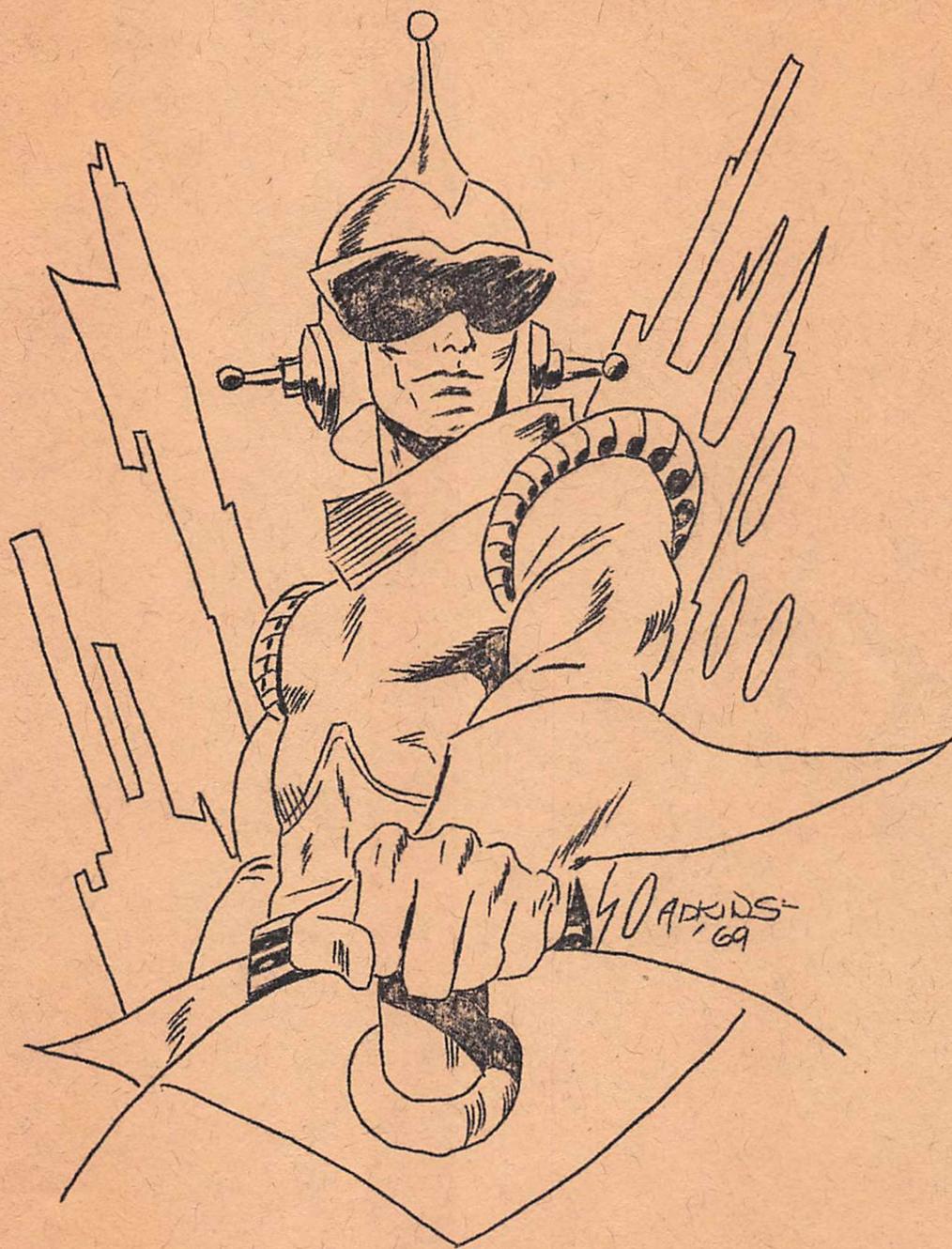
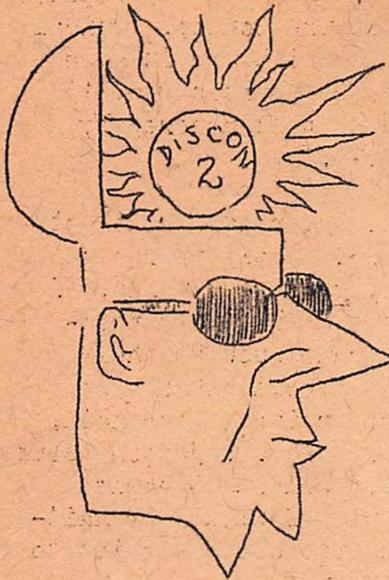


YANDRO



139



YANDRO

#189

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NEWSFLASH! Dennis Lien says the 4-year YANDRO INDEX is nearing completion.

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ARTWORK

Cover by Dan Adkins

Logos on pages 12, 19 and 29 by Richard Belap

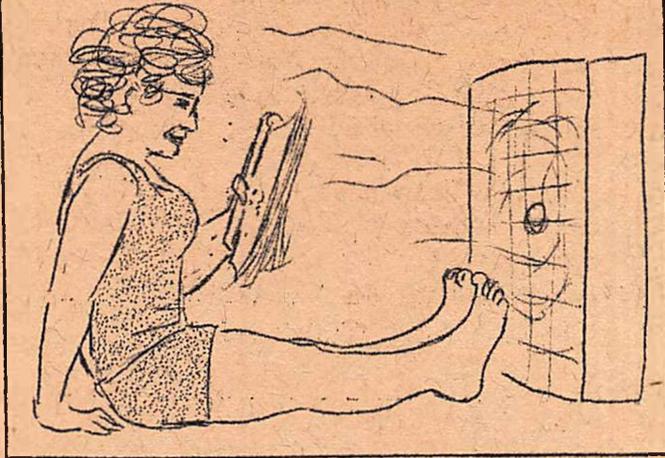
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Don Benson has an item in the June issue of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE that fans might appreciate. It's a one-act music drama based on Fu Manchu and called (naturally) "The Fu Manchusical". A lovely little fannish item. Look it up.

Last week I picked up the first issue of a new promag, COVEN 13, off our local news stand (so it may have been around big city stands for some time). Unlike many fantasy mags produced by people nobody in fandom ever heard of before, the stories here are at least mediocre, with the lead novelet by Alan Caillou being quite good. The first section of a five-part sword-and-sorcery serial (say that 5 times, rapidly) seems par for the type, or above, but it's hard to judge a novel on one installment. All in all, it's not a bad magazine, tho it's no Hugo contender as yet. Material tends to be over-sophisticated and brittle, but there is some good stuff under the gloss.

Willy Ley died of a heart attack Tuesday, June 24. He was 62 years old, and he had hoped to go to Houston next month to witness the moon shot. He was, for me at least, the greatest science writer of all. We're all going to miss him.

RAMBLINGS



It is 9:25 a.m. E.D.T. and it is 89 degrees outside already (79 in the house). Typical Midwestcon weather, and with any luck we will be basking in Cincy (probably at 10 degrees higher Fahrenheit than here) by this evening. Insanity.

Some of you may indeed be reading this at the Midwestcon. If so, supply your own con report. But only some of you may. I wonder if we will not be the weird position of distributing some subbers their copies and be forced to tell others they must wait till theirs arrive in the mail. Buck muttered some arcane P.O. jargon about not being able to drop below 200 copies mailed in the U.S. or we foul up our mailing permit. So if we run out of copies to

distribute and you must wait for yours, blame it all on Uncle Sugar.

We had almost thought we might go the entire summer without putting in any screens. In the only excuses we had had for hot days prior to the this week the house stayed considerably cooler than the outside temperature. In fact, we've had the space heater operating more than a need for ventilation this spring/early summer. But this week convinced us otherwise. The first day of really hot weather was successfully foiled by a closed-up and insulated house. But somewhere along in the second day the temperature indoors crept close to the outside temperature, and perhaps thanks to that same insulation refused to drop below that point during the night. The next day it was just as hot inside, and made worse because we hadn't the comfort of a gusting-to-30mph breeze that was blasting the outside area and making it bearable. Last night we could stand it no longer and put in two door screens and the kitchen screens to let the lovely breeze in. Now, this morning, it is quite comfortable. But of course it's only mid-morning. Here's hoping the air conditioning at the North Plaza is working this year....

Mingled feelings this issue. I recaptured much of my old enthusiasm for putting art on stencil -- largely, I suspect, because there was no looming threat of an aching arm from turning the verstukken crank on the G120. But I also discovered that the G120 is superior to the Rex in one respect: it can run stencils with carefully stencilled solid black areas without gradually shredding those areas completely off the stencil. Perhaps this is a vagary of electric machines exclusively, or perhaps just of this particular machine. Or maybe I just got a weird batch of stencils. I may have to experiment with pasting up a sheet of illos with solid black areas and having them electrostenciled. (I have a mail order understanding with an office supply store in Anderson: \$2.50 a stencil, postpaid. I'm sure big cityites can better the price, but this is return mail service and some very good girls who read instructions.) If that doesn't work I may be forced to go back to using the G120 for pages containing illos with solid black areas.

Other than that, I am very pleased with the Rex. It's the first electric mimeo I've ever owned and I like it. The feed seems reasonably competent and now that I'm getting onto the inking procedure I think there will be fewer faint spots. It took some practice; I was used to instant-stoppage with the G120, and with the Rex zipping along a patch can get pretty light very rapidly. But everything is so much easier -- I still marvel over the speed with which the issue can be mimeo'd -- I can certainly learn to cope with small problems.

Repro nuts might be interested in the fact that four types of stencils were used this issue: Two batches of Sovereigns -- one old, one new; Bohn; and Supreme. For the record the Old Sovereigns were used on 4-7, and 10-14. Bohns: 8,9,18,31,32. Supremes:

15-17, 29, 30. New Sovereigns: Cover, 1, 19-28....plus a recutting of page 6, which began to disintegrate on the machine. Page 10 started to do the same thing but with manual printing managed to hold together for the full run. Except for the problem with the large solid areas shredding, I believe I prefer the New Sovereigns. The Supremes cut a nice dark stencil, true...but they present other problems. It is far too easy to overink, which gave problems in paper feeding, with the sheets wrapping around the drum and refusing to strip. The Bohns are more adequate than I feared when I first saw a page typed on one. And I'm just as glad the old Sovereigns have been used up. I suspect they laid around in a warehouse in Chi several months too long.

One of these days I'll get a super with-everything mimeo, slip sheeter, the works. After which I will promptly gaffiate. I like having something to do in the operation of the machine, to help it over the rough spots occasionally. It was just that there were so many rough spots developing with the G120. As of now, knock plastic, I'm a Rex fan.

There seem to be numbers of young Indy fen creeping out of the woodwork of the high schools and colleges around the state. I hadn't realized how many until a recent note from a fellow in Newcastle, buying a couple of copies of ST-Phile, mentioned just a few. I'm not sure how many of these know about real-for-sure fandom, intend to attend cons or what. Or even if they have shaven bullet heads. But I hope they aren't hyperactive. I'm getting too old to belong to five different fanclubs in a 100 mile diameter swing, and be expected to attend all meetings regularly.

Fascinating to see the number of faneds advertising in the StLouiscon PR 3. Shapiro and Geis I can see, but some of the others rather make me wonder. Sense of wonder is returning to our hallowed halls? Unhallowed halls? At any rate, I'm becoming eager to attend the con and hoping more and more nothing like a migraine mars it for me. We won't be able to make Heicon, certainly, so this one will have to do for two years. Make it a good one, gang.

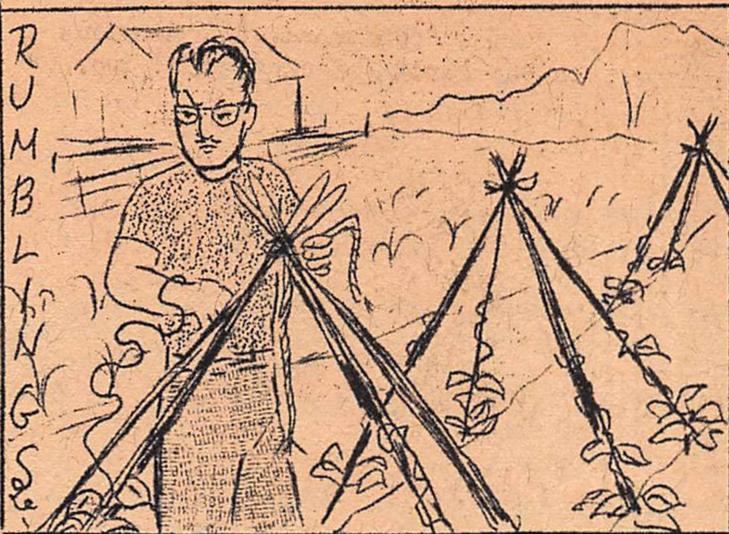
And it will be sad to realize that we won't be seeing Papa Willy at this year's con, or at any more. I have fond memories of Willy Ley, including my first convention at Chi in 52 where, as a wide-eyed neo, I watched the hilarious bit with the flying paper plate and Willy adamantly saying he still saw it from below, and sitting on the floor of, I think, the concom suite at Detention with Liz Lokke, Karen Anderson and others, chiming along with Willy on old beer hall songs. I always enjoyed his talks at cons, nearly always learned something I didn't know, and I shall miss him. It seems very sad to me that fate couldn't have waited another few weeks so he could have seen the launch, whatever might befall. (And let's follow whatever superstitions and religions we have in dragging down the best of luck for that Moon launch.) I am grateful I had the opportunity to know Willy Ley and will remember him fondly.

I am trying to recall if deaths of people I knew affected me as deeply when I was younger. I don't believe so. There was a sort of nebulous unreality to the deaths of people older than myself. Of course, I was fortunate enough not to be touched at all closely by death for quite a long time. Sometimes I wonder if large numbers of young people -- not all, certainly -- are not of necessity callous about deaths of older persons. Some young adults are quite sincere in their regrets, but I suspect from the reactions of others that whatever polite phrases they mouth they hold an unspoken conviction that it doesn't really concern them because nothing is ever going to happen to them. I'm not speaking of concerned young adults who sincerely suffer over deaths of contemporaries in Vietnam, senseless auto crashes and such, but of a dismayingly large segment of the young population which seems terribly unfeeling of the problems or losses of anyone beyond the magic age of 30. I sorry to say I was probably in the same category at that age; I couldn't get excited about Korea, though I could get very involved about civil rights. But until I had matured somewhat I found it difficult to truly understand what a sense of loss via death was. Perhaps someday medicine and social advancement will put us in a lovely position of not knowing that sense until one of us chooses permanent rest. The potential exists...

JWC

First, before I forget it, we are reverting to our previous status in regard to reviews. That is, we aren't anxious for them, and we won't send out copies specifically for review, but we will no longer take your head off if our address is mentioned. The new press seems to be functioning satisfactorily.

Some kind soul commented that YANDRO didn't make the Hugo ballot this time because we'd been more than usually irregular last year. I doubt if that had anything to do with it. In fact, looking over the current crop of fanzines, I was struck by the fact that YANDRO is outdated. Current format is either (a)



a huge thick mimeographed mag, ranging from 50 to 100 pages per issue, or (b) a prestige type offset publication, with fewer pages but slicker paper, and bigger names on the contents page. Am I mentioning this as a preface for announcing a change in the YANDRO format? Nah, you know us better than that; I'm just mentioning it in passing as an item of interest. Only change in format being considered is a further reduction of the fanzine reviews. Next issue may just give name, address, and rating... (Or it may be just like this one; it depends on how good a mood I'm in. But I spent three evenings this month doing the damned things, and that's time I could better spend rough-drafting a novel.)

For our records, and in case you don't get any newsletters, these are the Hugo nominees this year, listed in the order that I prefer them, and with occasional comments.

NOVELS:

Rite of Passage (Alexei Panshin)
Stand On Zanzibar (John Brunner)
Goblin Reservation (Clifford Simak)
Nova (Samuel R. Delany)
Past Master (R. A. Lafferty)

I haven't read ZANZIBAR yet; I intend to before voting. I will then either vote for it or Alex's novel. Unless ZANZIBAR is poorer than I expect it to be, I will have no real quarrel with any of the first four. The Lafferty book I could do without easily.

NOVELLA

Hawk Among The Sparrows (McLaughlin)
Nightwings (Silverberg)
Lines of Power (Delany)
Dragon Rider (McCaffrey)

I think the McLaughlin story is head and shoulders above all the competition.

NOVELLETTE

Total Environment (Aldiss)
Sharing of Flesh (Anderson)
Getting Through University (Anthony)
Mother To The World (Richard Wilson)

None of the better ones made it in this category; I'll take Aldiss, propaganda and all.

SHORT STORY

The Steiger Effect (Betsy Curtis)
Dance of the Changer and the Three (Terry Carr)
Masks (Damon Knight)
All the Myriad Ways (niven)
The Beast That Shouted Love At The Heart of the World (Ellison, who else?)

With Curtis way out in front; stf short stories are pretty lousy any more, but that struck my sense of humor.

PROZINE

ANALOG
GALAXY
IF
F&SF
NEW WORLDS

DRAMATIC

2001 (no real competition - at least Charly Planet of the Apes didn't make it)
Rosemary's Baby
Yellow Submarine
Fallout (last episode of "The Prisoner")

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Jack Gaughan
Kelly Freas
Vaughn Bode
Leo & Diane Dillon

With, as far as I am concerned, a tremendous space between the first two and second two.

FANZINE

WARHOON

PSYCHOTIC

TRUMPET

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

A virtual tie between the first two; I still don't know which I'll vote for. (Maybe I'll end up voting for TRUMPET for the hell of it.) None of my real favorites got on the ballot.

FAN WRITER

Banks Mebane
Harry Warner, Jr.
Richard Delap
Ted White

As mentioned previously; Ted is a better writer than my rating shows, but he's had it once and I believe in passing the egoboo around. The award is simply not important enough to fight over.

FAN ARTIST

William Rotsler
Doug Lovenstein
Vaughn Bode
George Barr

I really prefer Barr's artwork, but again, he's already had it. Pass it around - and not to the same man you voted for as a professional.

Forget whether I've mentioned this before or not; if it's a repeat, forgive me. This is from an article, "The Lengthening Reach of Liability", from BUSINESS WEEK. Commenting on laws concerning defective food and drugs, it says "Some of the earliest cases concerned mice and other objects turning up rather mysteriously in soft-drink bottles." So our discussion of foreign matter in Pepsis awhile back had some basis in fact.

Juanita got a flyer recently from a diehard "Star Trek" fan, trying to stir up enthusiasm for pressuring the studio to return the show to the air. Personally, after that third season I think they can take what's left of the show and stuff it up Freddie Freiberger's ass, but if you want to keep up the good fight, contact Maggie Rose, 1004 No. Hudson, Hollywood, Calif. 90038. (I'd like to see a good ST back on, but last year I gave up watching it midway in the season, and I have no faith in a new series being any better, even if a new series was possible, which I doubt.)

Announcement from John & Joni Stopa, Wilmot Mountain, Wilmot, Wisconsin 53192, of the seventh annual Wilcon, July 4. One of these years we might even make it, but this year I feel we have a more enjoyable holiday planned that weekend (and have had it planned for a couple of months).

George H. Wells has done a college paper on the bibliography of fantasy, and is debating publishing it. I've seen a carbon and I wouldn't publish it the way it stands, but with a bit more work it might well be valuable to bibliophiles. (It is essentially a bibliography of bibliographies.) If you would like to see it in print, drop George a line (George H. Wells, 408 Euclid Ave. Rm. 7, Syracuse, New York 13210). Note: write George, not me. I'm not publishing any bibliographies unless somebody pays me for it.

Ah yes, glorious summer, the time of warm sunshine, flowers, lawnmowing, etc. So why, since the temperature has been no higher than 70° (and generally much lower than that) all summer, is the grass still growing? The least it could do is freeze along with everything else, so I wouldn't have to mow it. One of the disadvantages of being a country squire is that I have 1/3 acre of lawn to mow, which is a lot of lawn. We have about the same amount of garden, but at least I can see a return on that. All I get out of the lawn is blisters, and an occasional tick. (But a trip back to see if the wild raspberries are ripe, listening to quail and scaring up an occasional rabbit, more than makes up for the work involved. Or even turning up the record player to full volume, knowing there aren't any neighbors to object.) I could make more money in a city, but the purpose of money is to enable me to enjoy myself, and I can do that better here.

DEFINING SCIENCE FICTION, WHATEVER THAT IS

BY
*alexei
panshin*

Recently, I was faced with the necessity of defining science fiction in the course of a thesis. It turned out to be a problem.

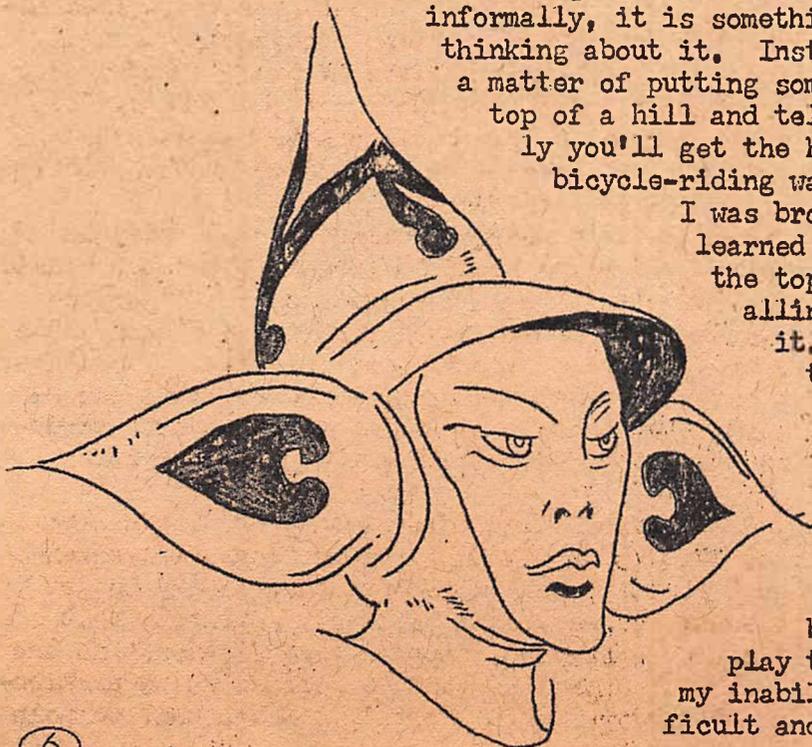
In spite of Sam Moskowitz' expressed satisfaction at the response to the definition of science fiction he proposed in *EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE* and used again in *SEEKERS OF TOMORROW*, neither his definition nor any of the others I've come across to this point has had a general enough acceptance that I felt I could use it as the definition and I was not prepared to propose one of my own. Instead, I cheated. I explained why I thought defining science fiction was a problem.

This may seem a bit ingenuous at first, but I think the question of what science fiction is is a far from clear one. On one hand Kurt Vonnegut can say that so-called science fiction writers are nothing more than "plain, old short-story tellers and novelists who mention the fruits of engineering and research...I have run with them some, and they are generous and amusing souls, but I must now make a true statement that will put them through the roof: They are joiners. They are a lodge. If they didn't enjoy having a gang of their own so much, there would be no such category as science-fiction." On the other hand, de Camp can put Aristophanes, Plato and Lucian of Samosata in our bag and Moskowitz can write a whole chapter on Cyrano de Bergerac (the real one who wrote *A VOYAGE TO THE MOON* and other thrillers). Now that, it seems to me, is enough of a discrepancy to merit some discussion.

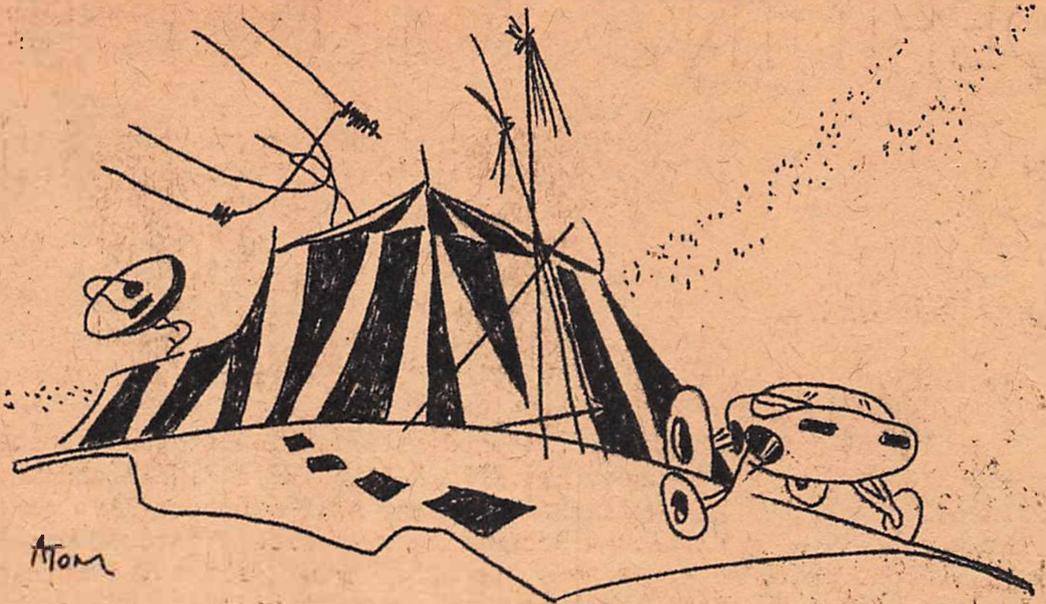
A book I've been reading recently, *THE SILENT LANGUAGE*, by the anthropologist Edward T. Hall, has suggested a good reason for the difficulty we have in dealing with science fiction as a category. Hall says that culture has three levels, the informal, the formal, and the technical. He gives as an illustration of all three the problem

of learning to ski. In a culture where skiing is treated informally, it is something that everyone does without thinking about it. Instruction in skiing is likely to be a matter of putting someone on skis, taking him to the top of a hill and telling him to shove off. "Eventually you'll get the hang of it." That was exactly how bicycle-riding was treated in the informal culture

I was brought up in and that was how I learned to ride a bike. I was taken to the top of a hill and told to start pedalling. Eventually I got the hang of it. In a formal level of culture, there is an awareness of problems and an attempt to verbalize them, but no real articulation. That is, skiing instruction would be along the line of, "You're not turning properly. Now watch what I do and try to do it the same way." This is the way I've been trying to teach a friend to play tennis this summer, and I must say my inability to articulate has made it difficult and sometimes frustrating. Finally,



in a technical level of culture, there is not only an awareness of problems, but an analysis of them, as well. Skiing instruction in a technical culture would then be, "Do A, then B, then C." If any of you ever read CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN, it was exactly the discovery of isolates of this sort that Frank and Lillian Gilbreth were involved in.



It seems to me that in recent years, science fiction as a category has passed out of the informal and into the formal, and is somewhere between the formal and technical right now. I think this can be shown fairly readily.

Previous to this century, science fiction was clearly an informal thing. It was written, but it wasn't separated from other fiction. Kingsley Amis says of H.G. Wells' science fiction that the stories "were written, published, reviewed, and read as 'romances' or even adventure stories." It is a commonplace that no difference was made between Verne's MICHAEL, STROGOFF, THE COURIER OF THE TSAR and his TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA: both were lumped in the category of voyages extraordinaires. There were no separate guidelines for science fiction, and it wasn't truly recognized as a distinct thing that could be defined.

Eventually, however, sometime in the early years of this century there was a beginning formal awareness that science fiction was a separate thing. The awareness was formal in Hall's sense that it was an awareness, but it was an inarticulate sort of awareness that was reflected not by an attempt to define, but by an attempt to simply name. Moskowitz gives the following labels that were tried on for size: "scientific romances", "scientific fantasies", "invention stories", "different stories", "impossible stories", "pseudo-scientific stories", "scientific fiction", "scientifiction", "super science", "fantascience", "science-fiction" and "science fiction". And we see the terms "imaginative fiction" and "speculative fiction" used pretty commonly. The term "science fiction", accurate or inaccurate as it may be, seems to have won the day, but that we still use the abbreviation "stf" should be a reminder of the relative recency of the movement of the field into formal awareness.

The difficulty that we have in defining science fiction satisfactorily today is, I think, a sign that science fiction has not yet moved from the formal to the technical, but that we do attempt to define it is a sign that it is making this move. At present, we do know what science fiction is--any of us who have read it for a reasonable length of time do--but so far we have been unable to clearly articulate our knowledge. That is, it seems that no matter what definition is presented, somebody finds exceptions to it, either stories that we know to be science fiction that don't fit the definition, or stories that we are sure are not science fiction that the definition would include.

I'd like to quote six definitions of science fiction for the sake of discussion:

Damon Knight: "As a critic, I operate under certain basic assumptions, all eccentric, to wit: ... That the term 'science fiction' is a misnomer, that trying to get two enthusiasts to agree on a definition of it leads only to bloody knuckles; that better labels have been devised (Heinlein's suggestion, 'speculative fiction,' is the best, I think), but that we're stuck with this one; and that it will do us no particular harm if we remember that, like 'The Saturday Evening Post,' it means what we point to when we say it."

This is a perceptive bit of comment here, and I think Knight's observations about "bloody knuckles" and "what we point to when we say it" demonstrate his realization of the inarticulate nature of our knowledge, but this definition isn't any use at all to anyone who doesn't already know what science fiction is.

Kingsley Amis: "Science fiction is that class of prose narrative treating of a situation that could not arise in the world we know, but which is hypothesized on the basis of some innovation in science or technology, or pseudo-science or pseudo-technology, whether human or extra-terrestrial in origin."

Amis' inclusion of the words "pseudo-science" and "pseudo-technology" is a sign of his doubts about time-travel machines, faster-than-light devices, instantaneous translation machines that can handle alien languages on first contact, and similar unlikely gadgetry. The trouble with these two words is that they can be interpreted as "inaccurate science" or "inaccurate technology".

Sam Moskowitz: "Science fiction is a branch of fantasy identifiable by the fact that it eases the 'willing suspension of disbelief' on the part of its readers by utilizing an atmosphere of scientific credibility for its imaginative speculations in physical science, space, time, social science, and philosophy."

This definition, with its "atmosphere of scientific credibility", puts a burden on the reader, rather than on the writer. A reader with little or no scientific background may well find much "credible" that is actually contrary to fact, even wildly inaccurate.

Reginald Bretnor (paraphrased by Heinlein): "Science fiction is that sort of fiction in which the author shows awareness of the nature and importance of the human activity known as the scientific method, shows equal awareness of the great body of human knowledge already collected through that activity, and takes into account in his stories the effects and possible future effects on human beings of scientific method and scientific fact."

Basil Davenport has pointed out that this definition would include ARROWSMITH (which always seems to be the book people test definitions of science fiction with), and as I've said elsewhere, it would seem to include Dr. Kildare, almost any novel about a laboratory, or a story about hugger-mugger at Cape Kennedy.

Robert Heinlein(1959): "A handy sort of definition of almost all science fiction might read: realistic speculation about possible future events, based solidly on adequate knowledge of the real world, past and present, and on a thorough understanding of the nature and significance of the scientific method. To make this definition cover all science fiction (instead of 'almost all') it is necessary only to strike out the word 'future!'"

I've discussed this one elsewhere, too. If you include the qualification, the same objections obtain as for the Bretnor definition: Dr. Kildare, etc. would be included. If you don't include the qualification, Anderson's THE HIGH CRUSADE, which does not take place in the future, is excluded.

The most satisfactory definition that I've come across is the following cumbersome thing from Heinlein(1947): "1. The conditions must be, in some respect, different from here-and-now, although the difference may lie only in an invention made in the course of the story. 2. The new conditions must be an essential part of the story. 3. The problem itself--the 'plot'--must be a human problem. 4. The human problem must be one which is created by, or indispensably affected by, the new conditions. 5. And, lastly, no established fact shall be violated, and, furthermore, when the story requires that a theory contrary to present accepted theory be used, the new theory should be rendered reasonably plausible and it must include and explain established facts as satisfactorily as the one the author saw fit to junk. It may be far-fetched, it may seem fantastic, but it must not be at variance with observed facts, i.e. if you are going to assume that the human race descended from Martians, then you've got to explain our apparent close relationship to terrestrial anthropoid apes as well."

This last point, I think, is a commentary on both Moskowitz' and Amis' definitions. I would like to make one minor adjustment in the first point for the sake of stories like THE HIGH CRUSADE and change the phrase to read "different from here-and-now or the accepted historical past."

I would reject the definition, good though I think it is, on another ground: its

cumbersome nature. If we ever do get a generally satisfactory definition of science fiction, I would think it should not run more than twenty or thirty words, and that will take some doing.

For now, however, I think we can say that as different as these definitions are, and arguable as they may be, they all do recognizably refer to the same phenomenon, and like a scatter diagram, as a body, they do define the phenomenon. Call it not a technical definition, but a formal one--a tongue-tied stammer. When our awareness is a bit more sharply honed we'll find the words to spell out exactly what we mean. At least I hope we will.

A "FOR SALE" LIST

- LOT ONE: Alhazred, Abdul -- THE NECRONOMICON -- Ace paperback reprint edition, 1969, under the title TRUE WEIRD STRANGE UNCANNY MYSTERIES OF THE ARABS, as edited by R. DeWitt Miller.
- LOT TWO: Complete sets of Horror Stories and Terror Tales, Most in good condition except for bloodstains and bruises. Some issues have their spines broken.
- LOT THREE: An anthology, GREAT CLASSICS FROM "FANTASTIC ADVENTURES", Futurity Press, 1970; six pages.
- LOT FOUR: A collection, CRITICAL INSIGHTS OF SAM MOSKOWITZ, Improbable Press, 1969, four pages.
- LOT FIVE: All issues of all pulp science fiction magazines containing letters from readers asking that the magazine go bi-monthly, trim its edges, remove blondes from the cover, and use only Finlay and Bok for interior illustrations.
- LOT SIX: The other one.
- LOT SEVEN: A two-year old comic book with no covers and eight pages missing. Bids start at sixty-five dollars on this one.

All of the preceding are in poor or better or worse condition, except for those over one month old. All have covers, often their own; staples optional.

Pressures of an expanding library and a double hernia force me to offer these treasures for sale. All items go for bids. Near-miss bidders will be informed of the highest bid and given a chance to top it; this to go on until my uncle gets tired of the game.

I accept only money with trimmed edges and in mint condition, please....

----- DENNIS LIEN

I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT

reviewed by

alan dodd

Corgi anthology GN7676 -- edited by Kurt Singer. Price 3/6d

Lovers of Weird Tales will find a lot of old and much-loved friends in this, Kurt Singer's new anthology of horror: names like Mary Elizabeth Counselman, Arthur J. Burks, Margaret St. Clair, Bradbury, Derleth and Robert Bloch. The cover is a splendidly bizarre portrait of a shrunken naked witch on board a viciously toothsome bat. The number of stories, in keeping with the subject matter, is...thirteen.

Ray Bradbury, the only author to appear more than once in the collection, is present with "The Watchers", in which the central figure realizes that the insects of the world are watching him and reporting their findings to their mysterious Masters; so he kills all insects around him, lives in metal rooms to avoid termites, but at the end cannot defeat what are the "evil" Watchers, smaller than insects, which attack him as he speeds away in his car. The car slows down more and more until his pursuers at last find what has attacked him. "The Dead Man" is Odd Martin, who believes himself to be dead; and when he finally goes to buy a house for himself and his loved one it is the man who sells tombs whom he goes to.

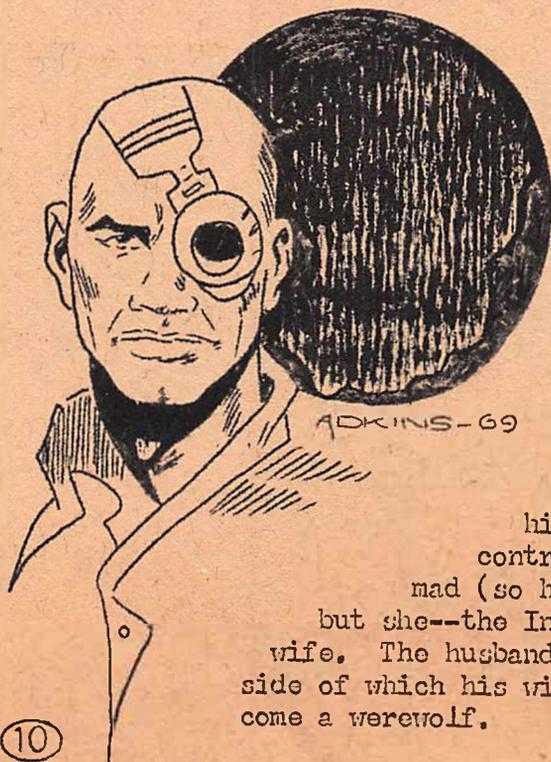
Carroll John Daly's "Outside of Time" is a more confused story of a student whose ageless girlfriend helps him step out of time to stop all motion long enough for him to dart around the city pulling people out of the way of accidents about to kill them.

"Skydrift" by Emil Petaja has mention of Charles Fort and the piece of driftwood which floats up on a California beach to two human derelicts. It is more than it appears. To one it is a piece of driftwood to be burned, to the other a god to be worshipped; and when the first hurls the wood into the fire and tries to strangle the other, the spirit of the wood comes forth from the fire to destroy him.

"Mistress Sary" by William Tenn is a rather tenuous whirl of smoke concerning a little girl who practices voodoo in class. And when a hateful teacher forces her to sit in the strong sunlight, makes a wax doll of the teacher....

August Derleth's "The Lost Day" shows that although he writes well in a story with a setting in England, he really knows little of the place. One cannot, for example, "get a train to Soho". There are no stations there for a start! Nevertheless, the setting of the story could hardly be placed elsewhere, with its recounting of the book bound in human skin that can cause its owner to lose a day, to be spirited off to do murder and all manner of strange things. Perhaps it could only happen in England. One cannot imagine the same antique horror manifesting itself in a similar dingy book store in, say, New York.

"The Man Who Cried 'Wolf'", by Robert Bloch, falls in love with an Indian maid who unknown to him becomes a werewolf at night. He believes that she controls a wolf which he hopes to use to drive his wife mad (so he can have her put away and take the Indian girl); but she--the Indian maid--is killed in a wolf hunt after biting the wife. The husband finishes typing his narrative just as a window (outside of which his wife is waiting) springs open. The wife, too, has become a werewolf.



Mary Elizabeth Counselman's "The Smiling Face" has a change of setting from most of her stories. It takes place in the Amazon jungle, where an injured elderly British explorer's wife departs with a handsome young native guide, unknown to him, to further their own discovery of a lost city. The explorer believes his wife has left him and sends his Uhuru guides after her to bring her back. Unfortunately, he forgets what the original profession of the Uhuru was... The ending is telegraphed long before the climax, but it is still an interestingly grisly story by one of the real craftsmen (women?) of Weird Tales.

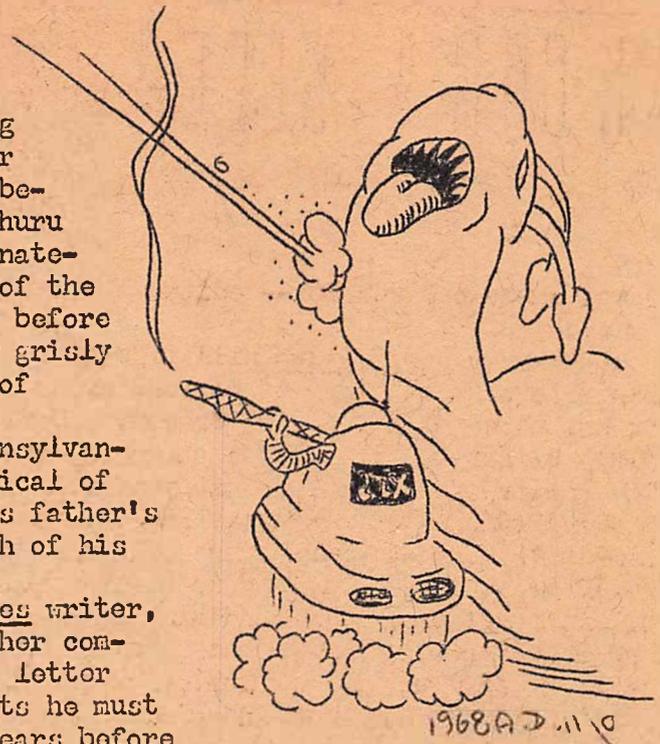
Charles King's "Welcome Home", set in Pennsylvania Dutch country, has a returning son, sceptical of the ghostly disappearances of visitors to his father's old house. Too late, he finds with the death of his father that he inherits...

Arthur J. Burks, another famous Weird Tales writer, offers "These Debts Are Yours." It is a rather complex story of a dead postmaster who leaves a letter for Captain Evan Frome, informing him of debts he must pay off, although the postmaster died many years before Frome was even born. The mystery of the debt and the descendants of the people owed it is still a mystery to me even after reading the finished story.

A little more straightforward is P. Schuyler Miller's "Ship-In-A-Bottle", which is found in an old shop in the dingiest part of town, where the mysterious owner plays chess with customers for the chessman; and one time a small boy finds a mysterious ship in a bottle. It seems to be a miniature of the real thing. When he returns thirty years later to play the same owner for the bottle, it is broken during an argument and something comes out after the owner.

"Please Go Away and Let Me Sleep" by Helen W. Kasson is good advice, since you'll surely not puzzle out what the psychic family in the story is up to even when they've finished it.

The cover of this anthology is, I think, one that becomes more repellent the more one studies it -- an unsettling thought.



ON IGNORANCE

We went to a far, far planet
And seized their orange groves,
And then we said, "Learn from us
"With our superior science, how to get
"More fruit," and didn't know
We had already taught them.

----- RAYMOND L. CLANCY

Golden Minutes.

PAVANE, by Keith Roberts (Rupert Hart-Davis) This is the British hardcover edition, which I got from Ken Slater (Fantast) for \$3.12 including postage. There is also a US hardcover at \$4.95; I don't know if it's reached the book club or not. It's worth getting in hard covers, and the British edition has a dust-jacket designed by the author, adapted from his original magazine cover illustrating "Corfe Gate". Every so often a British author produces a series of stories that are, to me, the ultimate in reading enjoyment. 14 years ago Boardman published E. C. Tubb's ALIEN DUST. Now -- actually in 1968, but I've just

now got the book -- it is this series. The stories, "The Lady Margaret", "The Signaller", "Brother John", "Lords and Ladies", "Corfe Gate" and the prologue, were all published a few years back in IMPULSE magazine. A concluding Coda is new. Major change that I noticed was that "The Lady Margaret" was originally "The Lady Anne". I don't know why the change; personally I liked the earlier title better. It seemed more lyrical. These stories are about an alternate universe; one in which Elizabeth I was assassinated, and in the ensuing confusion the Armada won. With the Church firmly in control, science was slowed down, and Roberts' England is still largely medieval. (In the Coda, the author tries to rationalize this as being for the good of mankind, which I consider a cop-out comparable to the conclusion of Del Rey's ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT. If you're going to spend an entire book showing the evils of Church rule, don't hypocritically try to patch it up with a favorable statement at the end.) Nevertheless, and despite my occasional carping, this is an outstanding book, and the stories which open and close it are among the best science fiction I have ever read anywhere. (The other stories are good; "The Lady Margaret" and "Corfe Gate" are marvelous.)

VAULT OF THE AGES, by Poul Anderson (Winston) I see Tower now has a pb edition out; I got this hardcover last year from Howard Devore, and just now got around to reading it. It is not, of course, an adult novel, and is perhaps too juvenile a book for the average fan. Fairly common world-returned-to-barbarism idea, with our Hero discovering a vault full of knowledge and after the usual problems with barbaric enemies and priests devoted to the status quo, gets mankind back on the road to Civilization. Plenty of action for younger readers.

PERRY RHODAN #1 and 2 (Ace, 60¢ each) Having heard so much about this series, I was eager to see what it was really like. I have to admit that while it's nothing outstanding, it's considerably better than I thought it would be. Also, it is not really a "series", it is simply one huge serial. Individual episodes have endings of sorts, but nothing is ever really solved, and the next episode takes up right where the last one left off. Each of these Ace books contains two episodes, rather than being the single "novel" that one would normally expect. So far in the story, Major Rhodan has landed on the moon, discovered a crashed alien spaceship and some live aliens, and used their science to begin the unification of Earth, over the violent objections of Earth's politicians. Presumably he'll make it sometime in the series, but not soon; the books are anything but fast-paced. The writing is slick and competent, and inconvenient questions - such as why the U.S. would include one of Earth's greatest diagnosticians in the four-man crew of the first moonship - are ignored. (The diagnostician is needed, you see, because one of the aliens is ill and this gives Rhodan a chance to trade diagnosis and cure for some alien science.)

BLACK CRUSADE, by Arthur Machen (Corgi, 3/6) A novel which includes the device of a story within a story, the interior stories including two of Machen's most famous,

"The Novel of The Black Seal" and "The Novel of the White Powder". Normally the story-within-a-story is used to make the fantastic more palatable to the reader (which may be one reason why it has declined as a plot-device; today's readers are used to the fantastic). I hadn't realized until I read the complete novel that Machon's intent was the reverse; the interior stories are presented as fabrications told by imaginative villains to gain the hero's sympathy. Published separately, as they generally are, they are fantasy; in context they are simply "tall tales". Unfortunately, the overall story of the novel is far less enjoyable than the interior tales.

TOYMAN, by E.C. Tubb/FEAR THAT MAN, by Dean R. Koontz (Ace, 60¢) The Tubb is another in his Earl Dumarest series; competent action but totally unexciting. Routine action-adventure. The Koontz half is three separate stories, more or less tied together in the end. It has its good points, but after the protagonist has killed God in the first story there really isn't anyplace to go but down.

THE BLUE STAR, by Fletcher Pratt (Ballantine, 95¢) I was delighted to learn that Ballantine had published this novel, surprised at its size, since previous publication was in an omnibus hardcover with two other novels, and mildly disappointed in reading it. In the introduction, Lin Carter says it is better than Pratt's other fantasy novel, WELL OF THE UNICORN. It isn't, unless you happen to prefer plots centering entirely about court intrigue to the exclusion of everything else including action and characterization. The book is good; I admire Pratt's plotting and the original realization of a fantasy world. But there is almost no action, and while the characters are competently drawn, they aren't the outstandingly memorable individuals that the ones in WELL OF THE UNICORN are. The hero is totally passive, a naive young man manipulated by everyone else in the book including his witch-wife. (If he showed any sign of growing up during the course of the book I could forgive this, but he doesn't.) It's quite readable, but certainly not outstanding.

THE MOON ERA (Curtis Books, 75¢) Introduction by Sam Moskowitz, title story by Jack Williamson, "The Mole Pirate" by Murray Leinster (which is why I bought the book; I couldn't pass up a title like that) and "Exiles On Asperus" by John Wyndham. The Williamson story is the best; it's archaic, but the meeting of man and alien is reminiscent of Wright's THE WORLD BELOW, and it is not drawn out to interminable length as the Wright novel is. Both the Leinster and Wyndham stories are typical 1930's action-adventure, to be read as historical curiosities rather than as entertainment. The introduction covers not only the stories themselves, but the entire science-fictional output of the 1930s.

THE SPACE DREAMERS, by Arthur C. Clarke (Lancer, 75¢) In very tiny letters, it is announced on the cover that this is a retitling of PRELUDE TO SPACE. When first published in 1954, I found it fascinating. Unfortunately, history has pretty well caught up with it; our actual prelude to space is about to end, and discrepancies between book and fact are distracting. It remains only a moderately good story of man's drive toward the unknown.

THE SPACE BARBARIANS, by Mack Reynolds/THE EYES OF BOLSK, by Robert Lory (Ace, 75¢) The Reynolds novel was in one of the magazines not long ago. (Ace seems to have given up their practice of listing previous publication, for which fie on them.) The one about the impact of civilization on a culture based on the Scots clans, with a few Amerindian customs thrown in for good measure. One thing Reynolds is an absolute genius at is describing such oddball cultures in a way that makes them totally believable. In addition, John of the Hawks is an interesting character. The ending is a trifle hard to believe, mainly because it had to be condensed for novelistic purposes; readers wouldn't have stood for 20 or 30 pages of gradually increased understanding. Otherwise it's quite acceptable entertainment. The Lory novelet seems to be original. Rather typical Ace action-adventure, quite imaginative. It seems a pity that Lory is quite so blatant about using black as a symbol of evil, and for a professional secret agent the hero is pretty dumb in his weapons-handling; otherwise the story would have ended on page 47 or 48 instead of page 90. But it's at least a mediocre story, with plenty of action.

XENOGENESIS, by Miriam Allen deFord (Ballantine, 75¢) Most of these stories are what

some readers derisively call "women's science fiction" (or, somewhat more accurately, "woman's-magazine science fiction"). I have no objection to the type, but 230 pages of it at one sitting is a bit much. "The Season of the Babies" is a wonderful account of a meeting between two cultures, despite the fact that, like all the stories herein, the basis is scientifically impossible. "The Ajeri Diary" is somewhat similar, but of lesser impact. "The Smiling Future" is a surprisingly unexciting story about another Earth race usurping Man's position. The remainder - "The Daughter of the Tree", "The Superior Sex", "Quick To Haste", "Gathi", "The Children", "Throwback", "One-way Journey", "The Transit of Venus", "All in Good Time", "The Absolutely Perfect Murder", "Operation Cassandra", and "The Last Generation?" are concerned with love, marital problems, and babies, and are either overly saccharine or overly cute, or both. (Oh yes; "Featherbed on Chlynta" is another alien-culture one, not particularly interesting.) If you want to pay 25¢ apiece for the three worthwhile stories in the book, fine. Otherwise skip it.

THE BLACK FLAME, by Stanley G. Weinbaum (Avon, 75¢) I've always had a fond regard for this, despite the fact that the two stories included, "Dawn of Flame" and "The Black Flame" are too similar to make good companions. Several critics have theorized that they are actually two separate drafts of the same story and were never intended to be published together. (Both were published posthumously.) They are straight action-adventure and love stories, set in the new barbarism following a destruction of our present civilization. The odd part is that those stories, written in the early Thirties, are better written and just as "modern" sounding than a majority of the adventure novels written last year. Weinbaum's early death undoubtedly cost stf a major writer. This isn't really a major story, but it's an incredibly good one, for its time.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE DRAGON, by Mark Geston (Ace, 60¢) This is a sequel to LORDS OF THE STARSHIP, and like most sequels it isn't as good as the original. (When you have Armageddon in the first book - with Evil winning - it's hard to top it.) This chronicles the deterioration of Mankind, with various symbols and allusions considered appropriate to our time. I found it pretty dull stuff, particularly since I fail to see any visible truth in poetic assertions that Man's spirit is being crushed by our machine culture.

STARSHINE, by Theodore Sturgeon (Pyramid, 60¢) A reprint. Contains "Derm Fool", "The Haunt", "Artnan Process", "The World Well Lost", "The Pod and the Barrier", and "How To Kill Aunty". I assume most fans have seen the 1966 Pyramid edition, but if you are new to the field, this - like any Sturgeon book - is well worth getting. If you haven't read it, you should do so immediately.

THE SYNTHETIC MAN, by Theodore Sturgeon (Pyramid, 60¢) Same here. This was originally titled "The Dreaming Jewels" back in 1950, and is now in its fifth Pyramid printing. For those of you who haven't seen it before, it's a stf classic about a man who is - different. Superior? Maybe. But definitely different. Fascinating.

THE ISLAND UNDER THE EARTH, by Avram Davidson (Ace, 75¢) Is Ace getting hard up for Specials? This is a fairly mine-run fantasy, similar but mildly superior to Phil Farmer's "Maker of Universes" series. It's a good competent fantasy adventure (except that the ending is all too obviously left open for a sequel), but hardly what I expect of a Special. For the more intelligent sword-and-sorcery fan (if there are any....)

DECISION AT DOONA, by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine, 75¢) A fairly good account of a first contact with an alien race, where both races are deathly afraid of giving their inferiors cultural shock. The plot is quite simple; the book rests on characterization, which is usually but not always good. (I had trouble telling the major aliens apart; oddly, the minor alien characters are distinct individuals.)

TIME AND AGAIN, by Clifford Simak (Ace, 75¢) The second or third Ace printing of a novel first published in 1951. This is one of the terribly complicated Time War plots, with the hero never knowing what's going on. I suppose it's good of its type, but it's not a type that I ever liked. One of the first serials GALAXY ever ran... I used to buy GALAXY solely for its short stories.

6 x H, by Robert Heinlein (Pyramid, 60¢) Pyramid's fourth printing of this book. Like the Sturgeon books, it's a must if you haven't already read it, but most fans have. Includes the novelet "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag", "The Man Who Traveled In Elephants", "All You Zombies", "They", "Our Fair City", and "He Built A Crooked House" (all but the first being short stories, as I meant to say but didn't). This is a fair share of Heinlein's fantasy output, only the final story and perhaps "All You Zombies" being classed as science fiction. "The Man Who Traveled In Elephants" is about as slight a story as you can get published; the rest are of the usual Heinlein quality.

BEYOND TOMORROW, ed. by Damon Knight (Fawcett, 75¢) A strangely conservative anthology; original publication dates run from 1934 to 1957. Stories included are "Brightside Crossing" by Alan R. Nourse, "The Deep Range" by Arthur C. Clarke, "Conventry" by Robert Heinlein, "The Mile-Long Spaceship" by Kate Wilhelm, "The Seesaw" by A. E. Van Vogt, "Nightfall" by Isaac Asimov, "The Million-Year Picnic" by Ray Bradbury, "Desertion" by Clifford Simak, "Twilight" by "Don A. Stuart (John W. Campbell), and "Happy Ending" by Henry Kuttner. With the exception of the Nourse, Wilhelm, and van Vogt stories, these are all excellent. But, with the same exceptions, they have all been anthologized numerous times, and I don't quite see the purpose of one more round. If by some odd chance you haven't previously read them, by all means do so. (But why haven't you?)

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION 1969, ed. by Don Wilhelm and Terry Carr (Ace, 95¢) 19 stories, 370 pages. "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" by Robert Sheckley (moderately humorous tale of a neurotic city), "Backtracked" by Burt Filer (time travel and psychological insight), "Kyrie" by Poul Anderson (science, love and tragedy), "Going Down Smooth" by Robert Silverberg (alleged humor about an insane computer), "The Worm That Flies" by Brian Aldiss (the "new" fantasy, profound and pompous), "Masks" by Damon Knight (more symbology on the evils of machinery), "Time Considered As A Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" by Samuel R. Delany (if you want to sell to NEW WORLDS, imitate Ballard titles - the story is an extrapolation of the current Mod world and moderately interesting), "Hemeac" by E. G. von Wald (more evils of machinery; this time robot instructors - I get the impression that modern authors get their anti-machine bias because they are even less able to cope with modern society than the average man, and thus yearn for the "simpler" life, ignoring the fact that they probably couldn't cope with that, either), "The Cloudbuilders" by Colin Kapp (society recreated after barbarism, and a fascinating treatment of a different culture), "This Grand Carcass" by R. A. Lafferty (more biggety machines, but at least this time it's funny), "A Visit To Cleveland General" by Sydney van Scyoc (the horrors of scientific kindness and the human insistence on saving every possible life), "The Selchey Kids" by Lawrence Yep (xenophobia, philosophy, a story that always puts me to sleep before I finish it - and it isn't very long), "Welcome To The Monkey House" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (the wonders of sex explained very simply for anyone who doesn't know about them; a satire of straw men - or straw women), "The Dance of the Changer and Three" by Terry Carr (another alien society, and a story that ends up as a sort of straightfaced shaggy dog story - fun, but deliberately pointless), "Sword Game" by H. H. Hollis (a more or less humorous account of love and topology), "Total Environment" by Brian W. Aldiss (another "different" culture, coupled with the evils of using free human spirits in scientific experiments - a truly excellent story combined with propaganda I don't agree with; I am no believer in the inherent nobility of the human spirit), "The Square Root of Brain" by Fritz Leiber (also from NEW WORLDS; you can tell from the titles - the story is nothing, but Leiber has packed into it some of the most hilarious quotes (from an actual encyclopedia, he says) that I have ever read. I'd sooner have had the quotes straight, but I suppose he had to fumble up some sort of story in order to sell them), "Star-song" by Fred Saberhagen (a rather sticky love story), "Fear Hound" by Katherine MacLean (interesting idea of telepathic Rescue Teams). Overall; worth the money.

THE HOT SPOT, by Murray Leinster ("Land of the Giants #2 - Pyramid, 60¢) I'm glad Leinster is making the money, but the books are not a whole lot better than the program, which is awful. (They are some better, because Leinster is a considerably better writer than the scripters. But he's limited by the concept.)

SCIENCE, NUMBERS, AND I, by Isaac Asimov (Ace, 75¢) Another of the books collected from Asimov's F&SF column. Individual articles range from the psychology of superstition thru the algebraic equation that proves 2 equals 1, to the vital statistics of rivers, with stopovers at harmonics, international time zones, the origin of the universe and the size of cities, among others. Random, that is, but interesting. Unfortunately, Ace provides no index, and while someone searching for specific information (for the plot of his novel, say) might be able to tell from the contents page that "Old Man River" and "Knock Plastic!" concerned rivers and superstition respectively, he might have problems recalling that "I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover" is an article on cosmogony and "Balancing The Books" refers to atomic particles. These were lovely titles; I'm not objecting on that score. I just think they should be supplemented with an index.

MARVELS OF SCIENCE, by Isaac Asimov (Collier, 95¢) Bruce bought this, and I haven't read it yet, but considering the distribution of Collier books, some of you might appreciate knowing that it's out. It appears to include both fact and straight-faced humor, and is a collection of the Asimov articles from ASTOUNDING. Chapter titles are "The Atoms That Vanish", "The Explosions Within Us", "Hemoglobin And The Universe", "Victory On Paper", "The Abnormality of Being Normal", "Planets Have An Air About them", "The Unblind Workings of Chance", "The Trapping of the Sun", "The Sea-Urchin and We", "The Sound of Panting", "The Marvelous Properties of Thiotimoline", and "Pate de Foie Gras". Bruce has read it, and said that he liked all of it and understood "most of it". (Bruce also selected, as a souvenir from a recent visit to the Museum of Science And Industry in Chicago, a chart showing the periodic table of the elements. Eleven-year-olds are being led astray, and it's Asimov's Fault.)

STRANGE GUESTS, by Brad Steiger (Ace, 60¢)

Two more in Ace's occult series. From a brief look, it would seem that occultists are having to dig harder these days to find enough material to meet the demand. (Providing, of course, that they actually are digging it up; I assume that several are inventing their own "true incidents", in the manner of the confessions mags, but I can't prove it.) In any event, the accounts are getting thinner and thinner as the books pass.

PREDICTIONS: FACT OR FALLACY? by Hans Holzer (Fawcett, 75¢) Holzer seems to be getting a bit more life into his writing; this book is still a bit pompous but it isn't as unbearably dull as most of his previous ones. (I wonder why they bothered with the question mark in the title; anyone with any knowledge of either Holzer or occult books knows his answer.)

THE EXECUTIONER, by Don Pendleton (Pinnacle, 75¢) One of the pornography publishers has decided to branch out and produce a book that is not all sex, but which combines sex and sadism. The plot is not terribly important, but concerns a war hero who launches a one-man crusade against the Mafia. (To attract the younger crowd, our hero also goes in for pointlessly slashing mattresses - or maybe that's supposed to be a psychological clue to his hangups.) Supposed to be the first of a series.

A PRIVATE DISGRACE, by Victoria Lincoln (Pyramid, 95¢) A new book about Lizzie Borden. The author makes much of the fact that she is a woman writer from the same strata of society - and the same town - as Lizzie, and that therefore she "understands" her better than previous male writers. (Which I suppose is a must if you're going in for the psychological angle.) However, she pretty well makes it good; her comments are logical and her case is believable. And her book is entertaining, which at this late date is probably more important. Psychology is tricky; is an unusual action a clue toward guilt or merely the innate perverseness of the human species? The same action can be interpreted far differently. But the book does make fascinating reading, and while we aren't experts on the Borden case, this would seem to be superior to the previous book we had about the crime. (THE GIRL IN THE HOUSE OF HATE, by Charles and Louise Samuels) The Lincoln book is both more thorough and more entertaining. (My favorite line comes early; the author's mother explaining Lizzie with New England understatement: "...she was very unkind to her father and mother.")

NOT SO RICH AS YOU THINK, by George R. Stewart (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00) A fairly short - as non-fiction goes these days - but fascinating look at pollution. Most of the problems are familiar (or should be) to stf readers by now, but some of the ramifications were new to me. For one thing, feeding garbage to pigs is no longer practical, and not merely because we have so much garbage. We could transport it to the pigs, all right. Aside from increased disease, a hog must eat 6 pounds of garbage to produce one pound of meat on the hoof. "Essentially...the system...was merely a process of transforming garbage into manure", which in this day of artificial fertilizer leaves us back where we started. And of course there are all the non-edible wastes. And the total problem is staggering. "Each citizen of the United States, on the average, produces 1600 pounds of such material a year." Stewart traces the human garbage problem from the time our ancestors sat in trees and removed rubbish by throwing it over the side where it didn't bother them, through Man's long rise ("he was one of the dirtier of the animals") through today's problems and to a few tentative solutions.

NOBODY SCARES A PORCUPINE, by Jean Horton Berg (Westminster, \$3.75) Kid's books get more expensive all the time. This is classed for ages 3 to 8, largely pictures (realistic pictures, not the junk that goes for illustrations in some kid's books I've seen) and, naturally, points a moral. The moral itself is surprisingly modern for this category: "Courage is doing your thing." I should think some of the younger fan parents might well want to pick up a few books with this sort of indoctrination. I certainly approve of it; individuals should try to do what they feel is right, not just what is expedient.

PEDDLER OF DEATH, by Donald McCormick (Holt, Rinehart, Winston) Gene picked this up at a remainder counter for me - largely, I think, to show me that there are too "merchants of death". Sir Basil Zaharoff was, according to this biography, a fantastically successful salesman of arms to various world governments from the 1870s to the 1930s. He is not quite accused of starting World War I singlehanded, but he is accused of fomenting the Spanish-American War to produce customers for his guns. (I seem to have heard of a few other causes, somewhere.) Anyway, it's an interesting view of an era, and Zaharoff comes across as a fabulously sinister individual (even though a bit too evil to be true).

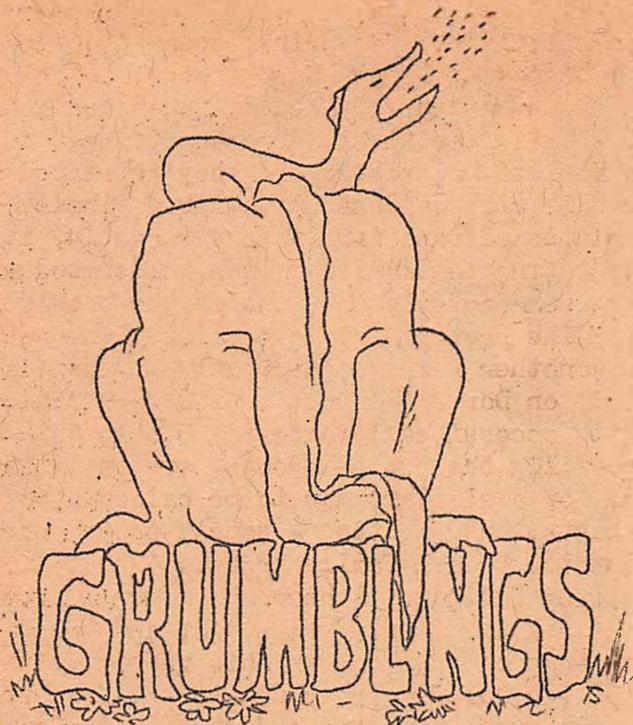
THE GREAT CHILI CONFRONTATION, by H. Allen Smith (Trident, \$4.95) One of Smith's lesser books, but still fairly funny. Smith is probably my favorite Hoosier author (he began his newspaper work a few miles north of here in Huntington, Indiana, tho he now resides in Alpine, Texas). This appears to be his idea of a cookbook, complete with recipes. I haven't tried the recipes, but the rest of the book is much more entertaining reading than your average cookbook.

NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN, by Frank H. Spearman I got these from Oswald Train (1129 SELWOOD OF SLEEPY CAT, by Frank H. Spearman W. Wingohocking St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19140, if you want on his mailing list) because I am a Frank Spearman fan and because the fantasy books I wanted were already sold. (Train sells used hardcovers; mostly stf and fantasy, but occasional other works.) In places they show their age, but there are flashes of originality. Such as, in SELWOOD, the first confrontation between hero and villain being spirited bidding at an auction on 12 pair of women's stockings. These are part of a series in which the major characters change with each book, but the setting and minor characters remain the same and are brought vividly to life. I don't know about the rest of you, but Pat Lupoff and I like them.

CHRONICLE OF DEBAUCHERY, by D. M. Gordon (Bee-Line, \$1.75) Larry didn't mention that this was a funny book, but one of the first lines I read concerned "the rod, smoking with evaporation and throbbing with pounding blood, rising like a carnal monolith from the flat plains of my alvino pastures" and I very nearly rolled on the floor. The rest is similar; I'm not sure if Gordon was being intentionally humorous or if this is sexual kitsch, but it is undeniably hilarious. (Some parts of it are intended to be funny, but mostly they aren't. It's the overblown language of the "straight" parts that creates the humor.) Funny or not, though, it isn't worth \$1.75. What you should do is find a regular reader of sex books and offer to explain the words to him if he'll let you read it. Otherwise forget it.

KILLING GROUND, by Ellis Portal (Peter Martin Associates) No price, because I read a library copy. (Matter of fact, I read a copy belonging to the Scarborough, Ontario, public library, which is sort of weird. One of the charms of fandom; you never know what's going to land in your mailbox next.) This is the first Canadian stf that I have read. (I know Canada at one time had a few stf magazines, but they reprinted US stories.) Setting is the 1970s, and the theme is what happens when Quebec finally declares independence. After reading four volumes of Canadian history recently, it seemed a fairly conservative extrapolation. What happens is civil war, moderated somewhat by the dithering of the Ottawa government (characterized by one of the book's characters as "the bland leading the bland"). The protagonist is a colonel who gets back from a peacekeeping job in South Africa (another fairly conservative extrapolation) just in time to lead a helicopter assault on Dorval airport outside Montreal. The book is generally well written, though with occasionally annoying Mickey Spillane tendencies. (All of the women he meets, especially the two he shoots, are ravishingly beautiful. I suppose it is not impossible for a military man to be called upon to shoot a ravishingly beautiful girl in the breasts, but shooting a homely one in the guts would have been more believable.) Of course, he has family troubles; that's one of the rules of today's modern, realistic science fiction. A hero who doesn't have marital difficulties is just as taboo today as sex was twenty years ago, and the results are just as dull. Portal does a better than average job in this respect, but he's obviously hampered by the restrictions of the form. Partly due to these restrictions and partly to other requirements (the same ones that fans objected to in Captain Kirk), the hero pulls an awful lot of bone-headed stunts for someone who is constantly being told he's a brilliant officer. However, the book is generally written well enough to overcome these difficulties, and the characterization is excellent. The reader cares what happens to the characters, which is the main thing. The finish is fascinating and, to an American, not wholly credible. (Even those four history volumes don't entirely counteract the idea that our neighbors couldn't react that way to the helpful efforts of the good old U.S.) It does, however, reveal an attitude toward the U.S. that explains some of our world problems. (If even our friends don't like us very well....) All of this is brought on because the U.S., objecting to an independent Quebec supported by Russia, China, and Cuba, intervenes in the civil war. The Canadian reaction to the intervention provides the climax, which is as interesting as one could hope for.

THE WOLVES, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Coward-McCann, \$6.95) This is what it was like to be an honest man in Germany between 1933 and 1945. The book is in three sections; the first covering the Nazis' rise to power, the second at the height of their power at the beginning of the war, and the final one closing as the Russian troops roll over East Prussia. The theme is that once Hitler had come to power, there was no way for eastern Europe to avoid a lifetime of tragedy. (The moral, for this country, lies in the characterization. These are small-town people, so maybe you city slickers don't know anyone exactly like them - but I do. Given the right conditions, the same thing that happened in Maulen could happen in Hartford City. This country is not immune to rabble-rousers, and in any country, the people who achieve power are the ones who enjoy having power, because they will work harder to get it. This is equally true, whether you're talking about the Republican Party, the John Birch Society, the SDS, the Black Panthers, or your local Lions club, and it is a point everyone should remember.) This is not one of Kirst's best books. Aside from the major characters, characterization is sketchy, we see the intent of actions and their results, but often the means are tossed off; "It was easy." The book runs over 450 pages and he could have used a couple of hundred more. But Kirst is like Heinlein; books which aren't his best are better than almost anyone else's efforts. The central character, in particular, is a man you can feel for. "All I wanted to do was survive, and survive as pleasantly as possible. I've always wanted a quiet life for as long as I can remember, and what's the result? Here I am, getting ready to blow up a gasoline dump. Why am I lying here, Jacob?" (That line sums up the book much better than the 4-page speech the hero makes later on - and, in fact, renders the speech unnecessary. The book falls down badly in the last few pages.) Anyway, flaws or not, this is a good book and I recommend it wholeheartedly.



Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Drive #9,
Duarte, California 91010

That was an absolutely abominable cover. Anyone who questions the quality of the Fabian folio in Trumpet and covers his zine with the likes of such a thing definitely has a questionable taste in fan art. What's wrong with you, Coulson?

The wife and I went to see PLANET OF THE APES a couple of weeks ago. We haven't gotten around to seeing 2001 yet, but I would say that this is the best sf movie we've seen to date. Of course, so far it's the only one that's been worth watching at all. Without comparing it with other films, my reaction is that it was an amusing film, but badly flawed. I found it extremely hard to believe that whatisname never questioned the apes' use of English. The explanation for the girl's death during suspended animation was ridiculous, and the fact

that a 20m year space flight could bring them back to Earth accidentally gave me an Ekecedrin assache. The opening scenery shots of Earth were great...

What's wrong with me? I'm not the art editor. If APES is the best stf movie you've seen, you must have missed the better ones down thru the years. RSC I am the art editor, and I can only explain, Dave, that I know what I like, and I don't print anything that doesn't strike my fancy--weird as that fancy may be. After all, I use your artwork, too. JWC/

M.R.Burgess, M. 3316 Lidgerwood, Spokane, Washington 99207

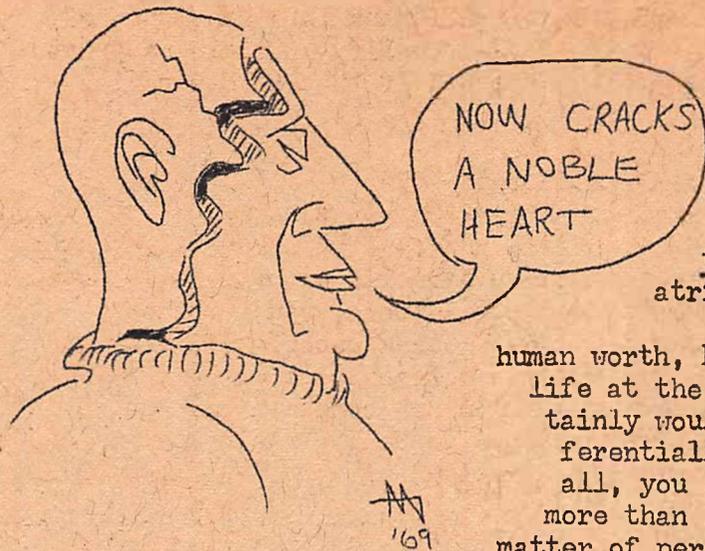
I note with interest your remarks that Edmond Hamilton has not been paid for his Captain Future reprints. It is perhaps fitting to mention here that another author in the series, Manly Wade Wellman, also has received no payment; and indeed, he was not even aware the book had been published until a fan accidentally mentioned it in a letter. He has twice attempted to contact Popular Library, but to no avail, and is now seeking assistance from SFWA. It is sad indeed when a writer's works are published without consent, payment, or the chance of revision. It is sadder still to consider that in all probability there is no way to force the company to pay.

Of course, another way of looking at it is that the writer signed an agreement, of his own free will, giving the company the right to republish without payment. I don't like exploitation of artists, but neither do I approve of people who refuse to honor their pledges whenever it becomes inconvenient for them. Popular Library should, by all means, have offered payment, if for no other reason than to keep the good will of their authors. (I would certainly think twice before I ever sold anything to Popular.) But they didn't, and they are not required to. RSC

At least now there is more movement in the direction of taking out copy-right in the name of the author, so maybe we're making some progress. JWC/

Andrew Phillips, 128 Oliver St. Daly City, California 94014

Seems everywhere I turn recently I run across this Delap person. Anyone who calls APES a "generally good...transfer of /a/ slick satire" is probably mentally deficient. APES was a godawful rendition of an absolute bomb of a script based on a less than mediocre novel. Even D's partial retraction doesn't make his original statement palatable. Worse was his statement that the cause of criticism of 2001 is an inability to "THINK". Uh-uh. No way! The movie is great visually, but when the trip to Jupiter



starts it's wise to leave your cerebral cortex in the vicinity of the Moon. If Delap really sees the transformation of humanity into baby stars by a friendly guardian as the main hope of escape from "denaturization" and "the darkness waiting at this dead end"(whatever that means) I can only suggest psychiatric help.

Interesting viewpoint you have about human worth, Buck. If you could have saved King's life at the cost of your own, would you? I certainly wouldn't, and in fact wouldn't even preferentially sacrifice your life for his. After all, you send me an interesting fmz, which is more than I ever got from King. I guess it's a matter of perspective.

Speaking of which, let me comment on Juanita's enthusiastic reaction to Apollo. I'm afraid I couldn't muster anything near her excitement. In the scale of our universe it all seemed trivial and mundane...

By the way, JD Berry just might find the information he needs for astrophotography in Sky and Telescope, though chances are he's already seen the mag.

/If it came right down to it, I probably wouldn't have saved King's life at the expense of my own, even if I had had the opportunity. As any Yandro can tell you, I'm selfish. But my conscience--yes, I have one--would have given me hell for not doing it. I don't do a lot of things that I know I should. Personally, I can't get terribly excited about a baby's first steps, either. But they are a long way from trivial. RSC/

Irv Jacobs, P.O. Box 574, National City, California 92050

Just finished #188 of Yandro, having read about 90% of the contents. I wonder if other subscribers note the strange situation that slick, professional magazines remain unopened in the magazine rack in the living room (in my home, the latest issues of Atlas, Avant Garde, and Ramparts) while Yandro is read with considerable enjoyment. I have never figured out how you got me "hooked" but there is no question I would miss your fanzine if it stopped coming.

I saw some Virgil Finlay illustrations in a recent copy of If. Apparently, no one ever says anything complimentary about Mr. Finlay any longer, so allow me to do so. He has been my favorite illustrator in the fantasy/science fiction field for so many years. Naturally, this proves that I'm over 40, and also that I'm a nostalgic old cornball.

"Cuter Limits" was a good TV series. The series is occasionally rerun on local TV, and I'm reminded how strong some of the scripts really were. Since there was no continuing group of characters to write about, authors could really use their imaginations. Several "Cuter Limits" scripts practically scared the daylight out of me! And what a contrast to the recent British "Journey Into the Unknown" series. The latter series invariably put me soundly asleep within the first half hour of each show.

Does anyone send you Harlan Ellison's column from the LA Free Press? He is supposed to be writing for youthful readers, many of whom are supposed to be the new breed of don't-give-a-damn flower children. Yet he writes in such an intense, furious manner. I almost would use the analogy of giving shock treatment to schizophrenic patients in a mental institution.

/Finlay has always been one of my favorite interior artists (I've never cared too much for his color work that I've seen). We have one original Finlay, and I certainly wouldn't trade it for an original Freas or Gaughan. For that matter, we have an original cover by Gerard Quinn, and there are damned few paintings I'd trade that for. Oh, Harlan always writes--or talks--in an intense, furious manner. That's just his

version of a casual approach...RSC I think one should be cautious about lumping "don't-give-a-damn" and "flower children" into some sort of catchallsum up of younger readers. Many of them qualify as giving a great deal of a damn, which is quite a contrast from 99% of the contemporaries I shared my early adult years with. JWC/

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

I was happy to receive Yandro #188 Monday. During the last couple of years you have really put Yandro readers to the test. First you started using different shades of yellow paper. Then, after many years of cutting stencils with the pica typewriter whose letter "a" was always a little below the other letters, you switched to elite typeface. Then you put out a multilithed issue with slick paper. (I always thought Yandro was a pulp instead of a slick.) Now you put out an issue on yellow paper totally unlike any yellow that you've used before. I'm not complaining, though. I'll read Yandro even if you publish it on a hektograph. Actually, the new mimeo does an excellent job of printing and should solve your problems; I very much like this shade of yellow, also.

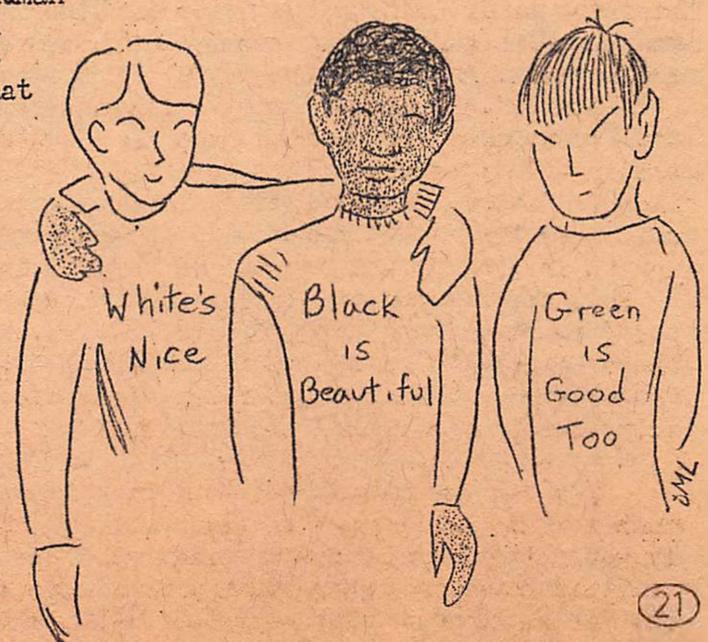
I was amused by Don Thompson's comments regarding Moskowitz. I too noticed the mistake he made regarding Bloch's story. To be fair to Moskowitz, however, it should be pointed out that his introduction to the stories in HAUNTINGS AND HORRORS are mostly very good. I would recommend that you get this paperback; it contains some obscure items not found in other horror anthologies, and Moskowitz has even dug up a William Hope Hodgson story that appeared in a 1911 issue of Adventure and has never been reprinted. Being a Hodgson fan I looked forward to reading it, but unfortunately it merely proves how often Hodgson was able to sell a story with the same plot.

Briney's letter mentioned Powell Books; they have shown up around here and among their listings is CUT OF THE UNKNOWN by van Vogt and E. May Hull which was published in hard covers about twenty years ago, I believe. Powell paperbacks cost 95¢ but I would not recommend anyone buying by mail from the publisher. They charge 25¢ per book for handling and shipping. I've about finished reading the Ackerman collection. I bought it because I sometimes enjoy his puns, but this book must be read to be believed. It's the most incredible hodge-podge I've ever come across. I believe all this "yak-yak by Ack-Ack" will earn him a place in the Hall of Shame. (I'm sorry, but after reading this many pages of Ackerman I begin to talk like that.) Put this by your copy of TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON if you buy it. Actually, some parts of the book are humorous and worth reading.

It's nice to see that Juanita has sold a book to Dell. I would imagine that they pay more than most paperback houses, but I could be wrong on that.

In your answer to Delap's letter you say, "The human life, per se, is no more important than the life of a jackrabbit." Being a human, I would say that the life of a human is more important. (I would rather hit a jackrabbit than hit a person.) If I happened to be a jackrabbit, I would feel that the life of a jackrabbit was worth more. It all boils down to one's frame of reference. From the point of view of the cosmos, you are probably right. It is possible, of course, that you're a were-jackrabbit.

/Actually I inherited an alien strain from my father; humanity is simply one more incomprehensible animal. Juanita's Dell novel will pay (providing she completes it, of course) about the same as both her Ace novels put together. But it's not too much more than Ace Specials pay.



Hmm. We're Hodgson fans, too. I'll keep my eyes open. But I want to get his second Arkham House collection first. RSC/

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain

We've had time trouble too due to a recent decision. It only took effect at the end of last winter...and it will be next winter before the full effects are felt. Main complaint here also came on the grounds that children have to go to school in the dark. It is much worse for Scotland, of course, it being farther north--and the loudest complaints come from there.

I agree solidly with every word you say on the subject of "Worst" polls. I hate unkindness.

Your book review list makes me boggle somewhat; and I thought I had a very good reading speed. I was interested to see you mention the books of Alice Tilton of PA Taylor. I have started collecting them and so re-reading them after a long lapse of time. So the list you gave is personally helpful to me.

I do admire your fanzine reviews, and often sigh and wish I could be as succinct. I burst out laughing when I read... "For people who like to play King Arthur". Personally I'm right off this medieval lark; we had a lot of it at this year's Con. Everyone in olde costume and I was daft enough to make and wear a wimple. The most uncomfortable headgear, I assure you. There were lots of lovely costumes...sure...but I was narked to find that the two winners of prizes for ladies costumes had hired them. Not that I felt that I should have won a prize, but because I thought that Ina Shorrock, who had made her costume, deserved it more. Anyway, watching the knights fighting was quite fun, and drinking the punch was moreso, and seeing Judith Merrill carried in by four knights was hilarious; but I still think that an SF con should be about SF when it comes to the fancy dress costumes. I made up my mind that next year I'd wear an SF costume but I am badly stumped here. Futuristic costumes for females are very difficulty, and there are few dress designer fans in British fandom. I wonder if STAR TREK when it comes will be any help! Yes, ST is a-coming but whether it can live up to its reputation...I dunno.

Reading the piece by Dennis Lien I had to reflect that, really, SF is an ideal field for the parodist. Well, I know you can do the same to the Western and Mystery fields, but not, I think, with quite such a devastating effect.

I agree with you (again!) this can't be good for you....) about the Fan Hugos. I wouldn't vote for someone who had won it already. This time I hope Harry Warner gets it, I voted for him last time and will again. I see Walt Willis is among the nominees; and hope this does not snatch it from Harry. I'd rate Harry and Walt as equal in writing ability. Their styles are different, of course; but I don't think one is more able than the other. One could have argued earlier that Harry did professional work and Walt did not...but now Walt's book is out. So with all else equal, I think Harry deserves the award more. After all, there has been a long gap in Walt's output. It is only recently that he has again appeared in the fanzines. Whilst Harry keeps steadily on and on and is a joy and a blessing to numerous faneds.

Joe Siclari really backed you into a corner, didn't he? But I wouldn't rate one human life less than another, myself. I'd be very glad never to have that decision to make.

Poetry, hmm. Really ought to say something about this...but these "mightybowmen" that "fleted" really choked me up. With grue.

[No, Siclari gave me a hypothetical question and I gave him a hypothetical answer. I'd hate to have to make a decision on the relative worth of lives--but the decisions are being made, every day, and by the wrong people. How many police show as much concern over a ghetto murder as they do over King's or Kennedy's? Ghetto lives aren't important, as far as they are concerned. If British fannes start dressing like the ST characters, I may emigrate. They're dandy costumes for male viewing. RSC/

Rick Norwood, A&I Box 651, 640 Linden, Riverside, California 92507

It is amazing how different that moon photo looks upside down. The way you ran it, the moon looks quiet and peaceful. Turn it over, though, and the moon appears looming

and threatening.

I've just been watching the colorcast from space. The astronauts acted kind of silly. The least they could have done would have been to play "The Blue Danube" instead of "Fly Me to the Moon". Still, it was fascinating to see that there really... no, I mean really...is no up and down in space. None of the previous films made me feel it like this one did. It's sense of wonder time!

Why bid for a Worldcon? Certainly, the egoboo that comes from having put on a successful convention is part of it. But as a fanzine publisher for lo these many years you must know the satisfaction you get from putting your ideas into action and seeing them work. Serving as chairman of the Deepsouthcon was, for all the time and energy it involved, one of the best experiences I've had in fandom. I know a worldcon is ten times as much work, but I'm ready and waiting. (.P.S. Vote New Orleans in '73!)

Since I'm still suspicious of someone who says gun-control in one sentence and explains that he really means gun-registration in the next, let me ask Joe Siclari one question. If licensing all books, so that only responsible citizens could read controversial material, would save one single human life, would this be worthwhile? An emotional question and a loaded one, yes? The same Bill of Rights that guarantees our freedom of the press guarantees our right to bear arms.

No, I don't know the satisfaction that comes from putting my ideas into action in Yandro. I don't publish Yandro to see how well my ideas work; I publish it as a quick way to meet interesting people. (Actually, I don't publish it at all; I edit it. But my point is the same.) But I see that this could be an attraction for some fans. RSC/

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

Speaking of William Rotsler, have you seen a publication called NAKED FILMS from a San Diego publishing firm? It shows Rotsler at work directing, and acting, among what he calls "the naked ladies". The mag has had quite a few issues now but as they cost 2.50c apiece it's not too likely too many people have seen them; but it will give inspiration to illustrators of fanzines that their work is but a stepping stone to things of promise in the future.

I wonder where he has time to do any actual drawings, having seen him working in the magazine.

Or indeed would want to.

I suppose you saw the biggest hi-jacking of a plane took place here this week, a three million dollar "Hercules"--it takes five people to fly it, and one managed to get it off the ground and fly it out of the country where radar couldn't pick it up because civilian radar only searches in specialized plane flight levels; and military radar only looks for things coming in from the direction of Russia. So if an alien wants to attack all he has to do is come in from the wrong direction at the wrong level and he'll get through without anyone seeing him, even if he's as big as the Queen Mary.

John Brunner, 53 Nassington Road, London NW 3, England

Christ, a whole page of reviews of Brunner books in Yandro. There's glory for you! And some very perceptive comments, I must say. DCUBLE, DOUBLE actually began life as a screen treatment, which accounts for it looking like the plot of a horror movie; I got tired of people saying, "Yes, it might well make a picture, but we'd like to see a book version first," so eventually wrote the book version...and they're still saying no more than, "It might make a picture."

I just thought it was about time I found out whether I could write a horror plot, frankly. Apparently I can, though only moderately well. I don't think I have my heart in it.

-You're right about MEETING AT INFINITY, too; starting very young in the novel business, I knew far too little about real people and real life to attempt in-depth characterisation, but in-depth situations--now that's a different problem, and there had been a stage, in my late teens, when I was very hooked indeed on intensively re-complicated SF (not so much a la van Vogt, though: the exponent of the style whom I most admired was Charles Harness). So I wrote--oh, must have been at least three novels of

of this type, including my first US sale, THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY. And, of course, this one.

Time passed, and my area of interest started to shift, and currently the sort of thing that most engages my attention is sociological projection of the type represented by JAGGED CRBIT. I'm delighted that it impressed you so well. I'm finding it much more difficult to write than adventure SF, for a number of reasons: above all, because one moves away from data that one can calculate, or at least research, towards situations that one can only feel, and sometimes they're as slippery as a dream. My next major SF project, which will certainly take months of thinking before I dare set a word on paper, will be an attempt to actualise the kind of society the revolutionary students want to bring about--the society of "permanent revolution", in effect. I think it's going to be called AND TUMBLE REASON...but I'm not sure. ("In me past, present, future meet To hold long chiding conference; My lusts usurp the present tense And tumble reason from its seat.")

In spite of being more difficult, it's also far more emotionally satisfying because it gives a sense of direct contemporary relevance.

The stories in NO FUTURE IN IT are all pre-1962, when the British edition first appeared. I hope people aren't disappointed by being led to think it's a new collection; it did appear in the States from Doubleday in 1964, of course, my first US hardback sale.

And as to BLACK IS THE COLO(U)R... You know, I sometimes feel as though I'm living in a time-warp. I wrote that book--hmm, let's work it out, since I failed to enter the date on my record-cards. It was on a manual typewriter, and I had the SCM 250 for about four years, and I've had this IBM for nearly a year now, and we were at Froggnal for four years, so it was written at Parkhill Road... Yes, four or five and a half years ago. Bloody incredible. And it didn't sell until last summer.

So it might be of interest to you to know the dates of the five books you've reviewed:

DCUBLE, DOUBLE: movie treatment approximately 1960, novel version 1967, sold 1967, (in fact Betty told me she was buying it at the Nycon), published 1969.

MEETING AT INFINITY: written 1960, published 1961, reprinted 1969.

NO FUTURE IN IT: Gollancz 1962, D'day 1964, Panther (UK) 1965, Curtis not until 1969!

BLACK IS THE COLOR: novelette 1956, book version written as near as I can work out early 1964, sold 1968, published 1969.

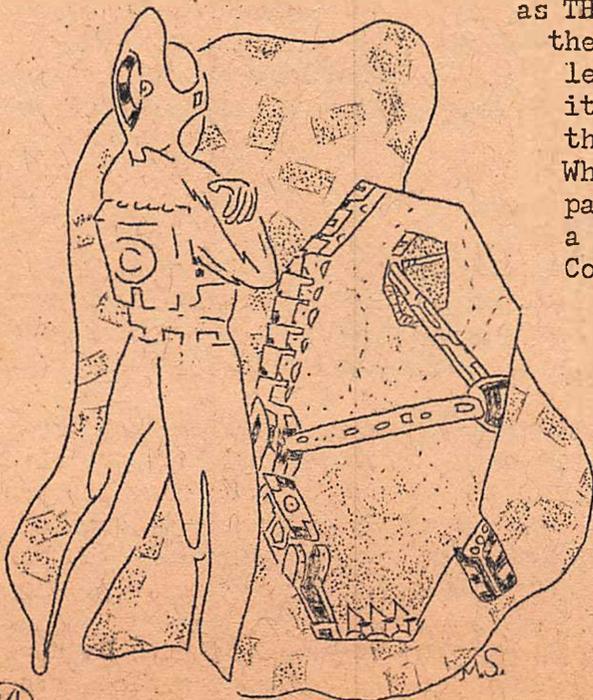
TJO is exceptional: commissioned beforehand.

Some more time-warps for you: there was another novelette in Science Fantasy, called

THE GAUDY SHADOWS, which I expanded in the same way as THIS ROUGH MAGIC, but which I planned to keep the same title for. I must have done that at least three years ago. Not until last month did it finally place either side of the water, although everyone liked it pretty well--they said. What caused the majority of the rejections, apparently, was that it's between categories: it's a thriller with an SF element. At long last Constable have agreed to buy it, subject to some cutting. So that one goes: novelette 1960, novel written about 1966, bought 1969, probably not published until 1970.

SQUARES OF THE CITY is notorious: written 1960, sold 1965 (Ballantine) and published at the end of that year, sold to Penguin in 1966 and not due for publication until October 1969!

What I find so infuriating about this kind of thing is that, come publication of the British edition of SQUARES, people assume it to be a recent novel when in fact it will be 9½ years old. And I'll have to put

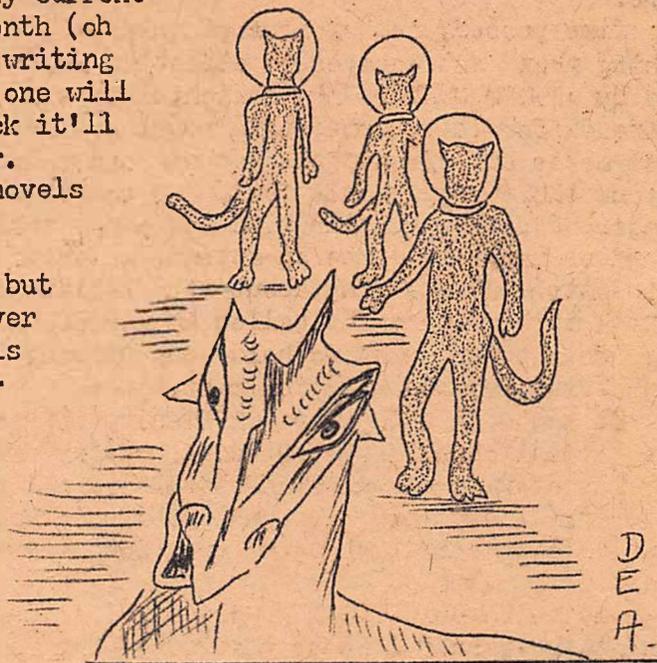


up with being judged by it.

Still, there are signs of improvement. My current book, due for delivery at the end of this month (oh lord, better get a move on--what am I doing writing letters?), is commissioned; I think my next one will be, and probably the one after, and with luck it'll become a habit and life will be a lot calmer.

I wish I could make a living out of two novels a year...

/I remember liking "The Gaudy Shadows" but not what it was about. But then I never re-read it once a year like I did "This Rough Magic". (I'm fond of miscegenation...which reminds me that a recent sports headline in the Hartford City paper read "AIRDALES DEFLOWER BURRIS CWLS". Now, I ask you..) As a veritable beginning writer, I certainly wouldn't object if people judged me by SQUARES OF THE CITY. RSC/



Alex Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania NW, Washington, D.C. 20037

As far as firearms go, my own belief is that disarmament should begin at home. Failing that, we are moving towards heavy sentences for people who use them wrong. At least it's something.

A lot of people are calling for revolution, without giving the matter serious thought. I am able to deduce this from the fact that they sound so self-righteous and so sure. Perhaps serious thought inhibits action, or perhaps it is counter-revolutionary, but if it fails to generate some self-doubts about one's course of action then one is either failing to think or failing to act.

For instance, why does Japan, a great and powerful nation, have no army and navy? The reason is that they have a promise from the US to defend them. As a US taxpayer I think this is terrible. On the other hand, turning them loose to fend for themselves means that they would build an army and navy, atomic weapons and ICBMs. Remember Pearl Harbor? The second idea has some drawbacks, too.

/You wouldn't approve of our home...But I fully agree that there should be stiff sentences for misusing guns--or anything else. I can get incensed over reading an account of someone getting a 60-day jail sentence for killing an individual with an auto (if you plan to kill someone, do it with an auto, not a gun). Currently, I favor a mandatory 10-year addition to the sentence if the crime was committed with a firearm, but I'm open to other ideas. RSC/

Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada

My former uncle sniffed snuff for all of his life that I knew him, and raspberry, lemon, mint, and 'charcoal' flavoured/scented/tasting snuff were among his collection. I never did find out what 'charcoal' flavoured or whatever snuff really was like, but that's what it was called.

I wonder if the cigarette companies are planning to push snuff and chewing tobacco if they find more and more people giving up cigarettes? I suppose if they try hard enough, the combined advertising powers of the various companies could convince your average Canadian and U.S. consumer that snuff and a wad in the cheek were Good For Them, even if cigarettes weren't. "They cause cancer and lung congestion? You don't say? Well now, who ever would have thought?! Why don't you try Menthol Plug, the Man's Chew!...."

I don't know what the situation is in the U.S., but the national TV network here, the CBC, has decided to drop all cigarette advertising after present contracts run

out, or on Sept. 1, whichever comes first. For the past few years, all cigarette ads have been shown after nine at night. Even more startling is the move by the local independent station, which isn't government-supported and which does need ads...it, too, is dropping the cigarette people. A sudden attack of morals or something, because normally they are out for every buck they can get.

The cigarette lobbyists aren't standing still, though; for some reason, two Members of Parliament asked the House of Commons to set up a committee to establish the move by the CBC, to find out if it was for "the good of the people". Maybe they're afraid people won't remember what they smoke if they can't see the words on the screen....

Well, the average cigarette smoker doesn't strike me as too bright...RSC
Maybe someone in charge at your local independent TV station had the depressing and enraging experience of seeing a close relative or friend buried, with heavy evidence cigarettes put him or her there. I can testify such a funeral has such an effect, and I'm a dedicated non-smoker. I don't know that I'm in favor of completely banning the ads--though I am in favor of warning potential smokers; just like I think dangerous and/or slippery roads should be posted (if someone chooses to drive 90mph on slick tires over such a surface he does so at his own risk). I do object to spending tax money on research to find a "safer cigarette". JWC/

Louis Morra, 14 Grove Street, North Attleboro, Mass. 02760

I don't agree with your idea of not awarding the same fan a Hugo more than once. If a person turns out consecutively good work it's difficult to ignore it when the time rolls around to start placing names on the ballot. You say that fans shouldn't take themselves seriously enough to even award themselves Hugoes, but inasmuch as they do let's be fair about the voting. What's good is good.

The only time I would think of passing around my voting is if several people impressed me in the same degree. Like, there are about three fanzines being published that I would lump into the cream of fandom, and whenever I vote I'll vote in a different one. But to want to overlook excellent work on the grounds that the person has already won seems a bit out-of-the-way to me. Or is this the way you feel?

Well, if you're going to be fair, about the voting, how many fans would you say were competent to judge the work of fan artists? But I see no fairness about one fan artist dominating the Hugo balloting because no one fan artist is that much superior to the others. Ted White got it last year; okay, he's a top writer. But is he enough better than Harry Warner, Banks Nebane, Alexis Gilliland, Walt Willis, Ethel Lindsay, Bill Danner, Bob Tucker or a dozen others that he should get two Hugoes while they get none? I don't think so. There are more topflight writers in fandom than there will ever be Hugoes to give them, but we can pass the award around as much as possible. Same for fanzines, for that matter; I'd be quite willing to vote for an amendment to the effect that any fan winner is ineligible for further awards in that category. (But a writer could also get an award for artwork, or a fanzine.) I wasn't before because such an amendment would have left SF Times as the only two-time winner, and I don't think any fanzine deserves that, particularly by default. Now that there are two two-time winners, I'm in favor of limiting the rest to one win apiece. RSC/

Leigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010

I read your account of the Fort Wayne clipping with great interest. You are right, you may be stepping on some religious toes, but not many. Some discreet questioning on my part of many of my fellow Catholics indicates that 90% of them are for birth control by any means the married couples chooses. Surprisingly enough, some of them favor abortion in certain cases. I personally think Paul is an idiot for trumpeting from Rome about revolution and heresy and whatnot in the church. I'm beginning to think John Brunner is forecasting the future with his schismatic Catholic Church in STAND ON ZANZIBAR. It's interesting to be part of an institution that's coming apart and falling into decay. We are changing our youngest, Mike, to another Catholic high

school because the one he attended this past year jumped their tuition \$300 and I didn't think the product they were selling was worth the price. Then we got the news that the principal, a Jesuit whom I personally felt was very much of a man and I admired, had asked to be released from his vows and to live as a layman. As I have told Norb, if you're selling something people want you have no trouble. And if we have all truth, etc., howcum the convents and monasteries are emptying out and not filling up?

NOTE: The following sshort quotes turned up when I cleaned out the letter file. Will probably skip addresses to save space (and save time looking them up).

LOUIS MORRA - I'd like to take a poll, and hope that you'll publicize it via YANDRO. How many fans believe that there is a New Wave, and how many (like Ellison) feel there is none? And briefly, why? (Ed. note: address replies to Morra, address in here earlier, not to YANDRO.)

HANK DAVIS - In the library at Fort Campbell was a copy of Jack Vance's VANDALS OF THE VOID. It was filed under Henry Kuttner.

ANDREW WATSON quotes a Sunday Parade about "an epic science fiction novel titled Dune", which "surpasses the work of British storyteller J.R. Tolkien as a feat of the imagination." (And does it strike anyone else as amusing that books written for our modern, hip, McLuhanish times such as THE CRYSTAL WORLD and THE FINAL PROGRAMME are being pretty well ignored by the modern, hip, college generation who instead turn things like LORD OF THE RINGS, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, and DUNE into best-sellers?)

DAVE LOCKE sends along the news that George Willick seems to be dipping a toe into fandom again. Not around here he won't be; I have a long memory and an uncharitable disposition.

DENNIS LIEN - So why not impeach your governor? Would that we could. Jack Williams is Phoenix's answer to J. Jonah Jameson, or possibly Babbit. His most memorable moment in the last 2½ years was his speech in which he blamed the current generation on "existentialists like Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser, who were paid well by slick magazines for peddling their sick nostrums to the American public".

But have you mentioned all the '73 bidders in YANDRO? I don't recall seeing word of Minneapolis in '73. So, I'll say the words: MINNEAPOLIS IN '73! Yeah!

(Not unless you and Ruth Berman are running things. You know, the other day I saw a couple of Indiana cars with "Save Our Schools" stickers on the bumpers. If I can find out where to get one, I think I'll put it on, and add "Impeach Whitcomb" ...RSC)

BOB BRINEY - Recommended book: EXPLORING SPACE WITH A CAMERA. Over 200 pages of photos taken by space-probes and astronauts; the text is minimal, but the photos speak for themselves. Especially the ones in color, which make up about a third of the book. \$4.25 from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Gov't Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

GEORGE H. WELLS - Yes, I do get pizza drunk, when I can. Are there any other pizza drunks in fandom? Preferably an exotic Ukrainian girl who makes her own pizzas? I'll buy you a sub to all the Marvel Comics if you'll introduce me to her. Hell, I'd probably settle for a Tibetan yak who could make her own pizzas, but then I guess the relationship would have to be Platonic.

Well, since believing in you works for you, maybe I should start a religion with you as the guru. We could call it Coulsonology or Coulson Science or The First Church of Coulson, the Prophet. Think how many YANDRO's you'd sell then. No, I think the name should be Coulson's Witnesses.

(How about the Church of the Latter-Day Coulson? You intrigue me. After all, thanks to Dennis I am an ordained minister....It's one of those things that I'm pretty positive I could make money with if I could keep a straight face long enough. Only straight faces aren't my specialty. Hmm; only a couple more lines to fill on this page. Since I'm in the NAACP and all, maybe it should be the Black Coulsons.....RSC)

PIERS JACOB - Lecture me not. The fact that you knew a particular item does not make straw of the issue: unbalanced education. Rather it illustrates the very manner people can get sanctimonious on inadequate comprehension. There are many weak points to Subble's imprinted knowledge, extreme as it is in some areas. Of course. But - OMNIVORE is not a symbolistic novel, so get your hackles down.

(It may not invalidate the issue, but a lack of knowledge of something that is reprinted in the popular press every few years doesn't strike me as a terribly good illustration of it, either. Especially when there has been nothing up until then to show that Subble's education is unbalanced. It's a pretty crude way of getting the point across, and I expect better from you. RSC)

DAINIS BISENIEKS - I looked through the latest YANDRO yesterday. On the same day I read THE GOBLIN TOWER. Very enjoyable. De Camp's attention to detail makes it a better book than the ordinary S&S. It's typical that, needing a strong and resourceful hero, he doesn't just make him so, by fiat, but invents plausible reasons. I admired Jorian's strategy in removing the carpet and leaving the serpent struggling ineffectually. But then I had second thoughts. Why couldn't Yergali have turned back into a woman and crossed that slick floor on foot? Blinded by rage, no doubt, but even so.....

MICHAEL FRAYNE picks up my statement that I'd like to see a book where the beautiful golden race turns out to be the bad guys, and quotes TRANSIT, by Edmund Cooper, where the adversaries are all goldenhaired and beautiful. I guess I missed that part when I read the book, or promptly forgot it along with the rest of the plot. Give Cooper credit for one redeeming feature, then, which was more than I recalled the book as having.

ROSS PETERSON - Viggiano's article on "Star Child Clarke" was telling and hard to fault; an excellent analysis of the most modern combination of film and science fiction from the big time, commercial area of film. From the opposite direction, independent, experimental films, I can report that the flavor of sf and fantasy is growing increasingly prevalent. I worked on a committee of ten previewing 250 experimental films, and designing the program booklet for the second largest experimental film festival in the country. This was held this November and coordinated among 5 colleges: St. Lawrence University, Clarkson Tech, S.U.N.Y. at Binghamton, Baldwin-Wallace, and Hunter College of the City University of New York. After seeing as many films as I did, almost all made within the last six months, it is clear that more than ever before experimental film makers are turning to fantasy and sf themes for their films. At least half of the 250 films we saw, coming from all over the U.S., utilized ideas and dramatic effects which, translated into print, would comfortably fit within the boundaries of "the new wave" in sf, if not in a regular F&SF or IF setting. One film, over 20 minutes in length ("Tales of Uncle Sugar, Chapter One: Future Tense") by John Rapoport of NYC, could be printed easily in any of the prozines except ANALOG, if transcribed into print.

ED REED - Couple of questions on policy now that you've an addition to the family of YANDRO: Do you now accept trades? Do published locs count for an ish?

"A friend is somebody you'd loan money to" not quibbling with your syntax I'll still say that your definition isn't too hot, as many people will loan small sums to acquaintances, even bums who ask them for it (tho that isn't really lending). I do, but if I had to loan any fair sized amount of money to someone then I imagine they'd be a friend.

(But that paragraph specifically pointed out that this was my definition of friendship; the quote was Juanita talking to me. I never expected it to be accepted by anyone else, since it was obviously far more restrictive than the general usage of the word. (Tho Don Thompson agreed with me; he's even nastier than I am....) I am loosening up a bit on trades, but I will not trade with everyone who sends in a fanzine. Letters of comment, published or not, do not get one an issue of YANDRO. Never have, and probably never will. Anyone wanting to trade, inquire. RSC)

LOCUS #27, 28, 29, 30 (Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, N.Y. 10457 - biweekly - 6 for \$1) The top fan news magazine, carrying such items as the Hugo nominees, the TAFF winner (Eddie Jones), what's going on at GALAXY, more than I really care to know about conventions, address changes and all suchlike. Rating...7

OSFAN #48 (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Sta. Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - monthly - 15¢) A smaller newsletter, with some overlapping and some different from LOCUS, plus fanzine reviews by Chris Couch. Rating.....5½

PENNONCEL #? (Marion Breen, 2 Swain Ave, Staten Island, N.Y. 10312) Official publication of the eastern division of The Society For Creative Anachronism - dues \$3 to Elliot K. Shorter, 512 W. 169 St, New York, N.Y. 10032. For fans interested in medieval athletic events, I also have here a very fancy scroll proclaiming a Tournament of Honor and Beauty on June 22nd - which is probably a week before this YANDRO goes in the mail. Well, it was a pretty scroll, anyway.

WINNIE THE P.O.O. #3 (Jerry Jacks, 2008 Green St., San Francisco, Calif. 94123 - 8 for \$1 - biweekly, I guess) More news. Too much emphasis on convention items to be of much interest to me - and anyway, I already get two newsletters. But if you want some emphasis on west coast news and conventions, give it a try. Rating.....4

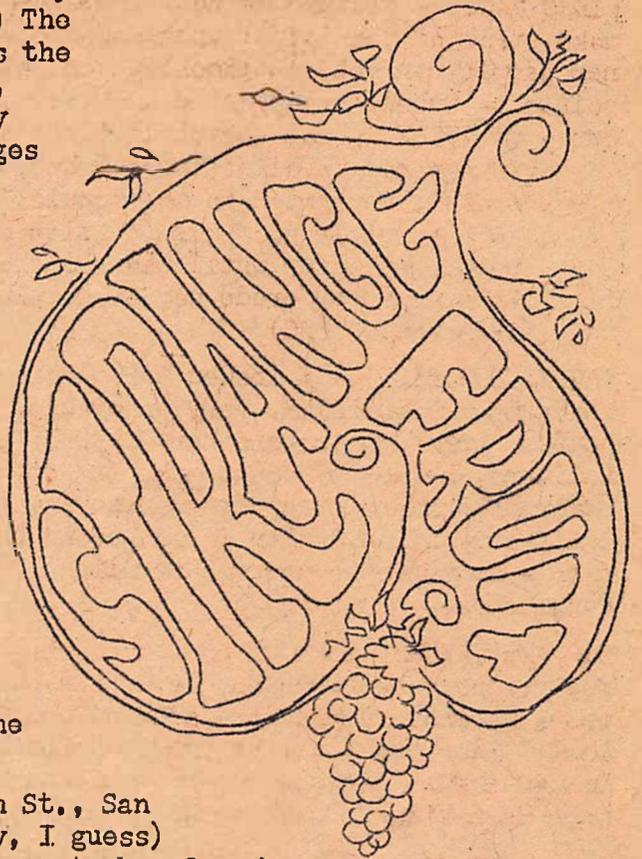
MYTHOPOEIC MONITOR #3 (Daniel Volman, 540 Oak Avenue, Davis, Calif. 95616 - irregular? - 3 for 25¢) One page of dittoing is not worth 8¢ unless it says something worthwhile. Rating.....1

NAPAIM #3 (Wally Conger, Route #1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, Calif. 93420 - irregular - 15¢) A discussion-mag. Since the only non-letter material is a short review of recent pop records, I predict that my already modest interest in the mag will evaporate rapidly in ensuing issues. But if you like to argue, here's an arena. Rating.....3½

CROSSROADS! #2 (Al Snider, 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, Calif. 91790 - monthly - no price listed) This is the official organ of the Brown University Science Fiction Union (why don't you make it Brown University Sciencefiction Trust and you'll have initials to be proud of?) The editorial jumps on the Second Foundation; rest of the issue is letters, making it somewhat similar to NAPAIM, but better. (At least from my point of view; I was even moved to comment.) Discussions are not so much the same old thing; not yet, anyway. Rating.....5

CONVENTION #1 (Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201 - irregular? - 25¢ to "those involved with conventions only". (Since I'm not and never intend to be, I assume I won't be getting any more.) This is to be a forum for convention planners. It seems a good enough idea, considering the number of stf conventions there are any more. Current and potential con committee members should get in on it.

DONALD SCHNEPF'S AMAZING, etc. (Mike Montgomery, 8804 Delamar NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87111 - for request or a 6¢ stamp, or both) This is the Stomp On Piers Anthony Issue, with Bob Vardeman, Roy Tackett, and Bob Tucker doing the honors. I can't say I entirely approve of the idea; responses to letters and columns should be, if possible, in the same fanzine that the letters and columns appeared in, which in this case means SANDWORM and BEABOHEMA, as I recall. (I've answered comments in this



column, but I usually feel apologetic about it, and sometimes even say so.) As for the comments, while I get along fine with Piers (up to now, anyway), I have to admit that he asked for them. Vardeman overreacts somewhat, but then he did have some provocation. Tucker is even more blistering, but it's so beautifully done - and I can envision Bob chuckling all the way to the post office. Okay; now we see whether Piers really has an ego second only to Ellison's (which I personally doubt) or if he just got caught unintentionally in an Arguments Race and is willing to let the dust clear.

LAURANIA #1 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢) A Postal Diplomacy mag. This issue at least seems devoted to the game in general, rather than being a vehicle for one particular game. Letters and editorial comments. With this came VIMY VICTORS #1, which is devoted to one specific game.

BIAS #8 (Paul I. Lewis, Box 1048, Jamaica, New York 11431 - irregular - 40¢) This was supposed to be a journal of opinion - any old opinion you cared to submit. The current issue looks more like a pcrman's PLAYBOY, however. Frankly, I am not all that worked up over sex - it's not a spectator sport, or one that makes a particularly interesting subject of conversation. The editor realizes the flaws in this issue, but he has to publish what comes in, so he is asking for material. Items should be of reasonably good quality, but he's willing to publish any opinions. (I'd take him up on it except that I've given my opinions often enough already, and I hate to repeat myself constantly.)

Rating.....5

AMRA #50 (Amra, Box 9120, Chicago, Ill. 60690 - 50¢ - irregular) Someone recently described AMRA as a "cold" fanzine. Never having tried to start a fire by rubbing 2 issues together, I couldn't say about that. It is certainly an entertaining fanzine. In this issue, Poul Anderson even manages a moderately entertaining description/explanation of Tournament Fandom, and if there is one thing I have less interest in than sword-and-sorcery fiction, it's Tournament Fandom. Remainder of the issue is short material by de Camp, John D. Clark, Fritz Leiber, Archie Mercer, John Boardman, etc. Plus the usual good artwork.

Rating.....8

LUNA #6 (Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J. 07649 - quadrimestrial - 25¢) This continues the original purpose of LUNA, reprinting convention speeches by Baird Searles, Phil Farmer, and Willy Ley. Farmer in particular has a fascinating item; at the same time it presents the best case I have read for the modern "inner-directed" science fiction and makes me exceedingly dubious about reading much more of his fiction. I suppose I'll see how it works for him; the newer approach seems to produce about the same percentage of readable fiction as the old one did. (It's just that the unreadable percentage is so much more unreadable.) There will also be a LUNA MONTHLY, which is apparently going to be one more newsletter.

Rating.....6

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #30 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 - bimonthly - 50¢) This doesn't seem quite the same without Ted White gratuitously insulting somebody. We still have Ellison, but while he works himself up more than White ever did, analysis for content shows much more froth than White ever bothered with. Large numbers of book reviews by large numbers of reviewers with widely varying tastes, letters from everybody, interesting articles. And an editorial in which Geis lumps physical description in with characterization. Yes indeed. Well, otherwise it's a pretty good fanzine.

Rating.....9

STEFANTASY #64 (William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. 16374 - quarterly? - for comment) And Danner, to keep his circulation down to people he really wants to have the mag, is sole judge of whether or not your comment is good enough to get you an issue. "Please send me a copy and I promise to comment" letters will get dropped in the nearest wastebasket (just as they are in this household). If you want an issue, try being original, witty - and mature. It's worth getting; the ad parodies alone are worth taking trouble for. There are columns, several pages of quotes from old SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS - and for collectors, it's the only letterpress produced fanzine still in existence that I know about.

Rating.....8

SCOTTISHE #52 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, UK - bimonthly - 4 for \$1 - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) This may well be my favorite fanzine. Technically, of course, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW is

superior, but I suspect I'll continue to read SCOT when it arrives and SFR when it's time for another review column. This includes book reviews, humor, a large debate over whether the US or Europe is going to hell faster, the generation gap in British fandom, and other such items. Rating....8

HAVERINGS #38 (Ethel Lindsay, address above - 6 for \$1 - bimonthly) Nine pages of fanzine reviews and commentary. Quality? Well, they are good enough so that I was moved to send some cash for a fanzine; only time. I've done that in years. (Never got the fanzine, either; probably sent the editor into shock.) Recommended.

MOUNT TO THE STARS #1 (TOAD Underground, 1714 SESCO, Arlington, Texas - irregular - 75¢) If I call this an imitation TRUMPET the editors will object, but what the hell. Mainly in appearance, and there it is a bad imitation indeed. Where TRUMPET had a George Barr comic strip, this has an excruciatingly bad thing by Stephen Stanley. Material emphasizes comics in about the same way that TRUMPET used to emphasize sf movies, but there is plenty of material for fans who can't stand comics. Trouble is, none of it is too good. The best material - on James Agee - looks suspiciously like a college term paper. However, virtually all fanzines have crappy first issues, and as first issues go, this is above what I regard as the norm. Rating.....3

WEIRDBOOK #1, 2 (Weirdbook, P.O. Box 601, Chambersburg, Pa. - 75¢, 4 for \$2 - irregular? - editor, W. Paul Ganley) Semi-pro; it pays for contributions, but not much. Devoted strictly to weird fiction; authors in these two issues include Joseph Payne Brennan, H. Warner Munn, and Robert E. Howard, as well as lesser-known writers. A fair amount of the material is reprinted from old fanzines, but the major items are new. Both fiction and verse are represented. Material is good by fan standards; not terribly good by professional ones. If you like this sort of fiction; this is about as good as you can get in the new stuff. MAGAZINE OF HORROR is superior (and cheaper) but is almost entirely reprint.

COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #10 (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News, Virginia 23605 - an N3F publication) Mostly bibliographic material, but with articles on fair prices for old fanzines, new books, and humorous items connected with collecting, and with several pages devoted to odds and ends. (Incidentally, whoever asked Manly Wellman if John the Minstrel was Jesus has been brainwashed by the modern symbolic school of fantasy. If John is anyone outside of Wellman's pure imagination, he's John Jacob Niles.) A must for patient collectors - the impatient ones will get tired of waiting for issues.

EN GARDE #6 (Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen St, Detroit, Mich. 48234 - irregular - \$1 - co-editor, Gary Crowds) More fanzines are blooming out with an editor and a co-editor; either they don't know what "co-" means or they hew to the philosophy that everyone is equal but some are more equal than others. This thing has over 100 pages - most of them devoted to "The Avengers", and including 8 pages of photos plus front and back covers. If you're an "Avengers" fan, it's probably worth the money. There are some other items, including a report of Schultz's efforts to get his fanzine collection back from Piser's widow and lawyer which make me feel smug about having refused to send my own collection for indexing. (Though to be honest I was more worried about the post office and Piser himself.) Every so often some deal turns up and reinforces my decision to never loan printed material. (Or at least, not any printed material that I expect to get back.) Rating.....

INSIDE STAR TREK #7, 8 (Inside Star Trek, P.O. Box 38429, Hollywood, Calif. 90038 - 50¢ - editor, Ruth Berman) Along with minor items, each issue features one article about a member of the "Star Trek" group. #7 is on costume designer Bill Theiss (continued from #6) and #8 is on George Takei. (And reinforces the opinion I got from the shows, that Takei would be an interesting person to know - as long as you keep swords away from him.) The price is a bit high, but then they can't afford to lose money on a fanzine like we do. It's worthwhile.

HARPIES #2 (Richard Schultz, address above - no price or schedule) He says Roger Sims will edit the next issue, but doesn't give Sims' address anywhere. Official publication of the Detroit Misfits. Primarily editorial comments on various subjects of fan interest, plus letters. (Here's the price; 50¢ a year. A bargain.) Rating..4

CENI #5 (Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St, Jeffersonville, Ind. 47137 - quarterly - 30¢) General type fanzine. Primarily reviews in this issue, but a sprinkling of other material. Rating...4

EXILE #5 (Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80 St, Jackson Heights, New York, N.Y. 11370 - 50¢ - quarterly) Rather blurry dittoing on second sheets is combined with a couple of good offset artfolios, one by Gaughan and one by R.E. Gilbert. If you can read the thing, the contents are good enough. Harry Warner gives a short history of pb publishing. Dave Szurek explains how the "mind-expanding" drugs turned him on to the great truths of mysticism, as exemplified by occult paperbacks. (This was mostly illegible, but I don't feel that I missed anything worthwhile.) Fiction, book reviews, letters; the usual lot. Rating...3

ID #4 (James Reuss, 304 So. Belt West, Belleville, Ill. 62221 - quarterly - 50¢) Another general type. Much more legible, but then he cheats by having Ray Fisher do his mimeoing. Tucker on dirigibles, Koontz on various aspects of stf, Janifer on the philosophic (metaphysical?) aspects of a "man-machine complex", reviews, humor, verse, science, pop music, letters. Competent but not exciting. Rating...5

AKOS #1 (Janet Megson, 321 West 105th St, Apt. 5C, New York, N.Y. 10025 - quarterly - 35¢) Used to be, first issue fanzines were sleazy things, lovingly hektographed on reject toilet tissue and filled with the inane babblings of people you had never heard of before and never wanted to again. Somewhere along the line, this got changed. Now first issues are offset or neatly mimeographed, and filled with literate (if occasionally dull) articles. This is the official mag of the Columbia University group. Material is varied and in that limbo of mediocrity; not terribly interesting, but with nothing you can point to and say "this is what's wrong with it". Nothing is wrong with it; it just doesn't sparkle. Quite likely future issues will. Rating...4

L'ANGE JACQUE #3 (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Road, Stamford, Connecticut 06902 - irregular - 35¢) This is the one that came in several small sections and the reader could staple together any way he chose. I suppose it's a legitimate form of free expression, but I wonder how many partial copies are now lying around. (I think mine is complete, but it laid around for a couple of weeks before I stapled it, and I might not have retrieved all the sections. However, as long as Ed doesn't care, I don't.) A lot of verse here; too bad I didn't lose that section. There are letters, an assault on the New Wave by J.J. Pierce (any relation to S. S. Pierce?), rock music, fan fiction, pro fiction, editorial comments. I agree with very little of it, but it is interesting. Rating...5

FCMA #2 (Daniel Carr, 11 Colonial Drive, Snyder, N.Y. 14226 - 30¢ - no schedule listed) This seems to be the era of clubzines. This one from the Ann Arbor group. (Mike O'Brien is co-editor - I've been forgetting to mention co-editors. Sorry.) Nice thick mag, solid typing, heavy on the fan fiction, but with some articles, letters, editorials, etc. Rating...4

THE SCARR #122 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - irregular - no price listed) Bob Shaw has a fascinating discourse on the sense of wonder, the mind-expanding qualities of baked beans and the mystique of your average, pub-crawling Irishman. The editor comments on advice columns and an excruciatingly bad British western novel, and there is a 4-page Irish Pundom story. SCARR is a skinny mag, by today's standards, but it's another one that I pounce on and read as soon as it arrives. (And for those editors who are somewhat miffed that I won't trade with them; put out something as good as this and I will.) Rating...7

WSFA JOURNAL #66 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - 40¢ - 3 for \$1.10 - monthly) This issue in particular is a fabulous bargain. 86 pages, lovely material by Alexis Gilliland, Banks Nebane, Thomas Burnett Swann, Bob Tucker, and Bob Vardeman (and, as fabulous as you can get with fanzine reviews, which isn't very, Doll Gilliland). There is also a con report if you care for that sort of thing, letters, reviews, good artwork; the works. Rating...9

DOUBLE BILL #20 just arrived, but not enough space to review it here, so it waits until next issue. If these last two pages don't come out well, it's because they were done on some cruddy-looking Bohn stencils that were thrown in with the machine.

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