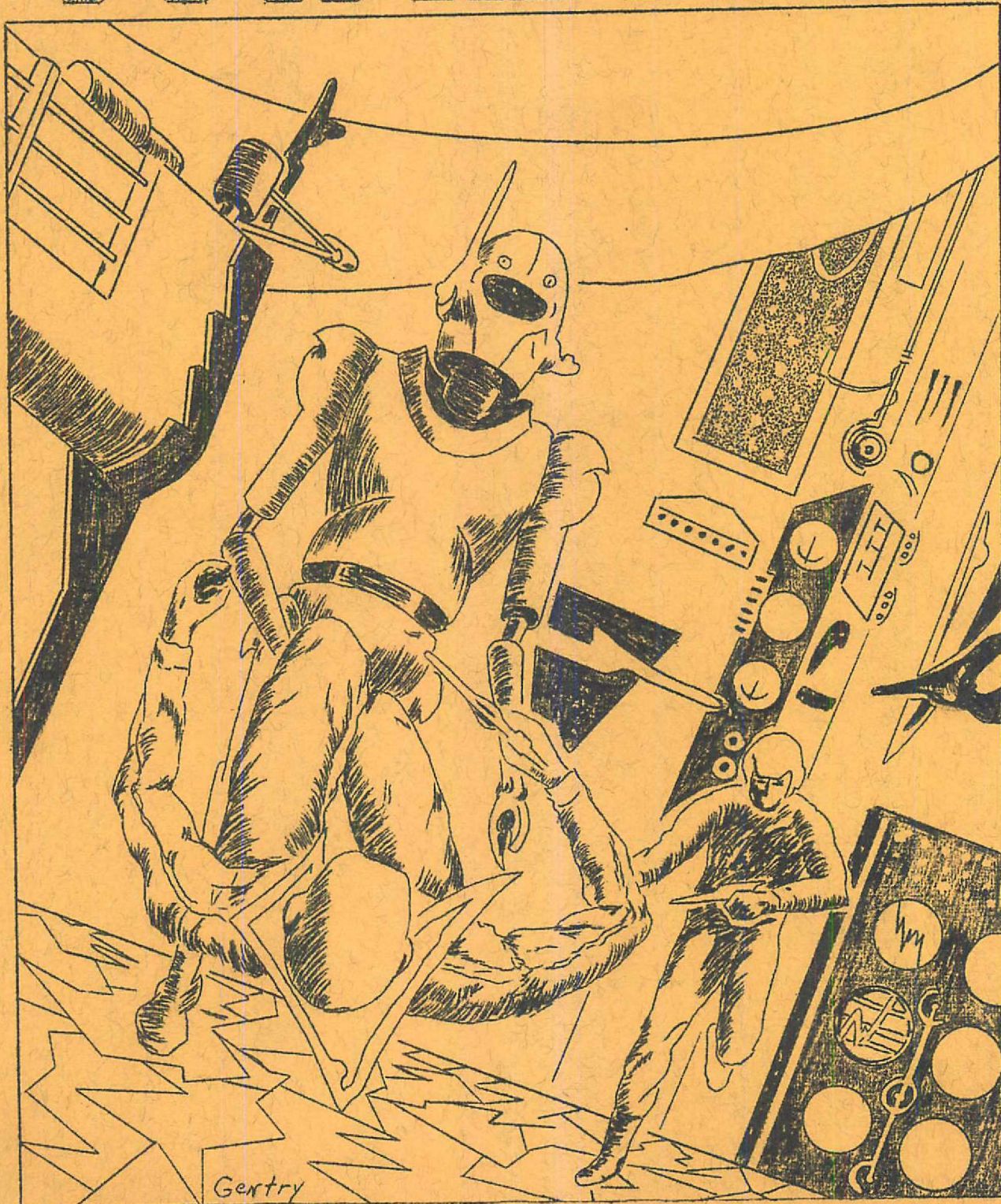
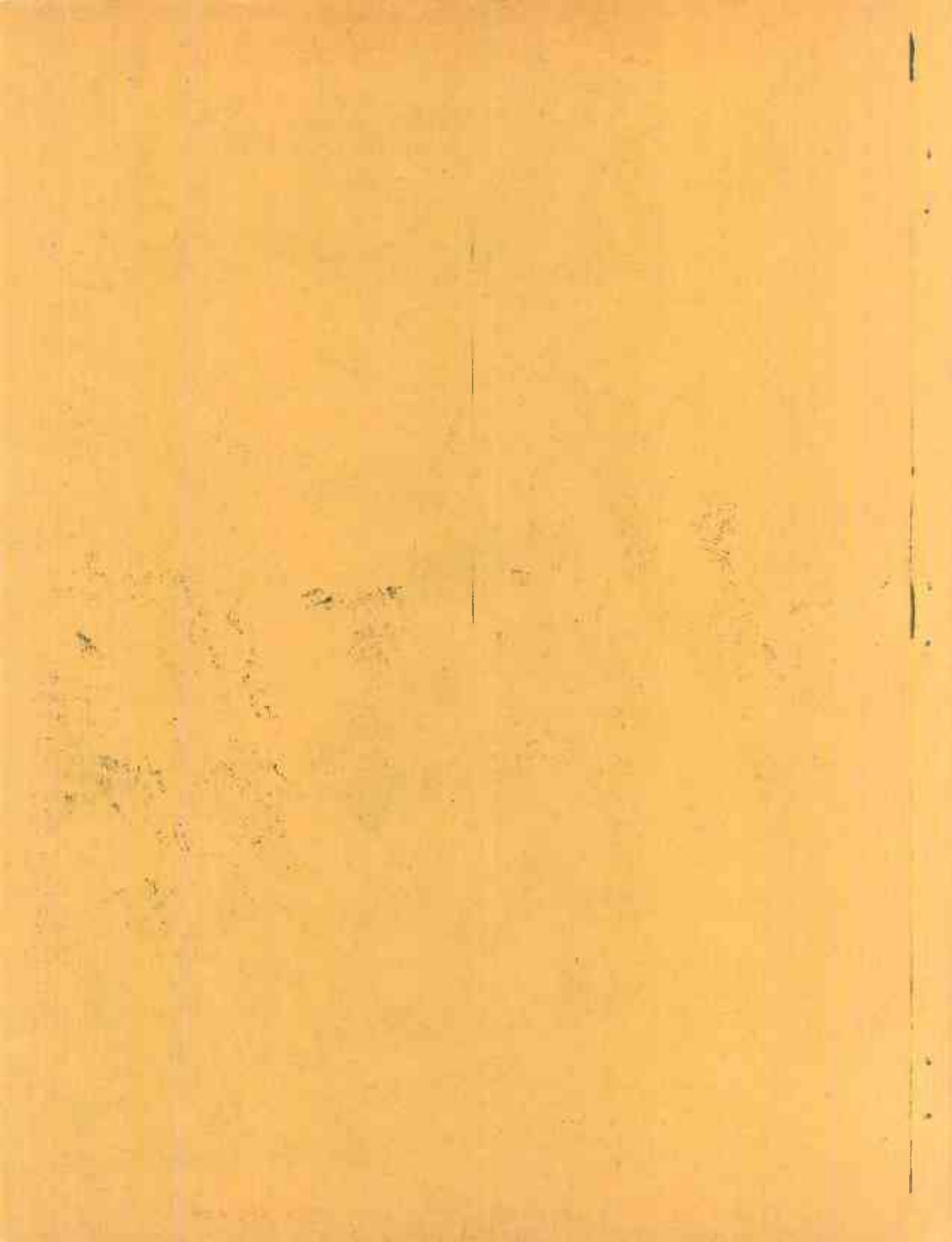


YANDRO







VANDRO

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"Iron Mike Quirk said that Kearns told him that all the sewers in which the hoses were laid 'were over four feet in diameter. So it would be possible for men to remove a single manhole cover and thread the hose for as great a distance as they wanted to. Suppose the policeman on beat wassomewhere else on his post at the time? Detection would have been impossible'.

In other words, if a policeman saw six thousand feet of hose slithering into a manhole, he would suspect nothing unless there was a man attached to it in plain sight."

pp.99-100, CRIMES & CHAOS, Avram Davidson, Regency, 50¢



Well, February is a short li'l month, and I could try to claim that it snuck up on us and that's why we're late; but as Buck's editorial will explain, We've Been Sick.....and how. I don't think any of us actually had the highly threatened flu, but after a month off and on of various sneezes and sniffles and coughs and miseries I'm not so sure that it wouldn't have been better to get it all over in one tremendous fell swoop rather'n all these dribs and drabs and endless boxes of kleenex.

Of course, the weather hasn't been helping any--but then that's an endless topic for discussion throughout the country this winter. The midwest recently had some cheerfully warm weather and was heaving sighs of anticipatory relief, until the rains came.....locally about three inches in twelve hours. Which really isn't as bad as it sounds - in this particular area last spring we once had four inches in an hour and a half. It's such a quaint sight to see the fifty-gallon oil drum we use for a trash barrel floating merrily down the driveway....and I'm wondering if before the spring showers really arrive I hadn't better tie the garbage cans to something solid....assuming I can find something solid around the yard (and fans who've been to our quaint little rural homestead know I'm not kidding).

One rather interesting result of the strange tilt of the land around the house produces an unusual path of water. The puddles fill around the front walk, on the west side of the house, flow along the side yard on the south, under the old chicken coop we use for storage (in the back...east), around the side of the garage (still on the east and now angling north,) across the driveway of the garage (which creates rather interesting riding-the-rapids effects during a four inch rainstorm if for some reason you must drive into or out of the garage), then angles and ambles northwest across a barn lot to a drainage ditch on the west line of the property. During a bad one, the only way out of the house is due west down the front walk (providing it isn't under water, too).

But not at the moment--we can't get out the front door; as do-it-yourself insulation we have completely covered the front door, frame, and part of the wall with plastic sheeting and masking tape. It works, too, though one of these days during a mild gale the plastic bubble will pop and deposit several feet of snow and sleet all over the living room rug.

And considering the present toy-littered condition of said rug, the addition wouldn't even be noticeable.

We recently reached some sort of landmark: we went to Milwaukee to visit and neither one of us got very sick. We're making headway. I suppose it's really too much to hope someday we might visit there and enjoy perfect health, but this was a definite improvement over the usual case of one or both of us becoming violently ill.

So with that drawback eliminated, we actually succeeded in having a fine time no'th in Wisconsin. Dean and Jean Grennell came over to escape for a while from the rigors of moving.....and having gone the box and crate route numerous times myself I know exactly how it feels to reach that moment when you can't face another box (which will undoubtedly-

ly turn out to be full of things that belong on the shelves you just filled from the previous box because you were sure this stuff wasn't going to show up for months---maybe was lost forever.....sigh).

Jean got a chance to look at my treasured Horizons book of Lost Worlds ..archaeology buffs we all.....when she wasn't looking at bev DeWeese's cookbooks.....and bev found out that there actually is such a thing as Old Overholt, which she thought was a joke....and all in all the time went much too fast.

And for anyone who likes Chinese food (Cantonese or Mandarin--I'm not sure which, since I like them both) I would recommend Ming Gardens in Milwaukee....

Milwaukee also turned out to be a bonanza for books. Partially it was my birthday and bev was treating, partially we kept finding things on sale and having low sales resistance, and partially because Jean Grennell discovered some archaeological study duplicates during the move. These last were THEY WROTE ON CLAY by Edward Chiera (Phoenix-Univ. of Chicago), and THE CULTURE OF ANCIENT EGYPT by John A. Wilson (also Phoenix). One of the on-sale ones was also archaeology--North American, this time--NO STONE UNTURNED, by Louis A Brennan. Then bev got me a beaconpb of THE GREEKS AND THEIR GODS by W.K. Guthrie, and the Theo Bikel FOLKSONGS AND FOOTNOTES (Meridian), which I've wanted for a long time but never quite managed to acquire.

One which bev had recommended several times and I finally plunged on was A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH by Virgilia Peterson (Bantam). Strange, in my adolescence librarians were forever trying to press biographies and autobiographies on me and I couldn't be bothered; now they've become almost the principal amount of my reading. This particular book is both interesting and depressing. I found myself recalling Kristan Lavransdatter for some indefinable reason. Well, not quite indefinable. It is the encounter, again and again, through the pages of one's own thoughts and regrets. I can't say if this occurs to men when reading a similar work, but to many married women reading a book of this sort it is definitely painful -- it is all there, the mistakes, the words spoken in anger or pique and later regretted, the self-insight when the time or person no longer can be helped by the discovery. It is not a book I would recommend for a woman feeling depressed; but if you feel like introspection and comparison, you might find it as fascinating as I did.

I would also recommend Avram Davidson's CRIMES AND CHAOS from Regency - quote on first page. I bought the book because it was by Avram and because it contained a needed addition to my disaster collection: an account of the Henry Clay disaster. But the book contains much much more, all in the lovely Davidson style. The Great Yonkers Beer Hose Mystery alone is worth the 50¢ to me - easily the laugh of the month.

Realizing I am in a fannish minority, I sincerely hope Bre'r Jawn makes it with the new ANALOG. I like the format and layout and I hope the technical and prestige-stf buying public does, too. I've long been in a fannish minority about Campbell and Astalog, though, so this is nothing new (I was one of the scattered few who applauded for the ANALOG Hugo at Chicago....I voted for it, too, needless to say). In a way, I feel he missed his true calling--he belongs to the field of evangelism or hypnotism....and I do not mean that derogatorily; people with the ability to spellbind with words to his degree are not common.....stf's answer to James Gould Cozzens.

See you sometime later this month, hopefully,--if we haven't floated away by then. Oh yes. Hadn't I mentioned? It's raining-again. JWC



Since at least half a dozen readers (an unheard-of number!) requested the Fog Index formula, here it is. This is the one given in GEMZINE 4/26; the professional magazine I mentioned used a chart which would be too difficult to reproduce here even if I could find the magazine again. Note to newcomers; the Fog Index is a method of determining the difficulty of understanding a given piece of writing. It is not at all con-

cerned with quality, only with ease of comprehension. Formula as follows: (A) Select a sample passage from the work to be Indexed; preferably one containing 100 or more words. (B) Find the average number of words per sentence in the sample. (C) Find the percentage of three-syllable (or longer) words in the sample. Do not count words that are capitalized, words that are combinations of shorter words such as "book-keeper" (though I suppose you should count "gafia", especially if you are checking for mundane readership) and do not count verb forms which are three syllables only because of suffixes such as "ed" or "ing" ("gruntingly, he moved the boulder" -- give the author a checkmark for atrocious grammar, but not for a long word). (D) Add the results of operations "B" and "C", and multiply by .4. (That's 4/10, in case the decimal point fails to print....) The result is the average number of years of education which are required for comprehension of the writing in question. (Not how old the reader must be, note; but the amount of education he must have.)

I don't vouch for the accuracy of this; as I mentioned before, a YANDRO editorial tested out at 17, which would mean I should take 5 more years of schooling before I could understand my own editorials. (And I won't vouch for any test that comes out with a result like that.) But for you statistics-minded readers, and any propaganda-mongers in the crowd, there it is. (One caution; be sure and express result "C" as a whole percentage, not as a decimal number. I just Fog Indexed the first paragraph up there and it came out to approximately 12.4, so if you don't understand it, don't ask me.)

Somebody is bound to complain that this issue doesn't have anything to do with science fiction. Well, it doesn't. It doesn't have much to do with anything, as far as major fan interests are concerned; a fact which doesn't bother me in the slightest. Next issue's lead article is going to be by Jerry Fournelle, and it won't have anything to do with science fiction, either. We will, however, have a couple of pages of additional information on the I.F.A., by Ted Carnell, and at least one page of additional information on John Russell Fearn, contributed by various Fearnattics among the readers. (General reaction to that bibliography seems to have been: "Well, I think Fearn was a lousy writer, but I guess the bibliography was all right. And incidentally, Harbottle didn't mention the story Fearn had in FAMILY CIRCLE in 1947...." I get the impression of all these people who positively loathe Fearn's writing, all scrabbling around in musty second-hand stores in the hopes of obtaining unusual examples of it....it's the sort of thing that makes you wonder about fans...you know?)

I've finally started reading one of the fantasy classics: THE WORM

OURBOROS. So far it's been quite rewarding; the book isn't as good as it's been rated, but it's much better than I really expected. (The author does tend to get carried away with his adjectives, tho, as in the line "...and the Demons that were hurt lay in the hold of the hollow ship." I've always considered hollow ships to be the best kind, myself...in fact, I never knew there was any other kind, except in models.)

I bought DAMN IT!! (Regency Books -- now why couldn't they have sent me a review copy of that?) on the recommendation of Don Thompson, and I certainly got my 50% worth out of it. It's another study of censorship, and quite a good one. Which brings up a point; who made off with our copy of BANNED BOOKS? I had intended a comparison, except that our copy of the latter is missing. (If I loaned it to someone and have since forgotten it, I apologize for the tone of typewriter, and send it back. But I doubt if we did; we have learned the hard way not to loan anything that we want back.) Anyway, I enjoyed DAMN IT!!

I think what I should invest in, though, is one of these books on improving one's chess game. In our last invasion of Milwaukee, I didn't even win one game from DeWeese; one draw and 5 or 6 defeats. (Maybe more; I lost count....) Discouraging.....sometimes I wonder if it would help if I could get him to stick to one set for two games in a row, though. He has all these weird sets, and about the time I learn to tell the pawns from the bishops in his modern set he rings in the Easter Island one (it isn't really, but it looks as much like those statues as it does like anything). I did manage to win one dart game -- just one. Gene has this dart board with brass darts and genuine British pub scoring, or something, and we all developed sore arms from flinging the little blaggards. (Gene also acquired a rather pock-marked kitchen door...) It looks so easy...except when Grennell is trying his short-cut of throwing all six at once. Then everyone began finding urgent reasons for being in a different room -- or even a different house. I hung around, though; I wanted to see if he'd take one apart to see if he could reload it. He didn't, though; didn't even try any fast draws with them.

Oh yes; Gene and I tried out "H-bomb chess" -- rules courtesy of Fred Galvin. That's where you have the choice of moving a piece or exploding it. Makes for a fast game, I must admit; not to mention such subtle variations as "exploded discovered check". I did win one of those games; it came as a sort of shock, you might say....

And our resistance to Milwaukee is improving; this time neither Juanita nor I got sick until after we got back from the visit. (Of course, we've both been out on our feet for a week, now, but we're gaining....)

A good many fanzines have piled up here since I finished my column for this issue. Be patient, people; I'll get around to reviewing all of them. (I couldn't be lucky enough to lose one; not me.)

The price of everything is up. When I was 8 or 9 years old, my parents bought me a stamp collecting "outfit" for \$1 or so, launching me on a collecting career that has had ups and downs of enthusiasm but which has endured (I still have that paper-backed album around somewhere -- it may even have stamps in it yet). Today Doubleday & Co. sent me an ad for the latest in stamp collecting "kits" (the language has also changed; in the 1930's a kit referred to a piece of luggage). This kit features a fancy, loose-leaf, hardbound album, plus almost exactly the same accessories as my first outfit, and the price is \$19.95. Still, there's more money to spend; fans used to give up fandom in favor of stamp collecting while now they go right ahead with both hobbies. (I wonder how a fanzine for stamp collectors would fare?)

RSC

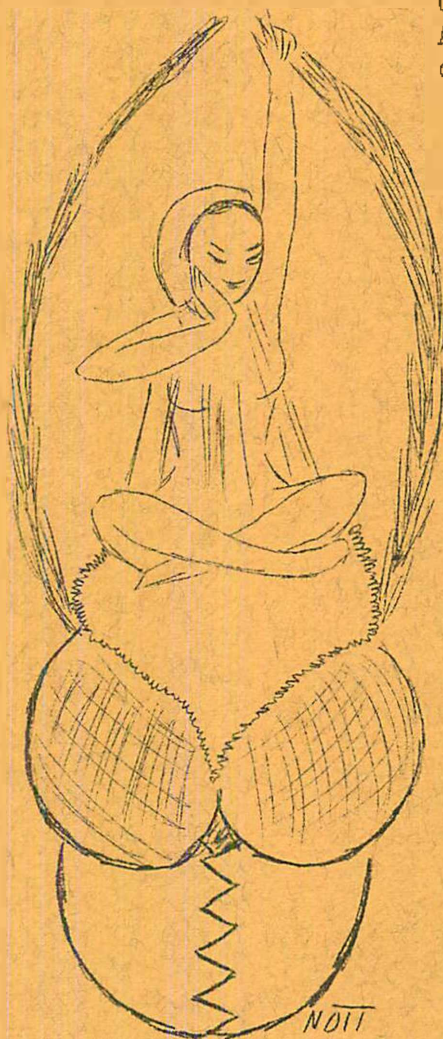
A DODDERING COLUMN

from alan dodd

26th September, 1962.

I recently finished a 4700 mile journey, 4500 by motor coach round hairpin bends, precipitous drops, etc., with no such luxuries as road barriers to prevent you going off, just a dirt edge and a dro-ppppp. I flew to Ostend, Belgium, and picked up the coach there together with a party of people--quite the nicest group I've travelled with--including a number of young people, something you don't normally get because the cost is out of their reach; but this time there was night travel and rather an arduous distance, so not too many old people went. From there we went into Germany where the border guard stomped on the coach, looked around, said "Ach, alles Engländer" (To which someone whispered, "Jawohl Herr General"), got off the coach and we were in Germany. Didn't see much of it except Aachen, distant Cologne, and then the autobahn signboards pointing to places we never saw. All beautifully kept, superb roadworks, signposting, neat lay-bys, everything. And no secondhand, used, or broken-down cars on any of the roads. All new stuff, often driven by cigar-smoking drivers. If the Germans lose the next war they're going to end up with more money than the US mint at this rate.

Onto Austria, the Tyrol composed of mountains, villages, ski-resorts, and challet-type "gasthaus" and "rasthaus" places into Italy. Smiling guards worried about cigarettes and nothing else, and onto Venice, which was like an oven. Phew. Got lost one night if it hadn't been for an American who had previously stayed there 7 months...US military busses outside the Grand Canal taking troops back to Verona...open markets where I bought three flick knives at about 3.50c for two and 75c for a little one, wrapped them back home for my collection. Onto Yugoslavia--six foot guard in grey uniform with a red star on top is ushered away by little old lady of 70 who hasn't got a visa. On through Croatia, just like England with trees and shrubs and greenery--except I saw a girl in a leopardskin bikini helping with the harvest. Yugoslavian girls are among the most beautiful I have seen in any country, anywhere. Marvelous. Onto Zagreb--big, modern city, neon lights, big stores, plenty of stuff in all the windows, bars, coffee --- places, well-dressed girls and men, couples in the streets--hardly saw any police all the time I was there. They must be very secret. Then onto Belgrade--hot dog stands there--and through Nis, electronics centre

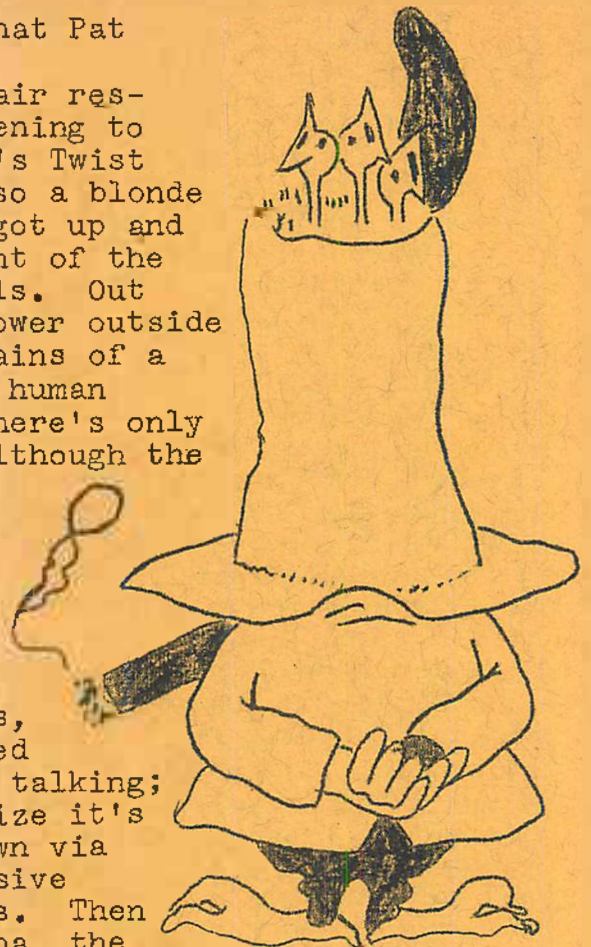


for Yugoslavia--and noticing at Zagreb, that Pat Boone's BERNARDINE was showing.

At Nis the hotel had a band and open air restaurant where everyone gathered in an evening to listen to Communist folk music like "Let's Twist Again" and "Quando, Quando?" (Honest!)--so a blonde in our party and a fellow in a crew cut got up and demonstrated the music to the astonishment of the local populace. Again more fabulous girls. Out in the morning to see the Death's Head Tower outside Nis--inside a temple entrance is the remains of a concrete tower in which are embedded 912 human skulls from decapitated rebels--except there's only a few left after the rest were stolen, although the leader's head rests on a scarlet cushion under a glass case.

Then on via Skopje to Evzoni at the Greek border where the Greeks keep you waiting three hours as against the Communist official's half an hour. Finally through to Salonika. Big sea port town, crowded, lights, people--all these cities, both in Greece and Yugoslavia, are crammed with people at night, all walking around talking; you wonder what's happened till you realize it's like that every night. From Salonika down via Mount Olympus--which isn't a very impressive mount for the home of the gods--to Athens. Then to ancient Corinth, the Monastery of Diana, the Eleusian ruins--poor man's Pompeii the first and the last. In the afternoon visited the Acropolis and the Parthenon--entrance fee 60¢--Greece is very commercialized (in Rome the ruins are free most of the time). In the evening "Son et Lumiere" performance at the Acropolis, and then folk dancing near the port of Piraeus and finally to a taverna for "bazouki" music typified by NEVER ON SUNDAY, which has become virtually the national anthem of the tourist. Drank "uzo", the native Greek strong drink; it was awful--tasted like meth spirits and liquor-ice water, probably stewed aniseed juice or something. Next day out by boat around the islands of Aegina where the Temple of Apollo was and where the earth was so scorched as you kicked it you could literally smell it burning, through Poros where Demosthenes poisoned himself, and to Hydra where the sponge fishers work. Here in the clear waters drift everything from jellyfish and sponges to sharks (the harbormaster has sighted sharks..) Away from Athens and back through Thebes, seeing the cave where the Sphinx lived, on to Salonika, back through Yugoslavia. Stopped for a drink at Kraguevac, which didn't show it on a hot summer day, but was where the S.S. murdered all male inhabitants down to age 15. On to a tiny place called Slavonski Bros where the hotel reception room--incredibly--boasted the same calendar as I have at work. To Trieste in Italy where all the light went out for five minutes, and finally home via the other previous route more or less but via Liege instead of Brussels.

And that's it. Except coming back from a 90 degree temperature to England I find it is 43 degrees, people are lighting fires, Woolworths is selling Christmas cards and I got a severe cold as a result of the sudden drop in climate. Hard to believe being back that I had a blazing sun all the way, so the hair cream I carried with me melted. Yes, it was some trip. I would not try to recommend trying to shave at 60 miles an hour in the back of a coach going up the Brenner Pass, even with an electric razor. Or using a toilet at the same speed; you need to be an acrobat and a contortionist as well.



GOLDEN MINUTES

DINOSAURS, by Nicholas Hotton III (Pyramid, 75¢) If you wonder who Hotton is -- and if I was reading this, I would -- the book cover says he is the associate curator, division of vertebrate paleontology, Smithsonian Institution. The book is very elementary. I yawned my way thru the first few chapters, which seem aimed at an industrious junior high student. After this background is out of the way, however, the interest begins to pick up. Once he gets warmed up, Hotton can write entertainingly, and the elementary nature of the book makes it a good reference. He makes a good case for the theory that the dinosaurs died out due to a variety of climactic conditions plus the emergence of mammals large enough to compete with them. He sounds pretty discouraging about these tales of dinosaurs still alive somewhere in the heart of Africa, too... in fact, he's discouragingly hard on all our little imaginative theories. But he turns out a pretty fair book if you like dinosaurs.

I think somebody at Regency is pulling my leg, but if they send 'em, I'll review 'em. (But why these.....?)

WOMEN OF THE SWASTIKA, by Hal Vetter (Regency, 50¢) Probably the kindest thing I can say about this is that it's a much better book than you'd think by just looking at the cover. (Of course, it couldn't be much worse; if I'd seen this thing on the newsstand I'd have chuckled a bit and walked right by it.) Actually, it's a collection of short biographical notes about Nazi women; the wives of Goering, and Goebbels, a couple of Hitler's girl friends, a female test pilot and various others. It's readable; aside from the apparent moral that The Only Good German Is A Dead German, it's a mediocre biography/history. I suspect the author meant it to be a ghastly expose, and maybe it will be to a less cynical reader. Worth the money if you like World War II accounts.

THE GILDED WITCH, by Jack Webb (Regency, 50¢) I haven't read enough recent detective fiction to know how this stacks up in comparison. It's a nice slickly written book, but when the Regency editors put in a little note about how Webb writes more than mere detective novels and how each reader will be "a little bigger and richer" for reading it, they are going a couple of miles too far. When Webb sticks to detection, he is quite competent; when he starts being Significant about Humanity and Soul-Searching and all that jazz, he's ridiculous. (And if Regency would quit blathering about how their books are Controversial, and Make You Think, and in general are Good For You, I'd buy a hell of a lot more of their books. They really aren't bad, if you don't let the pompous advertising prejudice you against them. But the company ads seem to be a horrid combination of Ray Palmer and Harlan Ellison at their worst.) Anyway, this concerns murder and Black Masses and stuff, and would be very good if the author didn't get so terribly worked up over a few little witches' covens. His central character is the most naive priest I've ever heard of; he belongs in the 17th century.

THE DREAMING EARTH, by John Brunner (Pyramid, 40¢) Ever since I got this book I've been trying to recall where I read a short version of it, to no avail. Pyramid is usually pretty good about listing previous publications, but they don't on this one and I haven't been able to locate it. Anyway, this is the one about the U.N. narcotics agent who is trying to track down the source of "happy dreams", which is a violently addictive drug which has the apparent effect of making people disappear into thin air. I enjoyed it the first time I read it and I

enjoyed it even more this time; the extra wordage in the book form allows the presentation of more convincing background details. If you enjoyed it before you may want to read it again (and if your memory is like mine you may want it in handy book form so you can find it again). If you haven't read it before, try it by all means. Brunner is one of today's best authors, and while this isn't his best story it's one of the best he's had published in this country.

Juanita mentioned LEST DARKNESS FALL, by L. Sprague de Camp (Pyramid, 40¢) last issue. It's probably de Camp's best stf novel, considering that THE WHEELS OF IF is only novellette length. This is its first appearance at a "popular" price (unless you're old enough to have purchased a 1939 UNKNOWN off the newsstand; currently you'd probably pay more for a copy of the magazine than you would for either of the two hardcover editions of this novel.) Its only drawback is that it may spoil you for less well-written time-travel stories by other authors.

Pyramid has also reprinted their edition of Judith Merrill's OUT OF BOUNDS. It's become fashionable in fandom to sneer at Merrill, but, whatever her personality (I don't know her and can't say that I really want to) her stories are good. Sure, "Dead Center" is a tear-jerker — but it is successful at it. The punchline on "Peeping Tom" is a gem, however it may offend insecure masculine egos, and "That Only A Mother" is an acknowledged classic. The remainder of the stories here are about average.

Joe Pilati requested a rundown on the addresses and sub rates of British prozines. Okay; always glad to oblige. There's only one address for the three readable British zines. There are other British magazines, mostly of the fantasy-horror sort, but I'm damned if I'll give them any space.

Nova Publications Ltd., Maclaren House, 131 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E. 1, England. This firm publishes three magazines.

NEW WORLDS, monthly; well-written and rather conservative science fiction; price: 12 issues for \$6.00

SCIENCE FANTASY, bi-monthly, the best fantasy mag since UNKNOWN and possibly just as good as that legendary publication; price: 6 issues for \$3.00

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, bi-monthly; science-adventure on the level of AMAZING's better efforts; price: 6 issues for \$3.00

Now these prices are pretty high for even good stf; NEW WORLDS gives you 128 pages for the money, the other two have only 112. If you have contacts in England, you can get them for the British price of 2/6 (35¢) per issue, plus postage (which does not add up to \$6 for 12 issues, by a long shot). If you don't have fan contacts, there are two reputable British book-dealers who will supply you with copies of the magazines as well as any British book you want:

Fantast (Medway) Limited, 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs., England
H.M. Johnson, 16 Rockville Road, Liverpool 14, England.

I've dealt with both of them and received very good treatment. The Johnson outfit seems a bit more disinterested and businesslike, while Fantast is run by old-time fan Ken Slater and seems a bit more friendly. Take your choice; some people like friendliness and some prefer cool efficiency. Either outfit is good (and both are run for a profit, after all, so don't expect Slater to be too friendly). If you like stf, you should at least get a few samples of these magazines. I rate SCIENCE FANTASY as the best publication (stf publication, that is) in the world today.

Eye Shades & Television

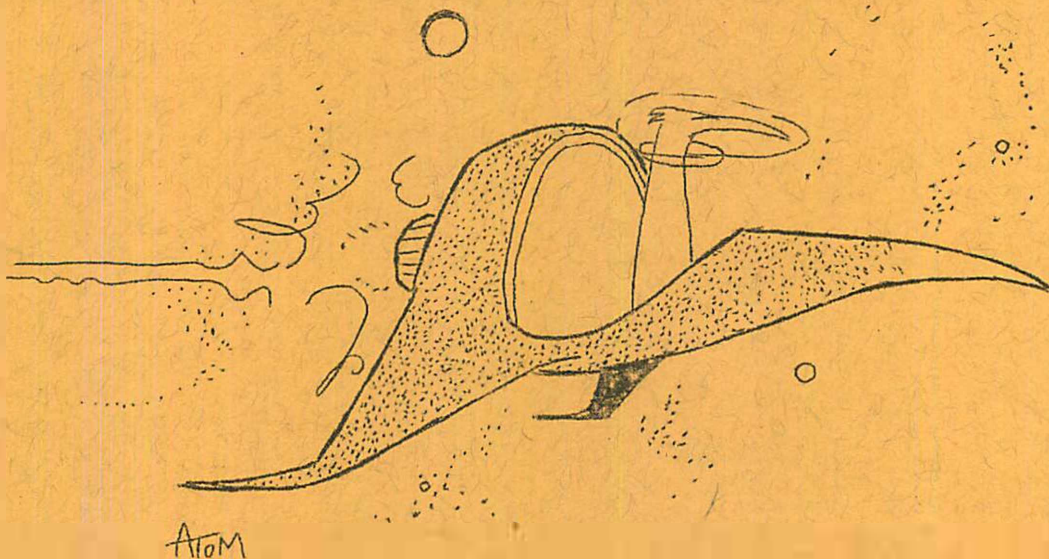
article from —————EARL KEMP

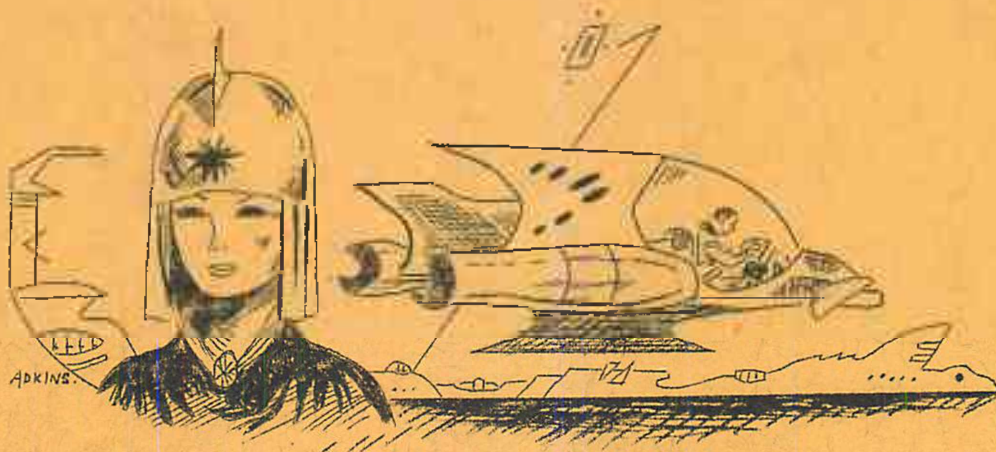
I suffer from the Fellini complex. Not always, mind you, but I find it creeping up on me these days, more and more. I guess the only thing for me to do, to be up-to-date fannish-wise, is to put in my own two-cents worth about foreign movies. This is especially true after reading Donald Wollheim's superb article in the current WARHOON.

But tell me, Dr. Coleman, just what is the Fellini complex? It goes something like this: I have two pair of sunglasses, in more or less constant use. One in the glove compartment of my car, the other in my coat pocket. As if it were some sort of affectation, I find myself wearing them at times and places where I would not ordinarily think of doing so; after dark, in dimly lit cocktail lounges, in the lobby of certain snob theatres, etc. I had a definite battle with myself for the entire week following LA DOLCE VITA, just to get them off long enough to go to bed. Now, with each Fellini picture I see, the desire to wear them becomes increasingly stronger. As a matter of fact, I can hardly see to type these very words...perhaps if I changed the bulbs to 100watters?

I was initiated into the world of "cinema as art" by Ed Wood, too many years ago to record. While supposedly discussing science fiction, he would allow me to examine his film books, we would discuss techniques, and finally the ultimate degradation arrived: he hooked me. Looking backward, we must have had some sort of unspoken agreement--for every bad science-fictional movie he would go to with me, I would go to a select import with him. And we did see some select imported flesh, too. But I had already, independently, discovered the different morality of the foreign film. The only notable example I can recall is the Lamarr ECSTASY, at the old Ziegfield Theatre; now called the Capri and featuring nudies (they tell me).

It seemed that Ed and I shared a mutual feeling for CITIZEN KANE. I went on, after Ed moved away, to become Chicago's foremost CITIZEN KANE collector, viewing it at every possible occasion. Until, as it must to





every man, a print started appearing, and appearing, and appearing on television.

It was Ed who introduced me to Emil Jannings and pointed out the odd camera angles to watch for in *THE LAST LAUGH* and the old shocker, *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI*.

For a while, after Ed moved away, I lapsed into my mundane television period, wherein I glued myself to the glass tit and a can of Bud. Then along came Jerry DeMuth who quickly discovered my secret vice. There was this theatre in Milwaukee, see; Jerry found it. It was operated by a bunch of kook kids who rescued it from demolition and started featuring old silents. They went the whole route, a piano player, original music scores from the Library of Congress, etc. It was quite a fad, for a while, and then it, too, fizzled. There I managed to catch up with Lon Chaney in *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* and *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*.

The next evil person to trade on my vice was Bob Briney, who has yet to recommend a movie, for whatever vague a reason or brief a scene, that has not lived up to his words. For me, he has pointed out the best and the worst of the domestic crop; the obscure goodies to watch out for and the highly touted dogs--as well as a few good imports.

Then along came Jim O'Meara and Fran Light who tried, for a brief while, to hook me on the British stuff. It worked, at least for *ROOM AT THE TOP*, and much later, Peter Seller's great performance in *LOLITA*. And too, I suppose, inadvertently to the British comedy (I have been known to see as many as six of those in one week).

But it is really to Italy and France that I owe my complete downfall. That, and television (as will soon become apparent). It started out with a bang with *LA DOLCE VITA* (and incidentally, my foreign spelling leaves a great deal to be desired). Moving across the face of Europe this was followed by *NEVER ON SUNDAY*, *LA ADVENTURRA*, etc. Several Bergman epics (notably *VIRGIN SPRING* and *THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY*) that left me cold. *A TASTE OF HONEY*, that left me with a pair of indescribable eyes to haunt me. And *LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD*, Alain Resnais' masterpiece. And back to Fellini: *BOCCACCIO 70*, wherein Fellini let me down completely (but made me put the glasses back on). I was rescued, however, by the other two pieces in the film--and his *NIGHTS OF CABIRIA*, an earlier film than *LA DOLCE*, but one in which all the landmarks of what was to follow were apparent.

And now...now the circle is closing in on me rapidly. I find myself making mental notes of the imports I positively must see, or see again, or have recently seen: *CANDIDE*, *LA LIAISONS DANGEREUSE*, (and while not

an import--the California nudia that Bjo was sequin-mistress of), PHAEDRA, etc. But far worse than that; they are coming to me now.

That is the television part. There is a series running in Chicago called CINEMA 9. They are running exclusively imports, many of them major award winners (they keep repeating, at every break, that children are not supposed to watch the film). It is a God-send. It assures that I will be home each Sunday evening, and damn he who calls on the tele - phone during that show.

Unfortunately, I have missed a few of the series, but with any luck I will be able to see them at a later date. The series has run some really remarkable pictures. For instance: HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR (that set many of the patterns to be followed in LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD), SEVEN SAMURAI (vastly superior to the American horse-opera), the magnificent BALLAD OF A SOLDIER, SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS, BLUE MURDER AT ST. TRINIANS, Wolf Mankowitz' JUNGLE FIGHTERS, RIFIFI, etc. There were many more that I cannot recall at the moment, but why bore you with the catalog?

At any rate, it should be easy to see that something has definitely happened to me, movie wise, in my declining years. More and more I seek out a picture that not only is good entertainment, but that also strives to present itself with a freshness and an originality that hasn't been done before, or certainly not as well. It is becoming necessary, for me, that the how-it-is-done be equal to the what-is-taking-place in importance. I find this only too rarely in the domestic product; two recent exceptions being WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE and THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

But it only takes one thorough-going dog like WEST SIDE STORY to send me rushing back to my television set, wondering what ever happened to TALES OF TOMORROW.

Procrustetes, first headshrinker to use a couch. ...Lew Grant

NEWS NOTES

New Address: Dean Grennell, Box 949, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

EARL KEMP - "Could you run a note to the effect that The Proceedings has run into a transcribing snag that will take time to decode, publication will definitely not be before May and inquiries only serve to slow up the work."

DAVE KEIL - "A few nights ago, I taped ON THE BEACH, the full, complete soundtrack of the movie, complete, and high-quality sound. It was such a powerful film, that I am inviting anybody who is interested to take advantage of this service: anyone who wishes to have the soundtrack recorded for them may send me their tape and I'll be glad to make a copy." (38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, N.Y. -- ask Dave about speeds, reel size, etc.; not me. It's a generous offer. RSC)

DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON send details of the wedding of Charles Wells and Jane Ely, but if you think you're going to get notes about bridal gowns in this mag, you're nuts. EARL KEMP reports that Joe Fekete is married; he didn't say who to (or why).

FAUL SHINGLETON, 320 26th. St., Dunbar, West Virginia, is interested in tape-correspondence. (In case you tried it with him before and got the same results I did, I can assure you that he now has a very nice two or three-speed Webcor.)

New Address: Charles & Jane Wells, 200 Atlas, Apt. #1, Durham, N.C. 27601

STRANGE FRUIT



Does every fan spend his Christmas vacation running off fanzines? Reviewed for DOUBLE BILL were CINDER 13, SHAGGY 63, AMRA 23, REALM OF FANTASY 10, STARSPINKLE 3, MOTL 60, S F TIMES 39%, HAZE 20, DIFFERENTIAL6, and GIGANTIC 1. Noted but not reviewed for anybody are FITFCS 143 (Cogs-well - restricted circulation), STARSPINKLE #4 (Ellik - he says if we don't review him he won't review us), IDLE HANDS 10 (Metcalf - Shadow FAPA), FOOTARAW 6 (Patten - N'APA), MISTILY: MEANDERING (Patten - SAPS), and SPELEOBEM 18 (Pelz - SAPS). And the Feb. FAPA mailing will come thudding in here any day now.

ARGENTINE S.F. REVIEW #1 (Hector Pessina, Casilla de Correo 3869, C. Central, Buenos Aires, Argentina - quarterly - 15¢ - USAgent, Earl Noe, 3304 E. Belknap, Fort Worth 11, Texas) This starts off with an international flavor by reprinting an article by Japanese fan Tadashi Taka. The article originally appeared -- in English -- in DYNATRON; Pessina has translated it to Spanish. It was very Oriental-flavored English; I wonder how it comes out in Spanish? Articles by Blake Maxam and Steve Muir are also in Spanish (oops; pardon me. I just noticed that those aren't articles; they're fiction. Shows how good my Spanish is.) Anyway, the editorial, fanzine and book reviews, presumably all by Argentine fans, are all in English. Fine for bilingual fans, and an interesting example of the spread of fandom. Quality of what I could read was very good.

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST #23 (Ben Stark, 113 Ardmere Road, Berkeley 7, California - no schedule listed - quarterly? quadrimetrial? irregular? - this issue 25¢, future issues 35¢ - editor, Al haLevy) Somehow I get the feeling that fandom's two prestige, offset, digest-size mags, RHODO and INSIDE (but particularly RHODO) are trying just a little too hard to live up to the noble tradition. The articles tend to be more scholarly than entertaining, and alternate with real goshwow fannish stuff that somehow isn't very entertaining, either. I did admire the sense of humor which allowed Anthony More's sarcastic comments on Tolkien-worship to immediately follow editor haLevy's glossary of Tolkien names. (For the record, I agree with More.) Aside from More, the editorial, and the cover, I didn't find an item of interest in the entire 72 pages. Which is a pretty poor showing for a supposedly prestige mag; I'm not that hard to please. Rating....2

FANDBOOK #3 (Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. - irregular - 20¢ - editor, Don Franson) In case you're wondering, I list the place to send the money first, then the editor, if the two are different. This is a series of small handbooks intended to guide the neo in the baffling maze of fandom and provide a reference volume for the veteran. #3 concerns Historical Facts; Hugo and TAFF winners, Worldcon dates, and stuff like that there. (I notice an I.F.A. award listed which I omitted in my article -- well, I sent a copy of mine to Ted Carnell with a request for additional information, so maybe we'll get it all straight eventually.) Previous booklets have covered fan terminology and apas. The series seems quite valuable to a new fan, and moderately useful to an old one.

VIPER #6 (Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley 1, California - irregular - free to OMPA members, 25¢ to others) Even if Bill does devote

... his editorial to a con report, this is a pretty good mag. Alva Rogers' "Requiem For Astounding" gets up thru 1947 with this installment, and 6 copies of old ASF covers are provided for added nostalgia. Al HaLevy's article on Heinlein's Utopias is more interesting than most of the stuff he does for his own mag, and while George Locke's column comes in third it's good enough. My personal joy is the Rogers series. I didn't start reading ASF until 1948, but I still have some hopes of getting a complete collection. (I don't have any money, but I have hope) Rogers puts into words my own liking for the mag -- tho not always for the same stories.) Rating...7

CRY #166 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - bi-monthly - 25¢) Wally Weber exposes "The Farley File Menace" -- and good for you, Wally! Fandom may be a goddamned hobby, but it is not a goddamned statistic. Elinor Busby's column is good as usual -- I'd inquire "Who is Oliver Cromwell?" except that a dozen or so humorless readers would write in and tell me, and I have enough troubles. Buz is sensible as usual and the lettercolumn is nonsensical as usual (what do you expect, when they lead off with Avram Davidson?) Rating...7

WARHOON #18 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. - quarterly - free to SAPS, 20¢ to others) Somehow the lead article in WARHOON always manages to be about something that I haven't the least interest in. This time it's Robert Lowndes' discussion of "La Dolce Vita". (Yes, I realize that I've just stabbed one of my own contributors in the back, but Earl should be used to that by now.) Otherwise the mag is fine. Willis, Breen, and even Baxter are good, the letters are interesting, the mimeography impeccable and the dark blue paper as depressing as ever. Rating...6

KIPPLE #33 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - 20¢) KIPPLE seldom has a lead article, so I'm never bothered by it. This issue does have one -- sort of -- but Deckinger is going on censorship and morality, which I am interested in (or at least in the censorship part). There is a Burbee reprint, which I thought better than most of Burbee's stuff but still not very good and then we get into the meat of the editorial ramblings and the lettercolumn fights. Ted points the fingerbone of scorn at Fred Hunter for advocating capital punishment simply to save the cost of confining prisoners....I suppose he's right, but if it comes down to my money or your life, brother, don't bet on my morality. (As usual, I disagree with both sides.) Note to newcomers; I don't think that science-fiction is even mentioned in this issue. Rating...7

BIXEL #2 (Alva Rogers, 5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, California - quarterly? - free to OMFA, 25¢ to others) A surprising apa mag, in that there aren't any mailing comments at all -- even WARHOON has a few pages which are incomprehensible to outsiders. Harry Warner manages to cram two lovely ideas into his column; a new use for the N3F and the question of "second-generation" fans whose parents are opposed to fandom. After all, a lot of fans have left the fold with bitter comments about the general stupidity of us fools who stay with it. What if the offspring of one of these ex-fans develops an interest? The non-fan parent who is opposed to his child's fanac can be talked around or, on occasion, fooled -- but how do you hide a mimeograph from an ex-fan, or change the mind of someone who knows from his own experience that fandom is worthless? The rest of the mag isn't as good, but there are a few other good items, by Cleve Cartmill and the editor. (Anybody notice the sudden influx of pros into the fanzine business lately?) Rating...6

CLIPPER #34 (Ted Pauls, address given earlier - irregular - 20¢) This issue, featuring changes in format and schedule, just arrived. The format is less formal, but it doesn't seem to make much difference, except for the stapling; the reader now has the choice of stapling the mag himself or struggling with a 24-page corner-stapled pamphlet. Material is the usual assortment of politics, censorship and the general damnfoolishness of humanity. Rating....7

INTROSPECTION #6 (Mike Domina, 11044 So. Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Illinois - irregular - 15¢) John Berry's article and Ed Gorman's story are both non-stf and both well above the fannish average. Alan Dodd discusses stf and doesn't come out so well. The interior artwork is particularly good; some excellent examples of ditto-type art. A determinedly non-specialized fanzine, which I approve of. (Though continued appearances of D. Bruce Berry won't increase my approval of this particular example of non-specialization.) Rating...6

MOTLEY #1 (Bjo Trimble, 5734 Parapet St., Long Beach 8, California - I think this was a rider with SHAGGY) This is the news bulletin on fandom's latest Worthy Project; writing an occasional letter or note to deaf or otherwise handicapped children enrolled in special schools. Many of these kids never get a word of approval or interest from anyone but Teacher -- and Teacher is usually pretty busy. Seth Johnson and Elinor Poland originated the project; Bjo seems to be in charge of organizing and expanding it..

FANAC #89 (Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif. - irregular - 4 for 50¢) Hardly a "newsletter" any more, but interesting for editorial commentary and the odd tidbit of news that nobody else publishes. With AXE still suspended, this is about the only way to get a full run-down on fan news. (I suppose an equally good way would be to go to LASFS meetings, but buying FANAC is easier for most people.) Rating...5

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #2 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - bi-weekly - 13 for \$1) This is supposed to feature primarily pro news; so far fan news has been in the majority because there seems to be some difficulty in locating any professional news. An index to the stf appearing in the major magazines from 1911 to 1925 was planned as a supplement, but may not be completed, due to the death of co-editor Julius Unger, whose collection was providing the material for the index. FFF will continue, however. Harvey had some doubts about the propriety of continuing with the reincarnation of a title founded by Unger, but decided to go ahead. Rating....4

THRU THE HAZE #21 (J. Arthur Hayes, RR 3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada - monthly - free) The news here is primarily N3F material, but there is also some outside news, Don Franson's information column (most of the time, anyway; it isn't in this issue) and a new column by Alma Hill, offering information to would-be professional writers. (Art says that Alma is a "former English teacher and language coach", a statement which shocked me profoundly. I've never corresponded with her to any extent, but I've seen enough of her writing to know that I wouldn't want her teaching English to my children. This, of course, has no particular bearing on her ability to handle a column on the art of selling fiction, and I'm mentioning it mostly because I'm still stunned.) Rating...4

DIFFERENTIAL #7 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada - monthly - 2¢) Though since it apparently goes out as a rider

With MAD, I don't quite see the need for a price tag. Maybe it's esoteric humor. The editor has some penetrating comments on fandom in the editorial. (Wrong, but penetrating.) One page of this two-page fanzine is taken up by Lloyd Biggle's story, which is about average fan fiction. (Maybe it's impossible to write good fiction for fanzines, if even the professionals can't do it.) Hardly enough to it to rate, and reactions to it are highly varied, but I'll take a stab and give it a 2.

G² Vol.2 #5 (Joe & Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, California - 3 for 25¢ - irregular - no trades) A lot of this seems to be concerned with TAFF. I keep being reminded of Betty Kujawa's remark about Ed Wood making fandom sound like a task; a chore to get through. A large number of California fans seem anxious to make TAFF into a duty; something to be supported whether we're interested or not. Now I'm in favor of TAFF, but I'm not going out and end it all if we don't get a candidate this year. If fans aren't interested, they aren't interested, and no amount of pulpit-pounding will change matters. Other matters include discussions on everything from how to write good science fiction to the identity of June Bonifas the Mysterious. Rating...5

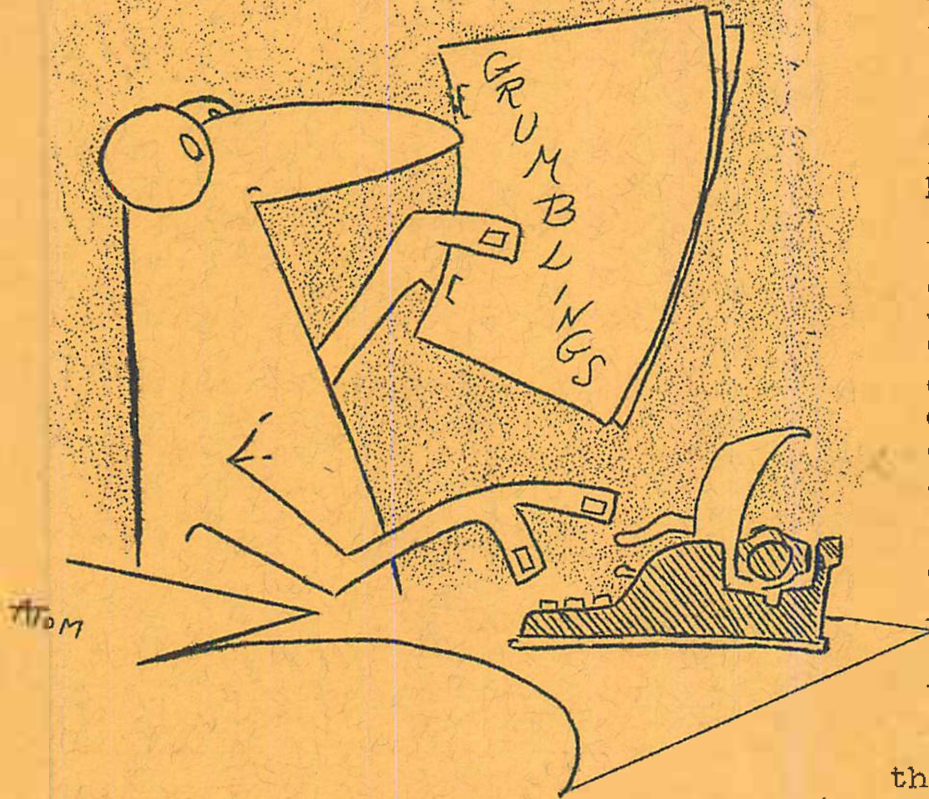
ALL-STARbegotten COMICS #61 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - pretty damned often - 5 for 50¢) This is just the minutes of the LASFS meetings, tricked out with a new title and a gimmick. (Fun, fellas! See, everybody's referred to under the name of a comic book character and while you're reading you can try to guess which club member is which character. And then at the end Pelz lists the characters and you get to see if you guessed right. Just loads of jolly good times.) Funniest thing was the name of one of their guests; Doiby Dickles. Either that's a typo or I'm missing some humorous reference; that can't be for real. Rating....2

POINTING VECTOR #14 (John Boardman, Box 22, New York 33, N.Y. - irregular - 5 for \$1) But he's trying to duck out of publishing by touting all his readers off on KIPPLE and YANDRO. Now look, Boardman; I know we've had arguments in the past, but this is hitting below the belt. You're just trying to overload us with subscribers so YANDRO will be too much work to publish. (You start touting us as a political mag and I'll get George Price, Bob Leman and Gem Carr as columnists.....) PV is strictly a political journal, somewhat to the left of such liberal mags as WARHOON and KIPPLE, and even farther from my sometimes-liberal, sometimes-conservative ideas. But it's good; Boardman is undoubtedly one of the best writers in fandom. Demand the best; don't accept substitutes. Rating....6

GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE #13 (Dave Keil, 38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, New York - monthly - 20¢) Primarily for horror-movie fans, of which I'm not one. Material varies; from an absolutely awful poem by G.R. Guy (it's so bad it's funny) to pretty good verse and fiction by Raymond Clancy and Larry Byrd. There is also a horror crossword puzzle which is pretty hard (tho it might not be if I could read the clues). Mostly, the reproduction is good, but there are some slips. Rating...3

WILD #9, 11 (Don Dohler, 1221 Overbrook Rd., Baltimore 12, Md. - 25¢ - irregular) Very irregular, since #11 came out before #9 and #10 isn't out yet... And #11 may be free; write Dohler if you're confused. This is a humor fanzine, devoted to amateur efforts along the lines of MAD, SICK, CRACKED, etc. It isn't very funny, but then neither are most of the professional mags in this line. If you like this sort of thing, here it is.

Avram Davidson, Executive
Editor, F&SF, 347 East
53rd St., New York 22.



Thankee for sending me
the review of JOYLEG. Al-
low me to correct you,
however, for saying that
"According to the cover
blurb, this is an expand-
ed version of the serial
which appeared in FANTAS-
TIC"--well, actually, I
don't recall what the
cover blurb said, but the
obverse of the titlepage
says that a shorter ver-
sion appeared in FANTAS-
TIC--not the same thing.
Three texts exist. Text
A--Complete--Unpublished--
Unbought. Text B --
Abridged by Ward Moore--
this is the text in FAN-
TASTIC. Text C--Abridged,

though less than B, by Lorna

(Mrs W) Moore--the paper back
text. There is thus no such thing

as an #expanded# text of the book. As for who wrote what: the original
notion of a Rev. vet. living in Rabbit Notch on \$11 pension was mine.
WM contributed the whiskey soak, Atomgrad. Oak Ridge may have been his
or mine. I did the outline following discussion, he did draft 1, I did
draft 2, he did draft 3, I subsequently did a bit more work not justi-
fying being termed draft 4. The dialogue is most certainly not "pure
Davidson" but thanks for the compliment. WM is every bit as much of an
antiquary as I am, to say the least.

Well, one way, Avram, to be sure who wrote what, is to have
only two drafts--the first fiddled out one by the amateur--
and the final polished one by the professional--which is a
bit impossible in the case of Davidson and Moore, of course,
said combination being minus the amateur. Even then, the
amateur will find him or herself comparing versions and be-
ing very foggy on exactly what happened.....ah, the crea-
tive process!.....JWC/

Don Bensen, Pyramid Publications, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22

I'm very pleased to see the tenth annish, even though I've so far
seen only about 1½ annishes worth of Y. Most especially am I pleased
that you noticed the Cartier illo for LEST DARKNESS FALL, and that
you've expressed your desire for more. Because...there is more. My
(*M*Y*) collection, THE UNKNOWN--eleven stories from the old UN-
KNOWN--is coming out in April, with nine Cartier drawings, picked from
the magazine. And there's another WEIRD TALES collection from Leo Mar-
gulies coming, too, which may have some Finlays in it. There'll be a
copy of the UNKNOWN coming to you as soon as it's ready.

I addressed the Eastern Science Fiction Association's monthly meet-

ing yesterday--on the problems of publishing a paperback science-fiction line. The problem is, mainly, there are about 100,000 people who read sf steadily, which is not enough to provide a living for publishers, authors, or whoever; it seems that it has to remain a labor of love, or at best a side income for all concerned.

What on earth are all these arguments about religion in YANDRO? Didn't E. Haldeman--Julius and H.L. Mencken settle all that a long time ago?

You may have noticed that there is a tendency for paperback houses to insist on "science-fiction" type titles for sf books, e.g., THAT SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY coming out as BRAIN TWISTER. I have got around that to some extent by coming up with the titles first and suggesting that books be written to fit. For a novel about a kind of interplanetary showboat, the title is SPACE OPERA; and for one on the 21st Century armament industry...THE ZAP GUN. Ho. Watch for them.

/Mencken and Haldeman-Julius only settled religious matters for their generation. It has to be done all over again every few years. THE ZAP GUN--does anyone else get the impression of a wild-eyed neofan running amok in a large publishing house? Anyway, you sound like you'll be having fun until they come and drag you away.....RSC/

Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, Northern Ireland

Thank you for the calendar, YANDRO 119, and for helping me have the pleasure of meeting you in Chicago. In consideration of these I will refrain from showing you how completely wrong all your political opinions are, a thing I could of course easily do with a few well-chosen phrases.

I wonder why American calendars are set out in the opposite way to British ones? It's one of those minor and apparently unaccountable differences, like that in electric switch positions, which I've never seen anyone try to explain.

That was a fascinating news item from Alan Dodd about Horsell Common. I wonder does that Horsell Common Preservation Society want the Common preserved because they think the Martians might land there eventually. If so, and it has become a rubbish dump by then, it provides an unusual sf ploy to which only Bradbury could do justice. I can imagine it now ...graceful faery-like fleet of Martian spaceships lands on rubbish dump, and is immediately sold for scrap.

Dave Hulan seems to think that agnosticism is a more logical position than either theism or atheism, a theory with which I'm inclined to disagree. Clive Jackson, in SLANT, once described an agnostic as one found wandering without invisible means of support, and except for thinking that he should have said "wondering", that's the way it looks to me. A belief is not a belief unless one orders one's life by it, and one cannot live by agnosticism. For if one concedes the possibility that the theists are right, then the sensible thing is to give them the benefit of the doubt: you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Conversely, if you think theism is as improbable as, say, Flat Earthism, there is no point in calling yourself an agnostic. You are in practise an atheist. Your belief is the way you live, not the way you talk. Though indeed by that criterion the majority of the population is atheist, because they do not believe in heaven as they believe in Australia. You have only to compare the average Englishman's reluctance to emigrate to one as against the other.

I'm afraid I don't understand Ebert's story, but the title reminds me of something I meant to ask in America but forgot. Has the expres-

sion "We will bury you" a different connotation there than it has here? Here it merely means "pre-decease", the the sense that I will bury my father, but judging from the emotional reaction Khrushchev's remark seemed to produce in various American political commentators, it must convey to you extra undertones of hostility.

I agree with Claude that it is unfair to lift passages from writers and analyze them. It would be as if we were to take the sentence "And when you hold these particular words before the light of critical truth, they glitter falsely" and point out that "particular" is redundant, that things held before a light do not glitter, glittering being an effect of reflected light, that truth is neither critical nor uncritical, that the metaphor is crude and the sentence badly constructed. All that would prove is that there are writers nearly as bad as Randy Garrett who don't get paid for it, a depressing thought at the best of times.

P.S. I'm sure it will amuse you to know that we had eighteen inches of snow last Tuesday, and since then a State of National Emergency has been proclaimed. No mail, no bread, no milk, no electricity in large areas and every snow plough in the country (three to be exact) manned night and day. It is hoped to re-open some of the schools next week. What it is like to live in a temperate climate. How are things in Indiana?

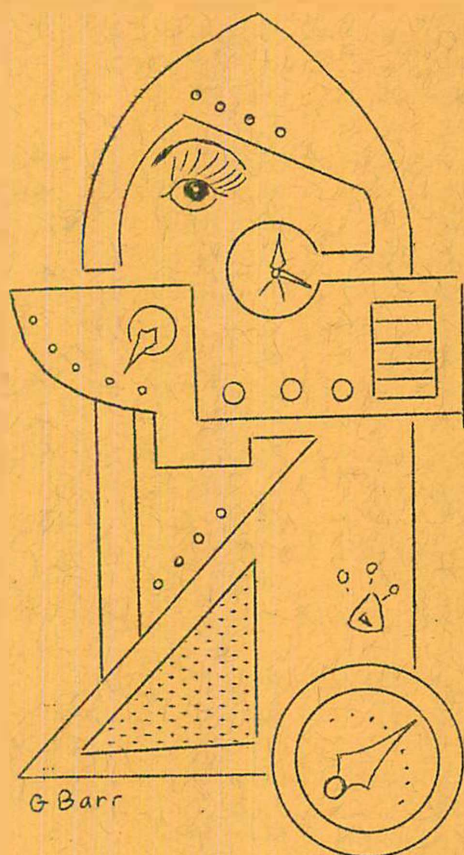
[I assure you that I get along very well without ordering my life about any religious belief (aside from the smug assumption that if there is a God, he will reward me for my obvious merits without my having to go out and flatter him--the technical term is "brown-nosing", I believe--once a week.) But I'm certainly not going to claim that there is no God, because I don't know (and neither does anybody else). The atheist is opposed to the idea of God; I'm indifferent to it. So I'm an agnostic. See?

I don't think that there's any difference in the understanding of "we will bury you". It's simply that he obviously can't bury us unless he outlives us, and this is rather resented in some quarters....after all, wouldn't you resent the idea that your worst enemy was going to not only outlive you but take over your house after you were gone? I'd resent Khrushchev's comments myself except that they were so obviously a political speech....RSC/

Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, California.

The telepathic properties of yage are well documented--but they're supposed to be most notable between people using the stuff at the same time. It's very hard to get in the USA because it deteriorates very rapidly (should be made fresh from the newly-chopped vines or something) and loses its efficiency; the rare shipments were extracted and crystallized in Bolivia or somewhere. The major danger in taking it is an overdose, which can be a great deal worse than its peyote counterpart. The hallucinations are supposed to have mostly blue overtones. I haven't tried it as yet; maybe sometime. It's still too expensive for me--\$35 to \$50 per "high".

And now we have Dave Hulan out of his depth. I am an agnostic, not an atheist, but there is a method by which the existence of X can be disproved, if X is defined as something having particular properties. Specifically, the method is to show that the properties are mutually contradictory, as in "X is a square circle". This method has been used in some disproofs of the existence of God (e.g., Paul Edwards, prof. of philosophy at NYU and some others, have done so.) Without committing



oneself as to the properties of a god apprehended through the mystical experience, one can still avoid fallacies here. Thus, many orthodox Christians define their god as being benevolent, omnipotent and omniscient. There is a formal contradication between these properties, and it was known as long ago as the time of Epicurus. Its demonstration depends on the existence of evil in the world--evil such as Hitler, a positive and fulminating sort, rather than the mere lack of something. Confronted with such evil, God is either unwilling & unable to do something about it, or unwilling & able, or willing & unable, or willing and able; this enumeration is obviously exhaustive. Of the four alternatives, the first makes him finite and rather less than totally benevolent, the second makes him at least tolerant of evil, the 3rd makes him finite in power, and the fourth is out of the question because he didn't do anything. (It's simpler, in the sense of Occam's razor, to assume that human beings defeated Hitler & Co., without begging the question of God's interference.) Alternatives 1 and 3 contradict the hypothesis of an omnipotent god, and al-

ternative 2 the hypothesis of a benevolent god. (I am greatly oversimplifying here, but this is just a letter of comment and not a treatise on metaphysics.) Which means that we must look elsewhere for a description of God's properties, if any. Walter Kaufmann's Critique of Religion and Philosophy deals at length with Aquinas' arguments, which are all fallacious. Atheism among fans, I suspect, is more often a refusal than an act of faith or an attempt to shock; and one can be atheist, agnostic or theist for the wrong reasons. One may legitimately ask if Hulan's own belief in God is for the wrong reasons; whether he claims to have had a mystical experience, in particular, rather than simply buying one of Aquinas's fallacious proofs. More to the point still, any logical proof of the existence of God could at most show that at least one occult entity exists; it would be impossible to use such an argument to show that the Judeo-Christian Jahweh, er Zeus, or Vishnu, exists. And so the preachers would not be able to derive much comfort from such proof, even were Hulan to construct one.

[Now there is a good summing-up. Too many readers appear to think that anyone who doesn't believe in the Christian god is an atheist; this is giving the deists an undue handicap.....RSC/

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

If the ODDBALL piece is factual, how did he get away with it? Don't they have barrack inspections over there? I reckon Pearson would have ended up doing most of his snipping in the guardroom, if he'd been stationed at the camp where I whiled away my own service time (and it wasn't especially strict there). Myself, I used to draw strips, which usually meant working with an audience; nobody actually accused me of being crazy, but maybe that was imply because they accepted it as natural fact that all artists are mad, and it didn't need saying.

/Pearson is not one to be held back by mundane military restrictions. He is nuts...possibly the authorities take this into consideration; can't afford to waste manpower and all that.....RSC/

Dave Hulan, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama

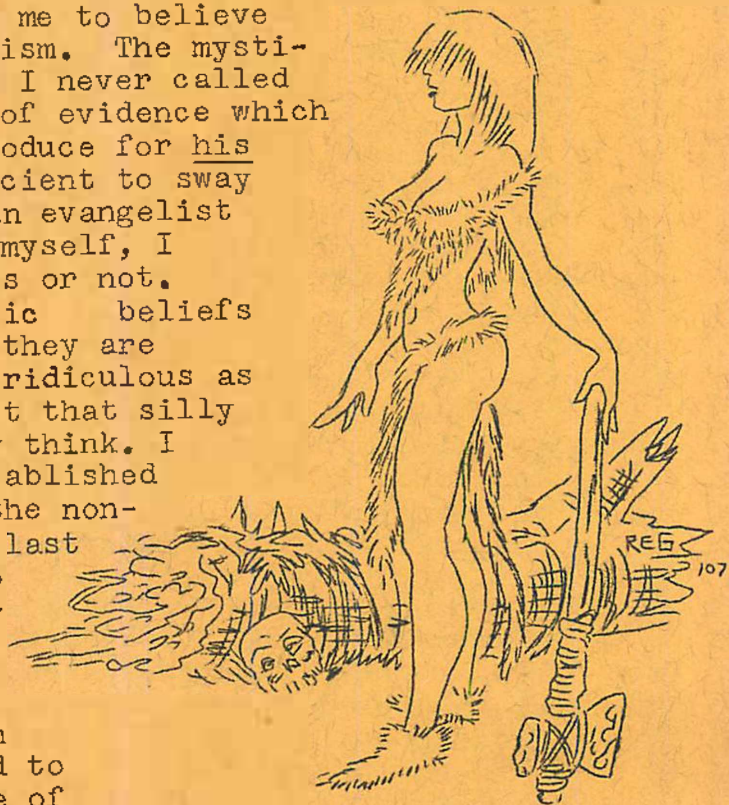
I agree 100% with the idea of a special Hugo for Miller--I'm another one who turns to the book review first in ANALOG, and have done so for the past six or seven years, at least. Maybe longer. (Of course, I do the same with every other prozine that has book reviews--maybe I'm a book review addict? Anyhow, I always read everything else in a prozine before I turn to the fiction--am I odd, or is this common?) I'll give it a plug in LOKI #6.

Comments to Dave Locke: I consider that my statement of the views of an atheist were fair enough--do you deny that the position of the atheist is, "God does not exist"? Your quasi-quote of me left out a qualifying phrase--I said, "an atheist says, in effect, that he has seen not-God, which is laughable." If he doesn't say that (and I realize that no atheist above the moron level would say it out loud), then he is admitting that his belief in the non-existence of God is completely blind--which is the point I was trying to make in the first place. His analogies of what he might say are very poor--I didn't say that the reason an atheist couldn't experience the non-existence of God was because God exists, but because you can't experience the non-existence of anything, God or deroes. (Deros?) To have failed to have experienced something is not at all the same as to have experienced its non-existence.

But in the main, his arguments are irrelevant rather than fallacious. I wasn't even vaguely attempting to prove the truth of religion, the existence of God, or anything else of the sort--as you point out in your comment to John Boardman. I'm not asking him to believe one damn thing--he's the one that's asking me to believe something, if he's defending atheism. The mystical experience isn't "proof", and I never called it such. It is evidence, a type of evidence which is better than any atheist can produce for his affirmation. Whether it is sufficient to sway you is up to you, and not being an evangelist or particularly religious person myself, I couldn't care less whether it does or not.

Neither did I say that atheistic beliefs of teenagers are invalid because they are teenagers--that would be just as ridiculous as Dave said it would be, and I'm not that silly whatever my PELFish co-editor may think. I considered that I had already established the invalidity (or should I say the non-rationality?) of the belief--the last two paragraphs were an attempt to investigate why so many fans profess the belief, not an attack on the belief because of the people who believe in it.

I debated for several years in High School myself (this directed to John Boardman), and am well aware of



the rules--which are fine for formal debates, if not especially applicable to practical problems. And I followed them meticulously. If you debated when I did, or thereabouts, you may recall a question "Resolved: that the US should reject the Welfare State." This is an example of a negative proposition, where the burden of proof rests on the side which might in normal circumstances be considered the negative because of the wording of the proposition. I propose a similar proposition: "Resolved: that God does not exist." And I'll argue the negative on that all day, and in fact did in my article. I would not debate the proposition, "Resolved: that God exists". I wasn't trying to. An atheist is one who holds the affirmative position on the former proposition. A theist is one who holds the affirmative position on the second. An agnostic takes the negative on both. Therefore it is as valid to say to an atheist "You can't prove that God doesn't exist" as it is to say to a theist "You can't prove that God does exist." You're confusing atheism and agnosticism, as many people do--from you it doesn't surprise me, considering your obvious confusion on practically everything revealed in KIPPLE.

Chay Borsella, Box 443, Towson State College, Towson 4, Md.

Thanx for Yandro #120. I've just completed a term paper on Paine's AGE OF REASON. Dave Locke says that "the facts and logical proofs for an Atheist to support the belief that there is no God are there." WHERE? AGE OF REASON proves nothing of the sort! It is, in fact, a deeply religious book. The religion is Deism--God is revealed only in nature: stars, elements, ktp. Paine wrote his book because the nation of France was leaning more and more toward Atheism, and he was trying to halt them in this endeavor. You might remember his words: "I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life." Shelley attempted to prove the non-existence of God in his notorious pamphlet THE NECESSITY OF ATHEISM. All, he declared, was determined by the reality of necessity. Paine's case is sadly ironic. Though he had actually written his book to fight Atheism, he is today upheld by all the Atheist organizations, who misunderstand him just as much as the orthodox clergymen of his day misunderstood. The LIBERAL FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE in Philadelphia has a Thomas Paine Room. The official organ of the FREETHINKERS OF AMERICA in N.Y. is called "Age of Reason". Conversely, such a man as Theodore Roosevelt, who should've known better, called Paine a "filthy little Atheist." (Three lies, as Paine was NOT filthy, was a full 5'10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " and was a Deist.) So Enid Jacobs thinks that it would be hard to measure what she calls "fannish attributes." What are they? Fans are no different from anybody else. Going back to Dave Locke and his comments on Hulan's article in #119, I think I can account for the "sophomore Atheist" phenomenon. At 18 or 19, most young people start generating their own power for the first time. Some get jobs and become self-supporting; others go away to college and--for the first time--are away from the day by day influence of their godly parents. For the FIRST TIME, these young people can (and usually have to) think for themselves. Anyone who THINKS is going to hit upon the theistic hypothesis eventually, and if they think hard enough they will come to the only logical conclusion--that god is a state of mind. HOWEVER, later they get older (not wiser), have problems, need a crutch, and in the case of college students, return home to their godly parents. Re-enter the God. It's logical, isn't it?

/Not necessarily. My only true atheistic burst was in early adolescence, and my late teens and college years were consumed by theological wavering between Deism and agnosticism. In my twenties I have been too occupied with affairs of the world (childbearing and rearing) to be concerned at all with

problems of theology. Presumably, when I'm older and once more free to ponder, I may go back for the "crutch"....Until then, I shall imitate Ivan and respectfully return my ticket.....JWC..

Well, the fans I know are different from the non-fans I know; they have broad mental horizons. (Or at least, their horizons match mine, which prejudices me in their favor.) Of course, there are a lot of fans who don't fit into my scheme of things, but I try to be broadminded and ignore them.....RSC/

Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Rd., Knaresborough, Yorkshire, England.

The Mornington Crescent address is always good and Yandro 120 should reach me o.k. eventually (thanks a lot) but mail posted direct to me here at the hospital will reach me quicker. Mornington Cresc. is a convenience for SCRIBBLE. The hospital authorities reckoned they had the right to censor my fanzine while I was using their address, so I've taken this way out to avoid trouble. You'd think they'd be pleased that a patient was occupying his time usefully, but they've made things as awkward as possible. They'd rather we just stared at the ceiling all day.

I liked Hulan's article in 119, not too far off my own views. It's funny though. I'm always seeing fans writing that almost every other fan claims to be an atheist, but after 2½ years in fandom I've never seen any writing where a fan claims that he himself is an atheist. I must be missing it all somewhere. You can assure Hulan from me that Ron Bennett is a hoax. I should know. I see him every week.

Your item about abstract paintings. There's an "artist" here in London who puts his canvases on the road on muddy days and lets the cars run over them. Gets a fair price for them too I understand. That's art? Maybe he really does think they are beautiful (or something) in which case, fair enough. But like you, I wonder about the people who praise and buy them.

Ethel Lindsay's remarks about British politicians sitting on their asses all day aren't quite true--most of their work is back-room stuff, and I should imagine that they are just as hard-working as their American counterparts--they don't receive the publicity. I'm surprised at Ethel. It reminds me of a claim in one of our newspapers that most nurses are part-time prostitutes. All these generalizations are fugg-headed.

/Atheists of the world, arise! Stand forth and let Colin count you. I'm not sure he intended that bit about the hospital to be published, but it's the sort of thing that makes me froth slightly--especially when I can't do a thing about it--and I thought I'd let some readers froth with me.....RSC/

James Sieger, S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wisconsin

John Boardman seems to be a labor rabble-rouser. So the Taft-Hartley Law is an abridgment of freedom, eh? Whenever a person is required to join an organization, with the sole exception of those which are intended to enforce professional standards (e.g. AMA), then freedom is pretty well dead. No one is going to force me to join any union. Yet the union leaders, apparently trying to make sure they can dictate to everybody, not just almost everybody, try to make union membership compulsory. Enforced membership is so much against the fundamental American principles that I really think that suggesting laws requiring it



should be considered an act of treason.

So labor unions really have noble ideals. So what how noble they are? The Catholic Church has noble ideals of making angels out of everybody--does that give them the right to require everybody to be Catholics? How'd you like it if a law was passed requiring you to donate a certain sum to, say, the Red Cross, whether or not you were interested? Don't forget that labor unions exist solely to prevent exploitation of all workers, regardless of membership; they aren't like legitimate organizations like the AMA which exist to establish rules of competence. If anything, unions are present encourage incompetence and featherbedding among their members. And this guy wants to force everybody to join one whether he liked it or not. Is that freedom?

More thoughts on "realism" in movies. If they should be realistic with costumes why not the battle scenes, too? And the

public executions and tortures. And love scenes. It's never been too much mentioned, but the main reason for the cruelty of the Japanese in WWII was not just their "natural" cruelty, but the fact that the entire generation, from childhood, were indoctrinated to like cruelty and sadism. I saw some pictures reproduced from "patriotic" Japanese schoolbooks of the period--Jap soldiers heroically cutting up non-Japs, with blood and gore all detailed. And that was one of the most printable ones, most such pictures couldn't be reproduced without being prosecuted for violation of pornography laws. To a lesser extent Nazi Germany went through the same treatment.

Yes, but Rackham isn't interested in realistic battle scenes; he's an artist, and battles are so terribly in-artistic.....RSC.

As far as "natural" cruelty goes, some of the history of the "Anglo-Saxons" in their treatment of the Amerindian, and the retaliatory attacks of the redmen is just one small example of the enduring lack of humanity to one's fellow man.....whatever the conflicting culture...throughout homo sapiens' long and bloody rise. I was regularly attending the Saturday matinees during the WWII years, at an impressionable age--as the expression goes, and early observed that what was "cruelty" when performed by the "enemy" become everyday heroism and natural revenge-seeking when used by "our guys".....shrug.....JWC/

Joe Pilati, 111 South Highland Avenue, Pearl River, New York

Re Serling's hourlong T Zone: I haven't been disappointed yet. The one about the contemporary neofascist was outstanding. Speaking of the idiotube, I was rather dismayed to hear (from Don Thompson) that Harlan Ellison is now writing scripts for "Route 66" and "Ripcord". How the fannish might have fallen.

You're right about P. Schuyler Miller. Most of the time I read "The Reference Library" (a terrible title) immediately and save the rest of the package for a dull Sunday evening.

"Extension Service" was awfully minor Ebert. He's better when we can't quite understand him.

I wondered what was wrong with "Route 66"; it's Harlan's guts showing through....RSC/

Piers Jacob, 800 75th Street North, St. Petersburg 10, Florida

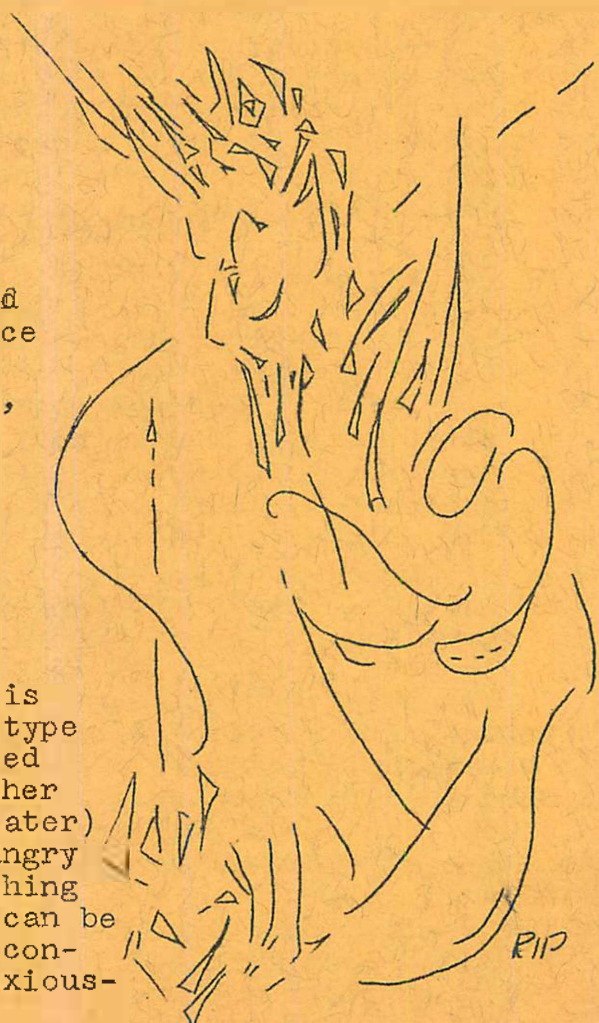
As I've mentioned before, I'm involved in a comprehensive indexing of SF book reviews, and have been digging into all available magazines for many weeks. This has given me a solid respect for the work of P. Schuyler Miller, who hasn't missed an issue of ASF for twelve years. Your editorial mention of a possible Hugo award for him caught my eye immediately; I believe that he richly deserves such honor. Since this move happens to coincide with the compilation of the index, it would seem natural for the index group to get in on this. We are trying to publish before or in time for the Discon, and the index, which covers all the reviews in all SF magazines published in the English language (we hope) from the first issue of WEIRD through 1962, should make the work of all reviewers far more meaningful. It will make it possible for any collector to compare reviews on his favorite books; and somehow I feel that anyone using the index will come to the same appreciation of P.S. Miller that I have now. Damon Knight is penetrating and Anthony Boucher is pertinent, but were it possible to make some sort of code utilizing weighted evaluations of quality and quantity, I believe Mr Miller would command a firm first place. You might suggest to Joe Sarno (of whom I've never heard; but there are many fans sharing that honor) that he get in touch with me or Ed Meskys, or both, if he feels that our purposes harmonize. I believe that they do.

Charles Wells, 200 Atlas, Apt. #1,
Durham, N.C.

Why does Harvey Inman think that an article in a fanzine should have "some remote connection" with fantasy of fantasy fans? It's just this kind of rigid thinking that seems to me so out of place in fandom.

It seems to me a logical progression, for instance, from discussing types of stf to discussing sociological stf to writing a 16 page article on the principles of liberal democracy, and I'm damned if I understand why someone wants to cut the thread of progression arbitrarily at one point.

Tackett's talk about the human race being obnoxious makes me think that it is a peculiar characteristic of the fiery type of reformer or liberal that he discovered how obnoxious the human race can be rather late in his life (like adolescence of later) compared to most people and he's been angry about it ever since. I can sense something of this in me, altho I don't suppose I can be called "fiery". On the other hand the conservative typically acts as if the obnoxious-



ness of the human race doesn't annoy him at all; he accepts it and firmly believes there is nothing anyone can do about it. The people that get things done, I suppose, are those who believe that something can be done about it, but are not irrationally angry at people just because they are human.

/Your description of a conservative certainly fits me neatly.
(I'm willing to agree with the liberals that all power should rest with the people, but unlike them I don't expect the people to make any intelligent use of it. And they generally don't, either....RSC/

Robert E. Briney, 459 Littleton Street, West Lafayette, Indiana

Have spent the past several evenings proof-reading the transcript of the tape recordings of several of the convention sessions. What a hellish job! I pity Earl, who has gone through tons of this stuff, many times having to go back and pick up from the original tape some stuff missed by the transcribing stenographer.

It was amusing to see how some of the names of the sf personalities came out in the transcription, as filtered through a non-fan stenographer. Like "Sam Mosquitch," who is referred to in several places. Or "Peasley Ennis," who wrote that book, NEW MAPS OF HELL.

Lewis Grant would be well advised not to call pigs in Latin: "sui" is not the plural of "sus" (the latter being a second declension noun), but rather a reflexive pronoun meaning "himself" or "oneself".

Ian Ballantine has sent each member of the Burroughs Bibliophiles a complimentary copy of the new Ballantine edition of A PRINCESS OF MARS, probably in the hope that all good and true Burroughs enthusiasts will buy the "authorized editions" in preference to other publishers' editions. A forlorn hope, I'm afraid. The Ballantine reprints may be "authorized", but they are crude, unbeautiful, and produced by people who can't bother to spell names correctly. And the Abbett cover illustrations are not only poor, they don't illustrate the books!

/Well, that's Lew all over.....RSC/

Sharon Towle, 325 Great Mills Lane, Lexington Park, Md.

Have just received YANDRO 119, and Dave Hulan's article is so excellent that I can hardly remember what's in the rest of the zine. But I'd like to try to answer him, from my own strictly agnostic point-of-view, because I think he has overlooked an important point.

Scientifically I don't think the question has been proven one way or the other. What science has strongly implied, and I think it's high time someone did, is that if there is a God He must be as infinite and incomprehensible as the vision of Job, not the man-with-long-white-beard of Sunday school fame.

Mystically, I have not personally experienced any communion with God. This doesn't mean it can't happen, of course, but it does mean that I can't be sure it can. And I agree with Dave that some believers, such as Martin Buber and William Blake, appear to have had genuine mystic experiences. BUT I also think the non-theistic experiences recorded in Zen and Taoist writings are equally genuine. It has not been proven to me that enlightenment requires an external source, that it cannot arise entirely from one's own being. It has not been proven to me that the existence of mystical experience requires the existence of a God.

Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia

I still wish you'd print a WAHF column of sorts, cause I can't remember just whether I've written or not and to tell the truth I'm not

sure whether I have or not. I think I did tho.

/You're right - you did.....RSC/

Ed Wood, 160 2nd Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho

I liked "Fanzinia Revisited" by MZB as I read all the fan magazines she talked about. I would not rate ORB as high as she because it was an example of format to the ultimate without decent content.

I must disagree with Buck's assessment of the work of Leland Sapiro. He is one of our finest thinkers. You have to read and re-read him to get the most out of his work. He is one of those glorious few, you must work to understand the depth of his writing. I've followed his articles from the days of the old RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST and they are worth hard-cover format.

/Well, I'll agree that one has to re-read Sapiro in order to get the most out of his work. Mainly because I usually go to sleep in the middle of the thing the first time. (Com - promise: I'll agree that I should scrutinize Sapiro's work carefully if you won't feed me any caffeine.....RSC/

Mike Deckinger, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

It's rather unfortunate that H.B. Fyfe has returned to sf after an absence of a number of years. All I can think of is poor H. Beam Piper at the Discon, protesting to a starry-eyed neo who's holding out a copy of D-99 to be autographed: "But I'm not H.B. Fyfe." I think he spends more time disclaiming other identities at cons than any other pro except maybe Bob Silverberg.

To add a further note of reminiscences on radio shows we knew and loved, how about the episode from The Shadow in which the murderer obtained a rare snake which he hid in the front portion of a hollowed-out cane. Whenever he sought to do away with someone he'd point the cane at them, press a switch which opened the tip and released the snake by a spring, and watch the fun as the creature sank its fangs into the victim's forehead, and then returned to the cane. The snake was so small that no marks were apparent on the victim, and cause of death was listed as due to bursted blood vessels. And to extend these remembrances, did you ever listen to HALL OF FANTASY on Monday nights at 8:30? I don't recall the station but I think it was WOR. HOF regularly presented some of the eeriest and most chilling stories I've heard anywhere and it's surprising that it's received so little mention, even in the form of fond eulogies.

Joe Hensley's factual article displayed the same well-balanced amount of detailed reporting and realistic observation that can be found in the best works of other artisans like Eugene O'Neill and James Thurber, for instance. I can't find the BLOODY BABES pb on the stands anywhere here now, but maybe it's too early for it to appear.

Rackham postulates some interesting points. Naturally there are limits to the amount of "realism" that can be depicted in historical films. It doesn't matter if the Queen of Sheba and every one of her 375 slave girls went around in their birthday suits. No Hollywood film will show this; at the most they'll wear the skimpy bikinis that pass for the current limit in films today. Even the heroine in DOCTOR NO wears a bikini in the film, while in the book it's considerably less. Another matter is the language barrier. In order to achieve complete realism with no falsification of details, any of the ancient biblical works would have to show the characters speaking Egyptian, or Hebrew, or whatever language was spoken at that time. And since most audiences wouldn't tolerate realism to this degree, certain liberties are taken in which the players are shown speaking English in order to facilitate actor/au-

dience communication.

/I never encountered that particular "Shadow episode, but it sounds like they were cribbing from Sherlock Holmes -- "The Adventure of the Speckled Band". I think that "Bloody Babes" paperback came out under the title of THE COLOR OF HATE, tho I don't recall quite that many sex acts....eh, Joe? RSC7

Gary Deindorfer, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, N.J.

Your comment on my few sentences re Derek Nelson gives me the impression that you think I might be a Ted Pauls type liberal, who would have the U.S. surrender now to the U.S.S.R. Not at all. I want to clarify that. Politically, I am not much of anything. I have very little interest in politics. But I think what I said about Nelson's article was valid. I wish he had made it clearer what he would have done given the hypothetical situation of an invasion of Cuba by the U.S. and a chance for him to help out as, perhaps, a member of a Canadian supporting force.

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarboro, Ont., Canada

Gary Deindorfer: If necessary I'd have gone with the invasion troops to Cuba...and still would.

Don Wollheim: I will grant him the article was over-emotionalism if he will grant me the benefit of the doubt when I say it was written at a time when I was considerably peeved with the U.S.

However, I do take exception to the linking of my piece to that of Goering's book in what, to my mind, is guilt by association. What I advocate, and what the Nazis advocate, are two entirely separate things. Since I haven't read "Germany, Awake!" I can't question his interpretation of the emotional appeal, etc., but I can question the statement that an "international tribunal decided that his views" meant hanging. It was not Goering's views, but rather what he practiced.

Tell me, why did John Rackham write "Don't get me wrong on this next bit...I'm no Marxist...but I did read"..etc, as though he was explaining himself so there would be no doubt, or perhaps apologizing for reading a Soviet publication. Vic Ryan has done the same thing a couple of times in BANE as well and I'm wondering, why?

/The defensive tone is due to the firm belief of our sainted "average man" that patriotism is equivalent to ignorance of the enemy's beliefs, and so anyone caught reading a Russian publication is automatically to be suspected of treason. The same roots have brought forth the Iron Curtain and the Index Liborum Prohibitorum, which at least proves that idiocy is not confined to the United States. I'm sure that if you did participate in a Cuban invasion, Wollheim would be quite happy to hang you for your practices instead of your preachings. RSC7

Lewis Grant, 5333 Dorchester Ave., Chicago 15, Illinois

Buck, on the last page, you mention that scientific equations remain the same whether you have one molecule or a couple of tons. That's what they thought down in Texas City, too. It ain't so; scale effects are important in chemistry.

Went shop/xxxping today, and got myself a 10" illuminated globe, with current maps, for \$4. The base was missing, but the base is just a fancy piepan. I may even hang the thing up. Later in same letter.../

I took a base off an old television antenna we had, and put it on the globe I mentioned and it works perfectly. Looking at my globe, I found a very interesting thing. If I take the globe off the base, and remove the light, leaving a hole about three inches in diameter, I can look inside. What do I find inside? Pellucidar! It's a very fine map of a new world.