2, Muskego, Wis. 53150

Wollheim is quite right in saying that there's no reason to cater to a small in-group. He's really doing more for the fans than any other pb publisher as it is -- how many others are bringing out those hoary old classics like Cummings' novels? These antiques have been requested by fans for years, and only fans are really interested in them. The American reading public is hardly interested in samples of science fiction of the Old Days. I'm pretty sure that even though he waits till expiration of copyright to save pennies, he loses money on every one.

I'm sore at what Briney reports of White and Ellison's attacks at the westecon. Has it occurred to them that publishers may not be the dirty rich bastards they think; that sometimes they might have to postpone paying royalties to keep the wolf from the door? I haven't heard from Wollheim for over a year (am still waiting for that dirty rich bastard to answer my last letter...) but I remember how often he expressed his frustration at working with such a low budget.

/Lose money on every stf classic? Don't be naive; whatever his personal views, he'd be out on his ear if his editing caused Ace to lose money on that many books. Personally I'd be just as happy if nobody was bringing out Cummings' books (and I certainly don't know over two or three fans who have ever requested them -- from anyone). But somebody is buying them -- presumably kids who are too young to have developed taste. Any publisher prints what will sell, not what he personally likes -- or at least, any professional publisher does. I didn't get the idea that it was "postponement" of royalties that the authors were complaining about -- but then authors always complain about something. It's their sensitive artistic nature. RSC7