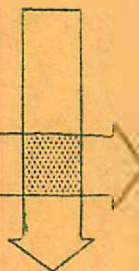


RANDRO

135



YANDRO

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 4

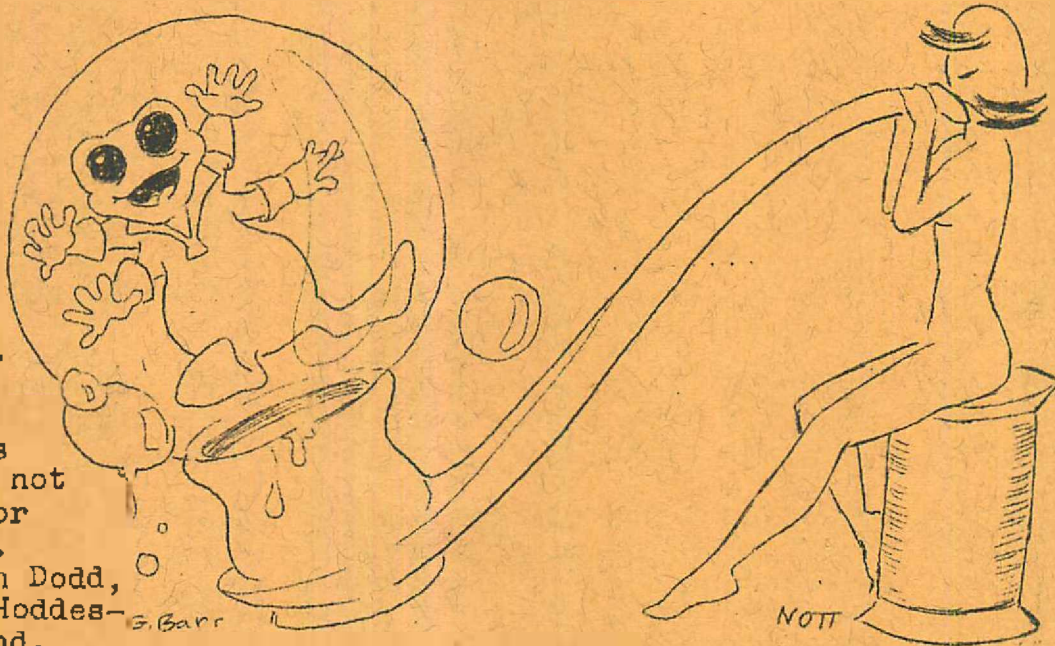
#135

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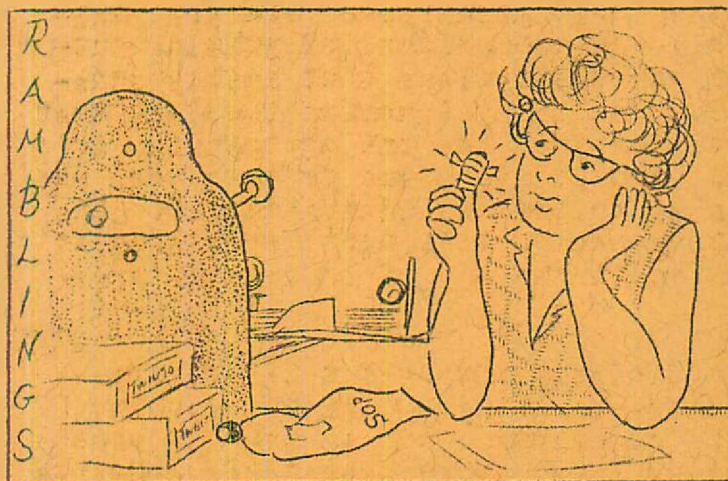
- ART WORK -

Cover by Randy Scott

cover lettering by Dave Locke

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JWC	pages 2 & 4
George Barr.	pages 7 & 23
Atom.	page 16
Nott	page 26

Joe Staton	page 11
Jim Cawthorn	page 6
R. E. Gilbert.	pages 10 & 17
Dave Locke	page 22
Dian Pelz	page 27



I seem to have developed an occupational hazard of mimeographing, or perhaps occupational ailment would be more accurate: Mimeographer's Thumb. This is something you get when you push the crank of a Gestetner 120 steadily for three days -- or at least I have. If the thumb wasn't already calloused from guitar-string strumming, I might have a blister. As it is, it's just a mite tender. Hmm, they have leather armguards to protect the forearm of archers,-- I wonder if I could patent a little padded

thumb mitt and.....no, I suppose that's too far-fetched. And besides, the market would be too small to allow a profit.

I'll mention before I forget that the Dian drawing on page 27 was also put on stencil by Dian. No matter how careful the transfer, no stencil cutting can match the technique of the artist himself.

In the past, several fan editor-publishers have mentioned that with an automatic counter on the mimeo, one can put a stack of favorite records on the player and have music while one works. I don't find this the case at all. In fact, it fouls my operation to the traditional hades. I put on a stack of my favorite classics, and before I know it, I'm mentally following the theme development and waiting for the brasses to come in at a certain passage and...whoops...heh, heh....been running low on ink on the past 25 sheets. I haven't as yet run a page upsidedown, but I'm waiting for that low blow with resignation.

That's instrumental classics. Vocals of any sort -- folk, classic, exotic -- are impossible. I'm not just listening intently, I'm Singing Along With. And this is even more mistake-making.

On the other hand, I've found that unless it's a job where I have to concentrate every single second, such as cutting stencils on the typewriter while transferring a complicated article, I'm distracted by noises out -- side the house. Dogs barking, trucks backfiring, donkeys braying, pigs banging their self-feeders, the verdampte sparrows begging to be potted... a multitude of little nags.

My solution would horrify purists. I don't have an FM tuner (it would cause the same distractions as a stack of classical records), but I do have an AM tuner, with the usual available selection of DJs and pop music. It doesn't distract me the same way classics would, and because I have a tin ear or something, it doesn't annoy me, either. It's just background music -- something there, something to drown out the pigs and sparrows....

But I do get annoyed and turn it off occasionally. Currently Wallace is making spot announcements (Hah! ten minutes long, yet) of piffle and unprintable -- with "America the Beautiful" humming softly in the background -- and I will not listen to those. I don't know what my blood pressure is, but that certainly raises it to the boiling point.

Even more irritating than Wallace are the local misinformed who are swallowing the line on civil rights and public accommodations and writing outraged letters to Indiana's senators and representatives (but mostly senators -- they are a little informed).....entirely ignoring the fact that Indiana has a state law considerably stiffer than the one now pending in the Senate. Has had for several years. And no one seems to have been put into a concentration camp or sold his soul to the devil as a result. In fact, the results have been so quiet, these characters don't even know it's there. Yet, a milder bill is going to "spell the end of individual freedom".....

Brack. I'm much more worried about the Citizens for Decent Literature. They start out saying they're not a censorship group -- simply arousing the public to enforce its own community standards. But somehow it ends up as a censorship campaign. With a new fillip. They have these converts who get up and confess how they used to be bums, lying in the gutter, reading sexy magazines, until the CDL showed them the light. Ugh.

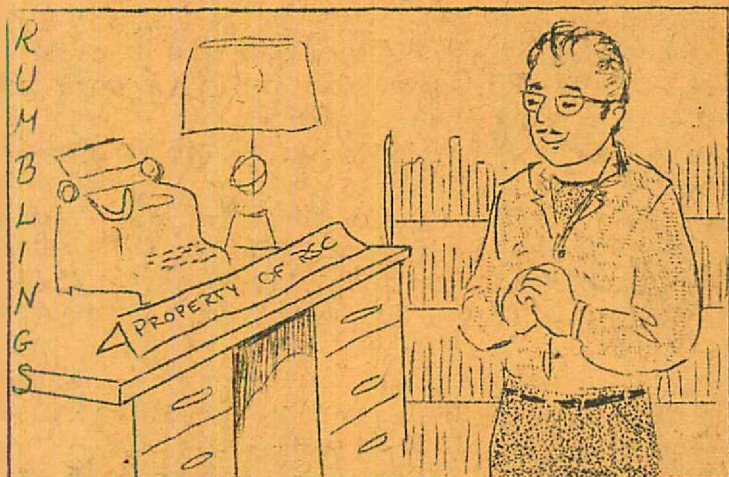
At first I used to be surprised, but now I'm adjusted to people coming up two or three times a year and asking me how to cut stencils. Like driving a car, it's bit difficult to go back and analyze....I've done it so long the motions are automatic. But I made a recent self-discovery that makes me wonder if nearsighted, busty females might not have a special advantage as workers-at-the-lightscope. While doing an intricate illo, I found I was resting my frontage on the lower part of the stencil, and this put my eyes in focus at just the proper point about five-six inches from the section of the stencil where I was using the stylus. Any lower would have been too close -- further away and I couldn't catch all the detail. Gee, ain't nature wonderful?

THE FALCONS OF NARABEDLA by Marion Zimmer Bradley is freshly-out from Ace Books (Ace Double, F-273), backed by Marion's first short story collection. FALCONS is another in the Al-Merdin/Darkover series, I would rate it above SWORD OF ALDONES and below PROJECT JASON....er....THE PLANET SAV-ERS, was the final title. And I wish Emsh would learn to get equine proportions right -- this cover is particularly noticeable to me, as an old horse lore bug.

Dell has had THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE out in paperbacks for several months now, and I keep picking it up and dipping into it....my interest is not sustained because I've already encountered the material in other sources. And besides, it's such a discouraging book. I can feel quite sympathetic for the poverty-stricken, truly trapped wife and mother, but the predominant concern of this book is with the middle-class, semi-affluent, embarrassment-of-leisure-time housewife. It is to laugh. Catch me with a problem like that.

And particularly, I'm bitter in view of the women of the type I meet who brag they haven't "cracked a book since high school". So the mad race to find something to occupy their minds and psyche. Ech. Of course, Friedman is making the point that these women have been brain-washed as children into following the cultural pattern that forces them into such a straitjacket. I would be more interested if she had explored at length -- why? It's not necessarily intelligence, certainly. But why does the femme fan find herself wishing frantically for more time and the average mundanianna find time and temper dragging? Femmes? Ang theories? Where along the way did we Go Wrong and spoil our image? And where oh here did we sign away that wonderful thirty-hour day?

JWC



Bob Tucker recently sent me several clippings of this and that. One mentioned that Jerry Sohl has signed with American-International to do the screenplay for 3 movies. (Who says movies are better than ever?) One of them is Lovecraft's "The Color Out Of Space"; I shudder to think what that will look like by the time Sohl gets thru with it. Yecch! Another clipping, which I can't lay my fingerbones on at the moment, was from a movie exhibitor's trade journal, and described "The Seven Faces Of Dr. Lao". In fact, it described the movie so graphically

that I was almost ready to go out and lynch screenwriter Charles Beaumont before even seeing the movie. This would have been a mistake. Any resemblance of the movie to Charles Finney's story is purely coincidental, but if you don't attend with the expectation of seeing a portrayal of the written "Circus Of Dr. Lao" -- and after that clipping, I didn't -- it's not a bad movie. It has a Message (proclaimed with all the subtlety of a high school commencement speech) but while it can't be ignored it can be accepted, if you try hard enough. The special effects and Tony Randall are good, and Noah Beery, Jr. is his usual entertaining self. (The rest of the cast, including the villain, turn in poor performances, but then they didn't have much to work with.) I enjoyed it, while watching it.

AARDVARK, the college-type humor mag out of Chicago, is finally getting newsstand distribution in this area. I didn't buy the latest issue (I got a copy of HOOTENANNY instead) but while I was reading it on the stands I noticed a half-column plug for Joe Pilati's ENCLAVE and an announcement that in some forthcoming issue they would have an article on fanzines. (I haven't written them to say leave VANDRO out of it, but I may. All we need is a bunch of inquiries from AARDVARK readers -- we got about 35 from Terry Carr's article in F&SF.)

In the last VANDRO, Juanita made a passing reference to big-city snobism. Oddly enough, HOOTENANNY, the magazine devoted to folk music and the popular expression of The People, and all that rot, presents a good example. In an article by Nat Hentoff on the inequities of the "Hootenanny" tv show, he quotes Joan Baez as being astonished that any city folksingers should appear on a show which blacklisted certain folk performers. Joan goes on to say, "I don't expect the country people to know what it's all about. I can't blame Mother Maybelle Carter, for instance, for going on "Hootenanny". But it's disgusting that there are city singers who perform on those programs. They should know what it's all about." So much for the egalitarian spirit of Joan Baez. Us hillbillies are all right as a source for songs, but you can't expect much from us, intellectually. You have to be a hip city punk like Bob Dylan to be in the know. (I wouldn't mind her condescension so much if she had anything to be condescending about.)

The most recent raid on the news stands netted Marion Bradley's Falcons Of Parableda, doublebooked by Ace with a batch of her short stories, and The Mad King, by Burroughs, also from Ace. Marion's story was originally published by Harlan Ellison in his fanzine (well, part of it was published; Harlan folded the fanzine before it was completed), then printed by Ray Palmer in the final issue of OTHER WORLDS, and now, on the third try, she's finally getting paid for it. (And about time, too.) Bob Briney said that it has been extensively rewritten from the earlier versions -- which, from what I remember of the earlier versions, is all to the good.

The Mad King is one of the few Burroughs books that I ever liked. It is not sf or Fantasy; like the earlier Graustark series by George Barr McCut-

son, it's an imitation of Anthony Hope Hawkins' Prisoner Of Zenda. It is not nearly as good as the original -- technically, it probably isn't even as good as the Graustark books. But I liked it anyway; I enjoy this sort of comic-opera swashbuckle.

I also picked up Vance Packard's The Pyramid Climbers, out from Crest at 75¢. I may comment on it in the next issue.

The next issue, by the way, will probably be mostly letters. I keep ending up each issue with a batch of letters left over, so next time I'll stencil the letters first, and fill in any extra pages with fiction and articles and all that kinda stuff. (All you readers who have looked in vain for your letters to see print just be patient. They might show up yet.)

Just noticed that on the first page of the editorial I didn't seem to be hitting the keys hard enough, so some letters may not show up well. I won't retype it, but I'll try to do better from now on.

Still no envelopes, unless they arrive between now and the time this gets mailed. They're on order....

The big news around the Coulson house is that I now have a desk -- a big old wooden 30 x 54 inch office model. (Readers who have been in our house may now spend a few moments wondering where we managed to put the thing. We did get it in, and didn't have to throw out any old furniture to do it.) This was an incredible bargain; a side effect of the recent Honeywell retrenchment in Wabash. With the labor force cut in half, they had all this extra equipment, so to free a little storage space they declared about 20 of the oldest desks to be surplus, and sold them at \$1 each. The entire operation was rather secretive; no announcement was made, and I almost didn't get my desk because I didn't tap the grapevine soon enough. (And because one of the secretaries who did get in on things at the beginning was a hog and took 3 desks herself.) As soon as I found out about the sale, I slapped my name on a desk. This was promptly disallowed, as the above-mentioned secretary had spoken for that particular desk first. "Plenty more of them at the Ford Plant", I was assured. I promptly manufactured an excuse to visit the Ford Plant (now closed and being used only for storage) and got my name on a desk there, having to climb over a vast heap of desks, chairs, file cabinets and cryptic pieces of machinery to find a desk not already taken. While I was there I also put my name on a couple of file cabinets, just in case the company decides to sell them. Then came the problem of getting the monster home. An engineer offered to haul it in his station wagon; another engineer had taken his desk home in the same wagon a night or two before. The other engineer, it turned out, had taken a small desk; this was a big one. After four of us manhandled the thing out of the pile, across the building and onto the sidewalk we discovered that this was as far as we could go; the desk wouldn't fit in the station wagon. Panic. Finally I said I'd go rent a trailer and took off. I drove down to the filling station where I had previously rented U-Haul trailers. No trailers. An attendant directed me to "the Texaco station on the hill", which he thought had the franchise now. There isn't any Texaco station on that hill, I discovered, but there was a Sinclair station, with trailers for rent. I drove in. The attendants looked over the Rambler in a discouraging manner and wondered aloud if they had a trailer hitch which would fit this car. After four tries and considerable cursing they found one which worked after a fashion, and hitched up the trailer. I gave them a \$2.50 deposit (which by coincidence was the full amount of my rental fee) and drove off in triumph. Loading the desk was a cinch, but then there was another secretary there and would I please help move some of the stuff so she could get a look at her desk? I gallantly forbore to mention that I'd taken my desk without seeing any more than its bottom upthrust in the stack, and moved furniture for her. (She didn't decide at the last minute not to take it, partly because I said I'd break it over her head if she did any such thing.) Finally home, unloading desk, getting it thru front door (barely) and set up, and returning trailer. (And yes, it's worth every bit of the trouble.)

The Commercial Novel: How To

article by

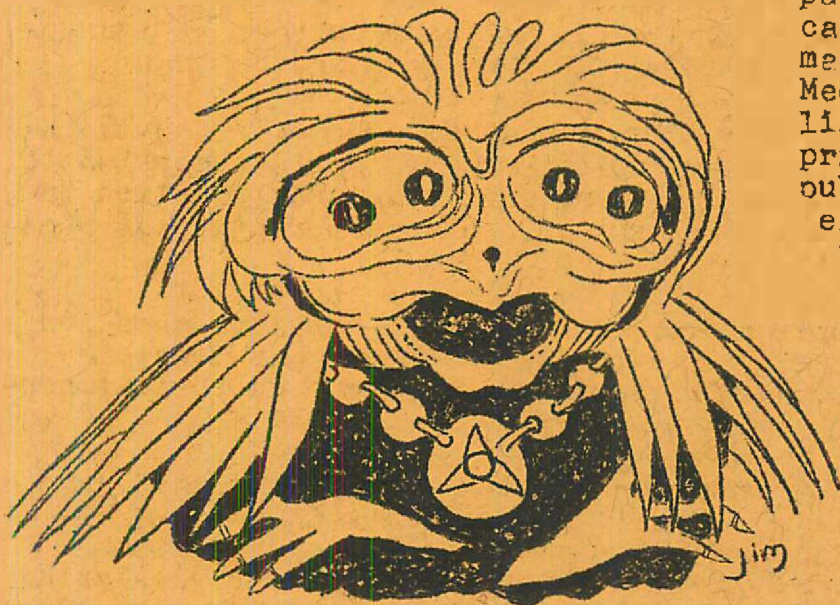
ALGIS BUDRYS

• [Author's Preface] "The author points out that *
• this study was made purely for his own amuse - *
• ment several years ago, and that no further war- *
• ranty is expressed or implied, though the ap - *
• plication of these principles to a collabora - *
• tive novel was successful in getting an Avon *
• Books contract which has never been fulfilled." *

Two years ago, an analysis of 120 Gold Medal and Crest novels yielded the following common storyline:

—A mature, self-reliant hero trained in undercover warfare becomes involved in larger events through the agency of a close personal friend. Shortly after the hero enters the story, the friend is killed and the hero sets off in pursuit of his killers. He becomes involved with a woman, a villain, and another woman, all of whom are at cross-purposes with him. One of the women is in league with the villain. The other will become the hero's property after he has killed the villain in personal combat. At least the villainous woman will meanwhile have slept with him. As a result of the working out of this personal story, the larger events will reach a satisfactory conclusion in accord with current U.S. mores.—

These novels, of course, were restricted to recognizable entries in the Foreign Intrigue category, and so this analysis represents only the particular sub-type of this category which Fawcett chose to market in this manner. Gold Medal is the original paperback line here, and Crest is the reprint label. In general, both publish the same kind of Foreign Intrigue material, but the Gold Medal stories are more recognizably constructed to these standards than are the Crest.



So far, so good. But this kind of derived formula can be useless or even misleading unless a number of other precepts are kept in mind. These are general observations of other essential ele -

ments, some derived from the same source and some from ordinary experience; unlike the particularized skeleton above, they are as applicable to other types of commercial fiction as they are to this particular category:

A unified frame of reference must be assumed and followed. That is, the writer must have a firm mental picture of the kind of world in which this story could take place, and must never violate the logic of that world. If he sees that world and its people as being totally amoral, then the only legitimate use for a moral character, motivation, or line of dialogue is as comic relief. Perhaps the simplest way to state it would be to say that the writer must make himself a citizen of that world.

Direct statement of motivation and objective is always the technique of choice. Subtlety may be exercised by the characters upon one another, but never on the reader.

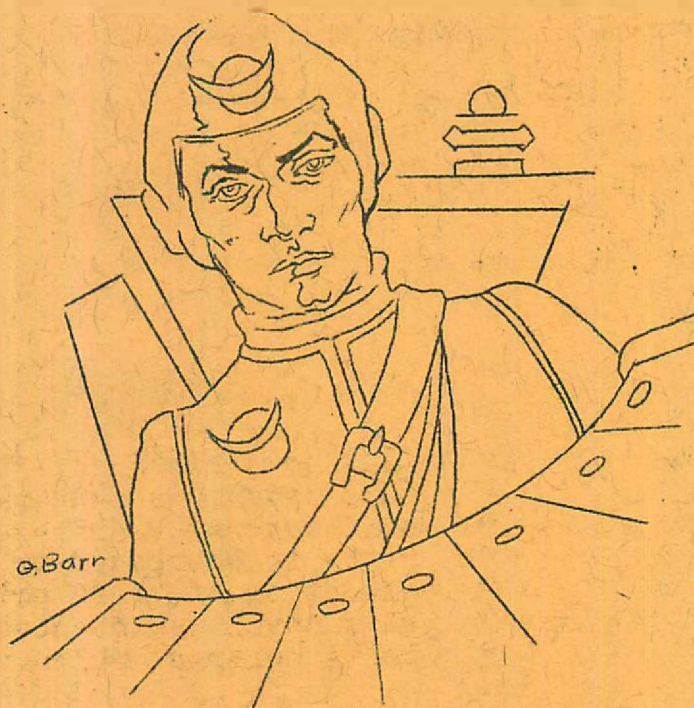
Every incident and line of dialogue must directly advance the plot. Ideally, nothing should appear in the story which is not a dynamic and essential part of that story.

One of the most important things to remember in the connection is that all the important characters must have force and motion. It is of paramount importance to keep the villain moving as energetically and skillfully as the hero, though it is of course not necessary to go into as much continuous detail in describing his movements. It is necessary that the villain have as legitimate a motive for his actions as does the hero, and that their clash be a motivational one. The villain, in short, must be an inverted hero—he cannot appear in the book only as a figure against which the hero may break lances of his own choosing.

To an appropriate extent, the same things must be true of the villainous woman and of the good one. Perhaps the only permissible exception to this rule is the character who plays the hero's friend. His function in the book is to die, and he must exercise it at the most advantageous plot-turn.

It seems to me that the paragraph immediately above begs the question, and that in any case it is high time it was asked: Why? Why does the formula take these particular twists, and for what reasons do these general principles apply?

I don't know. That is, I have no assurance that I have isolated some great Universal Truth, and thereby accomplished a description of an absolute standard toward which all commercial novels of this type must strive. Or, in other words, the following consistent (I think) analysis works for me, but is probably only a working hypothesis which may be of



no use whatever to anyone else.

First of all, I assumed that this particular formula--being derived rather than explicitly stated by someone at Fawcett, but being clearly present in a number of successful books over a long period of time--fulfilled some kind of expectation on the part of the readership. If it is, indeed, a response to a demand, then it ought to be possible to examine it and extract the shape of the demand--to get at why this story satisfies a large number of people who buy entertainment in this form.

Well, since the commercial novel is intended to entertain--that is, to divert the reader--it likely follows that the universe pictured in commercial novels diverges from the universe in which the reader lives. And, since the reader of the commercial novels shares the common human trait of being inherently logical, though not a logician, it follows that the universe depicted in commercial novels, whatever its relationship to reality, will be self-consistent; logical on its own terms, however primitive those may be. This study proceeds on the assumption that these two propositions are true. Now, if they are taken as true, then we can postulate that the universe of the commercial novel is probably in some kind of one-to-one relationship with reality, for several reasons: One, it would be an easy universe for the writer to describe without faltering. Two, it would be an easy universe for the reader to grasp--and the less effortful his grasp, the better.

Working from that, we can proceed to a detailed description of the hero; the viewpoint character with whom the reader is to identify.

He is never at a total loss. By his very nature, he is largely independent of environmental pressure. He is never faced with a setback for which he has no response whatsoever. The initiative is never out of his hands for long. He is, for lagniappe, physically dangerous to other men, and attractive to women.

This man, we may assume, is the reader written larger. Not only larger, however, but much less complex. And it is the latter of these two attributes which may be the more attractive.

Any one, after all, may acquire physical strength, a measure of dexterity, and training. But very few people are free to do so. They are tied to a routine which, if they are storekeepers, for example, prevents their having the time to learn judo. Or so, at least, most people might be inclined to feel. So it is the hero's freedom--underscored by his ability to manipulate his environment, but established by the nature of the less demanding world in which he lives--which is probably the key to what makes him a desirable object for reader identification.

If we find such a hero in these novels--and we do--and if we hold to the opinion that the universe of the commercial fiction story is self-consistent--and we postulate that it is, for it takes a rare kind of mind to follow and enjoy illogicality--then it follows that the universe is much like its inhabitant; more assured, better organized, harsher and more attractive than life. Its events will all follow logically and clearly from its basic premises, whatever those might be. Its inhabitants will all either always know exactly what they are doing or will have logical grounds for their errors. Nothing they do will

be based on the universe that is. In a paper universe, it is insanity --illogic--to base an action on the ways and wants of the universe of flesh and blood.

This, I think, is the most important thing for the writer of commercial novels to remember; that once the paper world has been established, it is not permissible to touch upon reality. I have been jarred, time and again, by characters in Foreign Intrigue novels who regret their murders, except for practical reasons, once they have fairly moved into the world of Foreign Intrigue. I am always disconcerted to encounter genuine lust, or genuine love, in a novel of this type, when properly considered lust is what is to be done with any woman, while love is an emotion with which the hero was once endowed, but which he lost some time before the story opens. (Here, again, we see the reader, with his high school passions magnified into an epic of romance, but lost, now, in mundane conjugal relations, and remembered fondly.)

So, ultimately, the most important choice to make in setting out to create a commercial novel is the choice not of a protagonist, nor even of an intriguing setting, but, rather, of the kind of stage on which he is to move. The writer must, perforce, find a universe he can live with and believe in for the length of time it takes to write the book. I think this is why the most successful writers of this kind of book are usually a little at odds with reality--they can fall into alternate universes so easily that what is work for others is recreation for them.

Security is being published in YANDROSharon Towle (and thank you)

EDGAR EGObOO
by Arnold Katz

People on Kerouac's World were real cool; altogether the hippest people in the universe. They talked, dressed and lived like beats.

Edgar Egoboo was called in by the local medical authorities to solve a health problem which was threatening to ruin the planet. "Like, Edgar," said the local medical authorities, "Our bathrooms are stysville. All the cats and chicks coming down with all sorts of hangups. And, man, there's no stopping it, either. When you like, gotta go, you gotta go."

Edgar thought a few minutes. "Diseases being spread through the bathrooms, eh?"

"You are hitting on all cylinders, man."

"I should think you would be able to solve a simple problem like this yourselves. All you need do is appoint a Commission to clean up the bathrooms and make sure they stay clean."

Within a week, the bathrooms of Kerouac's World were spotless and the disease rate was dropping. "Man, I've gotta hand it to you," said the local medical authority. "I'd have, like, lost my job if it wasn't for your John Board, man."

ADVERTISING SLOGANS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

by Dave Locke & Lew Grant

"Get relief fast, fast, FAST!"Colt Patent Firearms Company

"Smoking more now, but enjoying it less?"American Cancer Society

"Give me your tired, your poor...."Household Finance Company

"For the first time, you feel really clean." ...US Internal Revenue Dept.

A DODDERING COLUMN

from

uncle alan

H.L. Lawrence's book *THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT* was an extremely disturbing book of the effects at birth of radiation on children whose mothers had been subjected to accidental leaks of radiation. The children themselves were thus immune to radiation, with cold skins which spelt death for anyone who came near them. Because it paralleled the incident of the recent radiation leak from a reactor, this story was a little too close to the truth for some people.

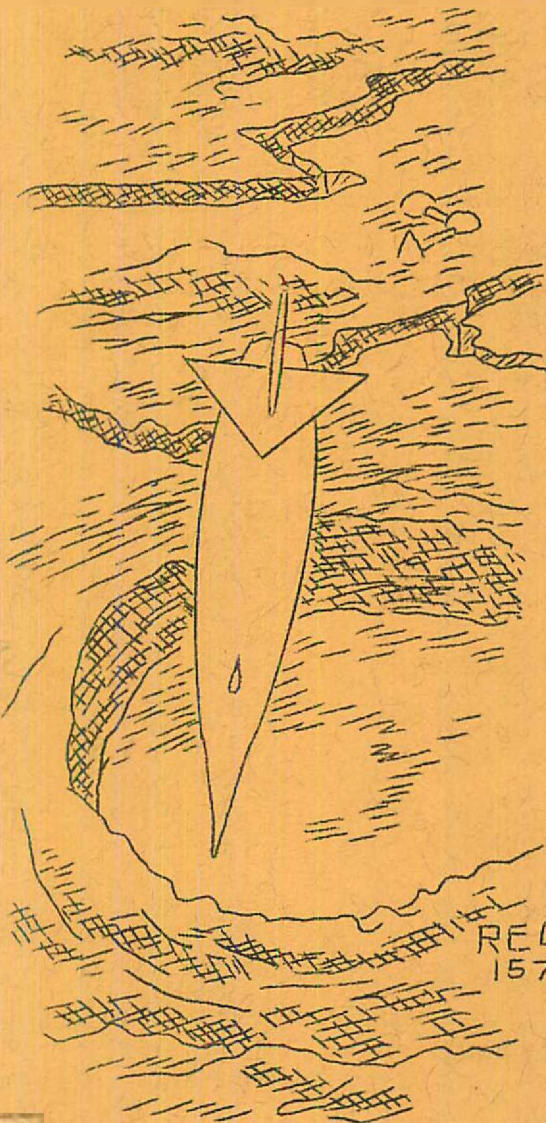
About two years ago, exiled American film director, Joseph Losey (who has been working in England ever since the McCarthy days) made a film of this story with American actor MacDonald Carey. The title was *THE DAMNED* -- not to be confused with either *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED* (the film version of John Wyndham's *The Midwich Cuckoos*) or the forthcoming sequel,

CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED. The children of Losey's film are not blue eyed, blond haired, evil aliens; these are ordinary children, but radioactive.

The film, though made long ago, was not released. It gathered dust on the shelves for two years until only recently, when it was released as second feature to Hammer's *MANIAC*. A problem picture -- as one will see.

Alexander Know, as the scientist in charge, has the children imprisoned underground in a coastal cave installation on the South Coast of England. There the children are taught by television, fed by remote control, and looked after by armed guards resembling a cross between the spacemen of the future and the inhabitants of Fritz Lang's 1926 *METROPOLIS*. Here they live concealed from the world, in a prison which has a special lock on the outside door, a lock that will be opened by a radioactive release of energy. The nuclear war that destroys all life will provide the key to release these nine children into a world where only they, immune to radiation, can survive. What is death for us is life for them.

An American visitor and his girl friend stumble upon the cave while escaping from the girl's brother. Her brother is the local teenage gang leader. They're a group of charming fellows, wearing motorcycle outfits and knives -- except for the leader, who



REG
157

wears black gloves and carries a rolled umbrella with a knife inside the handle.

Just above the cave installation works a sculptress, Viveca Lindfors. She's a friend of the scientist in charge of this night - mare establishment, (which resembles a concentration camp more than anything).

The hero and heroine try to save the children, since of course they do not know they are radioactive, and they release them. But all are recaptured by the guards. Also, the escaping gang leader is killed when his car crashes into the sea, and the sculptress is shot by the chief scientist when she refuses to conceal the secret of the establishment. One feels this, like the other items in the film, is done with complete official approval. It is perhaps too much like the real facts of life, which have given the privileged officials the RSG concrete bunkers to hide in when the nuclear war breaks out. For the rest of us -- 2½ million cardboard coffins. That, unfortunately, isn't a film.

The hero and the heroine escape in his boat. Unknowingly, they are slowly dying of radioactivity. As their boat speeds into the sunset, a military helicopter follows them. Not interfering, just watching, hovering, like some malevolent vulture.

There is no happy ending. They are doomed. We are doomed and from that cave near the sea come the cries of the children -- "Somebody please help us. Please help us." But nobody hears. Nobody wants to hear.

Not even the people who don't want to show films like this.



crewman

r. l. clancy

Oh, they have sailed three thousand miles
In a ship with canvas white,
But I have spanned the reaches of space
To the farthest stretch of light.
And they are down in the history books,
Most revered are their names,
While I but work on a rocket craft,
To die someday in flames.
No matter the children read of them,
And I bow my head as well,
For I bore life to many a world
From out of a cold, black hell.
We set our course by many a star,
By many a flaming sun.
When the crew troops out at the spaceport,
I'm proud that I am one.

GOLDEN MINUTES



FOUR FROM PLANET 5, by Murray Leinster (Gold Medal, 40¢) All too often, when a pb company reissues a title, it uses a new cover illo. This always gives me a bad time because I'm never sure about whether or not I already have the book. Gold Medal didn't do this; the only change in the cover is in the upper right corner, where "35¢" has been changed to "40¢". I approve of this; I'll even go along with the price increase. The book is enjoyable, as are most of Leinster's books. Super-children and satiric comment on our civilization are always good for a story, and Leinster keeps things moving. I should think that most of our readers would have the earlier edition, but if you haven't already seen it, by all means try it. It will never win a Hugo, but it's fun.

THREE WORLDS TO CONQUER, by Poul Anderson (Pyramid, 50¢) Their earlier 50¢ titles must have sold well. The book starts very slowly; with Anderson laying the background for two separate but interweaved stories, it almost has to. It picks up midway along, and turns into a very good book. It would have been a better one if Poul hadn't used the hoary old plot of the honest colonists rebelling against the terrible Earth dictatorship for half of his plot, but you can't have everything. The alien civilization of Jupiter is well done; I'd have enjoyed more of that and less of the human problems. (Again, the plot is nothing new, but I'm a sucker for alien backgrounds, and this is a good one.)

THE SPACE BARBARIANS, by Tom Godwin (Pyramid, 50¢) In his letter, Ted White wonders if his standards have raised or if Godwin has gotten worse since he wrote the first book of this series, SPACE PRISON. I don't think that either one happened. It's simply that SPACE BARBARIANS is a totally different kind of novel from SPACE PRISON. The first book was a sciencefictional Robinson Crusoe; castaways on an inhospitable world attempting to survive. This sequel is space opera in the grand fashion; a throwback to Doc Smith and the early Campbell novels. The resemblance to the Skylark series is remarkable. In this type of book, there is no chance for any sort of characterization; events move too fast for it. I've never cared much for Doc Smith's novels, and I don't care much for this one. But it's the stf of the good old days, and it will doubtless be loved by thousands of young readers.

THE TRAIL OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) I finally succumbed and read a Fu Manchu novel. It wasn't as bad as I'd expected. It has its flaws; it was written in 1934, at a time when popular fiction abounded in heroes who postured, declaimed grandly, and uttered expletives such as "You yellow swine!" Within these limitations -- and they are restrictive ones -- Rohmer manages a fair adventure novel. Not a good one, because there are too many ideas thrown away. (At the beginning, the heroine is kidnapped from a ship at sea, given an anesthetic, and transported to England as a piece of statuary. The only explanation for any of this is that the Evil Doctor works in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform. Velly clever, these Chinees -- cleverer than the author, evidently.) Original ideas are fobbed off, and all the attention is given to fairly common chase and capture scenes. Entertaining, but I don't think I'd want much of it; it could rapidly become boring.

THE DARK RIVER, by Nordhoff and Hall (Pyramid, 50¢) This isn't stf, of

course, but you do read a few other things, don't you? Only don't bother with this one. I became a fan of Nordhoff and Hall when I read The Hurricane at age 13 or so; I thought it was great, and I enjoyed one of their other South Sea novels later. I had great hopes for The Dark River, but they weren't borne out. It appears to be an attempt to imitate Conrad, and I don't like the original, much less imitations. One of the plot elements is a racial question that I simply don't see the point of -- and then, having raised the question, they leave it unresolved and kill off their main characters to provide a "tragedy". Balderdash.

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS, by Quentin Reynolds (Pyramid, 75¢) Sneaky title, there. This is the sort of book which you can open more or less at random and find enjoyable. The early parts, depicting Reynolds' childhood in Brooklyn, are less interesting, partly because everybody who ever lived in New York City writes nostalgically of the place and I'm up to here in kreplach, vaudeville and the Dodgers. That whole school of writing was summed up beautifully by Frank Sullivan in "The Night The Old Nostalgia Burned Down". Give Reynolds credit for honesty, tho. During the Civil War there were thousands of citizens who stayed home, hired substitutes for the draft, and made money, but Reynolds is the first writer I've read who admits that any of these gentlemen could have been his ancestors. Also, he spends a minimum amount of time on his childhood and gets on to more interesting affairs. The life of any long-time reporter is interesting (or if it isn't, he has the talent required to make it seem interesting). All in all, Reynolds writes an excellent book.

Futnam has finally published the last book in Heinlein's "Future History" series, ORPHANS OF THE SKY. I got it through the Doubleday Book Club (if the book club hadn't been selling it for \$1.20 I probably wouldn't have purchased it, since I already had the Gollancz (British) hardcover edition. The first half, "Universe", is one of Heinlein's all-time best stories. The second half isn't nearly as good, but it does finish off the story, even though not too logically.

I might also mention, rather belatedly, ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS, in which Lloyd Biggle takes an intriguing problem and fouls it up with a bunch of improbable aliens (possibly because he couldn't think of a better solution). Having the mysterious disappearances caused by aliens hiding on the Moon with a super-gadget, though, is equivalent to having the crime committed by the butler.

A few stf titles which are on the stands now but which I haven't read yet include: LIMBO, by Bernard Wolfe (Ace, 75¢), OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSE, by Edmond Hamilton (Ace, 40¢), THE VALLEY OF CREATION, by Edmond Hamilton (Lancer, 50¢) -- this seems to be Hamilton month -- QUEST OF THE DAWN MAN, by J.H. Rosny (Ace, 40¢), SON OF THE TREE and HOUSES OF ISZM by Jack Vance (Ace, 40¢), TALES OF TEN WORLDS, by Arthur C. Clarke (Dell, 50¢), PODKAYNE OF MARS, by Heinlein (Avon, 50¢), MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, by Philip K. Dick (Ballantine, 50¢), and a non-stf historical novel by Andre Norton, SHADOW HAWK (Ace, 50¢).

I recently read through the last 6 issues of F&SF in a couple of days. I didn't read every story (I started every story, but I couldn't finish all of them) but I did discover one perfectly lovely item: "No Place Like Where", by Robert M. Green, Jr., in the May issue. (The lead item in that issue, Ballard's "The Illuminated Man", was so terribly lit'ry that it gagged me.) Other moderately impressing items this year have been Brunner's "Bridge To Azrael" in the Feb. AMAZING and Aldiss' "The Dark Light-Years" in the April WORLDS OF TOMORROW (though I suspect it was cut badly). [13]

The Initial Inflex

article by

RICHEL BENYO

WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD -- Andre Norton -- Ace Books, Inc. -- F-263 --
40¢ -- Estcarpian Series #2 -- 1964

Perhaps one of today's most consistently good science fiction (and now fantasy) writers is Andre Norton, whose typewriter seems to be turning out a steady torrent of juvenile, progressive juvenile, and now strictly adult adventure stories. A career that began in s-f in the late '40's seems, at last, to be gaining the acclaim that it has been striving for since the publication, in 1952, of STAR MAN'S SON, then a Harcourt, Brace, & Co. release. This novel was to start Miss Norton on a spree of thrilling adventure stories that have brought many a fan to science fiction. Who, once they have read, and met, a character like Hosteen Storm, can soon forget his adventures in riding a planet of its potential alien possessors? Who can soon forget Storm's animal team? But, this today seems but a stage in the development of a more profound writing ability.

Recently, coupled with Andre Norton's superb story-telling ability, has come a depth that few authors can hope to match in a first delving into the realm of fantasy adventure. This depth has been accomplished quite well in the now famous novel, WITCH WORLD. This sword & sorcery tale, taking place on the land of Estcarp, of a fantastic world of strange realities, has been said by some to be the best novel to be published in 1963. And well it may be acclaimed so. It is not hard for a reader to become caught up in the entrancing tale of Simon Tregarth's struggle against the forces of evil, both within and without himself in his incarnation into a new world. This world, however adverse to modern society, supplies a newfound self for Simon, as well as for his witch-wife, as they battle the previously-hidden forces of Kolder, to rid the Keeps of their invisible slavery of mind and soul.

Not content, it seems, Miss Norton sat herself to another long session, for the work of accomplishing the final draft of the sequel to this novel -- recently released as an Ace Original under the title WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD.

Don Wollheim, editor of Ace Books, has often been ribbed for his title-changes, but this time it seems in good taste, as it tends to enhance greatly the uniformity of the series. For those who are curious about the "original" titles, as they were submitted, WITCH WORLD was called QUATRE OF SWORDS, while WEB was titled QUEST FOR KOLDER.

In WEB, the tale is picked up after Simon and Jaelithe, the Estcarpian witch, are married. Impending danger spurs Jaelithe to desert her husband, and when she does so, Simon sets about to track down the home-base of the dreaded forces of Kolder.

There is an opening left at the end of the novel, when one of the Estcarpian witches reveals a coming upheaval of forces, wherein the

witches will be forced to involuntarily relinquish their importance of in the world where magic reigns above the sword.

This opening is presently being used by Miss Norton as she turns her notes into a working outline for the third work of the Estcarpian series.

Many strings are left to the reader's imagination, especially in the form of the identity of the "thing" which killed Aldis for possession of the talisman, on the other side of the Kolder Gate. But, to have gone into the presentation of this creature would have involved either a good deal of additional wordage -- which would have had no bearing on the story, and which may have been left as a pick-up point of the third book of the series. Who can say but the author? The thing could have been one of the skull-headed soldiery of the other side, although the description definitely tended toward the realm of the animal, as the passage "And torn flesh was one with torn robe..." may indicate. But, the development of this aspect of the book is left to the reader's imagination in just the proper dosage to pique the interest to proper proportions for full enjoyment of that phase of the novel. In spots, especially toward the seemingly too-abrupt ending, WEB does not match the splendor of its predecessor in execution, although in depth of plot, as well as hidden meanings, it is far superior.

The already published WITCH WORLD and WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD, plus JUDGMENT ON JANUS, tend to lead me to believe that the field of fantasy adventure has become Andre Norton's new home. The lack of good writers in this field at present serves to offer a grounds-of-little-resistance for Miss Norton's skilled fiction. This, however, is not going to be as easy as it may seem. Samuel Delany's three recent fantasy adventures for Ace seem to tend toward an increase of interest in the field. Then there is also Fritz Leiber's Gray Mouser tales. But, the best of the crop are gone, either through death or a change of occupation -- Leigh Brackett, Robert E. Howard, Henry Kuttner, C.A. Smith, H.P. Lovecraft, C.L. Moore, etc.

It is surprising that L. Sprague de Camp is not doing more in this field, but it is probably due to a number of orders for other books in both fiction and non-fiction. But, however small the number of authors in this field at present, there will always be a following drawing up sides between their favorites. This should tend to provide an interesting battle as the field again begins to fill.

The new upswing in Miss Norton's writing makes me look expectantly forward to the publication of forthcoming NIGHT OF MASKS, ORDEAL IN OTHERWHERE, X FACTOR, and the third book of the Estcarp series.

FERRIC FORTNIGHTS

After typing the regular review column, I ran across a copy of the Airmont pb, INVADERS FROM RIGEL, by Fletcher Pratt (40¢). I always like to mention Airmont selections, since due to erratic distribution they are sometimes hard to find. (And besides, I have this stencil to fill...) "The Onslaught From Rigel" first appeared in 1931, and was reprinted in the first WONDER STORIES ANNUAL in 1950, where I read it. I decided then that Pratt was a better military historian than he was a stf writer (an opinion that I've never seen the need to revise. Even his best stf falls far short of Ordeal By Fire or Eleven Generals.) The Rigellian invasion is, to put it mildly, somewhat dated, and I can't believe that it was very good, even when it was new. But if you go for the old-time stf, here is an authentic sample. (I'm curious about the title change; is "onslaught" too sophisticated a term for today's pb purchasers?) ...RSC

KUBRICK'S BOMBASTIC MASTERPIECE

a film review by

don-hutchison

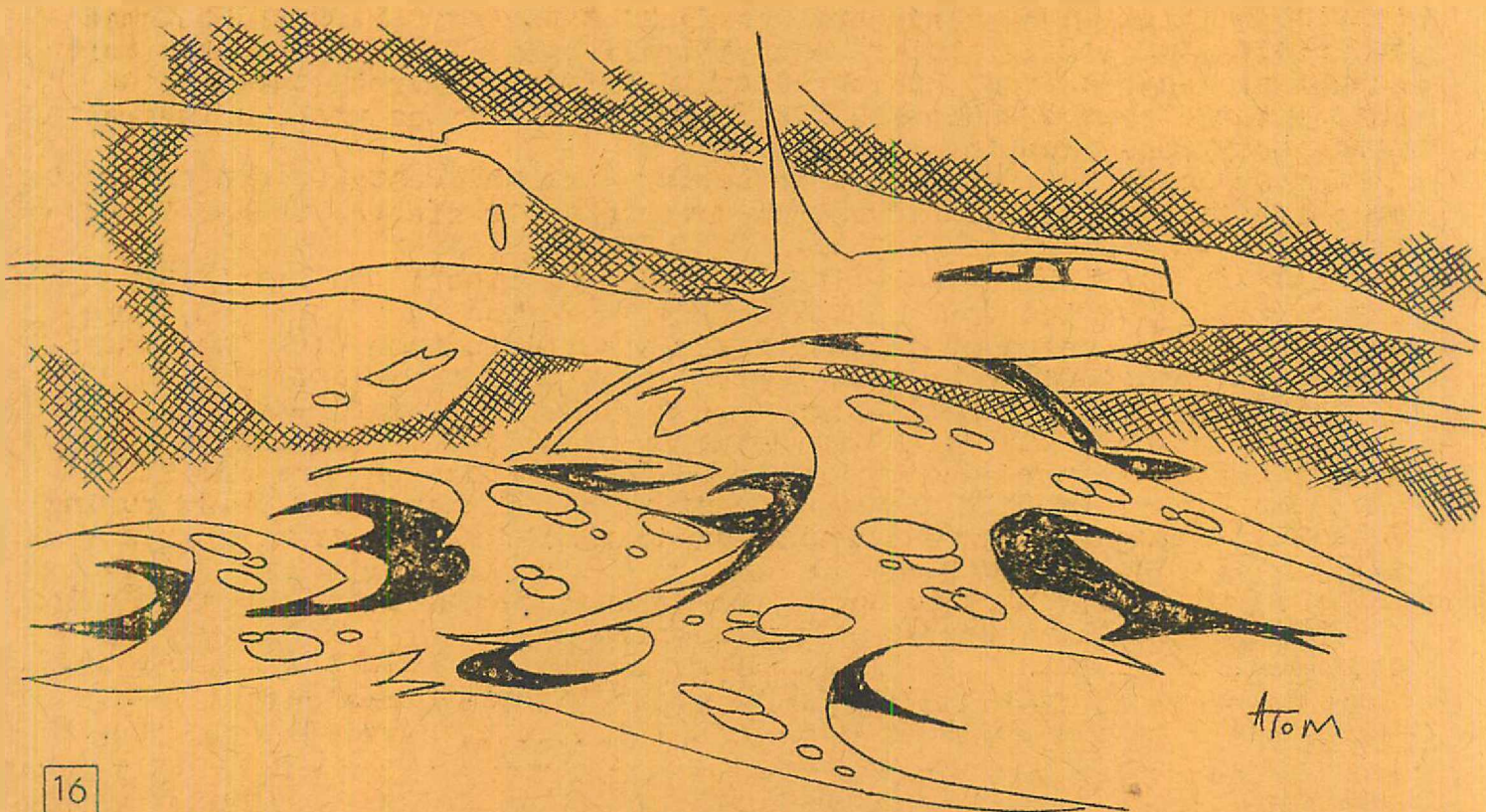
For those of you completely surfeited by such filmic delights as The Giant Hot Dog From Outer Space or I Was A Teen-Age Old Man, I respectfully submit a report on a new entry into the science-fiction film genre. At the outset, allow me to state that there are several specific differences between this one and all the many, many other contenders: for one thing, this one is really good!

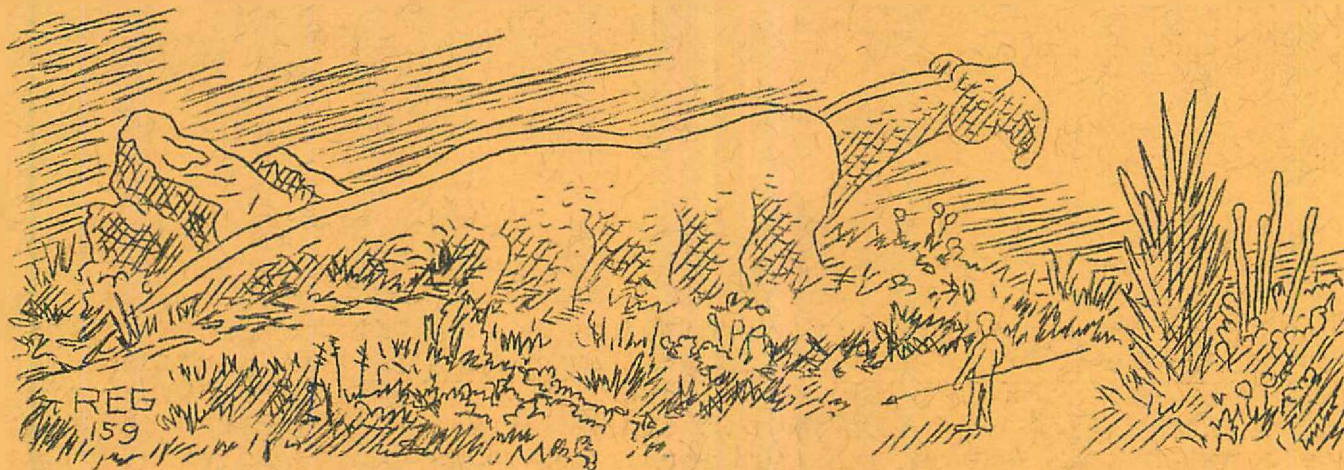
The film in question is as pithy as its title is overweight: Doctor Strangelove or: How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb. It is Science-fiction, and science-fiction of a very high order -- far more than all the Creeping Brains and Hoary Giant Newts we've been used to, although that seems like faint praise indeed.

Billed as a "nightmare comedy", this outrageous Swiftian satire springs from the fervid imagination of a not-quite aging enfant terrible named Stanley Kubrick.

As a director, Kubrick is today what Welles was some twenty years ago. Doctor Strangelove could well be his Citizen Kane, although it is not a first film as was Welles' masterpiece.

The picture is based (very roughly) on Peter George's pre-Fail-Safe bestseller, Red Alert. Having acquired the rights to George's stolid novel, Kubrick promptly made an inspired switch: he turned the whole thing into a mordant, black-hearted comedy. The script credits are





shared by Kubrick, novelist George and hip writer Terry Sothern. Together, they have fashioned a brilliant frontal attack on the follies of a race whose technical successes are matched only by its individual idiocies.

It is difficult to imagine the total effect this picture may have in the drive-ins and neighborhood houses: it is a suspenseful film, an exciting film, above all an outrageously funny film, and yet...many will not like it. They will not like it because it will scare them or because it will anger them. I sincerely hope so. Considering the present low state of satiric humor in America (viz. the bland juvenilia of Mad's magazine and the toothless creampuff version of Britain's This Was the Week That Was TV Show) Doctor Strangelove is by anybody's standards a real corker of a show—a gem...a rarity.

To be frank, the whole thing defies a capsule description (it makes most other "off-beat" films look like Jerry Wald productions), but the bare skeleton plot concerns a psychotic commander of a SAC base who is convinced that the Russians are trying to take over the world by "contaminating our bodily fluids" (specifically, by fluoridating the water supplies), and so sends his squadron of B-52's on beyond their fail-safe points to drop their loads on Russia and get the whole matter settled cosily once and for all.

The movie is then concerned in seeing what the Pentagon can do about stopping it, and what the Russians have up their sleeves to counteract it.

What the Russians have is the "Doomsday Machine": an intricate, inter-locking device that automatically, when they are attacked, triggers off a succession of nuclear devices sufficient to cover the world with fatal radioactive fallout for the next century or so.

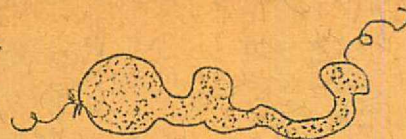
From here on out complications are really wild and far-out. Suffice it to say that at one point in the story, the fate of the entire world rests on a Coca-Cola vending machine. And to those who are familiar with what the voice of Vera Lynn meant to servicemen in the U.K. during WWII the ending will have a double-edged twist. Aware or not, it's still a disturbing experience.

Yes, Virginia, there is such a thing as a good science-fiction movie. This one really deserves your support.

"The Luger is my favorite weapon," replied Tom, automatically.

-----Claude Saxon, Jr.

STRANGE FRUIT



Noted but not reviewed: THE INVADER #1 (Staton), G², Mar. '64 (Gibsons), AD ASTRA #8 (Bryant).

STARFINK (anonymous) I don't know who sent this piece of filth, but I'd appreciate it if he refrains from ever sending me anything else -- fanzine, letter, or a sub renewal to YANDRO if he has one. I can get along very well without contact with the sort of stupidity which thinks things like this are smart, and I can get along equally well without contact with the gutless wonders who are afraid to accept responsibility for what they write.

REPORT FROM THE PACIFICON II COMMITTEE ON THE CANCELLATION OF THE MEMBERSHIP OF WALTER BRIEN (Stark, Halevy, Rogers, Donaho) If enough people make statements, the rest of us may -- though I really doubt it -- acquire enough material so we can make our own judgment. To newcomers; if you don't already know where this can be acquired, you're better off without it and any other publications devoted to the Breen Affair.

I had intended to comment on THE LOYAL OPPOSITION here, but I seem to have left it at home. At any rate, working from memory, I would say that Al Lewis's comments in here seem to be the most sensible remarks on the affair that I've heard from anyone.

MINAC #13 (Les Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11226 - frequent but irregular - three 4¢ stamps per issue - co-editor, Ted White) Ted starts off with some good comments on science fiction, ranging from reviews in some depth of Vance and St. Clair novels to news of what the publishers are doing. Terry Carr follows with fanzine reviews, and then Les Gerber closes with what is primarily a report on the 1962 Coulson Picnic. I enjoyed this part immensely, but I can't see that it would be very interesting to anyone who was not present (if it had been about a Trimble Picnic or a Lupoff Party, it would have bored me, and I can't see that our affairs are intrinsically more interesting than theirs.) Oops; he didn't "close", after all; the last item is a report on an ESFA meeting by Steve Stiles. MINAC 13-A covers more material on Breen. EGO #8 and 9 are written by Bill Meyers, and C*O*L*O*P*H*O*N* is the work of Avram and Grania Davidson. (They are much more entertaining than Meyers, though Avram has done better fanzine writings than this one.)

Rating.....6

ZEEN #1 (E.E. Evers, Apt. 1-C, 268 E. 4th. St., New York 9, N.Y. - monthly - no price listed) Not much here; the editor mentions that this is mostly to announce that he is going to publish a fanzine. Fanzine reviews, a good rundown on a recent issue of F&SF, Breen material (some of which I could have done without) and a rider of integration material (a freedom rider, I suppose....) which has the right attitude marred by a hopelessly inept approach. It makes a good announcement; now I'll have to wait for the next issue to see what sort of fanzine appears.

BAYING AT THE MOON #2 (Mike McInerney, Apt. 4C, 268 E. 4th. St., New York 9, N.Y. - "every two or three weeks" - for trades or letters of comment) The first issue appeared as a rider with ZEEN, and was composed entirely of fanzine reviews. This one includes both fanzine reviews and letters (next issue might even contain writing...). The reviews are good enough, if you like fanzine reviews. Both reviews and letters are marred by the fact that the mimeo used for #2 apparently has a dent in the roller, causing blank spots near the bottom of the page. It makes it a bit hard to decipher Mike's comments.

BAYTA #2 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio, 44203 - quarterly - for trade or comment) Another small one; editorial, a couple of letters, a very short story by E. E. Evers and verse by Wolfenbarger. What's there is enjoyable, mostly.

SKYRACK #65, 66 (Ron Bennett, 17 Newcastle Road, Wavertree, Liverpool 15, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢, or 6 for 70¢ sent airmail - USAgent, me) #65 is devoted to a report of the British annual convention; #66 contains the results of the "Skyrack Poll" of favorite British fan and professional magazines, writers, etc. I can't say I'm terribly interested in either one, but for those who like this sort of thing.... Presumably next issue will revert to the usual news notes and personality sketches. Rating....5

SATURA #3 (Fohn Foyster, PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia - bi-weekly - for trade or comment) This is mostly devoted to movie reviews. Mildly interesting in that not one of the 23 films mentioned had I seen. (There are a total of 4 that I'll go to if I get a chance and don't have anything more pressing on my mind; the rest I can cheerfully ignore) Rating.....3

ROMANN #1 (Richard Mann, 131 Belt Road, APO 845, New York, N.Y., C9845 - quarterly - 15¢ - British agent, Charles Platt) Small, and mostly devoted to mailing comments on N'APA, which aren't too exciting to a non-member. There is one good article by Richard Badzik, sounding a bit like an American Berry (and there is one half-page thing by Badzik which says that minorities and non-conformists are useful. And that is all it says.) The editorial is reasonably good, and with more general-interest material and a letter column, the next issue could be well worth getting. (And, then again, it might not be.)

THRU THE HAZE #28 (Art Hayes, 512 College St., Bathurst, N.B., Canada - monthly - no price listed) This still features Alma Hill's writer's column; this issue mentions plans for a fanzine strictly for would-be pro writers. (Don't write to me about it, because I'm not interested; get this issue of TTH.) There is a stickily sentimental verse which strikes me as the worst "tribute" to Kennedy that I've ever read anywhere. And there is a biography-bibliography of Andre Norton which is undoubtedly the best thing in the mag, and the most interesting (not "best-written") item I've seen this month. The bibliography seems to cover everything, including German translations and her rare short stories. TTH is worth getting for this alone -- which is a good thing. Rating....6

S F ART #2 (S F Art Club, c/o Mr. Kaneko, 17 Hatsune-cho, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo, Japan - 50¢ - quarterly, I think) Except for an editorial explanation, this is entirely devoted to artwork. I still haven't figured out the reproduction process; it looks like some improbable combination of diazo and spirit duplication. Whatever it is, it's very good for art repro. I didn't care too much for a lot of the art represented, but "Take" (Takayanagi, I suppose?) does good work and some of the others are unusual. Rating....6

KIPPLE #56 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212 - pretty much monthly - 20¢) Ted discusses the Supreme Court, political prognostications, and all stuff like that. Ted is extremely literate, but pedestrian. (These articles are closer to those of a political economy professor than to those of a political columnist.) The lettercolumn is enlivened by Sarge Smith, who manages to insert an occasional highly penetrating and pertinent comment into the general stupidity of his harangues. His views aren't particularly popular with me, but they do provide a change of pace for a letter column dominated by liberal intellectuals. (Of course, there's no point in arguing with him, since he's a know-it-all type, but he's still fun.) Rating....5

THE MARTIAN TRAVELER V2#2 (Raymond L. Clancy, 1086 President St., Brooklyn, N.Y. - free - monthly) This is a one-pager filled with short verse and alleged humor. It is also published by a process which does not lend itself to mass production, so don't ask for this unless you really feel that you'll appreciate it, and don't be surprised if your request gets turned down, even then. Sort of fun, and short enough to be read quickly.

ZENITH #4 (Peter R. Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, England - bi-monthly? - 20¢ - USAgent, Al Lewis, 1825 Greenfield, Los Angeles, Calif.) A very neat, good-looking magazine devoted to the serious study of science fiction. Artwork in par-

cular looks good (partly because a good share of it is reprinted from professional mags). The editor says he has modelled ZENITH after the professional stf mags, which isn't strictly true; at least I never saw a promag with 4 articles and 1 story. Even AUTHENTIC never got quite ratio of non-fiction to fiction. H. Beam Piper writes about his "future history" series; now that Heinlein, Asimov and Anderson have all done it, it seems to be the Thing To Do. Phil Harbottle discusses SF art — he knows considerably more about the old-time artists than I do, but he doesn't seem to know too much about art (he appears to consider Elliot Dold a great illustrator, for example). Of course, he is the same fan who thinks John Russell Fearn is a great writer, so I guess a liking for Dold could be expected. There is a checklist of Corgi Books, and an article on Russian science fiction, the latter by Alan Dodd. There is a short and very poor story by John Berry, and numerous reviews. All in all, it's probably an excellent magazine for the newcomer, or the serious stf addict. Rating.....5

The abrupt change in typeface is due to the fact that I don't want to pack stencils, corflu, and fanzines back to work another day when I can finish things here. Incidentally, Juanita read the first page of reviews and said that the problem in BAYING AT THE MOON is more likely a dented drum than a dented roller. I bow to an expert.

CRY #173 (Cry, Box 92, 507 Third Avenue, Seattle, Washington, 98104 - 25¢ - bi-monthly - British Agent, John Berry) The usual enjoyable material. Best thing was John Berry's account of his trials with a record player. (His first record player! Truly the Irish are an underprivileged race, victimized by their cruel Sassenach overlords.) Next best is Mae Strelkov's long letter from Argentina. All sorts of comments on primitive tribes and Fortean occurrences. Rating...7

STEFANTASY #54 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania, 16043 - irregular - price 7 kronen) And he's not kidding about that price and he will not accept American money even if you are willing to pay that much for one issue. You can also get the mag by writing an interesting letter, but it's easier to buy the first issue of a fanzine and then stay on the mailing list by writing; the first issue gives you the idea of what the editor considers interesting. This isn't one of the best issues of STEF, but Colin Freeman is funny and the ads are humorous tho not up to the quality of the last issue. For newcomers; STEF is devoted to humorous commentary on people and the American Way. It seldom mentions science fiction. The humor is generally a cut above MAD and HELP! Rating...8

INTERIM #2 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Drive, Highland Park, Illinois, 60035 - quarterly - 20¢) Mark is still looking for material -- rather desperately, by now. Surely some readers out there are looking for a publisher? The reproduction in INTERIM isn't outstanding by any means, but it's readable. (Only don't send him any fanzine review columns; he's got two of them now.) Aside from these, there is a book review column, which has the advantage of covering mostly hardcovers (which fans like me don't see very often) and the disadvantage of not saying anything much about them. Then there is the editorial, letter column, and an article by Lew Grant. The latter brings out one of the things that make fans interesting; they tend to look at the old familiar world from entirely original viewpoints. The article wasn't anything extra as far as writing technique goes, but the idea behind it was fascinating. Rating.....4

CLAUDE SAXON, Jr. c/o Administration Building, Western State Hospital, Tennessee, is willing to pay "any fair price" for THE SPIRIT, plus early issues of FANTASTIC FOUR and SPIDER MAN.

GRUMBLES

Alex B. Eisenstein, 3030 W. Fargo Ave., Chicago, Illinois, 60645

Dear Mr. White: If your fiction parallels your exposition in quality, I would indeed like to see some of it (where published - F&SF?). Your article (or column) in Yandro #13⁴ was fascinating, not to say enlightening (ahem).

Having dusted those compliments (I hope) off my mental shelf, I feel a little less cluttered. To get to the point, this is written as comment on your letter in Yandro #13⁴. I take exception to your statement, "...even the cruddier sf will gas him because he has no standards..." Unless he (the hypothetical neophyte) starts reading science fiction at the age of 3 or thereabouts, he will have standards developed through his perusal of other literature (and I use the term "literature" loosely) other forms of writing. Please note -- I say "reading science fiction," not watching it on T.V. My first introduction to sf was through the "Captain Video" space operas (well, I guess that dates me, hmmm?); the visual media in general, however, cannot truly be compared to the written, because, dammit, you are seeing it!

Unless he develops fairly good standards early in life, anything novel or exciting or, let us say, libidinally stimulating (sex), will gas him! I submit that one's standards for literature do not change appreciably once formed. True, many stories one does not appreciate early in life -- but this is not due to immature standards, necessarily; it is more likely due to a misunderstanding of the stories because they involve aspects of culture & society that one has not absorbed yet.

I submit that, if a person's standards are changed, they are changed for the worse. They may at first be immature, but changed -- they will be artificial. Pedantic. In another word, pseudointellectual.

Of course, I would be the last to state that no one ever changes his literary standards for the better. I again submit, however, that (1) a true change is rare, (2.) most apparent changes are artificial overlays which the individual wears like a badge or holy mantle, in order that he may be more socially acceptable in various social circles (student and teacher associates, friends, relatives, wife or girl friends, etc.) or to various social persons.

I seem to be waxing a bit philosophical. I admit that I cannot justify my analysis without extensive and minute examination of my own personal experience, plus examination of subtle indication visible in those around me. I don't wish to expound on my life story, nor, I wager, do you want me to. I only ask that you reconsider in the light of my framework (there's a mixture of two dead metaphors for you) -- come now, were you really gassed by the first sf piece you ever read?

As to your second point, on the love (Platonic, I guess...) inherent in writing and its irrelevancy in connection with the quality of amateur work, I heartily agree. As you say, "These kids ... believe me, they could only have written their stories for the love of it. Nonetheless, I wish more of today's competent sf writers would spend a little more

love in their work."

Applause.

This letter is addressed and mailed to you, Mr. White, because I am fed up with reading a letter in a fanzine, then waiting for a month, three months, a year, for its rebuttal. This way you may send both my letter and your answer to Yandro, if you so wish, and everyone can read my letter and your answer, side by side, all neat and pretty, and not split up by time and the postman.

Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11220

I think we're at cross purposes here, in this matter of standards. When I stated that a neo will enjoy even the cruddier sf, "Because he has no standards," I meant in the field and of the field.

I quite vividly recall my own introductions to sf (plural, because there were several steps involved), and I can honestly say that, Yes, I was "really gassed by the first sf piece" I ever read. It was John Keir Cross's Angry Planet, I was eight years old, and I read it through several times in rapid succession and then did a book report on it, copiously illustrated with drawings in rude imitation of those in the book. A year later I stumbled on Heinlein's Rocketship Galileo, and I want to tell you that this book made me a Heinlein fan for life -- despite my recently expressed opinions about his latest works. Everyone tells me that Heinlein's first juvenile was pretty lousy, but I read that straight through twice, I was so gassed by it, and I should judge I reread it at least six times in the next four or five years.

I stumbled on Conklin's anthologies (Best SF, Big Book of SF, etc.) a year or so before I started reading the magazines, and I very much dug them. In 1951 I started buying every sf magazine out, and I indiscriminately enjoyed them all. Needless to say, they were not of an equal quality. A couple years later I discovered (by way of the second-hand shops) DOC SAVAGE and THE SHADOW, bought a complete collection, and read most of them. The DOC SAVAGES I've read a number of several times.

During this period sf and related adventure-type stuff so grooved me that I couldn't get enough of it. When my supply ran low I reread. So help me, I reread the novel in the first AMAZING I bought twice. As I did also John Scott Campbell's "Beyond Pluto", reprinted in FSM. The very fact that I still remember these two horrors with as much affection as I do testifies to my wide open and receptive state.

Three years ago, I acquired one of the few remaining issues of DOC SAVAGE I needed for my collection. It dated from one of the better periods, 1934. I tried to read it without success. The very writing style which I had so greatly admired when I was fifteen now struck me as bald and two-dimensional -- although, thank ghod, not as badly so as Walter Gibson's style in his recent Shadow book (and the fact is, all the Shadow stories Gibson wrote were just as bad, and I have them all, every one). A few years earlier I picked up a Rover Boys book. When I was ten and eleven I read nearly all of these -- both series --

and dug them greatly. But nearly every one I read was a borrowed copy, and I welcomed the chance to have some of my own. I tried to read it. It was unbelievably bad. Worse than Walter B. Gibson.

What does all this mean? It means something quite well known among child psychologists: that as we grow older we grow more discriminating. This applies not merely in growth from childhood into adulthood, but also in any growth into a new field. Hifi fans begin with indiscriminating ears -- they're satisfied with cheap consols (or expensive ones with cheap sound). But each time they improve their system, they do so at the expense of their former lack of discrimination. A really sharp hifi bug can detect distortion in a \$600 system -- and it will bug him. A friend of mine can't listen to recordings with any surface noise, and will return copy after copy of a record until he gets one with "clean" sound. And this despite his interest in acoustical recordings of famous performances...

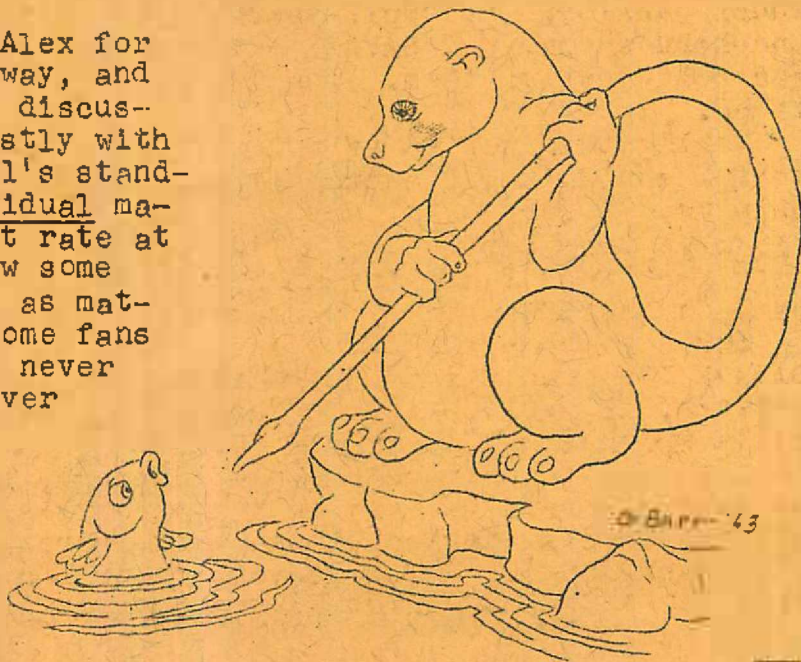
When we come into the stf field, we are just digging science fiction. We can read almost any kind of stf with enjoyment, even the most mediocre. Magazines (like PLANET) were supported by such readers, most of whom "moved up" within two or three years, leaving the magazine for the hard-core fans (who read only the lettercol) and the newer readers. But sooner or later we get our fill of the raw stuff. We start to discriminate. And that's when we begin establishing standards, criteria.

It's foolishness to say a person's literary standards are set early in his life. His standards will depend sheerly upon what he's exposed to, and how he reacts to it. My own standards have changed many times

and I doubt they've stopped even now. A good deal of it boils down to a finer ability to detect and separate the chaff from the wheat. Today I read Tom Godwin's Space Barbarians. I recall reading his Space Prison (to which the present book is a sequel) only a few years ago with enjoyment. I expected to enjoy this one equally. I don't know whether I've gotten better or Godwin's gotten worse, but this Space Barbarians is ghod-awful, filled with unbelievable situations, characterizations, and writing. It's on par with second-rate juveniles, if that.

That's how my standards have changed. And I don't believe they've done so because of social pressure. I felt no social pressure (or any other) which forced me to find Godwin's book so unsatisfying. It was just a poor book, and I recognized it.

/First, I'd like to thank Alex for handling his letter this way, and providing a more coherent discussion. I tend to agree mostly with Ted, here. The individual's standards mature as the individual matures, and there is no set rate at which this occurs. I know some sixteen-year-olds who are as mature as I am, and I know some fans in their fifties who have never "matured" and probably never will. (And we could also get sidetracked into "whose standards of maturity?", since there are numerous definitions of the term.) But in general, if you discover



stf as a teen-ager, you can expect to acquire broader mental horizons as you grow older, and in consequence you will find the average stf story less enchanting. I was a staunch western fan as a teen-ager; read all the pulp mags and most of the novels. Now I'm rarely interested enough to even pick up a western. (Bad as some stf is, it rarely approaches the sheer monotony of the typical quickie western.) I was thoroughly gassed by the first science fiction story I read -- but then, it happened to be Heinlein's "Green Hills of Earth", and you can't hardly get a better introduction than that. I was utterly revolted by my first stf novel--Leinster's The Last Space Ship--but then I was also older than the average neofan when I read it. I didn't even discover stf until I was 20. My literary standards were pretty well set by the time I discovered stf, but they were still fluid at the age when most fans discover it. (At age 8, I don't think I even had standards. RSC

A point younger fans might also consider is that when Buck, Ted and I were "juveniles", there was considerably less stf available for that age level. There was a ten year gap between my discovery of "Alley Oop" in the comic strips, LIFE magazine planetary paintings by Bone - stell -- and the first honest-to-Gernsback stf novel I ever found (coincidentally the same one Buck found: Leinster's Last Space Ship...but I was younger than he at the date of discovery (14 years), and I loved it.....JWC/

William Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa., 16043

Tell Juanita I agree 100% with her (and you) about the dirty deal the Indians have received, especially up north of here. She might have mentioned that in this case Washington made a liar out of the man it was named for, since he had promised them the land forever. Such promises, of course, mean nothing to that bunch of politicians. To make matters worse, those "flood-control" dams don't do any controlling, since those same politicians use them as recreational projects, keeping them full of water so that when the need arises they can't hold much back. Just another big waste of the taxpayer's money.

I can't understand why you printed "Catnipped". I kept expecting a trick ending but when it came it was an awful letdown. Of course I may have missed something, but it doesn't seem worth rereading to find out. Also, I'm one of those that doesn't care for fan-fiction, but you've had some that struck me as better than this.

It seems to me that Richard Barthelmess was a big star, but this may have been before Tucker's time. For some reason he faded out fast after the talkies came in, but in the silent days he was one of the biggest. I didn't see it, but I remember that his "Broken Blossoms" got rave notices all the hell over.

/Next letter below gives my reasons for printing "Catnipped". I didn't think it was pro quality -- too brief and underdeveloped -- but the sort of thing that could well make it if it was expanded and polished a bit. RSC/

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

Your distribution troubles aren't really bad until issues start being skipped. That began around here last fall until it got to the point

I subbed to Analog and F&SF in self-defense. I managed to completely miss two Fantastics and two F&SFs, and a number of issues I had to get out of town.

Apropos of that, let me warn anyone who keeps sf magazines not to subscribe to Analog. I have received five issues on my sub so far, one of which had only one staple and the other was so beat up that aside from dog-ears and tears, the spine was bent at a right angle somewhere along the line and broken, thus making it impossible to turn pages without much complicated folding and smoothing back.

"With Jaundiced Eye" was by far the best item in #134, but I can't comment on it because I am ignorant and must take White's word for it, which doesn't seem like a bad idea anyway.

"Catnipped" is by far the best fan fiction I've seen this year -- although that's a somewhat left-handed compliment. It might have fit well into F&SF. Ted -- comments?

There has been no previous collection of Med Service novelets/shorts. You may be thinking of the Ace Novels The Mutant Weapon and This World Is Taboo ("Med Service" and "Pariah Planet") or his collection of stories about the something or other set in the same universe--Colonial Survey from Gnome. Avonned as The Planet Explorer.

Tubb's Alien Dust had a hardcover edition in 1956 or '57--Avalon. (Be ye warned that I'm not looking any of this up, although I have the Leinster Index of Tuck's, so take this with a grain of salt.)

Well, I dare say that there would be few of the MacMillan "Classics" in a library where the sf was selected by a fan (wishful thinking outside of Mayfield, I imagine).

I also got Hand Bookbinding; our copy, though, was in good shape (nothing too good for the Department of Libraries). With the aid of said book I managed to make a complete botchery of making covers for one of my brother's books. (It was still an improvement over the previous coverless state.)

I agree with White's first point in the lettercol with the exception: too many people, unfortunately mostly people we'd like to have as fellow fans, take one glance at an sf book and say "What garbage!" Can you see a mature, intelligent reader being converted by Avalon Books?

Mike Deckinger is going in the wrong direction. I thought the last capitalization crusade was in favor of Negro instead of negro. Does that make sense?

/I was getting quite good service on my Analog sub until the May issue arrived (or didn't arrive, as it turned out). What did arrive was a copy of Law & Order (a trade journal for policemen) inside the Analog wrapper. And it isn't even a Conde Nast magazine. I keep pouncing on it at unexpected intervals, but it stubbornly refuses to metamorphose into Analog when I'm not looking -- I suppose that somewhere in Wabash there is a very confused police officer (not that they aren't anyway) with a copy of Analog. RSC
Negro instead of negro is a facet of the same campaign that recently underlined the privilege of a Negro to be addressed as Mr., Mrs., or Miss. If we, in journalism, capitalize Caucasian, Indian, Eskimo, etc., as distinct and proper types the Negro demands and deserves the same representation if he so desires. And apparently he has, for some years, since I was taught this usage as proper in the second grade by a very correct-form conscious teacher. JWC/

Dave Hulan, 17417 Vanowen St., #21, Van Nuys, California, 91406

There's nothing wrong with ERB fans pressing for the Hugo for SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR. I haven't read it, but if it's anything like most of the Pellucidar series it would be a pretty good evidence that Hugo voting is light if it won. I do expect it to get nominated, though. I personally prefer WITCH WORLD; Norton has been putting out one hell of a lot of enjoyable adventure SF for years, and now she's finally got an adult novel out of full Hugo quality. Granted that there are other novels as good, I don't think that there are any significantly better and certainly no one eligible has produced more good work in the field in recent years.

If GLORY ROAD was, as Len Bailes thinks, an effort on Heinlein's part to show what an S&S novel would be like if the characters behaved like people, then my conclusion is that I was right all along when I said that that characters in S&S novels shouldn't be like people and that if they were the story would be excruciatingly dull. Which GR was, after the first installment. Or maybe you're right and it was all a joke -- but in that case, why did it have to be such a damn dull one?

[Well, mainly I don't think GLORY ROAD was all that dull. I enjoyed it thoroughly, I don't consider my \$1.69 or whatever I paid the Book Club to be at all wasted, and I'll probably re-read it before long. It certainly wasn't good enough to deserve a Hugo, or even deserve all this comment that it's getting, but it was entertaining. Poul Anderson used to write the same sort of thing for PLANET, and I liked them, too (and nobody even thought of criticizing them because they weren't serious science fiction).RSC]

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

Many thanks for YANDRO 133. This is good if it were not for Sharon Towle's poem. As it is, it's brilliant. Something's happened to Sharon Towle: I've never much liked her poetry before, but I seriously think this is one of the best poems written since the War, (I almost said "since Kipling died", but perhaps that's a bit strong). Deliberately or not, it's very much in the style of Blake, with traces of Keats and Tennyson's better moments. Ain't I an orrid intellectual old snob? But I mean it. Honest I do. If she can write more like this she ought to get pro publication.

The Happiness interlineations were good too, but they were just fannish.

The only bad thing, in fact, was Lewis Grant's article, which was all pretty hackneyed, obvious and boring. And what's such a great pun about POINTING VECTOR anyway? ING VECTOR sounds vaguely like 'inventor', but that doesn't seem fabulously funny to me somehow. Perhaps I'm just stupid. I think you've rather over-featured EEEvers, too, even if he is good.

Having read the first paragraph of his LoC, I now know Alexei Panshin is just your pseudonym. Which leaves me with the question of why you've cut your own article. But I can answer it. Easy: you did it so you'd seem "duller-witted than you are" but those like me Who Know will know that you're



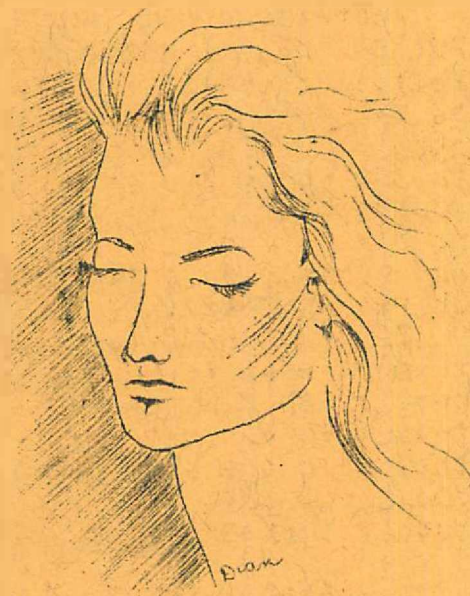
not really he, you're yourself, and think it's just Coulson trying to look stupider than you, that is, he, really are (or is), and there - fore you aren't dull-witted at all, just him, (who is you, but that doesn't matter), and those poor souls who haven't found out yet will just be conned into thinking how intelligent you (not knowing you're he) are compared to him, whereas in reality he's you so you're not. But you can't fool me.

Fred Hunter: you had it easy compared to me. No one cared about the state when I tried, it was just U.S.A. So I had to fill these forms in and send them off to one of the peculiar rural villages where the G.P.O. keeps its various headquarters (so the post will not be seriously delayed in the event of a nuclear attack, I suppose), where they decided (very decently, if my spies do not mislead me), to approve my request and where they decided how much to make me pay, what with the rate of exchange and all that. No one knows how this dark and secret operation is conducted. Except me. I know that they have a civil servant with a stopwatch; every quarter-hour (i.e. - between tea breaks) he shouts "NOW!", stops the clock, and finds out the rate of exchange at that moment. And that's what you have to pay. And provided you pay it at the nearest post office within twenty-four hours you're allowed to send off your money. So then I waited for thirteen weeks and eventually got what I'd paid for. American mail order houses really are incredibly inefficient.

Some very good illos this time, especially those by REG.

At last, maturity has arrived! I'm beginning to find faults with films, even with ones I liked. There was this one the other day, called "The Long Ships". Great flick. But I just couldn't leave it alone. You see, it's about these Vikings. Only it's placed at least a century or two after the Crusades. And then there's this Viking who dives into the sea off the coast of Morocco and then crawls out of it again on the beach of his home town in Denmark. He vomits a few times over a barrel, and then gets up and starts slapping everyone on the back, hale and hearty as can be. (Has that been reviewed in Y? I'm sure I've heard someone sneering at that dip before). Then there was "Dr. Syn--Alias The Scarecrow", in which they kept on peeling off these limp rubber masks--in 1770 or so. Then there was an old SF flick, "The Strange World", on TV last night. But I'd rather not talk about that.

/If Panshin is me, I want my pay for that novelet in IF awhile back -- you hear me, Alex? Fred? Our dictionary defines "vector" as "In math., a quantity which, being added to any point of space, gives as the sum that point which is at a certain distance in a certain direction from the first point". (Until now, I thought we had a good dictionary; I could define the word better than that.) Actually, any British fan should recognize the first name of that sterling author, Vector Magroon...I bet Ken Slater would know him right off. RSC/



A PLEA FROM THE CLEVENTION II PLANNING COMMITTEE

We are selfish people. We want to publicize the "Cleveland in '66" movement. We want to make enough money to continue working constantly to get the con. And we want, personally, to have a guidance booklet for ourselves on how to publish a fanzine.

This has led to a decision to publish such a booklet ourselves, taking care of all the above selfish desires. The decision was followed by a letter to Bjo Trimble (as we had heard that she was planning such a booklet), asking for permission to do the thing if she had given it up and begging for help.

Ever since, she has written fantastically helpful letters, and one of these is responsible for this letter, outlining our plans and asking for your help in making up the booklet and publicizing it.

Our plans are these: We will make up three booklets on the "how-to"s of publishing amateur magazines. The first will be on the mimeograph process. The second will be on other methods of repro (ditto, hekto, offset, etc.). And the third will be on such other processes of publishing as editing and mailing. Articles will be both reprints and new--whatever is best on each subject. There will also be brief suggestions on matters which won't be encompassed by articles and which will be scattered throughout the issues, when called for. We want to get all available information on amateur publishing collected in three fairly definitive tomes.

Will you help us?

Will you reprint salient portions of this request in any fanzines you may have access to? Will you ask friends in or out of fandom who might have ideas on amateur publishing to send us these ideas? Will you send us comments, suggestions, article suggestions, and articles? If you have an opinion on the matter of methods of magazine reproduction, would you let us know what machine (regardless of initial price--which can vary widely depending on area, availability, etc.) in your opinion gives the best print run most easily and with least cost (feeling free to give brand names)?

What would you like to see in these booklets?

Donald A. Thompson
(Donald A. Thompson, Co-Chairman)

Maggie Thompson
(Margaret Curtis Thompson, Secretary)

29 College Place
Oberlin, Ohio, U.S.A.
44074

ATTENTION; ARTISTS, CRAFTSMEN, PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Project Art Show was started five years ago to give everyone a chance to display artistic talents in the field of science fiction and fantasy. It has grown to be one of the highlights of each World Convention, where both fans and pros enjoy entering their work and visiting the art show. PAS continues because of the enthusiasm of its supporters, and the introduction of new interests with each show. There is no "club" of artists connected with the show; everyone is a free agent, entering the show or not as he chooses. A club was deemed too restrictive for most artists, so PAS works as an entity itself, without organized backing from a formal art group.

Artwork is divided into categories of fantasy, heroic fantasy, outré, children's fantasy, science fiction illustration, astronomical, cartooning, and works devoted to the Ring Trilogy, for which a special trophy is awarded. Trophies and ribbons are awarded in the other categories, plus prizes also for the judges' choice, an open award, and popular vote. A panel of five does the judging at the opening of the World Convention.

All entrants may sell their works, with a 15% commission going to Project Art Show. This commission, plus entry fees, and subscriptions to PAS-tell, comprise the monies which pay all expenses of running the show, publishing the magazine, and making contacts. Sketches may be sold also, for there is a brisk sale in these items for amateur magazines. Artwork entered in the show may be sold by set price or by bid; the latter proving most popular with artists at previous shows. In this manner, an outstanding piece of work may go, with heavy bidding, for a higher price than a set one.

PAS-tell, mentioned above, is the official Project Art Show publication, and available for subscriptions at 5 for \$1.00, or 25¢ sample copy. This mimeographed magazine keeps in touch with fan artists and editors and plain interested bystanders in the fields of art materials, methods, and information about the coming art shows. How-to articles are a main feature, as are reports of each Project Art Show, in appropriate issues.

Any medium is welcome; pencil sketches have won ribbons and ink drawing have won trophies against oils, watercolors, and collage work. So far, entries have included wood, soap and jade carvings, embroidery, glass etching, spatter paint, and textile painting. Someday the crafts may grow to the point where they demand their own division in the art show. Meanwhile, anyone who is hooking a centaur design in a rug, or making a jetan set out of fudge may enter the show if they wish. We hope they do!

Tell everyone about Project Art Show; we need customers as well as entrants to the show, after all. Send for information to the address below, or send a friend's address, if you don't think he'll get around to asking for entry forms and rules for the show. Anyone may enter the show, whether or not they read science fiction or are considered a "fan", so long as the artwork fits within the themes of science fiction or fantasy. Age is no limit, nor is extent of art schooling, or professional standing in any field, including art. The variety of entrants adds zest to a good art show!

(Mrs.) Bjo Trimble
Director, Project Art Show
5571 Belgrave Avenue,
Garden Grove, California, 92641

WHERE ARE ALL THE RED-HOT SHUTTER BUGS?

The idea of a photo salon in Project Art Show was first broached in the Show's second year by a number of supposedly enthusiastic photography fans. Most of the details were worked out, sponsors for awards were found, and the Salon was begun. The net result to date has been resounding apathy.

If there isn't a much better response to the Photo Salon at Pacificon II, we'll be forced to drop the whole idea. We'd hate to do this, for there could be a great future in a good photo display; but the whole thing is really up to you photographers Out There.

There has been some commentary about the Photo Salon idea: Objections have been voiced with regard to required sizes for entries; 8x10 for b&w, and 5x7 for color. However, anything smaller than 8x10 in b&w is not really worth a judge's scrutiny--most photo shows require 8x10 as a minimum for b&w or color, and most entries are 14x16, or 16x20. It costs around \$1 (20¢ if you make it yourself) to have an 8x10 b&w enlargement made; a sum which could be made back easily by selling a good entry at the con. And you can be sure that the average artist entering the show is spending a great deal more than \$1 per painting, in materials, etc. Naturally, all photos must be either science fiction or fantasy in theme.

An 8x10 minimum size also makes sure that entered photos will be of high quality. Smaller sizes invite entry of any old candid shots--and there goes any regard for composition or technique. Color shots that can stand being blown up to 5x7 are usually pretty good photos (and the cost of enlargement is only about \$1.50).

As for those who've voiced fear of stiff competition; if you're that lacking in courage, even the Wizard of Oz couldn't help you! It is rather deflating to enter a contest with what you hope is your best work, only to see it outclassed by many other pieces. And yet this very thing has made artists come back year after year, doing better and better largely because of the competition!

At present, we have four categories for the show: B&W, Color Photo, Experimental, and Story Series. Frankly, we'd hoped that the latter would turn out to be the really fun part of the Salon. Here's the chance to use from one to six photos mounted together to tell a fanciful story or joke. The idea seems to have fallen flat, and it'll have to be dropped unless we get a few letters indicating that there will be entries for it at this year's show. Experimental is a category for those who want to play with lighting, printing papers, special developers, color effects, and any other ideas which do not fit within the rigid rules of regular photography.

Most fans take color slides, rather than photos, and--until now--we've lacked a way of properly displaying slides at a show. There is a chance that this year we will have one! There will be a color slide category this year, but the catch is: all slides have to be in by mid-August so that a selection jury can weed out the entries, for the machine will hold only so many entries. The actual trophy judging will be done at the Con, of course.

So quit muttering "I'm not really very good with a camera"; most of you've got at least one or two good shots you're proud of--shots which might stand up very well against any and all semi-pro work in the Salon. You photographers are the losers if the Photo Salon dies; it's less work for PAS if we don't have to arrange a Salon each year, after all, but it gives you people a showcase in which to display your talents, share ideas, and grow in your hobby year after year.